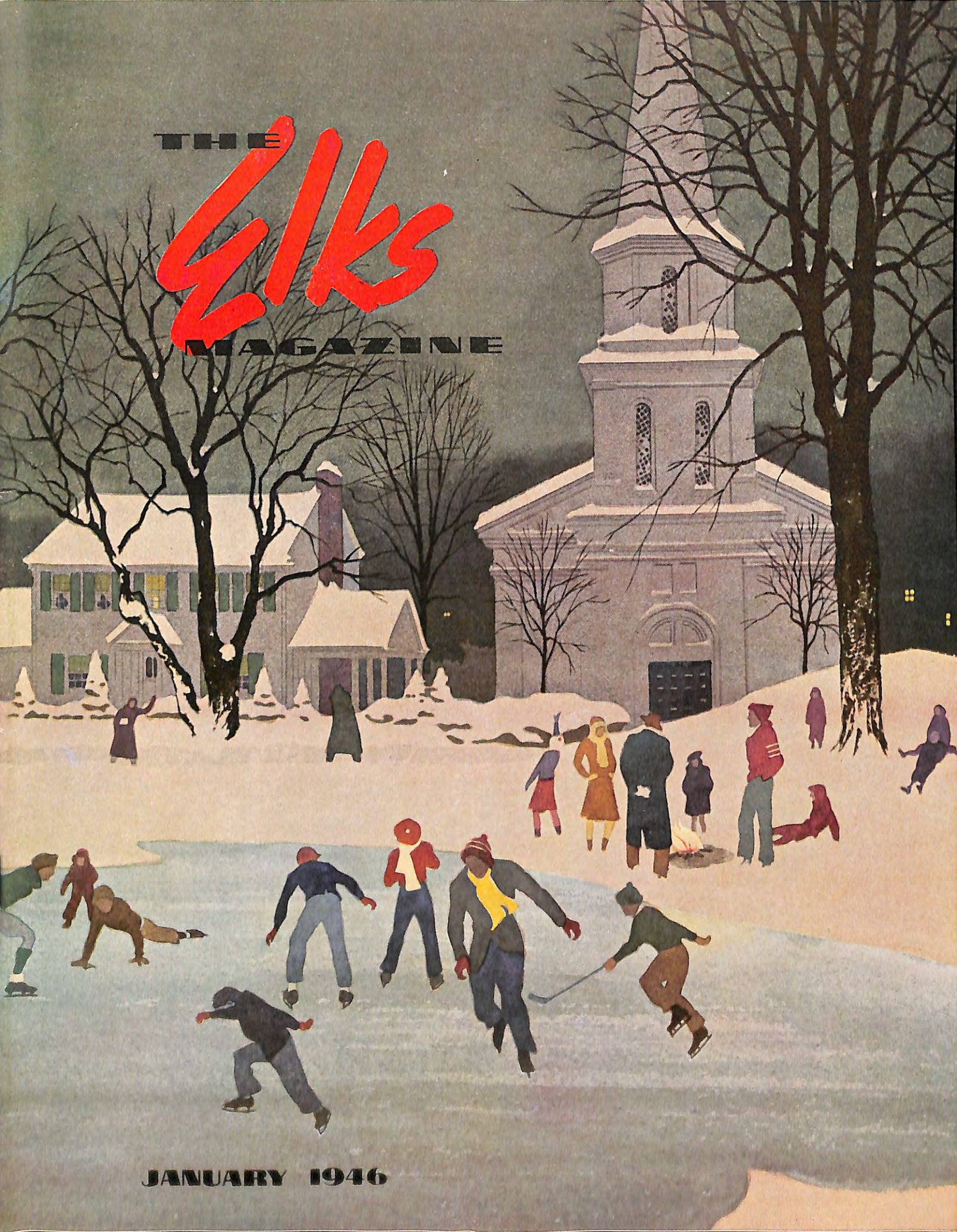


THE  
**Elks**  
MAGAZINE



JANUARY 1946



GENERAL WASHINGTON ARRIVING AT HOME OF MISTRESS BETSY ROSS, PHILADELPHIA\*

## A HERITAGE TO REMEMBER

*“That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation.”*

RESOLVED IN CONGRESS, JUNE 14, 1777

All honor to Philadelphia! A city famed since Colonial Days for many glorious traditions, such as its proud “heritage of hospitality,” today honorably upheld by Philadelphia Blend. A noble whisky, indeed . . . gratifying, rich, yet delicate in flavor. A whisky you might cherish for only very special occasions. Yet you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia . . . regularly and often.



# Philadelphia

BLENDED  WHISKY

*The Heritage Whisky*

86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

Continental Distilling Corporation  
Philadelphia, Pa.

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# *A Message* from the GRAND EXALTED RULER



RESOLUTIONS usually cost about a dime a dozen on the first day of January. Individuals make personal resolutions that are ordinarily kept for only a few days and are then discarded. Some resolutions, however, remain on the active list and prove valuable.

On this January 1, 1946, I am asking every officer and member of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks to join me in resolving to make this an outstanding year in the history of our great Order. If each and every one of us studies the particular job that is his and resolves to do that job just a little better, there can be no question about the outcome.

Are we making our lodge meetings interesting or are we relying on just door prizes to bring attendance? Are our committees really functioning and doing their utmost for their lodge, their country and their fellow man? Are we doing everything in our power to attract the right kind of American gentlemen to our door and remembering that it is definitely our duty to ballot against an unworthy candidate, or are we relying on closed memberships to give us an exclusiveness which is not in accordance with the true spirit of Elkdom? Do we honestly have charity in our hearts and in our minds?

Are we vigilantly guarding our club activities and seeing to it that sound business methods are employed, the same as we would want if that business were our very own? Are we

setting up proper safeguards that will make it easy rather than hard for those who are in charge to be honest? Are our physical properties always clean and attractive?

It seems fitting that we make a careful survey now that we start anew another year. It seems proper to resolve to profit by mistakes of the past and endeavor to do our job the very best way that is within our power.

May we always resolve to keep the name of Elk as borne by us worthy of its true synonym! Let us be truly benevolent, charitable to all mankind and ever practice brotherly love! By so doing we can be proud of a good name for our Order in each and every one of our chosen communities.

Among my personal resolutions is to make our Order better, and not base the success of my administration on membership gain alone. I shall unhesitatingly join with the Board of Grand Trustees in the lifting of the Charters of those lodges which no longer deserve to bear the name Elk.

*Wade H. Kepner*

WADE H. KEPNER  
GRAND EXALTED RULER

# A Memo to Business Men about Knowing Law

Thousands of men today, who never intend to practice before the bar, are reading law.

They realize that the law-trained man is more likely to be a leader—that law training makes clear, quick, correct thinking—that there is a real reason why legally-trained men head many of America's greatest corporations.

They realize, too, that the whole intricate structure of business is based on law and that the business man who knows law has often a distinct advantage for himself and his firm.

## PRACTICAL LAW THROUGH HOME STUDY

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# THE Elks

## MAGAZINE

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

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## JANUARY 1946



Cover Design by Ronald McLeod

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## IN THIS ISSUE

### We Present—

IT SEEMS to us more years than we can count since we felt able to print a New Year's cover that had nothing to do with the war. While our current rustic scene by Ronald McLeod has nothing to do with New Year's Day, it is typical of the activity that can be found in many parts of our country. It is a fitting wind-up for the four seasonal covers Mr. McLeod has done for us in the past year.

We are particularly proud to publish this month the article, "What Progress Towards Peace?" by Sumner Welles, former Under Secretary of State during the Roosevelt Administration. Mr. Welles' contribution toward the winning of the war and our present efforts to win the peace are noteworthy for he is a great statesman and his article is a statesmanlike analysis of the problems which now face the world.

"Stroke of Twelve" by John B. Starr is an example of how an author can play a dirty trick on his readers. The illustrator went out of his way to abet him on page 6.

Brother Crawford's back again, bringing joy and happiness to his wife and young brother, fine upstanding pillar of the backwoods that he is. Mr. Kjelgaard seems determined that Brother Crawford will straighten up and fly right. We don't think Brother Crawford will straighten up until *rigor mortis* sets in.

If you go "Up the Creek" far enough in some of Florida's swampy waters you'll find the alligators and the crocodiles and they, poor brutes, are up the creek too. Mr. Newell builds a good case for the saurians, but from where we sit, we can only mourn them with crocodile tears.

Get out the DDT—Kent Richards is back again, this time with something about the bugs who live like men. After the next atomic bomb falls, insects will rule the world and Richards tell us how they'll do it.

Phillips is here again too, and he goes on and on and on . . . von Riegen's rather refreshing.

Now is the time when the entertainment world revolves around New York City. In "What's Playing" on page 22 we magically reveal (aided by press agents), the current hits on Broadway and in your local movie theaters.

We have revived an old editorial feature now that the wars have ceased. It's a travel article called "You Can Go Now!" by Al Frantz who spends his life padding around from resort to resort making out like he's an authority. Mr. Frantz is not too hopeful about your prospects but things are looking up.

If you're planning on a holiday, read Mr. Frantz. You can go now.

C. P.

# Unchanged

## For a Hundred Years

TODAY AS ALWAYS . . .

### a great Kentucky Straight Whiskey



THOSE IN THE KNOW — ASK FOR

# OLD CROW



## A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Among those things on which a man can depend absolutely—count the enduring quality of Old Crow. Unchanged for more than a century, it remains—year in, year out—the finest straight whiskey that Kentucky can possibly give you.

TODAY, AS FOR GENERATIONS

Bottled-in-Bond

**The former Under Secretary  
of State outlines the uncertain  
state of world affairs**

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# What Progress Towards Peace ?

**By Sumner Welles**

*Illustrated By JOHN HYDE PHILLIPS*

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**S**EVEN months have passed since Germany was crushed, and four months have passed since the surrender of Japan. Yet, as the American people look abroad to Europe, to Asia, to the Near East, or even to the nations of the Western Hemisphere, they see no sign that the foundations are being laid for that peaceful world for which they have so valiantly contended.

Can we wonder at the bitterness of soul of so many of our men as they return from overseas when they find that our statesmanship has been so impotent that a peaceful and free world for which they have offered up all they had seems to be no nearer than when they took up arms?

Seven months ago the United States possessed the highest measure of authority which this country has ever enjoyed.

Today its prestige is disastrously declining. It is swiftly losing the confidence in which it was once held by the smaller states. It is helping to increase, rather than to diminish, the clouds of suspicion and rivalry which are darkening Soviet-Ameri-

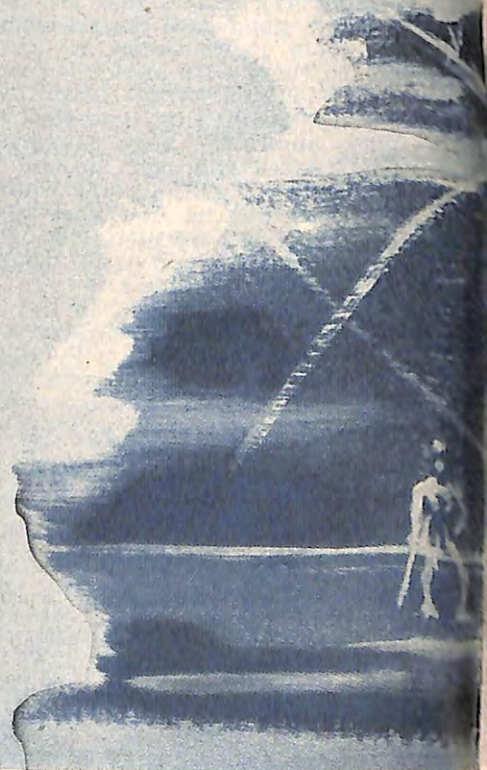
can relations. Its method of handling the Lend-Lease, credit, and Palestine issues with Great Britain has antagonized all shades of British public opinion.

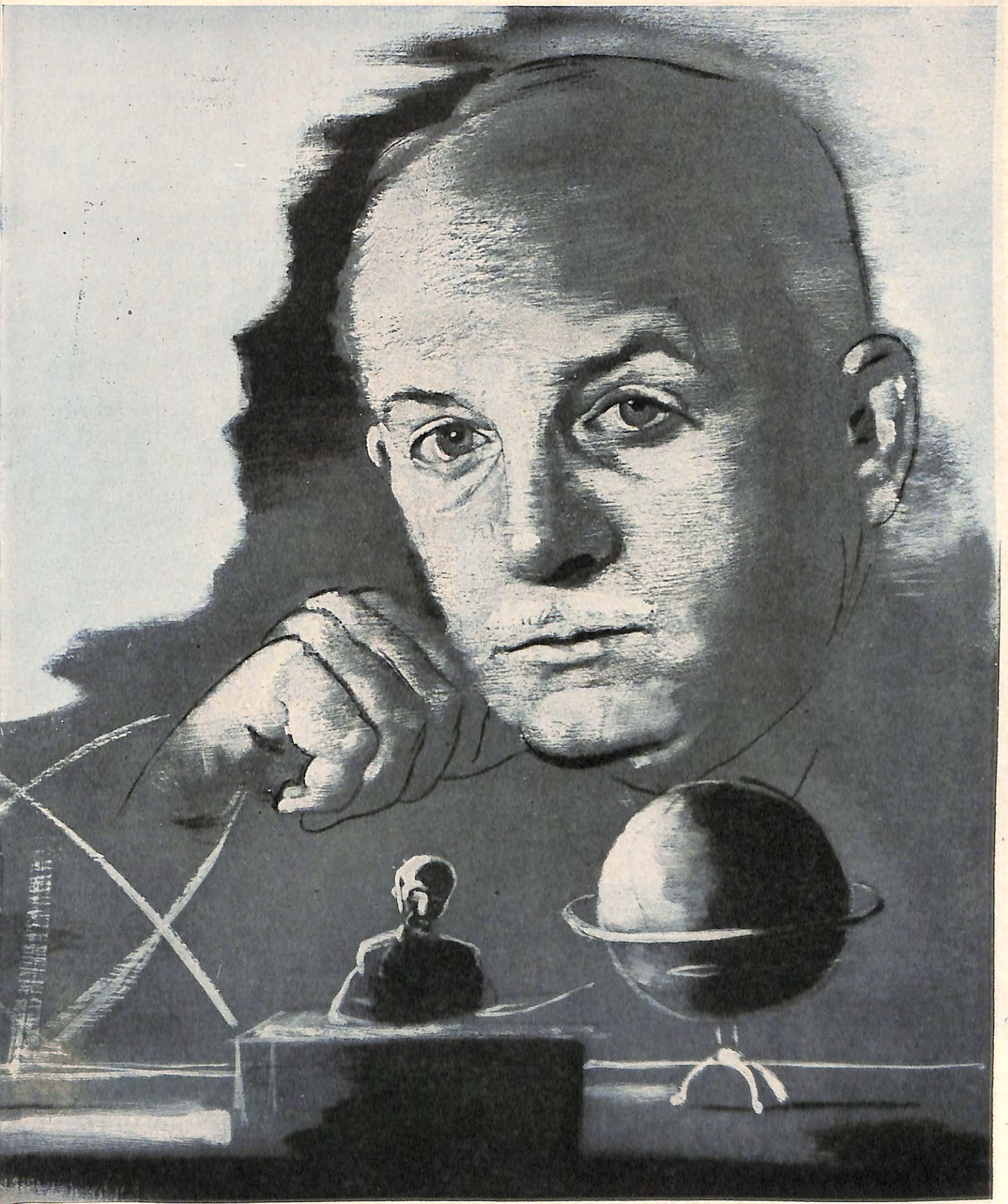
The opportunity for constructive leadership is slipping out of our hands. The need for American leadership was never so great as in this dawn of the atomic age.

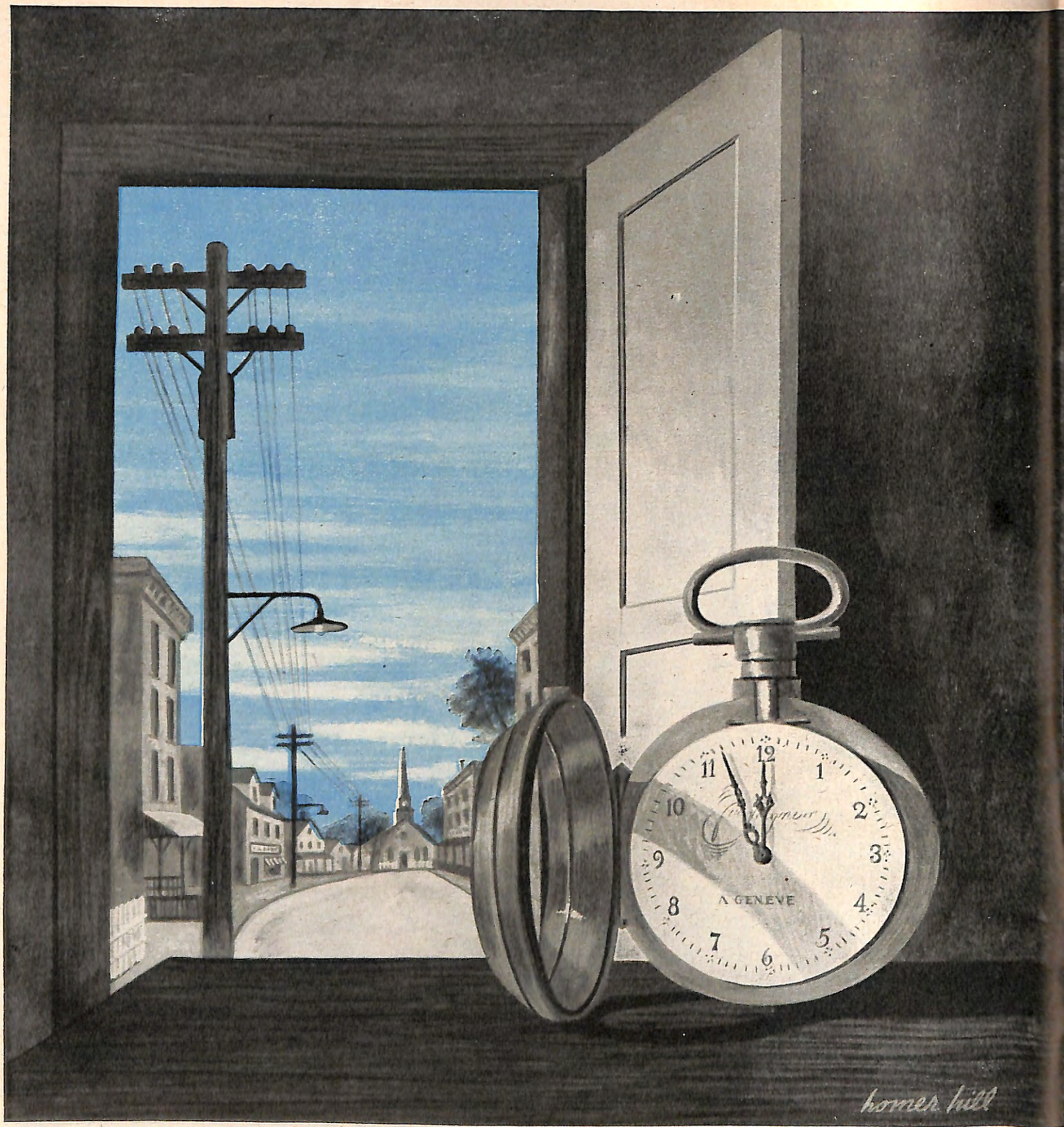
There is nothing to be gained by failing squarely to recognize the gravity of the present situation. For unless there is rapidly forthcoming some courageous leadership—some clear vision, which can help to bring the United Nations out of the morass of mistrust, of mounting antagonism and of timorous indecision in which they are now floundering, the great opportunity which Victory offered to free peoples of fashioning a peaceful and a progressive international order is wholly lost.

The gravest error committed by all of the United Nations and in particular by the Government of the United States, was the failure to construct a provisional United Nations

*(Continued on page 40)*







Johnny Brown stood there looking  
at the watch. The hands read four  
minutes to twelve.



# Stroke of Twelve

**Race Street was long  
and dusty and many men  
had died on it**

**By John B. Starr**

*Illustrated By HOMER HILL*

**J**OHNNY BROWN stood there looking at the watch. The hands read four minutes to twelve. The bright Texas sun streamed through the doorway, cutting off his arm at the elbow, leaving the rest of his body in the dim shadow of the room. With a queer detachment he noticed the moisture in his palm, the slight tremor of his fingers.

In three minutes and forty seconds he'd have to go out in the street and face Kilbain—and he knew Kilbain was too fast for him.

He listened to the remorseless ticking of the watch and tried to let the sound drown out the remembered rasp of Kilbain's voice in his ears.

"I'll be walking on Race Street tomorrow noon—if you got guts enough to be around."

He heard a horse stamp nervously in the livery stable next door. Somewhere a woman was singing.

It reminded him of Mary. He tried to think of her, waiting for him to do this thing he had to do and come back to her. He tried to picture her face—and he couldn't.

Kilbain would be waiting too, at the other end of Race Street. Waiting for Johnny Brown to step out and walk toward him. Kilbain would be easy and confident and sure. This was a thing he knew. They would pace the length of Race Street until they stood before each other, staring into each other's eyes. Then Kilbain's body would droop; he would drop into that familiar crouch. . .

Johnny Brown put the watch on the table. His hands were moist and cold. He rubbed them on his shirt slowly, without conscious volition.

Again the horse stamped in his stall and Johnny Brown had a moment of fierce protest. It puzzled him that out of this quiet town where he had spent his short life danger came, and fear, in the space of a few hours. Nothing could help him now—not his parents who pursued their safe, even lives unaware of this thing he was

about to face; not his brothers who solved their own problems without help. Nothing that had happened to him here had meaning now.

There were other places, thousands of places with green hills and deep valleys and mountains with clear cold sparkling streams—there was the whole world in front of him. Why should he be forced to stay and face this thing? What stopped him from going through the back door? What would it matter? What did anything matter as long as he didn't have to walk down Race Street.

He turned into the shadows of the room toward the back door just as the church bells began to strike noon. The sound halted him. Each note was clear and distinct and the last one seemed to linger in the air and pull him against his will back across the room and out into Race Street.

The sun was hot on his back, yet his body was chilled and damp. Race Street stretched endlessly before him.

He began to walk forward, keeping his eyes fixed on the far end of the street. Kilbain was not yet visible.

He heard voices, which were suddenly stilled at his appearance. He knew that they were watching—his friends, his acquaintances, his enemies, perhaps even Mary. Queerly he resented this. What must be, must be, but the thought of those avid eyes angered him.

He began to walk faster, his feet kicking up small spurts of alkali dust. Far down the street Kilbain stepped into view. He stood an instant and then slowly commenced to move. Johnny Brown kept pace with him, lengthening his stride to match Kilbain's. He found himself counting the steps. Kilbain grew larger. They were fifty paces apart.

It was very still. There was no breeze, no motion except the crazy shimmer of the heat waves rising from the dust.

He could feel the cold sweat gather

under his arms and roll down his sides underneath his shirt. He lifted his hands slowly and settled his belt around his hips.

He could see Kilbain's eyes now—close-set little eyes, narrowed to slits. Kilbain's lips were tight and pinched, his jaws set. A little muscle jumped continuously at his temple.

Twenty paces now. They both walked like automatons, pacing evenly with the slow dignity of a funeral march.

Ten paces lay between them, then five, and Johnny Brown wondered if they'd ever stop.

Then in a fraction of a second, a segment of time so brief that it could not be measured, he knew that he couldn't go through with it. He knew that he would break, that he would drop to his knees and beg rather than face this thing. Fascinated, he stared for an instant into Kilbain's eyes, like a bird at a snake.

Then he half-turned to run, one hand lifted, fingers spread talon-like—and Kilbain fell back a pace!

Something he sensed rather than saw in Kilbain's face made Johnny Brown's hand stab out. His fist caught Kilbain on the point of the jaw. A ludicrous grimace of bewilderment and pain spread over Kilbain's face. Johnny hit out again, wildly, and Kilbain fell down in the dust, covering his head with his arms and crying, "Don't . . . don't!"

Johnny Brown stood there, chest heaving, trying to quiet the trembling of his knees, looking down at Kilbain in the dust, very conscious of the chatter of voices behind him.

His own voice when it came trembled just a little.

"Well, Kilbain, I guess you know who'll be carryin' Mary's books to school after this."

He brushed imaginary dust from his hands and turned away.

Johnny Brown was twelve years old and a man among men.



Illustrated By  
HOMER HILL

**F**ROM Maine to California, from Florida to Oregon, travel agencies, railroads, steamship lines and bus companies are besieged these days by people eager to know where they may travel and what they can do on vacations in the coming year.

For V-J day did not automatically mean that pleasure travel could be resumed. On the contrary, it found some of the nation's finest resorts serving as hospitals and convalescent centers, passenger liners engaged in the titanic job of returning service-

men from distant battle fronts, trains jam-packed with soldiers and sailors who would soon be homeward bound instead of to Pacific or Indian or Chinese bases.

With the end of redeployment now set for June, the pattern of vacation travel is finally discernible. While some familiar destinations are still out of the picture and may be for another year or longer, 1946 promises rich travel opportunities.

During the immediate months travel to Florida, California and the

sun country of the Southwest will be heavy, even though there is little prospect of extra rail service. On the other hand, more accommodations than in any year since 1941 will be available. At Miami Beach, for example, all except five per cent of the rooms once taken over for military use have been returned to travel interests, and St. Petersburg, Palm Beach, Miami and other centers are prepared for a record year. Many resort men believe the Florida season will be tremendous, with travel ex-

ceeding even that of the boom years of the '20's. Advance reservations there and in California are a "must".

In New Orleans the Mardi Gras, abandoned during the war, will be revived with all its glorious fun from February 28 to March 5. One of the highlights of the American travel year, this event attracts some 50,000 tourists to Louisiana each winter.

Ski resorts will run full tilt this winter, although the chances of special trains and rates are slim at this writing. Throughout New England, New York and eastern Canada winter sports centers already have record reservations, while the reopening of Timberline Lodge, million-dollar chalet at the foot of Mount Hood in Oregon, and of other Rocky Mountain resorts assures visitors a full

mer—traditional start of the vacation season—all should be ready to handle prewar volume of pleasure travelers. With this factor in mind the major travel companies are already planning an extensive schedule of rail tours within America. Tours to Yellowstone National Park, Glacier National Park, the Canadian Rockies, California and the Southwest and around the nation will undoubtedly be offered.

The prospects of visiting foreign countries overseas are, on the other hand, poor, with a few exceptions. The Continent of Europe is definitely out of the picture because of the huge reconstruction job ahead and the lack of internal travel facilities. Some travel men believe there may be a trickle of pleasure travel to

Miami; Pan American is now scheduling more than 40 flights a week there. Bermuda and the Bahamas can also be reached by air but flight accommodations are limited.

Canada and Mexico are both prepared even now for American visitors. Quebec and Montreal, with their French flavor, the Saguenay and the magnificent scenery of the Canadian Rockies are deservedly popular and will attract tens of thousands of American visitors in 1946.

Mexico offers the finest opportunity for really foreign travel during the coming year. In fact, more hotels and resorts are now planned for the increasing number of travelers who have discovered its attractions, and a building program should get under way shortly. Rail travel there is to be further improved, for by summer the Missouri Pacific and the National Railways of Mexico expect to streamline their daily train from St. Louis to Mexico City. Running time may

**Perhaps by the time you have read this  
you will be able to go to some of  
those picture postcard places**

# You Can Go Now!

**By Al Frantz**

recreation program in the West.

In general, 1946 will be a banner "see America" year. Up and down the land owners are getting resorts and hotels into condition to welcome the greatest throngs since 1939. The national parks, which closed most their facilities in 1942, will in all probability reopen hotels and cabins and re-institute bus services. Rubber companies promise more tires and oil men are preparing to spend an estimated \$100,000,000 getting service stations back into tip-top condition.

On some railroads military travel is expected to ease off within the next three months. By early sum-

mer and possibly the Scandinavian countries by summer, but the housing shortage and other factors in the British Isles do not make this a likely prospect.

The possibilities of pleasure travel to South and Central America and most of the West Indies are not bright for the next few months but should improve by summer. Cruise and passenger liners ordinarily operating to those regions are without exception helping transport servicemen home, and there has been little opportunity to plan for the future. Air services currently lack equipment.

On the other hand, Cuba can easily be visited this winter by air from

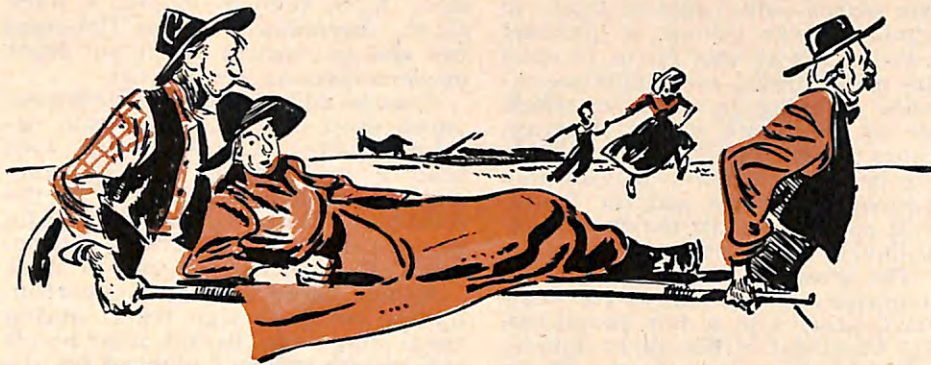
be reduced as much as a full day and night.

If one's tires are good enough or if new ones can be secured, a trip down the International Highway to Mexico City is an exciting prospect for this summer. The highway, incidentally, has been extended during the war and one can now drive beyond Oaxaca.

As for means of travel, some of the finest and most comfortable equipment in history will soon pour

*(Continued on page 43)*





# Crawford Eats Again—

By Jim Kjelgaard

**M**ATILDA, my brother Crawford's wife, and I, were digging drainage ditches through the north field. That floods every year, and last season about half our potato crop drowned out. So Crawford—I wish I was as smart as he!—sat down and right out of his own head drew up a set of plans for draining the field. He was all set to start digging when the ground could be worked, too. But as soon as that happened Crawford got lumbago and couldn't use a pick and shovel. That's why Matilda and I were digging. Only this morning when we went out Matilda wiped her eyes on Crawford's shirt sleeve—she was wearing his clothes—and busted out crying.

Now I do not like to see Matilda cry, but I did not know what she was crying about. So when she sat down on a rock I put my arm around her—I couldn't get it all the way around because she's quite heavy.

"What's the matter, Matilda?" I asked her.

"C-C-Crawford," she said.

"What's the matter with Crawford?"

"D-D-Desmond," Matilda told me, "I got to add to that poor man's miseries. Y-You are only ten and would not understand it. But Geiger will not give us any more groceries until we pay his bill. It's th-thirty-three dollars and I do not have it. I will have to tell Crawford and he is not well."

That was bad. Geiger's the grocer down at Iron Mill, the seat of Taglatt County, and we buy our groceries off him.

"Well—," I said. "Well—"

"I will have to tell him tonight, Desmond," Matilda said.

We dug all day, except when Matilda quit to go get Crawford's dinner. At night, when we went in the house,

"I will go down and get a job."  
"Now I've saw ever'thing,"  
Jess Nolton said.



we found Crawford at last able to get out of bed. He was whipping his four-ounce bamboo rod about the dining room, and only then did I remember that fishing season opened tomorrow.

Matilda didn't tell him right away. Instead she fixed his supper first, and after Crawford had eaten his six pork chops, two dishes of canned corn and three helpings of potatoes, Matilda sat down at the table and swallowed hard. Then she started to cry.

"Why, what's the matter, honey?" Crawford asked.

"Oh, Crawford! Crawford!" Matilda sobbed.

Crawford got up then, and walked around the table, and I just wish you

could have seen his eyes. He thought somebody had hurt Matilda, and he'd kill anybody who did that.

"What's the matter?" he asked again, and his voice almost shook the room.

"Oh, C-Crawford," Matilda sobbed. "G-Geiger won't let us have any more c-credit until I pay him thirty-three dollars, and I ain't got it!"

"So," Crawford said. He sat down at the table and stared across it, and my heart just bled for him. Crawford even gives me a home, and all I have to do is work eight hours a day on his farm. "So!" he said again. "The money changers have not left the temple"—I thought that sound-

ed fine—"and I wish I knew where to get thirty-three dollars."

"I've g-got a job," Matilda said.

"I know," Crawford said, "but it don't pay nothin'."

That was true. Matilda is on the committee that takes care of Taglatt County orphans, but she don't get any money for it. Matilda started to cry harder, but just then the door opened and Jess Nolton walked in. He's six feet seven in his stocking feet, and he owns the farm next to ours. Crawford thinks he's awful lucky because he makes money on it.

"What the heck?" Jess asked. "Whose funeral now?"

"Don't joke," Crawford told him, and I could have just killed Jess Nol-

ton. "I have to have thirty-three dollars."

"Serious matter," Jess said. "Have you pondered the earnin' of it?"

"You know Crawford can't go out and work!" Matilda snapped at Jess. "He's sick most of the time!"

"Yeh, except when fishin' season—"

*(Continued on page 47)*

Illustrated by HAROLD ELDRIDGE



# Up the Creek

**By David M. Newell**

**There's a lot you can  
say, both good and  
bad, about saurians  
but mostly good**



**T**HE other day I stopped to look into the window of a famous Fifth Avenue shop. Behind the plate-glass, in all their expensive snootiness, lay three women's purses. There was nothing else in the window—just these three handbags. The middle one was the smallest. It was about ten inches long and about six inches wide. Its price was \$165.00!

Of all the thousands of people who must have seen these bags, I doubt if there was one who could have explained the high price, for there were no solid-gold fittings in evidence. It was simply a small, plain, rectangular pocketbook made of leather. But the leather had been made from the skin off the ribs of a small alligator, and right there is the story.

The alligator, once so plentiful in several of our Southern States, especially Florida, is just about gone. The general public, believing him to be a savage, man-eating reptile—as vividly pictured on the postcards with a pickaninny in his mouth—have had no sympathy for him. Practically no one knew that this sluggish, dim-witted saurian was actually an economic asset in the Southern swamps, lakes and streams. Tourists shot him for fun, small boys

died. Now I realize that I destroyed on that day seven citizens which had been working for many years—possibly over 100 in the case of the big fellow—to preserve this very bass fishing which I was so enjoying.

Of course, there was nothing deliberately public-spirited in the daily actions of these reptiles. They simply basked in the sun, bellowed on cloudy mornings, laid their eggs and ate their meals when they were hungry. These meals, however, consisted largely of water-snakes, turtles and garfish, all of which were, are and always will be highly destructive to the eggs and fry of game fish. I know that alligators eat snakes because I have witnessed this procedure on two occasions, one of which in-

volves a five-foot cottonmouth moccasin—so you ought to begin to feel a little sympathy for Brer 'Gator!

Professional alligator hunters have done their part in the process of extermination. They work at night, using bull's-eye and carbide lamps, and flashlights. The old-fashioned bull's-eye lantern with a thick lens, burning a mixture of kerosene and melted lard, is the best. A carbide lamp or a flashlight throws too much light, illuminating the grass and water around the 'gator. This scares him, particularly if he has been shot at before, and he immediately submerges. The lard-oil bull's-eye, however, throws practically no light, but its thick lens is blinding

*(Continued on page 44)*



targeted their rifles on him.

I remember, as a youngster, shooting seven 'gators one day while I was bass fishing. One of them was over 12 feet long, and I towed him in as a trophy. The rest were left lying on the muddy tussocks and in the hyacinths and lily-pads where they had

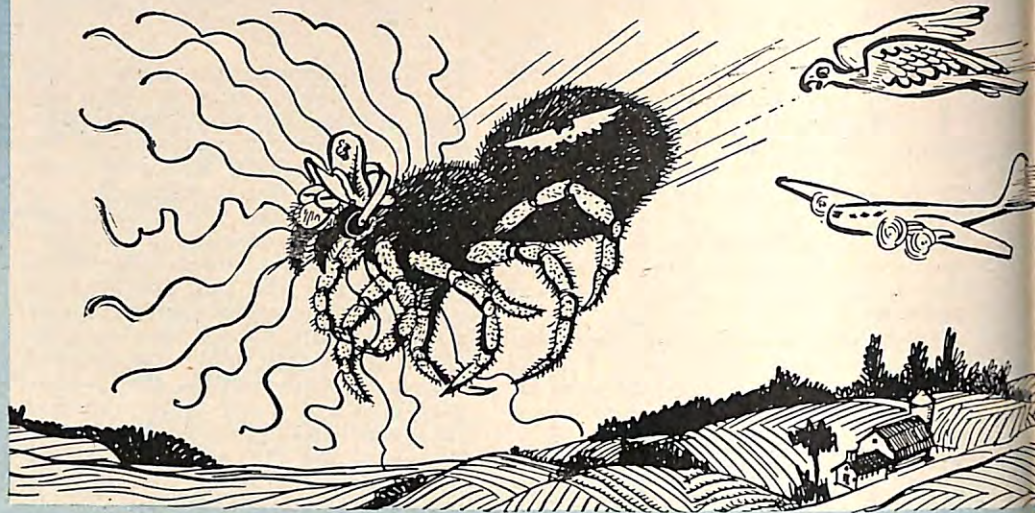
Photos from the author and from Black Star



Above: Alligators eat a great many snakes, turtles and garfish. As a consequence they are fine protectors of game fish.

At left is a four-week-old alligator. The author feels that they should be protected.

**M**AN'S pride in his development of the potent insecticide, DDT, and his loudly expressed, humane but afterthought fears that its general use may upset the "balance of nature" give most any self-respecting insect the laugh. Bugs who know their entomology—and who knows it better?—have for thousands of years been observing with appropriate contempt the efforts of human beings to get along in the world. What we have done to civilize ourselves has occasionally gained their amused plaudits, but somewhat in the spirit of a teacher encouraging the efforts of a



**My favorite among the inventive insects continues to be the flying spider. This bug has developed a real deal.**

with a burr under his tail. It's man imitate bug, they say.

Man's efforts to emulate the achievements of insects have embraced most of the fields of endeavor in which mutual problems have been faced; shelter, agriculture, and sex being among the most notable. The seductive wolf-whistle which today causes such consternation to parents of teen-age children has its progenitor in a spider who gives the woo-woo to a prospective mate by rhythmically knock-knocking on a dry leaf with a feeler.

The first recorded writing of man's use of perfume was to sweeten the breath, doubtless for purposes of more effective osculation, and occurred about 2,000 B.C. But certain moths and butterflies were dousing themselves with sweet-smelling stuff centuries before that. One moth family has got such excellent results that in the course of a couple of mil-

lion generations they have perfected a system of making their own scent on the wing. The males of this outfit who find themselves dateless and bored don't head for the nearest telephone booth to spend a stuffy half-hour pouring nickels down a slot. They heave out a squirt of the sweet juice and the gals come a-winging like crazy. Few would argue that such a system doesn't handle the problems of love and stuff. What has man done to tie that one? The next time you want to slap a moth in the puss be a little respectful about it.

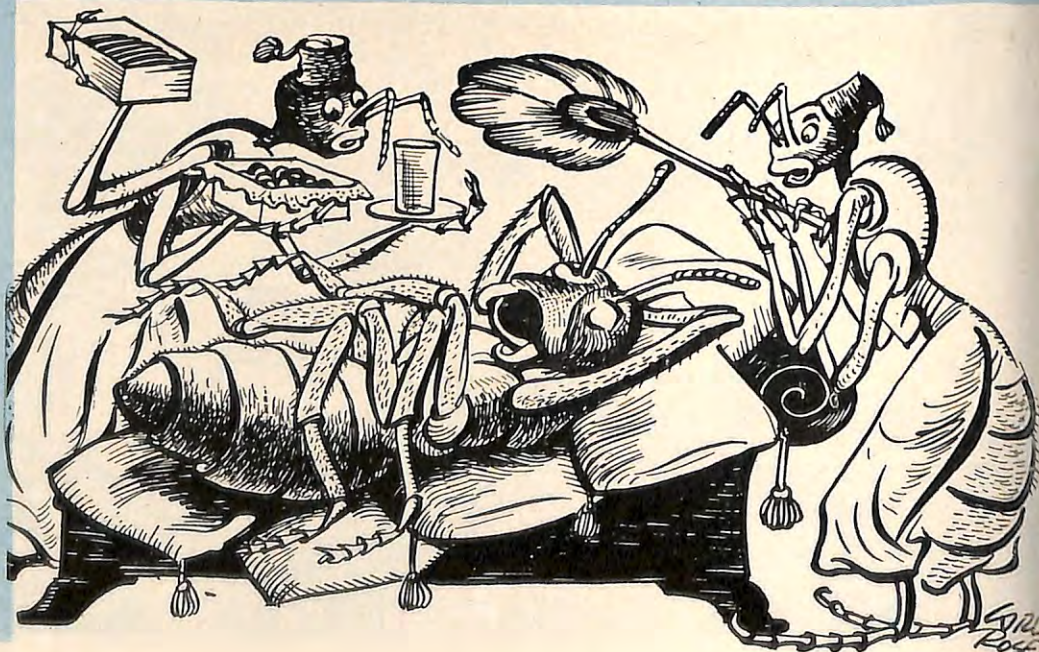
Of course, there are other moths

**Under experimental conditions some ants have been known to starve in sight of food because there was no slave to serve them.**



**Unable to navigate under their own wing-power, they return to the succulent mash for another round.**

pupil who shows not much promise. What man has been able to do, insects, if it suited their convenience, have done before him, usually several hundred thousand years before. If we point to the P-51 and great cities as evidence of our superiority, the bugs will tell us that, proportionately speaking, we could put Babylon, the Pyramids and Rockefeller Center into one good-sized ant hill and still have room left over for Hoboken. And if we think a Mustang is so hot, what about that little hymenopteran job called a wasp? And besides they invented jet propulsion when *Pithecanthropus Erectus* was still an ape



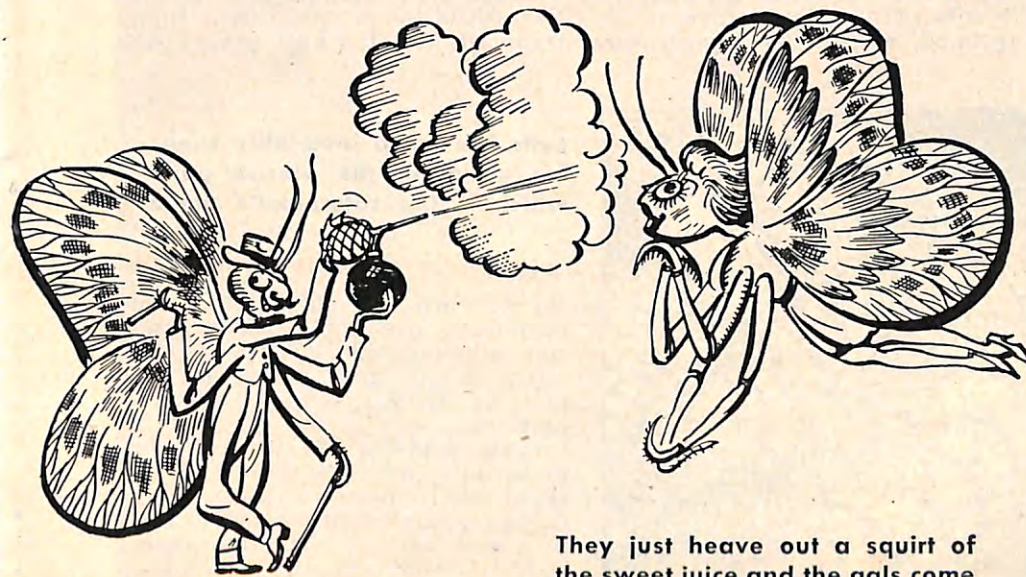


# THE INSECTS HAVE IT

By Kent Richards

Illustrated by CARL ROSE

**You're bugs if  
you think that  
insects aren't one  
jump ahead of us**



**They just heave out a squirt of the sweet juice and the gals come a-winging like crazy.**

from this still was copious, fragrant and fermenting. One warm and lazy afternoon, diligent as always with my lessons in entomology, I watched the effect of this mash on a swarm of wild honey bees. Their approach to it was not cautious or tentative, like that of a youth on first entering a saloon. They dove for that mash pile with the purposeful abandon of loggers hitting Seattle at the end of the Spring drive. They covered the pile and dug in, their tail ends working with an enthusiastic rhythm reminiscent of the rear end of a hog trough at feeding time.

Shortly, however, some of them feeling their mash, made an effort to fly and fell over on their fannies, laughing, no doubt. Unable to navigate under wing-power, they returned to the succulent mash for another round. Most of them stayed with it until they passed out. Some of them crawled away. A few of the more hardy did manage a take-off and flew crazily in circles, bumping needlessly into outbuildings and trees. But if there wasn't an orgy to put to shame San Francisco on V-J Day, I never saw one. I'm still wondering what kind of honey that mash made. Maybe those bees really had something there.

Even though the larva of the dragon-fly has the glamor of being jet-propelled—it takes in water for oxygen and pumps it out its behind for propulsion—my favorite among the inventive insects continues to be the flying spider. These bugs have developed a real deal. They are capable of traveling a hundred miles or more in one hop, if they want to, or of going only a few yards. All they need is the patience to wait for a tail wind. Climbing a fence pole or the outer leaves of a small tree they spin lines of silk into the breeze. Wafted by the wind these individual strands have surprising buoyancy

that aren't so smart, by our standards, but then neither are other people as smart as we are. One moth is hot strictly for what is literally a mermaid moth—no wings, lives in the water, that kind of thing. When he reaches the age of consent he heads for a piece of pond and hovers around near the bank to watch the girls go by. When one finally gives him the eye he lands beside her on the water and she pulls him under. His marriage lasts just as long as he can hold his breath, at which point his bride becomes a widow. The opportunity to die with a smile on his face is evidently all he asks of life.

There are even sadists among the insects. One bug larrups the living daylights out of his wife all the while he is making love to her. She's mad

for it and they get along swell. But the praying mantis who goes with proper decorum through all the overtures of what is comparatively a long build-up finds himself a cannibalized corpse before he leaves his bridal bed.

Everybody is greatly impressed and thoroughly familiar with the industry of the honey bee, just as we are impressed by the wartime enterprise of the Army Service Forces. But bees, like people, have their reprobrates. Honey bees are great drunks and though some of them evidently are teetotalers through choice, others will choose the long way home every chance they get.

Some years ago I had the advantage of close association with a moonshiner's enterprise located in backwoods mountain country. The mash

and a few of them are sufficient to lift the spider from his take-off position into level flight. The wind gives him direction and he controls his altitude by the length of his silken lines. If he wants to zoom he lengthens his lines and up he goes. When he wants to come down for a look around he pulls them in and by their length he also may control his landing. It is obvious that if these spiders knew anything about thermals they could fly most anywhere. And just who, I'd like to know, says they don't?

A number of insects use anesthetics in one form or another but usually it is as a poison, the immediate purpose of which is to numb the enemy so that the process of killing can proceed without danger. There is one variety of wasp, however, who uses it with the precision of a surgeon and for the purpose of keeping the victim alive. The caterpillar is the most prized food of this wasp. But keeping caterpillars alive and fresh until they can be served to family and friends presents certain problems. Therefore the wasp invariably stings its victim at the precise point in the small of its back which is the caterpillar's nerve center. The caterpillar is painlessly immobilized but thoroughly alive and can then be lugged home to be disposed of in proper season.

The more we learn about insects the less we respect human achievements.

The Chinese, long recognized as starting everything worth while, lost caste when we admitted the fact that wasps invented the process for papermaking. These winged gentry have made their paper for untold thousands of years just as we do, from woodpulp, watered, pressed and dried. But even more significant,



perhaps, is the fact that long ago an insect no bigger than a gnat originated ceramics even to baking its pottery in the sun and glazing it with a salivary secretion!

Having always been a sucker for these little ads which infest magazines headed "Make Profits Growing Mushrooms" the thing that won me to the ants was discovering that they raise their own variety of mushrooms. Previously I had always resented them because as a child I, in the role of a grasshopper, was invariably compared unfavorably to practically any ant which ever lived. But if an ant could succeed in growing stuff in its cellar where I had so miserably failed then perhaps they had something. They do!

This fungus growing, which popular naturalists liken to mushrooms, has been developed to a very high art. The ants prepare large caverns underground where the temperature



**Left: The wasp invariably stings his victim at the precise point which is the caterpillar's nerve center.**

the ants promptly slaughtered them, completely overlooking their potential value for milk. They were obviously merely in a more backward state of civilization than their cowherd cousins.

While ants don't do everything humans do, apparently they do everything that interests *them*. Some types prepare small patches of open field and harvest the crop, others steal and wage war, still others keep slaves which do all or part of their work. The slaves are usually other ants which may have been captured in a planned raid, or which may have been raised from stolen ant eggs, depending on the military prowess and energy of the masters. Despite their wide reputation for industry, it delighted me to learn that some ants are so lazy they wouldn't lift a feeler to touch Lauren Bacall. Everything they need is supplied them by slaves. Under experimental conditions such ants have been known to starve with- in sight of food because there was no slave to serve them.

In a final and desperate effort to prove his superiority to animals and bugs man usually points to his capacity for writing and speaking. As to writing, most bugs would probably contend that when their day's work is done they are ready for bed anyhow, so why bother? Of speaking, there is already considerable evidence that animals do talk inter-specie languages that are sufficient for their purposes. Less is known of in-

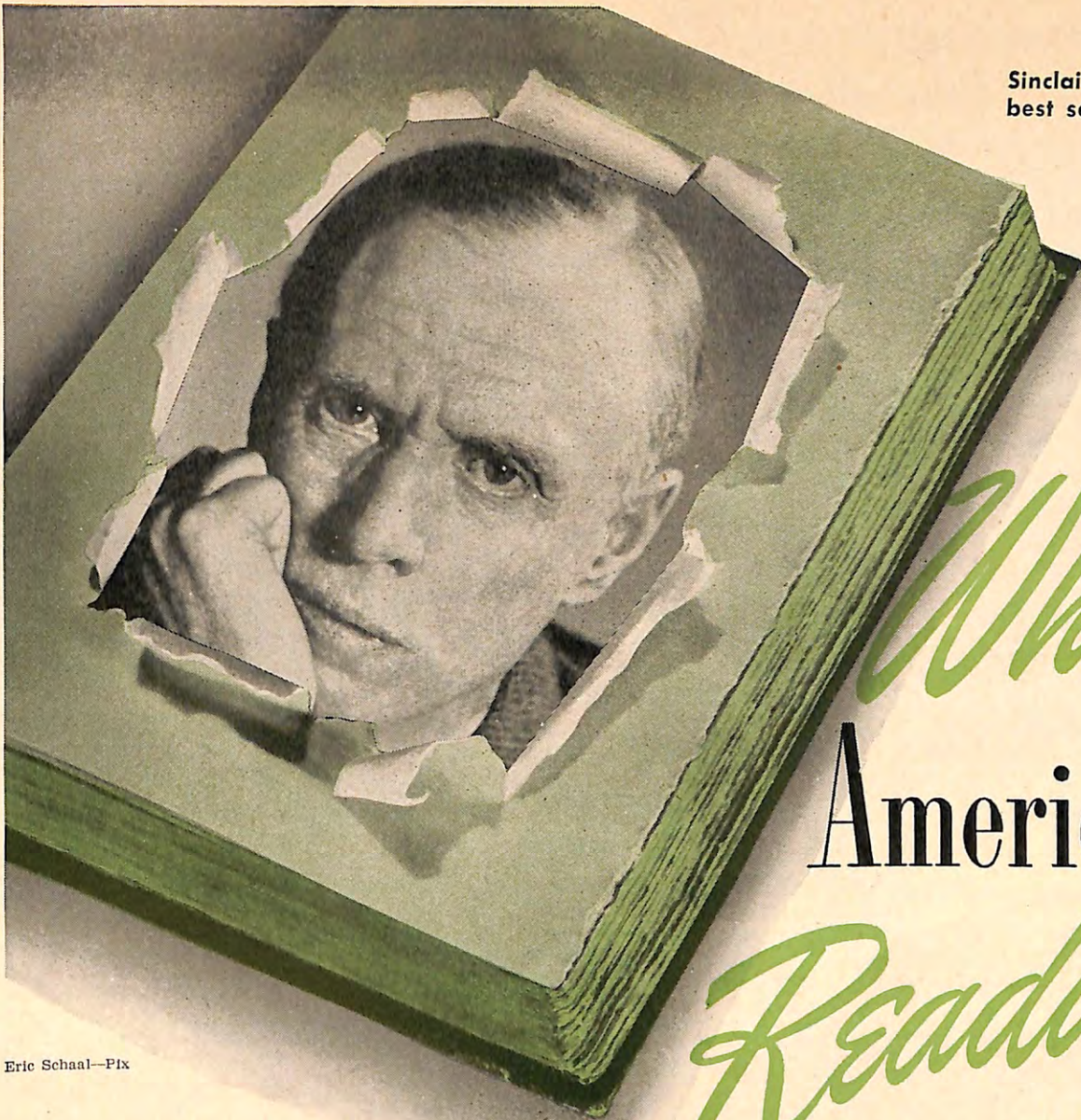
*(Continued on page 63)*

will be proper and constant by carrying in millions of small pieces of flora which are allowed to decompose in beds where the fungi are then planted. The rotted vegetation provides excellent fertilizer and the ants then have a continuing source of food which is a staple part of their diet, which can be gathered without danger from enemies and which is not subject to the vicissitudes of the weather.

The capacity of ants for domesticating, maintaining and milking herds of aphides and other minute bugs with the same degree of care

**Left: The thing that won me was the discovery that ants raise their own variety of mushrooms.**

Sinclair Lewis, author of the best seller, "Cass Timberlane".



Eric Schaal—Pix

# What America is Reading

By Harry Hansen

**The New Year offers an encouraging selection of books.**

**E**DWIN WAY TEALE has his eyes on the ground in a way that would profit the rest of us, if ever we could find time to follow his methods. All his life he has been examining the little animals and insects that carry on a large part of the world's activities, despite the arrogant notion of human beings that they are the sole workers. He has studied reptiles, caterpillars, ducks, hawks, bees—and, to turn to another form of nature, snowflakes. And he can write about them in a charming way that makes anything from his pen doubly welcome.

There is a new book, a handsome volume, by Mr. Teale; it is called "The Lost Woods; Adventures of a Naturalist", and it will afford hours of happy reading. It carries on the interests of Henry D. Thoreau, with the help of modern photography. It reveals things you never knew before. For instance, Mr. Teale contends that the oldest existing form of life is the King crab, descendent

of the prehistoric trilobite which is found fossilized in the rocks of the Cambrian period and existed half a billion years ago. The King crab has not changed its habits, and one female "will deposit as many as 10,000 eggs in the course of its spawning season". When Mr. Teale examined the footprints of the crab on the sand he was observing a trail "familiar to the earth long before the first wedge-print of a sea bird made its initial appearance".

Mr. Teale's travels carried him to Florida and Maine, to Thoreau's Walden and the ghostly forest on the shores of Lake Michigan where the dunes had killed the trees. He found

birds and beavers to describe and he tells a captivating story of a sparrow that shared a New York apartment and had a love for ice cream cones. He loves "the enduring world of nature" as Thoreau loved it and says that "humankind is not the be-all or the end-all of Nature's plan. Our commendation is not her goal and the effect of thorn and toadstool on us is incidental to her scheme of things. We are but part of the whole with which she deals." In this time when man is so much occupied with his own troubles, it is healthy to turn to such a writer as Edwin Way Teale and be refreshed by his adventures

(Continued on page 52)



## *A Favorite in Flowers*

PINE CONE AND TASSEL... State Flower of Maine



# DIXIE BELLE



Among flowers, universal in their charm, there are outstanding favorites. So it is in gin! DIXIE BELLE has that over-all superiority which makes it a favorite. Suave bouquet, clean, bright flavor... expertly distilled from choice grain neutral spirits and Nature's finest fruits, herbs and berries. Truly a superb GIN.

## *A Favorite in* GIN

90 Proof • Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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



VIA AIR MAIL

# Letters from a Correspondent

Official U. S. Navy Photo



Coles Phillips

*In this and the December issue, The Elks Magazine has published 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 outdated by the cessation of hostilities and which tells the everyday life of a writer overseas.*

*The last series of Mr. Phillips' letters covered his six weeks at Guam. Now he takes us to Manila.*

Southwest Pacific Area  
June 12, 1945

Dear Chum:

That hollow sound you hear is me laughing. I make that noise every time I think of the lovely cool zephyrs that were wont to waft over beautiful Guam. Some day perhaps you too can sit down in a steel battleship in the middle of the South Pacific in summer and write a letter when the ship is

blacked out and all air inlets sealed up cozy-like.

There was a great deal of backing and filling at Cincpac before I got assigned to this ship, which turned out to be a battlewagon and not a carrier. (I was assigned to three different ships, unbeknownst to me.) Then there was more shilly-shallying while people played tennis and went to the movies before signing my orders, but by God, I made it!

I came aboard just before noon chow and was

WHEN THE FIRST  
BLAST FROM  
THE THREE-INCH  
GUNS WENT OFF  
I LOST TEN YEARS  
OF MY LIFE.



UP-TO-DATE  
AND CALIBRE OF THE  
MORNING NEWS

TACLOBAN IS MUD UP OVER  
THE SHOE-TOPS; FLIES IN CLOUDS;  
LITTLE BARE CHILDREN IN CLOUDS,  
ALL SCREAMING, "ALLO, JOE",  
AND SALUTING.



greeted by the Executive Officer who is a tower of strength. He reported to the Captain that I was aboard, and that gentleman very kindly invited me to have luncheon with him and the Exec. in his quarters. Jellied madrilene, steak, celery and olives, mashed potatoes, peas and a great deal of vanilla ice cream with chocolate sauce. You know what a condition I have reached when I eat a mound of ice cream with chocolate sauce—my first dessert in years. I never thought I'd see the day when the summit of my desires would be a hill of ice cream.

The Captain is a gimlet-eyed blond man of middle years and uncertain hearing. Neither he nor I can ever make out what the other is talking about, but our manners are impeccable. After I was assigned to quarters (which were subsequently changed five times) and I had done a Cook's Tour of the ship, the Captain and the Exec. and I went ashore in the Captain's gig and bade a rousing farewell to the Happy Hour ... You too must have heard of Josephus Daniels?

It seemed there were some difficulties as to who was going to be busted from his stateroom so I could usurp it, and the Captain very hospitably solved this social dilemma by offering me, for the night, his "Emergency Cabin", which is way the hell up by the upper bridge. It was very comfortable and pleasant and I now think of it wistfully.

This is not a large ship, as battlegoons go, but it will suffice. The food is good, the officers are all young and pleasant and capable (not so much of the Groton-Harvard stuff I have suffered from hitherto)

and have been uniformly most agreeable and gracious to me in their desire to make me feel at home and explain what this gigantic machine is all about.

I got up at six this morning, as we were sailing at seven and I didn't want to miss anything: After breakfast General Quarters was sounded, a period which I spent down in the Damage Control Room



WHAT WARM WATER DOES NOT GO  
INTO YOUR MOUTH GOES UP YOUR  
SLEEVE AND OVER YOUR SHOES.



ALL I COULD THINK WAS, "OH, LORD!  
WHY CAN'T THE ARMY EVER DO ANYTHING  
AT A CIVILIZED HOUR ——— SAY  
ELEVEN O'CLOCK!"

with a Lieutenant Commander. I will not attempt to describe the functions of the Damage Control Room for the simple reason that I did not understand it. Next, anti-aircraft practice, and I spent the entire day watching it. I got up on the top bridge with binoculars and five lbs. of helmet and entirely too much clothing (officers, etc., can't strip down the way the men do) and by the time I had stood for seven hours on hot steel plates my feet were warm and cozy.

When the planes (B25s painted orange) first came over trailing the silk target sleeve (two thousand pairs of stockings) and the first blast from the three-inch guns went off, I lost ten years of my life. Then the forty-MMs opened up, followed by twenty-MMs and I dropped another five. These latter use tracers and are more exciting to watch.

At first the direction finders were a little out of kilter and the boys didn't look so good. (They had been in port for some weeks without a chance to keep their hands in.) In a short time, however, the bugs were ironed out and they began hitting the sleeve. The three-inchers make a hellish noise. Worse, I am told, than the five-inch guns or the big babies (this doesn't seem possible, but that's what the man said). I don't see how anything could make a more painfully loud, sharp noise. Perhaps the big babies make a bigger roar—more stunning—but not any more ear-splitting. Anyway, the planes made 97 runs across the ship. Each time this din went up and each time either the sleeve did or didn't come writhing down to the water. I stood rooted to the spot, the way you do at a trapshoot even  
(Continued on page 37)

Illustrated by  
WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

BECAUSE I COULDN'T  
THINK OF ANYTHING  
ELSE TO SAY. I ASKED  
ONE OF THEM IF HE  
SAID "GERONIMO"  
WHEN HE JUMPED.



# What's

Right is Miss Paulette Goddard as she appears in a scene from Paramount's historical drama, "Kitty".



Above: Miss Dorothy Lamour, in a funny hat, is up to some low-grade chicanery with Patric Knowles in another Paramount effort, "Masquerade in Mexico".



Above: In the motion picture, "Miss Susie's Slagle's", Dorothy Gish keeps a boarding house for five medical students who serve as her background here.

Right: Errol Flynn, lacking anything better to do, makes with the guitar in the forthcoming Warner Brothers picture, "San Antonio".

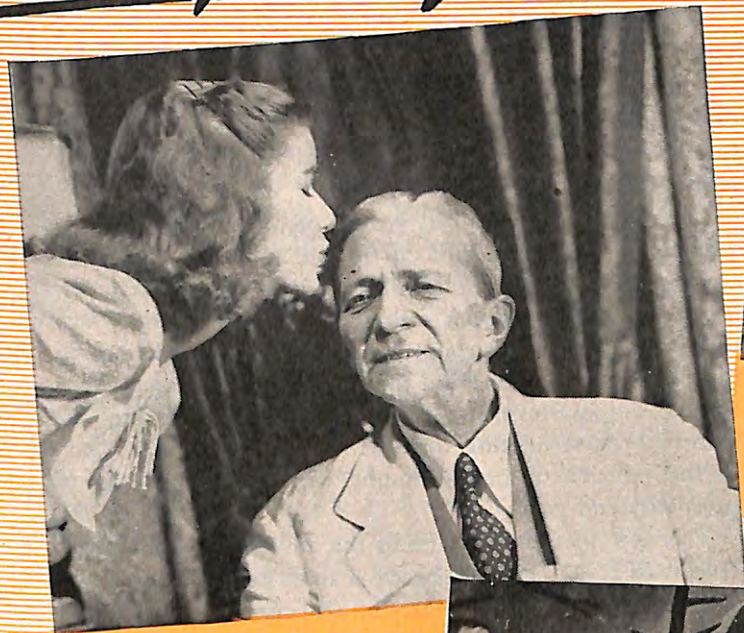




# Playing:



Above: Montgomery Clift, who gives one of the stage's finest juvenile performances since Burgess Meredith, poses with Edmund Gwen and Catherine Willard. They're in "You Touched Me".



Above: Barbara Bel Geddes gives a daughterly kiss to Charles Waldron who plays her father in the moving stage show, "Deep Are the Roots".



Above: Some of the neighbors watch Carol Stone put over the song, "Barbara Allen", in the play, "Dark of the Moon".



Left: Ruth Hussey and Ralph Bellamy being tender and understanding with each other in one of Broadway's best legitimate offerings, "The State of the Union".

# 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

## Enter The New Year



HIS old world has just crossed the threshold of a new year. Its advent is greeted by the children of earth with mixed emotions. Predominant among these is joy at the defeat of our enemies and the end of the war, but the joy is tempered by the grave problems which must be solved to secure the victory so dearly won.

It would be well if a door could be closed on the old year with its legacy of war's aftermath, and we could face the new year with a clean slate. But the misery and devastation of bitter years cannot be forgotten or ignored. The problems created by the great global conflict, the reverberations of which still echo around the world, must be solved before the real meaning of our familiar greeting, "A Happy New Year", can again be realized.

But America may hail the new year with at least some of the old-time gladness. Her countryside is intact, her democracy is secure, and "the boys are coming home"—coming home to a land of greater opportunity, to a people grateful

for their sacrifices, and to positions of responsibility in the making of a postwar world.

The new year, with all its vexing problems, may be faced with faith in the loyalty of our people and in the future of our country. The unrest manifest today is the natural outgrowth of relaxed tension and economic reconversion which follows all wars. Our country is sound, the foundations of the Republic are stable, and the capacity and courage which turned a peace-loving people almost overnight into the world's greatest fighting force will soon be employed again in the pursuits of peace, leading the way to a future of prosperity and goodwill.

The new year should witness the advent of world peace. If it is to be an enduring peace, it must be based upon universal recognition of the rights of all people to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness".

Our country, in its dominant position of world leadership, may be depended upon to use its influence and authority to bring about commitments and agreements among men and nations that will outlaw war for all time, thus making the year 1946 the happiest the world has ever known.



**Charity**



**Justice**

## An Occasion To Celebrate



HE Order of Elks will reach its 78th anniversary on February 16 next, healthy, happy, vigorous and going stronger than ever before.

With the shadow of war lifted, the celebration of this significant event should be undertaken in a happier mood than was possible during the years of conflict. It should be a celebration paying fitting tribute to the little band of men who in the long-distant past laid the foundation upon which the Order has grown and prospered.

The Lodge Activities Committee is urging each lodge to mark the event by the initiation of a class of fine, upstanding Americans, and surely no finer tribute than this could be paid the memory of the Founders.

February is a month of glorious birthdays, and not the least of these is the natal day of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

## A Timely Note



UBORDINATE lodges, entering upon the last quarter of their lodge year, generally report "progress". Membership increases have continued at a rate that may well bring the Order out in front when final reports are made to the Grand Lodge, and continued

prosperity is the rule.

It is most gratifying to note that lodges are continuing to improve their finances and meet in full their patriotic and fraternal obligations. It is well also to recognize the danger of a full treasury in its tendency to create a spending urge.

Grand Exalted Ruler Kepner sounds a note of warning in the November issue of *The Elks Magazine* when he calls

attention to the temptation to overbuild that lurks in a full treasury. He points out the danger, so plainly visible, of present-day incomes, and easily borrowed capital leading to overbuilding and its consequent failure. It is a timely warning predicated upon past experience, and cannot be too strongly emphasized.

As the Grand Exalted Ruler says, "Clean and adequate buildings and facilities are desirable," but the cost of maintenance must be within the means of the lodge, not only in this period of large incomes, but in the leaner years that may come before the final reconversion of industry to the prosperous pursuits of peacetime America.

## Atomic Fear



HE perfection of the atomic bomb is one of the most frightening developments of the war. The explosion which wiped Hiroshima off the map in the twinkling of an eye awakened fears and forebodings in the hearts of civilized people throughout the world.

It is fortunate that it was America and her allies that were first to discover a method of utilizing the destructive force of atomic power. Our enemies were feverishly working towards the same objective, and had they reached it first the world today would be in a condition too terrible to contemplate.

There is hope that the development of this mighty force will change the attitude of all people towards war. Its use in another world war would be the end of civilization.

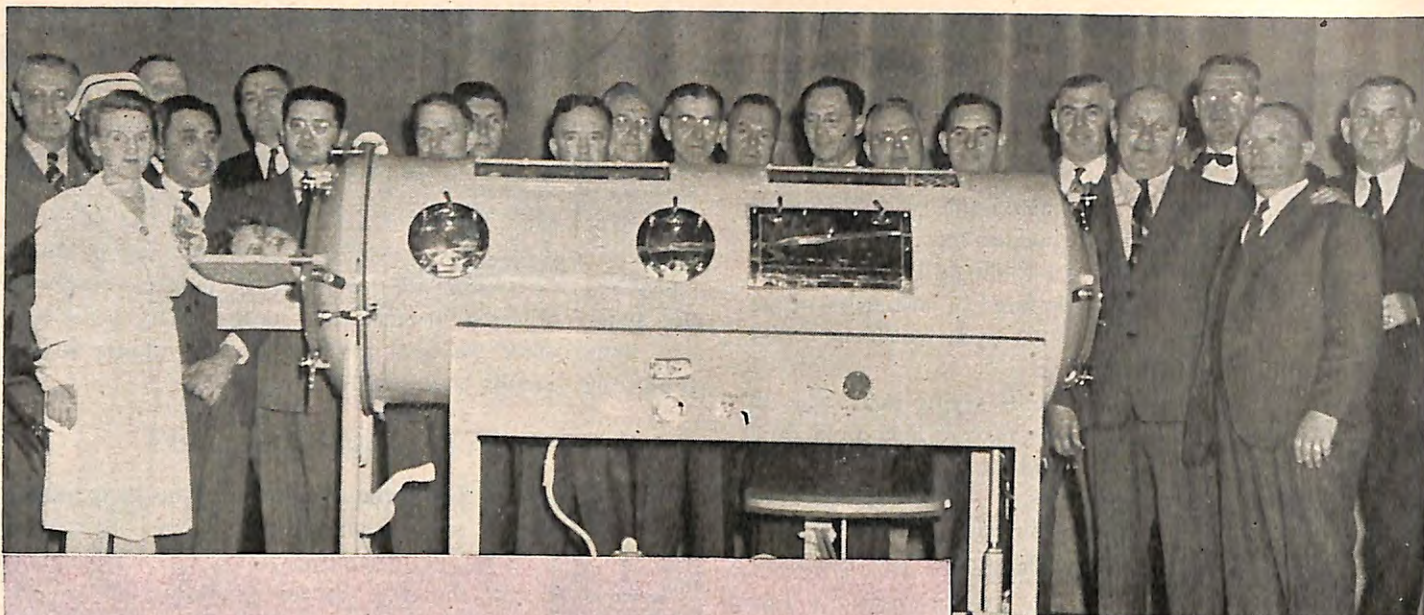
The demonstration of the destructive power of atomic energy has implanted a very real fear in the hearts of men, a fear that will never be dispelled until the nations of the earth find effective means to outlaw the atomic bomb as a weapon of war.



**Brotherly Love**



**Fidelity**



*Above: Shown with the Iron Lung they purchased for the use of the townspeople, are the members of the Crippled and Underprivileged Children's Committee of Nutley, N. J., Lodge.*

## NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES THROUGHOUT THE NATION

**DAYTONA BEACH, FLA.,** Lodge, No. 1141, never falls down on a celebration. When Navy Day came along these Florida Elks were right on tap to take part in the huge parade which climaxed the day. The combined high school band then led the marchers back to the lodge home for further ceremonies. A highlight was the presentation to Daytona Beach Lodge of a pennant for its "splendid cooperation" in collecting salvage, by the Chairman of the Volusia County Salvage Committee on behalf of the War Production Board. Exalted Ruler Charles A. Poole accepted the pennant for No. 1141. Lt. Commander George L. Van Bergen was the principal speaker and Millard B. Conklin was Chairman of the Committee in charge.

**W. VA. STATE ELKS ASSN.** When a nonambulatory patient at Ashford General Hospital in White Sulphur Springs hears, "Number, Please?" and then enjoys a fifteen, ten or five-minute free telephone conversation he has the 19 West Virginia lodges to thank. These generous Elks spend \$250 a month on the project they inaugurated last September through the Hospitalization Committee of the State Association.

Every day a quiz program is held in the wards and the winners are given a chance to make a phone call. One month 127 calls went through. One of the winners was First Lt. Martin Atkin of the 8th Air Force who talked with his parents at Far Rockaway, N. Y. He has a record of 25 missions completed, and was wounded

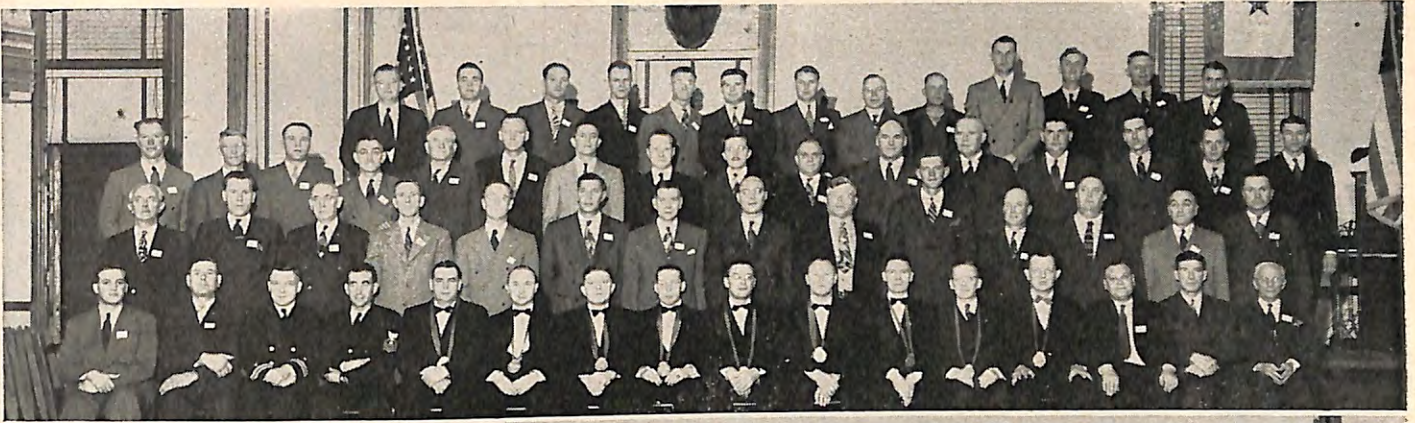
when his B-17 was shot down over Munich. He wears the Purple Heart, Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters and the Presidential Unit Citation. First Lt. Richard Blackburn was another prize winner and talked for ten minutes to his family in Bedford, Pa. He was wounded three times with the 121st Infantry Regiment of the Eighth Division.

In addition to the work at Ashford, Martinsburg Lodge No. 778 is assisting with the entertainment sponsored and financed by the Association at the Newton D. Baker General Hospital.

**LANCASTER, CALIF.,** Lodge, No. 1625, killed two birds with one stone recently. The sixth birthday of No. 1625 was the occasion chosen for the presentation to P.E.R. Thomas A. Dearth of an Honorary Life Membership. Mr. Dearth was one of the organizers of Lancaster Lodge and has served as Secretary since 1942.

*Below, photographed with their officers, are the 78 men who comprised the Fortieth Anniversary Class of Yankton, S. D., Lodge.*





*Above: The large class of candidates which was recently initiated into Minot, N. D., Lodge, pictured with the lodge officers.*

**SANFORD, N. C.,** Lodge, No. 1679, came into the world October 26th with representatives of six North Carolina lodges on hand to welcome it. P.D.D. Ed. W. Davis, State Secy., deserves the lion's share of the credit for bringing about No. 1679's institution. State Vice-Pres. John F. Prescott of Raleigh, D.D., instituted the lodge, and 30 charter members were initiated by the Degree Team of Durham Lodge No. 568 under the direction of E.R. C. M. Clarke. E. L. Gavin, Chairman of the Organization Committee, leads the new lodge as Exalted Ruler.

State Pres. Thad Eure of Raleigh was present to congratulate the lodge and to pledge the State Association's cooperation in any of its ventures. Sanford Lodge got a big push when that city was selected as the meeting place for the Association's midwinter session.

**ELKS NATIONAL HOME.** You don't have to wear knee-pants to enjoy a circus, so when the Dailey Brothers three-ring Circus played in Bedford, Va., early in November, there were 30 Elks living at the Home down there who went to see it and had a grand time. They were personally conducted to the best reserved seats by none other than the manager himself, who had invited all the Home residents to attend the performance as his guests.

*Below is the huge Victory Memorial Class which was recently initiated into Lewiston, Ida., Lodge.*



*Above are the officers and guest speakers at the dedication of Clifton, Ariz., Lodge's new quarters.*

*Below: E.R. Dr. H. P. Shanabrook, center, presents Akron, Ohio, Lodge's \$2,000 check to Roger Sherman, Administrator of the Children's Hospital, to equip an emergency room at that institution.*





Above is the class initiated into Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge in honor of D.D. W.V. Ammons' official home-coming visit.



Left: Dr. A. L. Hill, P.E.R., and E.R. Wm. J. Lunney prepare to burn the mortgage on Kingston, N. Y., Lodge's home.

ADAMS, MASS., Lodge, No. 1335, lost a distinguished member when P.D.D. Edwin K. McPeck, Past State Pres. and former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, passed away on Sept. 18th at the age of 71. In poor health for the past two years, he had been hospitalized in both Pittsfield and Adams, but shortly before his death he was returned to his home at his own request.

Mr. McPeck became an Elk when he was very young. He instituted North Adams Lodge No. 487 and was its second Exalted Ruler. Later he instituted Adams Lodge No. 1335, filling various offices there and serving as a Trustee. He was a moving spirit in the State Elks Association project which erected the famous Elk on the Trail memorial to Elks who have died

in the service of their country. He served as Chairman of the Committee and was in charge of the annual ceremonies there.

Mr. McPeck was born in Williamsport, Pa. He studied law at Bennington, Vt., and later opened his own office in Adams. At the close of the Spanish-American War in which he enlisted and served as a lieutenant, he returned to Adams where he became one of the leading attorneys in Berkshire County.

He is survived by his widow, his father, a brother, two sisters and two foster-children.

CUMBERLAND, MD., Lodge, No. 63, started its winter program well warmed by the success of its Fall activities. Its pet charity—the Allegany County League

for Crippled Children—was given \$2,800, which was the net proceeds of the lodge's annual minstrel show. The best part of the whole thing was the large number of Elks who participated. P.E.R.'s John H. Mosner, P.D.D., and Leo H. Ley, Honorary Life Member and Director respectively, served as General Chairman and Director respectively. As interlocutor, P.E.R. Dr. Albert C. Cook, Past Pres. of the Md., Del. and D. C. Elks Assn., kept things moving.

On their respective visits to Cumberland Lodge, D.D. Ambrose A. Durkin of Washington, D.C., Lodge, and Tri-State Assn. Pres. William C. Fowler, of Annapolis, each witnessed the initiation of a class of candidates.

No. 63 always has been deeply interested in Grand Lodge activities as well as those of the Tri-State Association. E.R. Harry I. Stegmaier, Chairman of the Association's Board of Trustees, is Cumberland Lodge's liaison officer, keeping his fellow members up to date on the doings of the Association.

Below is a photograph taken on the 25th Anniversary of Mechanicville, N. Y., Lodge when a large class of candidates was initiated by the officers of Plattsburg Lodge.





**PLAINFIELD, N. J.,** Lodge, No. 885, went into action immediately after the local newspaper announced the establishment of a trust fund for the city's most serious war casualty. Under the direction of Wallace E. Weglau, George Mauro and Stanley Banas, a well-thought-out contribution board was set up in the lodge room and in less time than it takes to tell, more than \$800 was donated.

The fund is for Corp. Edward Buczek who lost both legs, one eye and the sight of the other, and suffered other injuries when he stepped on a Jap land mine on Okinawa.

*Above are Elk officials who attended the formal dedication of Madison, Wis., Lodge's Elks Rest.*

**NEW KENSINGTON, PA.,** Lodge, No. 512, chartered a bus and sent a party of 29 to spend an October weekend at the Elks National Home in Bedford, Va. The visitors, led by Secy. O. R. Grotefend, D.D., were royally welcomed by Arthur W. Johnson, Chairman, Jess R. Batt, Secretary, John O'Hearn, James H. Fleming, William Morrissey, Edmund Miller and Harvey Peak, who make up the Home's standing reception committee.

The New Kensington Elks who were the first to visit Bedford since gasoline coupons became souvenirs, had a grand time there, as well as at Roanoke Lodge No. 197 where they were entertained Saturday night.

**HENDERSON, N. C.,** Lodge, No. 1681, the second lodge in the State to come into the Order within three weeks, was instituted by D.D. John F. Prescott of Raleigh, State Vice-Pres., on Nov. 15th, as 100 representatives of nine other lodges looked on. Forty-seven charter members were initiated by the Degree Team of the sponsoring lodge—Durham No. 568—and six were admitted by dimit; C. P. Alford is Exalted Ruler. A buffet supper was served later. P.D.D. Ed. W. Davis of Wilson, State Secy., is responsible in a large measure for the existence of No. 1681.

*(Continued on page 67)*

*Below are officers and Past Exalted Rulers who were present when D.D. Malcolm Epley visited Grants Pass, Ore., Lodge.*

*At bottom: Officers and new members of Cumberland, Md., Lodge, with D.D. A. A. Durkin, at left behind the podium.*





# *Under the* **ANTLERS**



*Above is a happy group of Seabees. All Elks, they have put in a lot of time in the South Pacific and are on their way back to the States via the support carrier USS Tulagi. Not one of them forgot the Order while he was overseas. The group functioned as a social organization while on the Islands.*



*Left: E.R. William E. Markey of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, wearing his badge of office, welcomes Congressional Medal of Honor winner Steve Gregg, a member of Bayonne Lodge, on the occasion of the official visit of D.D. W. Merle Hoffman, left, and State Vice-Pres. Irving Baum, right.*





Left: While Chairman Lawrence Pruett and Dr. J. W. Stokes, third and fourth from left respectively, of the Hospitalization Committee of the West Virginia State Elks Assn. look on, Duke O'Connell takes advantage of the Association's telephone program at Ashford General Hospital and 1st Lt. Richard Blackburn waits his turn. The young men are two of the winners in the daily quiz program the Elks have inaugurated, which nets them a free phone call.



Right: Names are added to the list of grateful Plainfield, N. J., Elks who are building the fund the lodge has established to aid Corp. Edward Buczek who lost an eye, the sight of the other, and both legs at Okinawa. At this writing, the Elks' fund had reached \$800.



Left are eleven members of Marshfield, Wis., Lodge's "GI Overseas Band," made up of veterans who have seen action "all over the world". Since the photograph was taken, seven more Elks have augmented this musical unit.



Above: Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge's ladies are photographed as they prepared to wrap and mail 200 Christmas gift packages to boys at sea.



Left is Richmond, Calif., Lodge's "Write Me a Letter" board which is kept filled by members who wish to write their Brothers in the Services.

Below: You won't have to look too closely to see that the servicemen being entertained by Tampa, Fla., Lodge are having a good time.





*Above is Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner, standing fourth from right with Gov. Ralph Gates of Columbia City Lodge, on his left and Grand Secretary J. E. Masters on his right, when he visited the Veterans Administration Hospital in Indianapolis, Ind., with State Elk officials.*



*Above: Patients of the Lake City, Fla., Veterans Facility are entertained regularly under the auspices of the State Elks Association through the local lodge.*

*Right: Capt. Ray G. Chrisinger, of Kalispell, Mont., Lodge, displays the American Flag he received when he was initiated. It traveled with him to a small island near Okinawa, and when it was time to unfurl our Flag there, Capt. Chrisinger offered this one. He had carried it with him, wrapped around his Bible, and finally saw it flying over the island on a pole rigged up by the men of his company.*





Above: Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner takes time out during the annual meeting of the Tennessee State Elks Association to place a wreath on the tomb of Andrew Johnson, the 17th President of the United States, at Greeneville, Tenn. Mr. Kepner is surrounded by Elk dignitaries including Grand Trustee Hugh Hicks, directly behind Mr. Kepner.



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



Left: At Lorain, Ohio, Lodge's huge reception for Admiral Ernest J. King, a member of that lodge, were, left to right, Chairman Joseph W. Fitzgerald of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, Admiral King and Grand Exalted Ruler Kepner. Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz was also present.

Below: Mr. Kepner, seated center, is photographed with the class initiated in his honor at Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge. Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters is seated third from right.





Above: At Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge's dinner in honor of Secy. James D. Moran's Silver Jubilee were, seated left to right, Borough Pres. James Burke, Mr. Moran, Mr. Kepner and Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, and, standing, Ass't. District Attorney Albert Short, P.E.R., and Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan.

GRAND Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner delivered an inspirational address when he attended the conference of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Indiana lodges held at the Hotel Antlers on October 6th and 7th with **INDIANAPOLIS LODGE NO. 13** acting as host. The meeting was one of the largest in point of attendance in the history of the Association. A dance on Saturday night provided entertainment for Elks and their ladies. The evening's pleasure was enhanced by the appearance of the Indiana Elks Chanters.

District meetings were held on Sunday the 7th from 10 a.m. until noon. Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary, State Pres. L. E. Yoder of Goshen Lodge, and the five District Deputies of the State for 1944-45—C. E. Murphy, Elkhart, Vern M. Landis, Warsaw, Robert L. DeHority, Elwood, State

Vice-Pres., J. E. Feigert, Connersville, and Charles L. Parker, Bedford—were present. At a quarter of one a banquet was served. At its conclusion Mr. Yoder opened the session by requesting two songs of the Chanters. They responded graciously and then the State President introduced Governor Ralph F. Gates, one of Indiana's most enthusiastic Elks — a member of Columbia City Lodge No. 1417

—who spoke on the war activities of the Order and the part it is playing in rehabilitation work. The subject of the Veterans Entertainment Program was taken up by John Ewing of Frankfort Lodge, its Chairman. Several lodges responded with "on-the-spot" contributions.

The unusual attendance, despite the fact that the weather was just right for  
(Continued on page 48)

Right: At dinner at Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, Mr. Kepner had D. Curtis Gano, former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, on his right and E.R. John A. Peartree on his left.



Below is a photograph taken when the Grand Exalted Ruler visited Hudson, N. Y., Lodge.





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 members of your lodge have given their lives in the service 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, 292 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

#### CALIFORNIA

Long Beach Lodge No. 888

HERSHELL D. BARRETT, JR.

MARVIN C. WACHTER

Redondo Beach Lodge No. 1378

CARL H. CONFER

Santa Rosa Lodge No. 646

LT. COMM. JOHN A. WHITESIDE

LT. SEYMOUR L. WINSLOW

Whittier Lodge No. 1258

LT. HAROLD C. COFFMAN, U. S. Army  
Air Corps

#### CANAL ZONE

Panama Canal Zone Lodge No. 1414

WARRANT OFFICER HENRY LEBERT,  
U. S. Army

DONALD MULLALY

#### COLORADO

Durango Lodge No. 507

ROBERT E. GILCHRIST

JESS O. MARKLE

#### GEORGIA

Gainesville Lodge No. 1126

HARMON LOY EDMONDSON

#### IDAHO

Wallace Lodge No. 331

MAJOR WILLIAM R. MCKINLEY

#### ILLINOIS

Mount Carmel Lodge No. 715

CHARLES EDWARD REYNOLDS, JR.

Paris Lodge No. 812

CLIFFORD D. BOYLE

#### INDIANA

Frankfort Lodge No. 560

WILLIAM E. ADAMS

Kendallville Lodge No. 1194

LT. LAWRENCE M. BRECHBILL

#### IOWA

Des Moines Lodge No. 98

ALVIN BERNSTEIN

ROBERT E. GAGEN

WILLIAM R. GILHOUSEN

RICHARD L. KESTLER

JACK KOENIGSBERGER

ROBERT LIND

JOSEPH E. MURPHY

FRED A. PETTY

OMER C. TAYLOR

#### MASSACHUSETTS

Watertown Lodge No. 1513

CHIEF STORE KEEPER WILLIAM F.  
LEEDHAM, USN

#### MICHIGAN

Cadillac Lodge No. 680

PFC. EDWARD B. LOUGHRIN

Muskegon Lodge No. 274

FRED L. BEERMAN

#### MISSOURI

Webb City Lodge No. 861

FRED DOWNS

DON HAMPTON

#### NEBRASKA

Chadron Lodge No. 1399

GEORGE A. CASE

#### NEW YORK

Elmira Lodge No. 62

S/SGT. ROYCE FANNING

#### NORTH DAKOTA

Grand Forks Lodge No. 255

ROBERT M. EVANS

Minot Lodge No. 1089

GEORGE MANNING

JOHN T. TOWEY

ALVIN M. TRYHUS

#### OHIO

Ravenna Lodge No. 1076

CAPT. LEWIS L. AUSTIN

Youngstown Lodge No. 55

ENSIGN DAVID P. KELLY, USN

#### PENNSYLVANIA

Gettysburg Lodge No. 1045

JOHN E. MYERS, USN

Grove City Lodge No. 1579

SGT. THOMAS FAULL, JR.

#### UTAH

Salt Lake City Lodge No. 85

ENSIGN RALPH WALKER LARSON, JR  
USN Air Corps

#### VIRGINIA

Lynchburg Lodge No. 321

ENSIGN HORACE A. BYRD

#### WASHINGTON

Yakima Lodge No. 318

S/SGT. ERIC B. VAN WERALD, JR.

#### WISCONSIN

Stevens Point Lodge No. 641

JOHN KORPAL

#### WYOMING

Cheyenne Lodge No. 660

KENNETH TALLMAN

## Letters from a Correspondent

(Continued from page 21)

WE WERE NEARLY  
THROWN OUT  
OF THE  
PLANE  
STICKING  
OUR HEADS  
OUT OF THE  
OPENING TO  
WATCH OUR  
BOYS.



when you're tired and hungry and hot. By the time this gunnery was over, at 4:30 in the afternoon, \$40,000 worth of ammunition had been fired.

Wednesday, June 13

This one has not been a good day because the men painted the decks and we had to stay below. After breakfast at 7 we all attended life-belt drill which means you put on a belt and blow it up to see if it works or is it defective. Mine worked, but I was unable to figure out how I was going to blow it up while swimming for my life.

I did learn why most of the officers and crew go about muffled in shirts with sleeves, long pants instead of shorts, etc. It seems that flash burns from explosions, kamekazis, etc., are much less serious when you've got some clothes to be burned off instead of just skin. I also discovered that the reason we aren't making much speed is because we are zig-zagging in an effort to fox any little denizens of the deep.

The drill took place on the fo'c'stle and everyone lined up ten deep and blew up their little balloons and then listened for escaping air. Some heard it or, worse, didn't have any belts, so they were led away—presumably to be flogged.

Immediately after drill all the lads went off to their various chores and duties and in an effort to keep out of the way I went down to my cabin and washed out some shirts and underwear. The smell of paint and the hot water didn't go well together, but I made it. During my enforced sojourn below deck I discovered that my cabin is 'way up in the tippy-tippy bow of the ship. (That's the sharp end.) My bulkhead juts in so that the deck is half again as wide as the ceiling (I forget the naval term for ceiling).

After dinner we went on deck and put our fingers on the wet paint to see if it was wet and it wasn't.

We sat out on the fo'c'stle and smoked and talk-talk-talk until the sun went down and we had to black-out ship. Strangely enough, although it's nearly the longest day of the year and you are only just now turning on your lights, here, near the Equator, it gets dark at 7:30 P.M. I suppose with the aid of a candle and an orange I could figure it out, but so far it just seems unnatural.

I eat with the top officers in the wardroom, and perforce keep absolutely silent. The conversation, as among all men at war, is all griping and it amuses me to see that the officers gripe just as much as the men. The Exec. has spent two meals griping about the quartermaster, and, as he is top man, we all listen with expressions of becoming interest on our pans. The only subjects I have yet discovered which are of mutual interest to all are General MacArthur and sex.

Thursday, June 14

This has been another quiet one, broken only by the sighting of a floating mine at noon. Naturally this made a wonderful (and legitimate) target. All the guns were trained upon it. The damned thing was so big nothing would make a dent but the five-inchers. Those guns are so powerful that one direct hit blew the thing right out of the water—even that merely broke the casing and sank it without detonating the mine.

I was correct about the five-inchers not making so painful a noise as the three-inch guns; the impact on the ear isn't as bad.

After lunch the skipper sat up in the open bridge taking pot-shots at flying-fish. He's good—can shoot the thing with either hand. Somebody pointed that out, and one goon threw up both hands and said, "Yeah, and sometimes he says, 'Look, no hands! Bang!'"

After dinner this evening a bunch of us were

## Letters from a Correspondent

sitting around on the fo'c'stle and I said something penetrating to the effect that one would never imagine we were on a warship in a disputed area in the middle of a particularly vicious war.

The Fire-Control Officer, Lt. Bob Craig, a young New York lawyer when he isn't a Fire-Control Officer, said it had been his experience that all sea warfare was that way, except for the few hours when the ship is either attacking or under attack. The rest of the time is spent in the usual calm, ordered way in which the men live out the months and years together, always conscious of the magnitude and peace of the sea, and hardly ever truly aware that they are fighting-men at war. Both men and officers are so taken up with small problems and duties and quarrels and devices to make themselves more comfortable and at home in an element other than their natural one, that they forget all about war. He said it was the same on every ship on which he had served; no one ever really thinks of the war except when in action.

Take care,  
Phillips  
Manila  
June 22, 1945

'Allo:

This is going to be another of those long, tedious ones, full of de-

scription such as I hate. But I will liven it up here and there with bits and pieces of humor, wit and that rare wisdom which is so characteristic of my graver moments.

Well, let's see. We left one another as the Arkansas (I couldn't tell you, because of censorship, what ship we were on or where) pulled into Leyte Gulf. I was hanging over the taff-rail looking at incredible yellow snakes which wriggled through the deep-green sea in a sinister manner which did nothing to abate my belief in the Loch Ness Monster. I suppose there is not much use in my trying to tell you about Leyte Gulf, because the censor will take it out, but even from this small remark you will understand that there was nothing usual about Leyte Gulf.

(Editor's Note: The entire Third Fleet, comprised of more than 300 ships, was anchored in Leyte Gulf preparing for the naval attack on the Japanese home islands.)

We dropped anchor on Friday afternoon (the 15th) and I went rummaging around in a whale-boat to various ships which take care of communications and transportation to Manila. Nothing doing. There was no such thing as surface transportation to Manila and my orders specifically said surface transportation, wassamadda, bud, can't ya read?

I can. So I decided it must be air

transportation and I left Leyte on Monday afternoon. I won't go into the yelling and screaming, the kicking and stamping of feet, the sense of despair and frustration or finally the settling down into a three-day endurance contest in which, at long last, the stronger man won. I flew to Manila.

But to go back: On Saturday, after the usual routine business of the ship, five of us commandeered the whale-boat and went to an Officers Club on Samar. It was the damndest thing I have yet encountered from a topographical point of view. I will not attempt to describe it save to ask if you remember in one of the first Tarzan movies when Johnny Weismuller followed the elephant into the Elephant Burying Ground, or whatever? Well, it was like that. Sheer coral cliffs and pillars, rising hundreds of feet in the air right out of the edge of the sea. Behind was thick, impenetrable jungle, with screaming birds and monkeys; and these coral affairs, both cliffs and pillars, were worn and fretted by the sea's action, with deep caves in their sides, and covered over with thick tropical verdure.

On Sunday the whale-boat put me ashore at Tacloban. This town of Tacloban is what I like to think of as an intimate spot on the anatomy of the Universe. I know now what India is like or China, or Burma; or those towns in Egypt. Mud, up over the shoe tops. Flies in clouds. Little bare-tailed children in clouds, all screaming, "Allo, Joe", and saluting one. Skinny old women in unsuitable and not-enough clothing, squatting on their heels in incredibly dirty doorways. Thousands and thousands of sweating soldiers and sailors, all gaping in store windows, and not daring to buy anything because of the dust, the open sewers, the filth and the high prices.

Most of the shops and houses were destroyed in the invasion and are now sheets of rusty corrugated iron nailed to two-by-fours. In the middle of the street is a dog, run-over and dead, with his eyes bulging out (oddly, his eyes are blue) and a dense cloud of healthy, well-fed flies is holding a wake over him. In one doorway a little naked boy says, "Allo, Joe!" and salutes. He has something bright blue attached to a string. It is a king-fisher which he caught with a sling-shot and which has feathers of the same brilliant blue one finds in butterfly-wing jewelry in Oriental shops on Fifth Avenue. There are signs which read, "Expert Sewers, Reason Pay and Free Chow" (chow). "THE SILVER SLIPPER NIGHT CLUB, Your joint where refreshments are served." "THE UP-TO-DATE, Chic Garments



"Haven't you any more crumbs dear?"



of the Most Fashionable Cut". The couturier sits, half naked, beside a battered old Singer Sewing Machine, in which hangs a piece of gaudy gingham.

Oh, it's a bird, Tacloban. And its depressing aspect cost me a dinner I could ill afford to miss, because I didn't get a chance to eat until luncheon two days later. That was Mistake No. 1.

In order to get over the glooms, in which I was so hot and dirty and depressed and lonely, I caught a launch over to Samar to another Officers Club, but I figured I'd better get back by five to check on the transportation problem. So at three I left and hitched a ride back to Leyte with a couple of kindly young men and three Brooklyn Navy doctors, also hitch-hikers, who were astonished when I guessed that perhaps they came from New York. Well, the kindly young men had one small stop to make, which only took us five miles out of the way; they dropped the launch and took a jeep into which the doctors and I piled, and on the way back to Tacloban they stopped at a native home to promote dates and whiskey. Naturally I got to Tacloban at eight o'clock and everyone had knocked off for the night so I was no forrader, and without dinner. Mistake No. 2.

The local whiskey is a singular beverage, (I haven't tasted it) and I have yet to discover the man who will assay a guess at what it is (it is also sold here at Manila). It comes in bottles, is the color of cloudy iced tea, and sells for as high as thirty pesos a quart (fifteen dollars to you). The labels read, in unfamiliar lettering: Three Feathers, Four Star Whiskey, Pure Bonded Bourbon (the latter is the color of gin). Some of the guys drink it, but not without telling you first, "It's worth your life to try it."

I spent an uneasy night at the Transient Officers camp at Tacloban in a tent in a palm grove. I was issued a sheet (for a buck) and, along with another fellow, a Lt. Brady who was leaving for the States at 4:30 A.M., I bedded down for the night. There seemed to be some misunderstanding as to where we were billeted on the part of the booker-in; at any rate, every hour some guy would barge into the tent on his big loud feet and wake us up to ask whether either of us was Captain X, Major Y, or Lt. Z. Each time I would yell, "NO! Phillips!" At 6:30 he came to ask if I were Phillips.

There seemed to be no doubt on the part of the mosquitoes as to exactly who I was or where I was located.

Back at the Naval Receiving Station (I was feeling so low I skipped breakfast: Mistake No. 3), I learned after waiting around for two hours that I was cleared for flight and might be able to get a plane out that day or maybe not. At the air strip

I was informed that there would be a C47 troop carrier going over that morning and would I please wait around within call? At 11:30 my name was shouted and I was taken out to the plane without having had lunch (Mistake No. 4). I sat under a plane-wing out of the broiling sun until 2:30 when the crew, presumably well-fed, arrived to take off. We flew for two hours at a freezing altitude, then sat down on the strip at Nielson Field. We debarked some three miles from Manila, and began waiting for transportation to get us in to the Operations Base, (where you report in, telephone your outfit and get taken to wherever you are going). At 5:30 no one had taken any notice of us, so I jettisoned my B4 bag, grabbed my typewriter and hiked into the Base to telephone.

Now, there is a strange telephone system invented by the Army because it so dearly loves red-tape and snafu. I will describe it to you.

First one looks up a number, and it turns out to be, say, Denver 23. So one says into the phone, "Denver 23, please." The operator says, "Yes, sir, you'll have to call through Boston. I'll get you Boston, sir." Long wait. Then another voice, appreciably fainter, says, "Boston."

"Denver 23, please."

"Denver what?"

"Denver 23, please."

"Yes, sir! I'll have to put you through Atlanta, sir."

Very long wait this time. Then, very faint, "Atlanta."

"Atlanta? Denver 23, please."

"Yes, sir, Denver 23."

This time the wait is almost interminable; one hand begins to ache

from holding the phone but one is afraid to shift hands for fear that the faint little voice will come on while the ten-second process is going on. Finally, so faint as to be suggestive of ghosts, one hears, "Denver! Denver! Denver!"

"Ah! Denver! Good man! Denver 23, please."

Long, long wait, and just at this point one's athlete's foot sets up itching. Then: "I'm sorry, sir. Denver 23 is busy." This is where we came in. Then we try Boston . . . Atlanta . . . Denver . . . It often takes an hour to complete a call.

Two hours later (Mistake No. 5—I missed dinner) I jeeped to a large stucco, Spanish-type house in which the correspondents were lodged. Outside on the lawn a multitude of strange characters lounged around watching a movie. Inside it appeared that the lights were not working. (Puzzle: How did the movie projector work? Batteries?) But "that there was my bunk, and this my blanket, and I could check in at the PRO in the morning. Perhaps I was tired and would like to sleep?" Perhaps I was!

The next morning I wake up and look warily around me. I am in what appears to have been the library of a wealthy Filipino family. It is now furnished with ten iron bunks which are shrouded in mosquito netting of a heavenly shade of bilious green. All the paneling has been torn from the walls, the doors pulled from their hinges, and even the lintels and door jams prized from their moorings; all woodwork, in fact, is gone. The absence of bathroom fixtures, including  
(Continued on page 49)

## FAME IN A NAME

By Fairfax Downey

### You Just Knew She Wore Them

A shameless hussy, most called her, though a few praised her as a benefactor and liberator of her sex. Certainly it took courage when in 1849 she urged a startling dress reform. Women, she declared, should for health's sake and comfort modify their voluminous and constricting garments. Let them rid themselves of the tyranny of multitudinous petticoats and don the neat little model she advocated: a jacket with close sleeves, a skirt reaching a little below the knees and beneath it a pair of Turkish pantaloons fastened at the ankles.

In her native United States ridicule and roars of protest assailed those who dared follow her. It was worse in London where strong-minded females who appeared in the costume were

mobbed. But before long, girls started wearing pantaloons in the privacy of gymnasiums and even on playing fields. Thence it was only a step to slacks and shorts.

Eventually pantaloons, which had appeared below the skirt, retreated and took cover underneath it. As an undergarment, they became known by their original name: that of the dress reformer who introduced them. All hail Mrs. Amelia Bloomer and her bloomers!

It does not matter that the girls today have taken Mrs. B's original name for her article of apparel, pantaloons, and adopted that, shortened to panties. The shade of Amelia probably doesn't care. Didn't she get her name in the lights on Broadway in the current musical comedy, "Bloomer Girl"?

# What Progress Towards Peace?

(Continued from page 5)

Organization before the end of the war. Had that been done that international machinery would have been ready to commence the work of political, social and economic reconstruction and regeneration as soon as the last shot was fired. Had that been accomplished, an international order would automatically have started to work; many of the political and territorial settlements would have been agreed upon before the war's end; the peoples of all the United Nations would have become accustomed to the basic principles of international cooperation. It is always easier to procure agreements between allies before a war is over.

We are now seeing the bitter results of a policy of timidity and of procrastination.

Due almost solely to the last great initiative of Franklin Roosevelt, the United Nations Charter was agreed upon at San Francisco in June of 1945. In all probability the United Nations Organization can commence

to operate before the Spring of 1946.

But in the meantime, the lack of any continuing body in which the United Nations can meet in permanent session in order to deal through joint action with all of the innumerable problems arising at the end of the war is increasing the grounds for misunderstanding. This deficiency has made it possible for wholly unnecessary suspicions to arise. Worst of all, it has resulted in unilateral action on the part of the great powers which in turn is continually creating *de facto* situations which tend to crystallize such spheres of influence as are destined inevitably to divide the earth into two armed camps.

It was assumed by a great majority of public opinion in the United States that the meeting at Potsdam between President Truman, the British Prime Minister, and Marshal Stalin, would result in that kind of a perfected understanding between the Governments of the three major powers which would pave the way

for rapid European peace settlements and expedite the functioning of an International Organization. As we now unfortunately know, that was far from being the result. The agreements arrived at in Potsdam, unlike those reached in Teheran and in Yalta, were few, foggy and, in many respects, unworkable.

The proof was offered in London at the meeting of the Council of the Foreign Ministers of the five major powers.

It was the intention at Potsdam of the three Chiefs of State that the Foreign Ministers should agree in London upon the general provisions of the treaties of peace to be concluded with Italy and with the smaller countries of Europe which had been aligned with the Axis. It was clearly their intention that, while these peace treaties were under discussion, the smaller members of the United Nations would be given full opportunity to express their views.

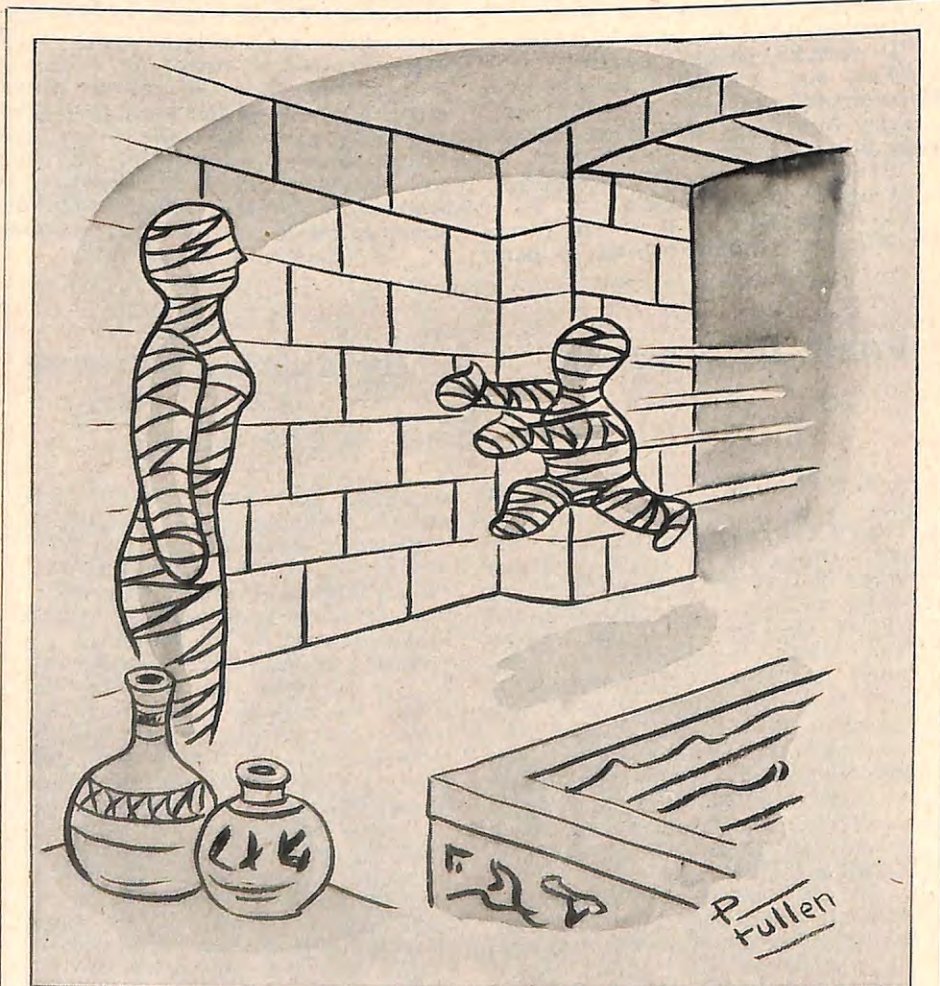
The meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers was envisaged as a preliminary step in the making of peace.

As it turned out, the London meeting proved to be the most colossal failure in the history of modern statesmanship. The reasons for this failure demand the most searching analysis on the part of all of us. For to recognize the basic causes of such a failure, at a moment when the future of all mankind is in jeopardy, offers the only assurance that the same errors will not be repeated.

There is a general tendency here in the United States to underestimate the importance of the preparatory work required before an international conference is held, if that conference is to be given a reasonable chance to succeed in its objectives.

TO THE casual observer an international conference is held in order to provide an opportunity for the respective representatives of several countries to learn each other's points of view in order to see if a common agreement can be reached regarding the issues before them. This is only partially true. The experience of many centuries has shown that if representatives of sovereign states meet together without first having obtained a clear idea of the policies and objectives which the other participating governments are pursuing, and without having agreed beforehand in complete detail upon the questions which are to come up for discussion, the chances are that no agreement will be reached.

The reasons for this are simple. If the Government of the United States attends an international conference without being informed be-



"Mummy!"

forehand of the true intentions of the other governments, the representatives of the United States have no opportunity to formulate beforehand this country's policy in the light of a conflict of views. And if no agreement is had prior to the conference upon the subjects to be discussed, it is, of course, apparent that the Government of the United States cannot wisely reach decisions upon questions to which it has not been enabled to give full study and consideration, particularly when such matters may vitally affect the future destinies of this nation.

It has consequently been axiomatic for the United States to refuse to attend an international conference until the agenda have been agreed upon in complete detail, and until it is sure that it has been accurately advised of the precise aims of the other governments attending the conference.

However much the contrary may be asserted, the truth is that at the meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers in London, no agenda had been previously agreed upon. The United States was so wholly uninformed of the views of the other participating governments that it was even unaware of the desires of the British Government as to the provisions which that Government desired to see incorporated in the peace treaty with Italy.

The meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers, therefore, assembled under a serious and wholly unnecessary handicap.

At this crucial moment United States policy should have been directed towards achieving a meeting of the minds, at least upon major principles, with the Soviet Government. It is obvious to all of us that no foundations can be laid for the reconstruction of Europe unless the Soviet Union, Great Britain, and the United States are able to agree as to the nature of those foundations. What is even more important, unless such an agreement is reached, is that the United Nations Organization itself will be unable to function successfully.

No such understanding was reached.

Even so, the United States still possessed one great advantage. This lay in the ability of this Government, during the Conference, to obtain for the principles for which it stands, the outspoken and staunch support of public opinion throughout the democratic world.

It could have obtained this support by refusing to agree that the questions which came up for discussion should be dealt with in complete secrecy. As it was, public opinion had no chance to know what was being considered, or to be informed of the nature of the contending views. It had no opportunity to express itself in favor of the views which democratic peoples believe are most

likely to make for a peaceful world. There has been no international conference in recent times where the democratic peoples were kept more in the dark on all of these points.

A second opportunity to obtain popular support lay in our ability to create a precedent which would make for a truly democratic international organization by insisting (in accordance with the agreements reached at Potsdam) that the smaller countries be permitted, whenever they were "directly interested" in the issues to be decided, to present their views and their suggestions.

The United States lost both of these opportunities.

Whatever may be officially stated in this regard, the truth is that the United States representatives at the London meeting at first strongly opposed the presence in the discussions of the smaller countries, and only later, when the time had passed for any agreement upon this matter to be reached, gave the appearance of support to the participation of powers other than the Big Three.

While it is indisputable that the Soviet Foreign Commissar proved himself intransigent, and frequently insisted upon the adoption of policies in which the United States representative should not have concurred, the United States was nevertheless maneuvered into a position where it seemed to be fomenting a "ganging-up" of all the other major powers against the Soviet Union. The conflict of interests between the United States and the Soviet Union is infinitesimal compared to the clash

of interests between the Soviet Union and Great Britain. Yet at the end of the Conference it was Great Britain which was acting as mediator between Washington and Moscow. This development played no little part in causing the final disastrous results.

What was the situation which confronted the American people at the breakdown of the London meeting?

The Italian people, who had believed that their period of uncertainty would now be ended with a treaty of peace, were left with no prospect of such a treaty. With no hope of being able to commence the task of political and economic reconstruction, starvation, unemployment and social upheaval are inevitable.

The countries of Eastern Europe and of the Balkans, with the exception of Greece, remain under unilateral Soviet control.

The conflagration which threatens to engulf the whole of the Near East seems to be more imminent every day.

Germany is seething. Under present conditions there is no prospect of speedy inter-Allied agreement on occupation policy, on long-range political or economic planning for Germany, or on reparations.

The people of Austria are prostrate. Should the present confusion continue, the devastation of Austria will be far greater than that which would have taken place as the result of the continuation of the war.

The peoples of Western Europe have lost confidence and faith. They are unable to see any signs of that

## FAME IN A NAME

By Fairfax Downey

### Colossus of Roads

Had ever a schoolboy a stranger hobby? The astounded pedagogue of the town of Ayr in Scotland never forgot the day he found John constructing a model road section. That bairn, he must have predicted, would go places.

John did. In 1770 at the age of 14 he sailed across the Atlantic to work for his Uncle William, all through the War for Independence. As a contractor for His Majesty's Government, he made a fortune out of the sale of Yankee prizes, captured by British warships. When the Americans marched back into New York and confiscated Tory takings, John, canny Scot, managed to hang on to most of his gains and was a wealthy man when he sailed home.

Roads came back into his ken. Throughout the British Isles their condition was so frightful people bitterly resented paying toll at turnpikes. Bobbie Burns, of Ayr too, damned road ruts and bumps

in poetry, but the Scotsman from New York did something more practical. He experimented at his own expense on construction, spending £ 500 and making 30,000 miles of surveys. Broken stone he found made the best road bed. So well did his roads wear, Parliament appointed him Surveyor General of Roads, covered his expenditures and paid him a handsome fee. Such an era of road building commenced as had not been seen since Roman days. Grateful travelers termed the Scot a magician, and coachmen, who must have been learned and witty fellows, called him the "Colossus of Roads". Charles Dickens thanks him in the name of "our horses' legs and our boots".

Modestly he declined a proffered knighthood. John Loudon McAdam had more lasting honor. Future generations would speak of roads constructed by his method as macadamized.

kind of international cooperation which will make it possible for them to commence the imperative task of reconstruction.

And over the entire civilized world hangs the cloud of fear which arose after the fall of the first atomic bomb. There is as yet no semblance of a policy on the part of the United Nations as to the future control of atomic energy.

We have cause to be surprised that a statesman of the caliber of Marshal Smuts, who at first favored the prompt formulation of the European peace settlements by the Council of Foreign Ministers, now loudly urges a general peace conference of all the United Nations as the one hope left of achieving a durable peace.

In the Far East, the situation is comparable in its inherent danger and in its chaotic confusion to the situation which we see in Europe.

The United States has failed to reach any equitable agreement with its Allies—nations which have contributed their full share to the defeat of Japan—as to the voice which they should justly have in determining United Nations policy towards Japan. Our failure in constructing the controls to be exercised over the Japanese people in the years to come has resulted in resentment against the United States of a scope of which the American people are not fully aware. The Far Eastern Advisory Commission sitting in Washington has no practical reality.

How can it be imagined that such a body could function if Russia, the greatest power of Eastern Asia, refuses to cooperate? How could our Department of State, after its bitter experience in London, permit the holding of the sessions of the Commission in Washington unless it was certain the Soviet Government would be represented upon it?

In China, as was long foreseen, civil war has broken out. Up to the present time, the policy pursued by the United States towards the contending factions in China has proved to be a policy which is not only unlikely to promote friendship between the masses of the Chinese people and the people of the United States, but which is bound to increase tension between Moscow and Washington.

The movement for self-government or independence on the part of the peoples of Indo-China, of the Netherlands East Indies, of Burma and of India is gathering headway swiftly. Had there existed before the end of the war a United Nations Organization and an International Trusteeship able to guarantee, with the consent of the colonial powers, eventual autonomy or independence to these peoples, the hostilities which now seem inevitable could have been avoided.

The entire world is threatened with strife. There is no sign of that leadership for which peoples are so desperately searching, nor even of

the capacity of the governments of the great democracies to assume such leadership. This is the moment of Democracy's greatest test. If the democratic governments of the West now fail to meet the challenge presented, men and women throughout the world will not remain passive. They will unquestionably seek some other ideology, some other form of government, some other means of securing the physical and economic security which they so passionately demand.

THE one great hope lies in the United Nations Organization. If the Government of the United States will now seize the initiative it can make the United Nations Organization work. It can make it become responsive to the demands of the democratic peoples. But this result can only be achieved if a realistic, concrete and practical understanding is first reached between the United States and the Soviet Union.

If such an understanding is to be had, the Soviet Union and the United States must be willing to modify some of their existing policies. Were all of their present policies to be maintained, any understanding between the two greatest powers of the world based upon true friendship and freedom from suspicion would be out of the question.

From the standpoint of the United States, such an understanding cannot be reached unless the Government of the Soviet Union is willing to modify the policy which it has previously pursued with regard to some of the nations of Central and Eastern Europe and of the Balkans. The United States is entirely willing to agree that Russian safety requires the existence of governments in those countries which are friendly to the Soviet Union, and which will not lend themselves to intrigues directed against Soviet security. But the existence of friendly governments in the regions adjacent to the Soviet Union by no means requires that such governments be merely pawns of Moscow, that freedom of information as to what is taking place within those countries should not be available to the United Nations Organization and to the peoples of the Western democracies, or that the political and religious minorities in those countries should not be assured of their individual liberties and of the right to political expression.

In the same manner, the United States is entitled to expect that the Soviet Government shall reach a comprehensive understanding with the two major Western powers upon a policy to be pursued towards Germany. This policy must make certain that the German people in the future shall not become satellites either of the East or of the West. Germany also shall be subjected to an international control under the United Nations Organization which

will remove all danger that German military aggression can again become a menace to the peace of the world.

Finally, the United States is entitled to expect that the Soviet Government will in its dealings with smaller powers in the future refrain from the unilateral action to which it has been prone since the conclusion of the war. We hope it will henceforth manifest in its acts and policies a desire not to dominate, but to share with the other United Nations in the task of international policing reconstructing the shattered economy of the world.

On the other hand, the Soviet Government is equally entitled to expect that the United States will modify its rigid insistence upon being the sole authority with respect to the determination of the postwar policy to be pursued towards Japan.

It is likewise entitled to expect that the United States will not follow a course which will result in the exclusive military domination by American forces of all of the bases in the Pacific which the United States has seized from Japanese control, some of which lie within only a few hundred miles of vital points within Russian territory.

The U.S.S.R. is also entitled to obtain from this Government an agreement that the atomic bomb will be subjected to some effective method of international control through the United Nations Organization and will not be retained under the exclusive authority of the Anglo-Saxon powers.

Finally, the Soviet Union is entitled to expect that the United States will recognize the inherent right of the Russian people to such political and territorial arrangements as may legitimately be required to assure them in the future of physical and economic security.

At this critical moment, the Government of the United States, in forming its foreign policy, is warranted in asking the unflinching support of the American people. That by no means implies that the American people should not assume full responsibility for determining what that foreign policy shall be. They cannot assume this obligation if the truth is not made available to them. They must demand that their Government give them, in far greater measure than has heretofore been the case, complete and accurate information concerning their international relations and the nature of the policy which this Government is undertaking to pursue. There has never been a time when the American people in their own vital interest needed so imperatively to be fully familiar with the course which their Government is undertaking to follow in its dealings with foreign countries. There can be no democratic foreign policy unless the people know the truth.

In this endeavor to familiarize the people of this country generally with the issues which are before them great national organizations such as the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks can perform a service of outstanding value.

The future of the civilized world is today at stake. The safety, even the continued survival of this nation and of its free institutions are in the balance. It is only when the American people awake to their responsibilities and see to it that their Gov-

ernment seizes the initiative which is within its grasp that the security of the United States can be assured; and the American people can receive some measure of compensation for the sacrifices which they have made in two World Wars.

## You Can Go Now!

(Continued from page 9)

from American factories and shipyards. Competition among air lines, railroads, steamship lines and bus companies will be keen in the days ahead—and the pleasure traveler stands to gain as the result of their efforts to meet his needs and desires.

The size as well as accommodations of future ocean liners is still a question to be answered. The ones now planned in the United States will carry fewer passengers on the average than pre-war vessels did, but staterooms and public spaces will be finer and usually air-conditioned. The Delta Line, for instance, is building three 120-passenger liners for service between New Orleans and the east coast of South America. Grace Line and United Fruit, both with services to the West Indies and the other Americas, have announced plans for new vessels, and the "America", this country's finest ocean liner, is to be reconverted from a troop ship to peacetime use.

The most interesting equipment of all is planned by the railroads. Both Pullman-Standard and the Budd Manufacturing Co. have tens of millions of dollars of orders on hand for new coaches, sleepers, diners and special cars, many of them of greatly improved design. The New York Central alone expects to put some 300 new coaches and diners into service before late summer. The first of six new California Zephyrs, to be operated jointly by the Burlington, Rio Grande and Western Pacific between Chicago and San Francisco, is also expected by summer. It will feature the "vista dome", an elevated glass top which will permit vision in all directions.

Two new streamlined trains on the Missouri-Kansas-Texas run between St. Louis and San Antonio are scheduled to enter service probably in the Fall. The Great Northern has six new streamlined Empire Builders scheduled to start operation between Chicago and the Pacific Northwest, also in the Fall. These new trains, plus those planned by other railroads, the re-opening of resorts and the possibility of steamship travel by Fall or winter, make 1946 a promising year indeed for pleasure travelers.

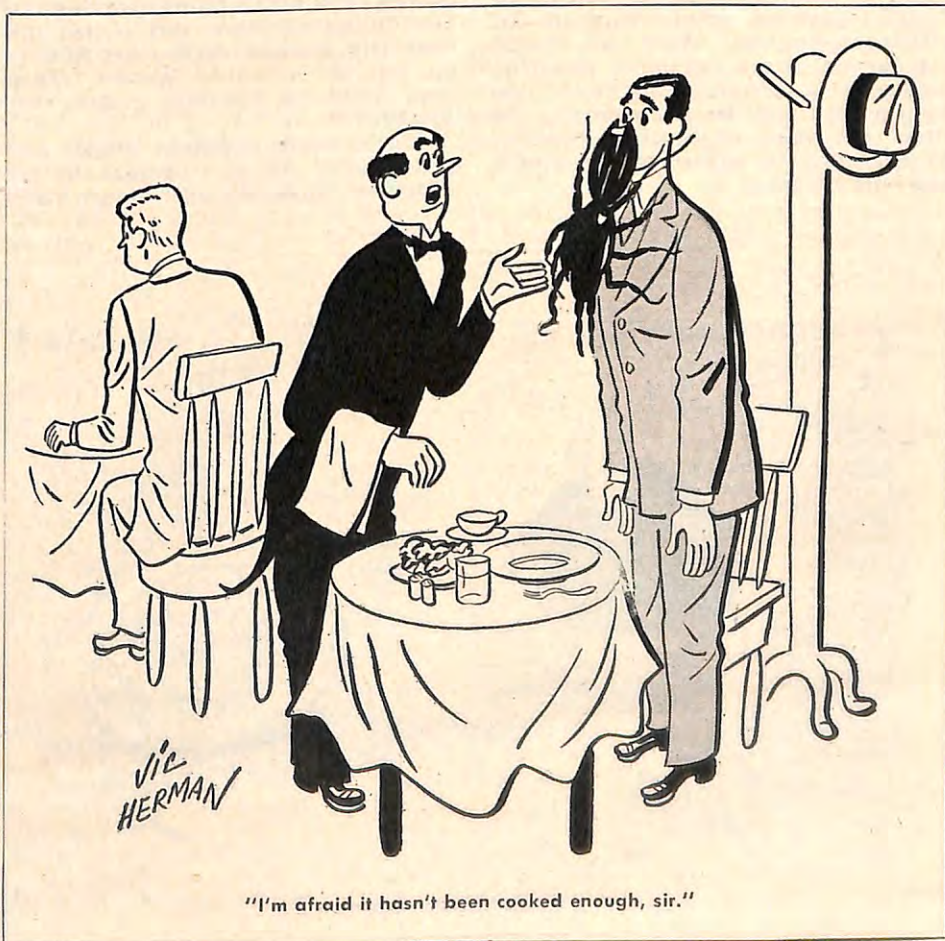
Al Frantz started his adult travels with a railroad caboose ride from his native Middle West to New York, where he hoped to work his way to Europe on a cattle boat. The cattle boat trip never did materialize, but

he's managed to get around a bit just the same in both the United States and foreign countries. Peacetime found him visiting Bermuda, Mexico, the ski country of Canada and the national parks. On the outbreak of war in 1939 he packed up and went to Brazil and Argentina for six months. He's still talking about a stay on a fabulous Argentine estancia, or ranch, which covered a mere 25,000 acres and boasted a castle and a 200-acre park. It was stocked with several thousand cattle, a thousand wild ostriches and 10 llamas. The ostriches and the llamas, explained Don Roberto Fraga, the owner, were "just for decoration, like the flowers on the table".

The Army really rounded out Frantz's travel experience. He spent six weeks in North Africa, where he was nearly mobbed attempting to

play Santa Claus to Arab urchins on Christmas. The urchins weren't unfriendly; they just knew that the small supply of candy, pencils, soap and socks in his barracks bag would not go far and none intended being left out. The Army next thoughtfully transported Frantz to India, which he believes has the world's kindest people and its hungriest flies. A short stop homeward bound gave him a glimpse of Australia and rounded out his travel education, so to speak.

Frantz has four spots he'd like above all to revisit. First is our own New England; next, Rio de Janeiro, the most breath-taking and beautiful city in the world; then Taxco, picturesque town near Mexico City; and the Suez Canal, where every view resembled that on an imaginative and highly colored picture postcard.



## Up the Creek

(Continued from page 13)

and will reflect a 'gator's eye a hundred yards away. There is no more eerie sight than the eye of a big bull 'gator glowing red far back in a pocket of lily-pads while the bullfrogs croak and mosquitoes sing in the velvety night.

Since 'gator hunters are usually not exactly the highest type citizens in the community, it will be understood that they often do not limit their night shooting to alligators. These "fire hunters", as they are called, are thoroughly familiar with the eyes of the wild creatures. The eyes of deer, raccoons and other wild animals shine equally bright. A deer's eyes, for instance, glow like golden coals and, they say, may be distinguished from a cow's eyes by the fact that a deer never blinks its eyes when looking at a light. A 'possum's eyes shine deep red, a 'coon's eyes are green, and a bobcat's eyes are pale gold. In each case, however, it is purely reflected light, in spite of many wild stories to the contrary.

It must be admitted that there is a fascination in night hunting. The boat or canoe moves silently beneath giant moss-hung cypresses or through saw-grass lagoons. Far back in the swamp a barred owl cackles weirdly, and the endless chorus of frogs forms an accompaniment for all night sounds. When an eye is discovered, there begins a stealthy, noiseless approach. The closer the hunter can get to his quarry, the surer the shot. It is quite possible to approach to within six feet of a big bull alligator.

Some hunters use rifles, although most prefer shotguns loaded with BBs or buckshot. Much has been written to the effect that an alligator's hide is impervious to bullets. As a matter of fact, any modern rifle bullet will pierce his armor wherever it hits him. The basis for these yarns is undoubtedly the fact that the hunter is usually sitting low to the water in a small boat and that bullets will occasionally glance when the angle is so flat.

After a big 'gator has been shot and loaded into the boat, the hunter usually cuts the cord at the base of the tail, paralyzing that member. A big 'gator can do tremendous damage by slashing his tail around, and reflex action persists a long time after the reptile is literally dead.

A couple of friends of mine went 'gator hunting one night and had pretty good luck. They had shot five or six little fellows, three or four feet long—which is the most desirable commercial size. Then they discovered the eye of a real old he 'gator back in a saw-grass cove. At the shot the big 'gator never moved—just slumped forward in the water. The heavy rifle bullet had struck him in the brain, killing him instantly. So the boys didn't bother cutting the cord in his tail; they just hauled him in over the gunwale and piled him in on top of the other 'gators. Then they went on hunting, looking for more eyes.

It was about midnight, cloudy and pitch dark. All of a sudden the big alligator opened his mouth and

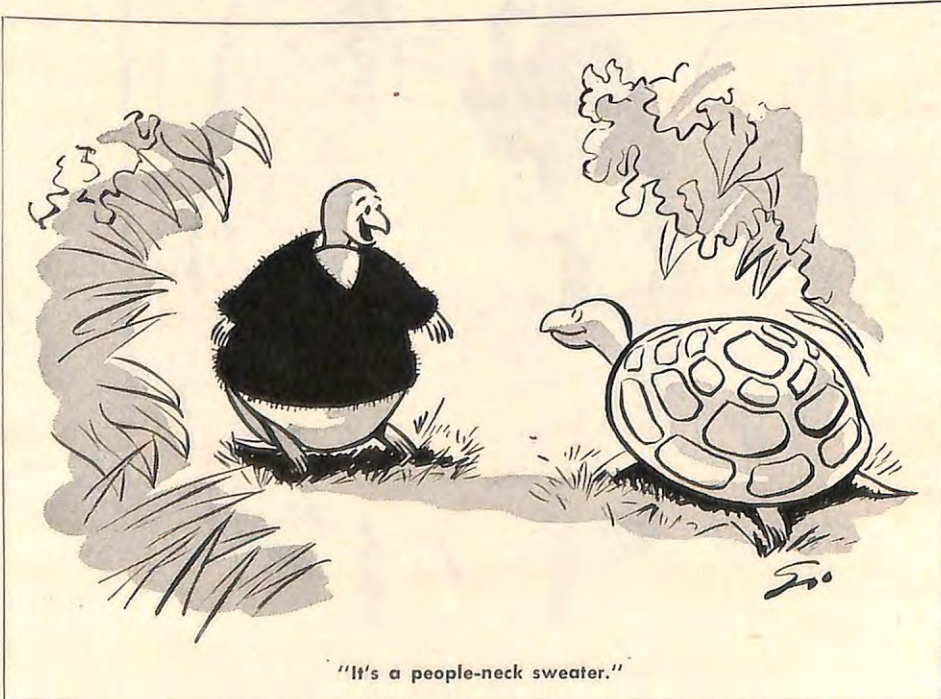
emitted a loud blowing, hissing noise; then his jaws clapped shut and he tried to raise himself on his legs. One of my friends dropped the light overboard; the other, in his excitement, seized his shotgun and blasted away at the big 'gator. A shotgun at close range is a terrible weapon, and the load of BBs missed the 'gator but tore a hole in the bottom of the boat big enough for a catfish to swim in. So, of course, the boat sank, leaving my friends floundering around in the water with seven or eight alligators which were supposed to be dead but which apparently couldn't be trusted. Fortunately these boys were good swimmers, but they lost their boat and guns—and all further desire for alligator hunting!

Since for many years there was no law against fire-hunting for alligators, many poachers made 'gator hunting their excuse for killing all sorts of game illegally. If a man was caught with a light on his head, out on a high pine hill where deer had been feeding, he would simply grin and tell the court that he was 'gator hunting and that that particular hill was "a powerful good crossing place from one pond to another".

Among other undesirable by-products of 'gator hunting are the muck fires started by reckless and lawless white men and Indians who burn off the marsh-grass in order that they may better see the eyes of their quarry. These fires burn down into the muck and have literally destroyed thousands of acres of the richest soil in America. They burn sometimes for weeks, eventually consuming everything down to the coral rock which underlies the Glades. When one of the muck fires gets started, nothing short of several days of soaking rain can extinguish it.

Cattle men tell me that in areas where the big alligators have been killed out, the water-holes disappear and cattle have a tough time during the dry season. A big 'gator digs quite a deep cave in the bank of a creek or pond, and these 'gator caves have always been exceedingly interesting to me. During cold weather alligators become very sluggish, hibernating in their dens for weeks at a time.

There are many stories to the effect that they swallow pine knots previous to going into their dens, and that these knots prevent their stomachs from growing together during hibernation. I have never discovered any knots in an alligator's stomach, but I have talked with thoroughly reliable men who have. It is my belief that in such cases the 'gator simply saw a floating knot and grabbed it, thinking it was something good to eat. Any creature



which includes turtles in its diet can be excused for swallowing a pine knot once in a while!

As the surrounding country dries up during the late winter and early Spring, snakes, turtles and fish naturally collect in the few deep holes, most of which have been dug by 'gators. The result is that the alligator practically provides "room service" for himself! He also has a favorite spot where he crawls out to sun himself, usually on the north bank of the creek or pond where he will get the sun all day. He is also fond of making his "crawl" on a floating island or tussock, mashing down the reeds and tall grasses.

In the old days snakes and turtles were kept under control by alligators. Now, however, the Everglades ponds, lakes and canals are alive with garfish and turtles, and during the dry season every water-hole is surrounded by more moccasins than I like to think about. Alligators are just about gone, and it is very rarely that a tourist ever sees a wild one.

On a recent trip to the Glades and the Ten Thousand Islands, during which we spent two weeks in some of the wildest and most inaccessible areas of Florida, we saw only one small alligator. Twenty years ago we would have seen 500 in the same time.

But there is at least one thing to be said for the hunters who have killed off the 'gators. The process was not pure economic waste. Skins brought an increasingly good price, and no one will deny that a traveling bag of alligator or an alligator shoe on a trim foot is easy to look at. And the leather has excellent wearing qualities.

The wholesale extermination of 'gators through the sale of the baby reptiles as souvenirs, however, has nothing to recommend it. In many places there are "alligator farms" and novelty shops which specialize in the sale of baby alligators, either alive or dead. They will be found stuffed, sitting up on their tails and holding ash trays, with electric light bulbs in their mouths, or in any other atrocious position which may strike your fancy.

For fifty cents or a dollar you can send a baby alligator in a shoebox to your little nephew up north. If the poor little devil (and I refer to the alligator) does not die in the shoe-box en route, he will very shortly be placed in a bathtub, a basin or a washtub. Here he will either be: (1) left in the sun to cook; (2) left out of the sun to freeze; (3) starve to death; (4) have food poked at him so regularly and insistently that he dies from boredom, or (5) make his escape—in which case he can go somewhere and die peaceably by himself. In any case, he has probably bitten the nephew and created a very unpleasant odor in the bathtub.

Several years ago, as Chairman of the Executive Committee of the

Florida Conservation Council, I spent 60 days in Tallahassee in an endeavor to secure state-wide protection for the alligator. Our bill prohibited the sale or shipment of alligators, their skins and teeth.

At about the same time another Representative introduced a bill sponsored by the 'gator hunters. This bill prohibited the sale, shipment or killing of alligators *under* three feet long.

Almost immediately the souvenir dealers and alligator farmers got together and introduced a bill which prohibited the sale and shipment of *gators over* three feet long.

Everybody was very bitter. The men who hunted for skins said that the other fellows were destroying the alligator by robbing the nests of the babies which would provide future skins. They said that if the nests were undisturbed there would be thousands of baby 'gators coming along and an unlimited supply of skins for the future.

The souvenir boys and alligator farmers, on the other hand, said that it was wrong to kill the big papa and mama alligators which furnished the supply of souvenirs. If everybody would let them alone, there would always be plenty of baby alligators to tie up in shoe-boxes.

Our Conservation Council, of course, wanted to see absolute protection for all sizes of 'gators until they could re-establish themselves. The confusion was terrific, and I am sure that no State Senator or Representative who attended that session will ever want to hear the word "alligator" again. Nobody got what he wanted and no protection was provided. Many counties of the State, however, passed local legislation affording some measure of protection to the reptiles, and it is to be hoped that they will gradually come back.

Of course, it takes a long time to grow a twelve-foot alligator. The female lays about 30 eggs in a nest of mud, sticks and grass, and these eggs are hatched by the sun. From time to time the old she 'gator crawls up and belches water over the nest to keep it damp. When the little 'gators are hatched, they are about five inches in length. They are strictly carnivorous from the time they come out of the eggs, feeding on insects, minnows, frogs, etc. The mother apparently pays a little more attention to her young than fish do, but not as much as in the case of warm-blooded mammals. Baby 'gators are pretty much on their own from the day they are hatched.

At first they grow very rapidly, and at the end of a year are about two feet long. After they pass three feet they grow more slowly, and from six feet on the growth is very slow indeed. There is a vast difference, for instance, between a ten-foot 'gator and a six-foot 'gator. After the 'gator passes six feet he becomes much heavier and more bulky in proportion to his length. The reproductive organs of alligators are similiar to those of human beings, but they are contained within the body, so that externally it is impossible to tell a male from a female alligator.

I don't recall a single authentic case of an alligator attacking a human being, and I have been prowling around in 'gator country for 35 years. I once saw one of my hunting companions caught by a cayman which crushed his ankle before he could tear loose from it; but this was in Brazil, and the reptile was a different critter from our Southern alligator, or even our Florida crocodile.

There are still some crocodiles left in Florida, most of them being in the Whitewater Bay area in the Ten Thousand Islands, which border the

## FAME IN A NAME

By Fairfax Downey

### "There Ought to Be a Law"

The Justice was a respected and well-to-do planter of Colonial Virginia; also a man of action and a patriot. The minute the Revolution began, he offered his services and was commissioned a colonel of cavalry. Governor Jefferson sent him down to serve under General Greene in the North Carolina campaign. His fine military career ended only with the British surrender at Yorktown.

The Colonel and his regiment happened to be in Virginia when a Tory conspiracy was discovered. Energetically he rounded up those fifth columnists of the day.

All regular courts were disrupted, so the Colonel, a former Justice

of the Peace, organized a court and sat as its judge. He was aware it was somewhat extra-legal but prompt and stern action was essential. He dealt out sentences right and left, chiefly imprisonment and whippings, for he had never been a hanging judge. That finished the conspiracy.

Later the Assembly exonerated him, declaring that while his procedure was "not strictly warranted by law", it was "justified by the imminence of danger".

Yet no one can rid Charles Lynch of the unwelcome accidental immortality which is his by the entry of the terms, lynch law and lynching, into our language.

Glades on the south. The crocodile is a lighter and grayish color and has a long, pointed snout in contrast with the 'gator's broad, flat snout. Moreover, a crocodile's lower teeth protrude through the upper jaw, whereas an alligator's lower teeth fit into sockets in the upper jaw. The general belief is that the crocodile is more vicious and savage than the alligator, but I don't know of a single instance in which a crocodile has attacked a man. I refer, of course, to the Florida crocodile.

I have known of several instances of alligators attacking hogs, cattle and dogs, and have seen an alligator take a hog. There were about a half-dozen razorbacks rooting around in the shallow water on the edge of a pond. From the far side of the pond I saw the 'gator's eyes and nose drifting in toward the pigs. I had a perfectly good high-powered rifle, and the distance was not over 150 yards, but I wanted to see what would happen.

The big 'gator did not attack the hog head on. He drifted ever so slowly until his head was parallel to the hog's body. Then he suddenly made a tremendous side-swipe, striking the hog in the neck and head with his open jaws. There was quite a bit of commotion, and then both the 'gator and the hog disappeared. In such a case the 'gator drags the carcass of his victim back into his cave and anchors it there. 'Gators like their meat high—the higher the better.

On another occasion I was just a few seconds too late to witness an attack on a neighbor's German shepherd dog. This took place in a small lake near my home in central Florida. I heard the frantic yelping of the dog and, guessing that a 'gator had caught her, I grabbed my rifle and ran down through the pines to the lake-shore.

A comparatively small alligator, about seven feet long, had seized the dog by the left shoulder and was endeavoring to drag her into the lake.

The dog, however, had other ideas and was fighting for dear life, snapping frenziedly at the alligator's eyes. Just as I arrived on the scene the alligator tried to shift its hold, and in that instant Lassie tore loose. She had a badly lacerated shoulder, but no broken bones. This particular alligator might have been an asset to the fishing, but I killed him nevertheless.

Most people think of an alligator as a very slow, sluggish creature, but it is astonishing how fast an alligator can move when he wants to. By flipping his long, heavy tail from one side to the other he can turn his body with amazing speed, and he can raise himself clear of the ground on all four feet and actually run for a short distance. As would be expected, the alligator is extremely active in the water and can dive and swim with amazing speed, using his broad powerful tail for propulsion.

While an alligator has tremendous leverage in closing his jaws, he has very little strength for opening them, and a strong man can hold a big alligator's mouth shut with one hand—provided, of course, the alligator is tied and cannot roll. This habit of rolling is typical of the alligator. He will clamp down on the tail, neck or leg of a rival alligator and immediately start to roll. The bone-breaking and tearing possibilities in such a procedure are obvious.

One time while we were making a motion picture near Silver Springs, Florida, Ross Allen was demonstrating how to seize an alligator by the jaws and hold its mouth shut. The alligator was not a very large one—about six feet long—but it was fighting mad. It lay there with its mouth partly open, hissing and blowing at a great rate. Ross crouched in front of it with both hands extended, intending to slip his right hand under its lower jaw and bring his left hand down on top of the upper jaw. But the 'gator was quicker. It nailed that right hand in a vise-like grip.

The only thing that saved Ross'

hand and arm was his extreme presence of mind and his long experience with alligators. In spite of the pain, he relaxed his arm and remained motionless. For a few seconds the 'gator lay there, holding on grimly. Then it attempted to shift its hold higher up on the arm. In that instant Ross jerked free. His hand was badly lacerated, but there were no bones broken.

Alligator wrestling has become quite a tourist attraction, and numerous stunt men, both Indian and white, have gone in for it. Sometimes the action takes place in a tank or a clear-water spring or sometimes on dry land. In any case, there is no danger if the wrestler is quick enough to get hold of the 'gator's jaws and hold them shut. He then wraps his legs around the body and simply rolls with it. Sometimes, however he makes a slip—and then he is in trouble! Cory Osceola, a grandson of the famous Seminole chief, lost his arm in this way.

It is a fortunate thing that alligators are not inclined to attack humans, for a big bull 'gator is a powerful creature and amply able to drag down a grown man with little struggle. Anyone who has seen a big 'gator in action or who has heard his deep rumbling bellow, which fairly shakes the ground, must be very glad of the fact that 'gators are not inclined to be man-eaters.

In spite of our knowledge that generally speaking these big saurians are harmless to man and are actually of economic value in several ways, we can all get a grin out of a sign which is tacked to a tree on an alligator farm near St. Augustine. There are a hundred or more big alligators in one inclosed pond of about half an acre. In the middle of this pond is a small island, and there are generally a dozen ten- or twelve-foot alligators piled up on this island. Sticking up through the mass of huge, scaly bodies is a small scrub-oak to which is tacked the sign. The sign reads: "No Trespassing!"

## NAME OF A TOWN

Brazilian cadets training in the U. S. tangled with the English language and the few who spoke it had an accent you could cut with a machete. One 'Pride of the Pampas' was filling the air with his troubles.

"Am off thee map, am off thee map." He kept calling on somebody, anybody for help.

An American cadet heard him calling. After panicky conversation the American told the Pride to pick out a town and buzz the railroad station. He was to read the name of the town on the rail station, regain altitude and call the American who would check on his map.

After a period of silence, he returned to the air and called the American.

"All right, what's the name of the town?" asked the American.

The explosive answer came over the air.

"Ees thee town ahv Papsee-Cola."

W. C. B.



## Crawford Eats Again

(Continued from page 11)

"Quiet! Quiet, both of you!" Crawford said, and he sure sounded grand. For a minute he held his head in his hands, then he looked up and smiled at Matilda. "I got it all figured out," he said. "I'm goin' to work."

"Holy mother o' Mike!" Jess said.

But Matilda was only twisting her shirt sleeve and looking sort of helpless at Crawford—We adore that man!

"Your lumbago, Crawford," she said. "Are you— Are you sure you can stand it?"

"Matilda," Crawford said, "there comes a time when a man has to think only of others." He looked at Jess. "How many local men are working on the Coon Hollow road?"

"None," Jess said. "Ever'body 'cept you's too busy. But Central Construction's doin' the job, an' they're hirin'."

"I will go," Crawford said. "I will go down and get a job. He patted Matilda's hand. "Don't worry."

"Now I've saw ever'thing," that mean old Jess Nolton said. "But a body with your line of chatter ought to talk his way into somethin' soft."

Nobody was paying any attention to Jess. Matilda and I were watching Crawford—he's wonderful!—put on his hat and go out the door. He came back in an hour to say he had a job, and the next morning at six o'clock he left for work.

It was quarter past seven when a truck pulled up in front of the house, and two men lifted Crawford out. He was laying on a stretcher. But he just smiled when Matilda and I ran in from the north field.

"What happened?" Matilda was real put out.

"A horse kicked him, ma'am," the little red-haired man who was driving the truck said. "Where should we put him?"

"Oh! Uh-upstairs!"

They carried Crawford up to his room and eased him into the bed. The little red-haired man patted Matilda's hand.

"Don't worry, ma'am," he said. "We know the whole story, and we'll be back."

"Oh, Crawford!" Matilda said.

"Oh poor dear Crawford!"

"Go away!" Crawford whispered.

"Go away and leave me alone. Don't send for a doctor."

"But, Crawford—"

"Do as I say!"

When Crawford talks like that, he'd better be minded. Matilda and I both knew that he didn't want us to see him on a bed of pain, and he didn't want a doctor because he hadn't any money. Anyhow, the doctor said he wouldn't come again until



## Next Time Make It a Southern Comfort Manhattan

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Crawford paid for the last sixteen visits.

"Bring me some food, and leave until I call," Crawford said.

Matilda brought him ten sandwiches. Then, worried as we were, all we could do was take our lunch and work on the ditches. But we kept our ears open in case Crawford should call.

We were still digging at five o'clock that night when a truck with ten men in it pulled up at the house. The little red-haired man got out of the driver's seat, and they all trooped over to us. The red-haired man gave Matilda an envelope.

"Don't look on this as charity, ma'am," he said. "We know the need. Crawford told us."

Matilda opened the envelope and took out ten five dollar bills. "Oh!" she said. "All that money!"

"It's little enough, ma'am," the red-haired man said. "H-how are the children?"

"Oh, the poor darlings!" Matilda wiped her eyes with her sleeve. "We do the best we can but my heart just bleeds for them!"

"Twelve is a lot of little ones, ma'am," the red-haired man said.

"There's thirteen now," Matilda told him, and I knew she was thinking of a little girl named Bayliss, who had gone to the orphanage that morning.

"Since this morning!" the red-haired man said. "And you working in a ditch!" he took her by the arm, drew her back, and turned around to call at the men. "All right. You know what to do."

They got picks and shovels out of the truck, and I never did see dirt fly any faster than those ten men slung it. But the red-haired man wouldn't let Matilda and me stay around. He took us by the arm, steered us towards the house, and while going there I saw a funny thing. I saw wet tracks across the porch roof over which Crawford's bed lay. It was just like somebody with wet feet had shinned up a porch pillar, run across the roof, and climbed in Crawford's window. But, of course, that couldn't be because Crawford lay inside on a bed of pain.

The red-haired man went back to his crew, and after less than half an hour came to tell us that the ditches were finished. All those nice men

raised their hands to Matilda, and drove away in the truck.

"Oh dear!" Matilda said. "People are so kind! Let's go tell Crawford!"

We tiptoed up the stairs, and Crawford looked at us from his bed. The sandwiches were gone. Crawford smiled at us—he'd smile for us no matter what happened!

"Oh, Crawford—!" Matilda told him all about it, and my heart just ached when I saw tears in his eyes. Crawford loves people. He sat up in bed, and his smile faded away.

"I'm glad something good happened," he said. "But it ain't all good. I've been horse-kicked, and I might hobble down to the stream tomorrow if I take it easy, but there's no telling how long you and Desmond will have to keep doing my work!"

"We don't mind," Matilda said. "Do we, Desmond?"

"No, Crawford," I said. "We don't mind."

Crawford smiled again, and oh, I was glad to see that! Then he leaned over the bed and picked up a string of fat trout.

"A—a man brought these today," he said. "Will you cook them, darling? I'd like some food."

## The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 35)

baseball and a World Series game was on, attested to the interest of the subordinate lodges in the activities of the Grand Lodge, and those of the State Association under the leadership of President Yoder and State Secretary C. L. Shideler. While in Indiana, the Grand Exalted Ruler also visited **VINCENNES LODGE NO. 291**.

A fine meeting, preceded by a banquet given by the officers and Past Exalted Rulers of the lodge, was held on the occasion of Mr. Kepner's official visitation to **TERRE HAUTE, IND., LODGE, NO. 86**, on the following Monday. Among the guests were Grand Secretary Masters, State Pres. Yoder, State Chaplain the Rev. Father John Dillon, LaFayette, Roy Jorg, Ligonier, Chairman of the State Auditing Committee, and Past State Pres.'s E. J. Julian, Vincennes, Milo B. Mitchell, Linton, and Robert A. Scott, Linton, Superintendent of the Elks National Home. State officials present who are members of No. 86 were Secy. Shideler and Past Pres.'s William E. Hendrich and R. F. Thomas. Sixteen candidates were initiated in the "Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner Class", and talks were made by the Grand Exalted Ruler and Grand Secretary Masters.

Mr. Kepner was an honored guest at the ceremonies held on October 21st when **CAMDEN, N. J., LODGE, NO. 293**, dedicated its new home. He was presented with the key to the city by Mayor George E. Brunner, a member of the lodge, at a din-

ner prior to the exercises. In accepting the key, Mr. Kepner spoke of the work of the Order, and particularly its patriotism and Americanism. The program was held on the porch of the new home with E.R. on the porch of the new home with E.R. William H. Heiser in charge. Attending the dedication were high-ranking Elk officials from lodges throughout the State. Other speakers in addition to the Grand Exalted Ruler were Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, George I. Hall, of Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge, Secretary and Home Member of the Board of Grand Trustees, Charles H. Maurer, Dunellen, Pres. of the N. J. State Elks Assn., and U. S. Representative Charles A. Wolverton of Camden Lodge. The Dedication Committee was headed by P.E.R. Edward J. Griffith, D.D. for New Jersey, South. Six of the surviving charter members were presented with life memberships.

For the first time in its 49-year history, **JACKSON, O., LODGE, NO. 466**, was honored by the visit of a Grand Exalted Ruler when Mr. Kepner made his official visitation on October 25th. The Jackson High School Band entertained at the lodge home prior to the dinner and special lodge meeting. Among the prominent Elks in attendance were Past State Pres. Joseph W. Fitzgerald, Canton, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, D.D. John W. Debo, Portsmouth, the Grand Exalted Ruler's Secre-

tary, P.E.R. Roy C. Heinlein of Sistersville Lodge, Past Pres. of the W. Va. State Elks Assn., and Marion A. Maloney, E.R. of Jackson Lodge.

**GRAND FORKS, N. D., LODGE, NO. 255**, received its first official visit from a Grand Exalted Ruler when it entertained Mr. Kepner on Saturday, November 17th. On the preceding evening, he had visited **FARGO, N. D., LODGE, NO. 260**, the home lodge of Grand Trustee Sam Stern. Introduced at Grand Forks by Mr. Stern, the Grand Exalted Ruler delivered a spirited address on Americanism. D.D. Mack V. Traynor of Devils Lake and State Pres. M. Dave Miller, Grand Forks, gave brief talks. A large delegation from Crookston, Minn., Lodge, No. 342, headed by E.R. O. R. Strander and Secy. L. L. Tygeson, and visiting Elks from nearby North Dakota lodges, attended the meeting. At the conclusion of the program, the Grand Exalted Ruler was presented with a silver service by E.R. T.L. Degnan, acting on behalf of the host lodge.

On November 20th **GREAT FALLS, MONT., LODGE, NO. 214**, entertained Mr. Kepner at a noon luncheon in the Elks dining hall. The Grand Exalted Ruler's talk made a deep and lasting impression on the 150 members who attended the meeting and greeted him during his stop en route to other cities where visits to Montana lodges were scheduled. **HELENA LODGE NO. 193** and **BUTTE NO. 240** were next on Mr. Kepner's list.

This stands for honorable.



service to our country.

## Letters from a Correspondent

(Continued from page 39)

basin, toilet and tub, leaves gaping holes in the bathrooms; long-vanished electrical fixtures have left entrails of unsightly wire hanging loose.

Maybe you think this sad scene of depredation was caused by the Japs during their occupation? Not so, not so, my friend. It was caused by our little brown brothers, the Filipinos, bless their greedy, amoral little hearts, during the time when the Japs moved out and the Yanks settled in. This city is one of the most effectively looted places in the world and looted in the main, mark you, by its own inhabitants.

In many cases there are extenuating circumstances: the Japs had so effectively starved the populace and reduced them to such poverty and inflation that the prospect of buying anything was way out of sight of the pocketbook. An armful of wood the size of a wrapped-up baby, over which they could cook what inedible food they had, cost five pesos (\$2.50). So they tore loose all the woodwork in sight for firewood. The pity of it lies in that the Filipinos are famous for their woodwork; and the paneling and decoration of doors and windows and railings was often pure art.

**A**T PRESENT, in the Correspondents Quarters (located some fifteen minutes by jeep from the center of the city and the PRO) there are not very good bathroom facilities. A tent serves as a latrine for fifty correspondents and an equal amount of enlisted men who are detailed to work with us. Shaving is done under the shower. There are no sheets on the bunks, but the electric lights occasionally work. We have our own PX where we can buy lighter flints, toilet articles, candy and gum, etc.

As an evidence of the Army's vaunted intelligence, the drinking water supply hangs in big canvas bags smack in the sun. These "Lyster" bags are ingeniously fitted with a fountain arrangement at the bottom so that what warm water spurts up and does not go into your mouth goes down your sleeve and over your shoes. They are also hung so low that you have to get down on your hands and knees to drink out of them.

My colleagues are the usual motley crew—Americans, Australians, English and Chinese—all griping and grousing and working like dogs trying to get something done in three days that should take fifteen minutes. I looked them over warily, for by that time my "lost" feeling was back again. You'd think I would have gotten over that by now, but no. I found by observing the others who followed me that you never do get over it, no matter how many times

you come into a new place. It takes about three days before you develop any self-confidence whatsoever and can speak without your voice squeaking.

I have analyzed this phenomenon in this way: The Little New Boy feels that all the Old Boys are viewing him with hostility and suspicion, while his own attitude is that all the Old Boys are big heroes who have been everywhere and seen everything, and that he himself is a neophyte, a plebe. He is right about the hostile suspicion, because the Old Boys are viewing the newcomer thinking he has probably come from some hellish spot they wouldn't have been in if God Himself had asked them to be, and they are afraid the newcomer is going to start snowing them under with wisdom and knowledge and experience unsurpassed. An amicable arrangement sets in only after the Little New Boy and the Big Old Boys discover that nobody knows anything about anything anyway, and we are all united by the common bond of wishing to God we were back home. See?

**T**HIS lack of self-confidence is not in any way compensated for by the attitude of the Army toward the correspondents. The Army forgets that in most cases the correspondents are guys who for one good reason or another are not in the Service, and that they have not had any conditioning for Army life—no basic training, no indoctrination, no psychological adjustment period—and they are not so possessed by a hatred for Army life that they can retire into a state of stupefied, passive acceptance of whatever comes. Also, the correspondent knows he will sooner or later be out of the mess, so he doesn't come to accept discomfort with the resignation of the G.I. However, since the Army wants a public relations job done for it and has invited specialists in this field to come out here, the Army should have prepared itself more adequately to accommodate us big old fat men straight from the flesh-pots.

Possibly the Army doesn't forget these facts, and is having its own private joke. Sometimes I think so. Nothing can convince me that the plumbing couldn't be fixed, or two latrines provided if the plumbing can't. The chow I will commend, although this morning I made the mistake of asking for syrup to put on my hot cake. (I was indignantly informed that it was an omelet.)

The thing is, anyone worth a damn can put up with living ruggedly if he has to, or if it is for the benefit of everyone else; there are times when you expect it, and thoroughly under-

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stand it and almost enjoy it. But when the whole business seems completely unnecessary, then it is time to gripe. At least, that is the theory of the boys here (unless they have just come in from Borneo or Hollandia, and then they revel in mere discomfort for about three days before starting to gripe). We have another thought: the Army just likes to think how rugged it is and spends a great deal of time slapping its collective chest and flexing its biceps, which is all right in battle but a little tiresome in the rear echelons.

The Navy is a little more sophisticated about itself.

Well, enough of this expression of entirely debatable views. The first morning I was here I got a jeep to take me out to Dewey Boulevard to see the Elks lodge home. The short trip out was a series of shocks from which I haven't yet recovered. I have seen stills and movies of destroyed cities, but I have never seen one in the flesh, so to speak. And also, up to the time I left the States very few pictures had come in of destruction in modern cities with tremendous steel-reinforced concrete buildings. All I saw were cleanly smashed up old European stone castles and houses and churches and bridges. They were either a pile of stones or a standing wall or two, or even a flat place or hole. But here the steel-reinforcement makes the destruction appear peculiarly obscene. Great sagging folds of skin are the floors. Windows are empty eye-sockets and gaping

mouths. Pipes and wiring and the steel nettings of the floors and walls are nerves and entrails and torn muscles. The headless and armless statues and mutilated bas-reliefs of what were once beautiful, if rococo, government and municipal buildings contribute to an illusion of a battlefield strewn with human dead and wounded.

Scarcely a building is left standing on its feet; even out on Dewey and Taft Boulevards, the wealthy residential sections, there is only an occasional house left unharmed. The streets are buckled and broken and they are not helped by the continuous traffic of countless jeeps, trucks, and the other millions of, to me, unnamable vehicles of gigantic size. The bridges over the Pasig River which flows through the middle of town are all down, although the Army has managed very efficiently to span the river with three steel bridges carrying two-way traffic. The third opened day before yesterday and took only twenty days to build.

The Elks lodge home got it as badly as anything else. It is a shambles. The facade is still standing, and parts of the side walls, but these are just shattered sides of an empty box. I don't think it can be repaired. After seeing it I got hold of a photographer and had pictures made for you.

There are reports that the lodge home might be able to be fixed up, but I doubt it, although I am no construction expert. Possibly the foundation is unharmed. The building

originally cost \$100,000, and now they want 75,000 pesos, or \$37,000, to clear up the rubble!

I looked up Mr. Thomas Wolff who has been appointed by the Elks War Commission to take care of the liberated Elks here. He is searching for a site for a Fraternal Center but no decision can be made for some time because of the destruction, the lack of habitable buildings and the labor problem. Wolff is quite a guy and I will go to bat for him any time. He commands both respect and admiration. His work for the Red Cross during the three years he was imprisoned at Santo Tomas was heroic.

He seems to have tough luck in his wars. When he was a young man he served in the Spanish-American War and was taken prisoner then. In that war the boys stripped him down and staked him out on an ant-hill and to this day he carries innumerable little scars all over his body. Fortunately the Americans recaptured him before he was badly hurt.

THE first morning at the PRO office I was accosted by a Mr. George Babcock who was put on to me by the home office. Mr. Babcock is still with me. At first, so completely was I drawn into the inner circle of himself and his friends and his reminiscences, I was under the impression that Mr. Babcock had adopted me. He is one of those men whom Hollywood continually caricatures as an Elk, a Rotarian, a VFW and the man from Main Street, and indeed he is all four and out-caricatures Hollywood. He is fat, red-faced and gray-haired. He has a loud, hearty voice and a louder, heartier laugh. He knows intimately all the great and the near-great and their names are forever tripping off his tongue. (I believe he does know them all as well as he says he does.)

He operates on the theory that it's "who you know that counts", so he is forever running around making "contacts" and then telling me, "Now there is a contact worth waiting around for all morning." I trail around in Mr. Babcock's wake while he introduces me to all his friends, clearly expecting them to fall on my neck with glad cries when they hear I am an editor.

At last I discovered that the illusion that I was harboring—that of being shanghaied by Mr. Babcock—was just that, an illusion. Mr. Babcock is actually trailing me around. He won't do anything unless I do and all the little side jaunts and trips I plan on, he says, "Hey, Phil! Sign me up too," or "I'll go if you do."

I like the guy. He neither drinks nor smokes (a thoroughly integrated character), and it's a good thing too, because there is nothing to drink on the Island and smokes are rationed. He is constantly unearthing mutual friends and acquaintances with whom ever he talks.

(Continued on page 64)



"He says he can only stay for dinner and not a second longer."

# How science outwits the weather



**1858** WEATHER forecasting has "grown up," is no longer pure guesswork. In 1858, almanacs were the only weather forecasters, but progress was being made. The invention of telegraphy, in this year when Corby's was introduced in Canada, made it possible to plot weather reports.



**1912** THE GREAT ocean of air above us was explored by captive balloons carrying weather recording instruments to altitudes of 19 miles. Storm areas were thus reported nationally and weather forecasting became more accurate, as Corby's reached its 54th year of fame in Canada.



**1939** ARCTIC OUTPOSTS were established by the U. S. and by Russia to report oncoming weather by radio and to chart world-wide atmospheric conditions. Meteorology became an important science in a world plunged into war in Corby's 81st year as a great Canadian name.



**1945** SCIENCE NOW uses every resource to forecast the weather for airlines that circle the globe. We all benefit from weather information. But no matter what the weather, there's a light, sociable whiskey that is always "fair and milder." The name Corby's has been a renowned Canadian tradition for 87 years. Today this name in the U. S. A. brings you a blended whiskey that is well worth watching for in your bar or store.



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# What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 17)

in nature. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$4)

It is healthy, too, to observe how people make a go of life in the hills, specifically, the Ozarks. In "Fresh from the Hills" we get a delightfully intimate glimpse of farm life in southern Missouri from the pen of Marguerite Lyon, whose earlier book, "Marge of Sunrise Mountain Farm", started the story. In this new book she goes to the Ozarks for good, highly enthusiastic, and then discovers that there are some pretty hard days for a woman on a farm. But she is cheerful about it, and thus we learn a lot about butchering day, pie suppers, sawing and splitting firewood, planting and cooking and going to meeting and all the other activities of the hills. Mrs. Lyon makes everything sound inviting, but she warns city folks who have a little nest-egg saved up that "everything isn't peaceful and quiet", and that some farms, bought without careful investigation, are little more than a rock pile. Moreover, while a living can be made, "the sum that is a living income to one family is starvation wages to another". A book of experiences frankly told and of honest advice. (Bobbs Merrill, \$3)

Sooner or later the career of Abra-

ham Lincoln was bound to be examined under the microscope of the professional historian. Until today biographies of Lincoln have been written with feeling. The authors have built up the greatness of Lincoln, presented him as someone mystically inspired or overflowing with the milk of human kindness, or using the tricks of a backwoods politician. But James G. Randall, professor of history in the University of Illinois, has no thesis to build up. He has determined to examine the evidence. This leads him to write what is almost a surgical study of Lincoln called "Lincoln the President; Springfield to Gettysburg". It is a cold study, examining Lincoln's career with great care, and in the end showing how he overcame his difficulties.

It is Mr. Randall's conviction that Lincoln had no clear-cut ideas about freeing the slaves or coercing the South when he ran for office. He thinks the phrase "house divided", and the remark that this nation could not exist "half slave and half free" are not representative, for they made him seem a radical abolitionist, when actually he was slow in formulating a program. The emancipation

act was "a war measure of limited scope", and for a long time Lincoln worked on a plan to compensate the slave-owners, because property was being destroyed, and to colonize the slaves in some other country. He did not think they should remain here, and so expressed himself. Events forced his hand, but the attitude toward the Negro was never fully cleared up before his death.

On this and other subjects Mr. Randall offers a great deal of information. He does not withhold praise—as for instance, in the case of the Gettysburg address, which he finds a full statement of democratic principles. He goes into details to show how Lincoln's troubles with his generals arose because of "the fog of war, the imperfect state of military intelligence and the hazardous difficulty of operational direction at a distance". He thinks the effect of the Ann Rutledge love affair on Lincoln has been exaggerated and that William H. Herndon is to blame for distorting the information he had about Lincoln. He thinks McClellan was Lincoln's ablest general. Thus Mr. Randall's book offers much food for thought. Anyone interested in critical analysis and not looking for a character study of Lincoln, will find it well worth reading; but those who want the greatness of Lincoln extolled in conventional superlatives had better let it alone. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$7.50)



WHERE is the returning veteran going to fit in? How are young men who went into the Army from school going to find places to begin their careers? How is this urgent need to be met? A young veteran with a firm grasp of the essential problems in readjustment of the soldier to civilian life is Charles G. Bolte, chairman of the American Veterans Committee, who has made the veteran's difficulty his business and is determined to give the country a cool, "pragmatic" analysis of what confronts it. He is eminently successful in a book called "The New Veteran", in which he warns against the dissatisfaction of the veteran who is not placed in industry. He speaks for all the veterans who, he argues, must present a solid front to Congress and the nation, so that vague promises of full employment may be given a practical application and everyone may be securely benefited. Actually no veteran wants to be regarded as a member of a special group; he wants to be a civilian first and to have an equal opportunity with all civilians. Mr. Bolte analyzes the work of the United States Employment Service, the Veterans Administration and the welfare agencies that have some

contact with veterans and finds all of them inadequate. He finds that the Veterans Service Center of New York was well organized but that the best service has been given the veteran in Bridgeport, Conn., where the agency is called the Community Advisory Service Center. It profited by the earlier Connecticut Re-employment Commission and was administered by Dr. Randall B. Hamrick and a competent staff. "If every town in America did what Bridgeport is doing, there would be no need to worry about the veteran problem," writes Mr. Bolte. He urges definite action elsewhere because the misplaced veteran can be a disruptive force. "The desire for deeds, not words, the artificially stimulated disgust with certain groups of civilians, the tremendous demand for jobs and security at any price, the possibility of serious dislocation in the immediate postwar period—these add up to the very obviously dangerous situation in which demagogues make hay." Mr. Bolte makes a strong argument for equal opportunity for everyone and for a new view of international cooperation, which he thinks is necessary for survival. His is the best-reasoned book about the returning veteran so far published, one that should be widely read, so that all will be familiar with the urgency of the situation. (Reynal & Hitchcock, \$2)

THE dislocations of people in Europe, the fight over national aims and the desire of every nation to be recognized for its cultural as well as its political importance, have intensified the examination of American life and American constituent peoples. Louis Adamic, who has devoted years to a study of the fortunes of the foreign-born in the United States, has written a book stressing all the variegated national strains in the American pattern, calling it "A Nation of Nations". It is a good thing to know and appreciate how much the people of Europe have given to the American character, but I do not quite agree with Mr. Adamic that the dominant "Anglo-Saxon strain" vitiates their contribution and makes them conform to something they don't understand or approve. The term "Anglo-Saxon" is a misnomer; it is used to define the strong English influence in the making of the republic, but actually all the northern nations of Europe gave this Anglo-Saxon slant to American politics, law, education and manners. The southern peoples came later, and are now enriching our nation with their own cultural contributions, and giving us leaders such as Mr. Adamic. Mr. Adamic realizes that many local, geographic and social forces are making the American individual, but he feels that more recognition of minorities will obviate their frustration. (Harper & Bros., \$3.50). Recognition of the part played by the



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1946		JANUARY					1946
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6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	
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27	28	29	30	31			

The March of Dimes, nation-wide appeal of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, January 14-31, gives every American an opportunity to join in one of the great humanitarian crusades of modern times; the fight against poliomyelitis, the great crippler.

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foreign-born in one American city is emphasized in "Around the World in St. Paul", by Alice L. Sickels, who reports the results of attempts to bring together citizens of diverse origins. Evidently the effort was most successful; the people were very happy to present their native songs, costumes and other arts, and "the equal Americanism of people of all backgrounds" was welcomed. World peace must rest on such understanding, which must start in small communities and widen its influence. (University of Minnesota Press, \$3)

OUR lighter reading has suffered within the last few months; there have been fewer good stories and no truly great ones. But there is some good entertaining reading. "The Friendly Persuasion", by Jessamyn West, will introduce you to the household adventures and homely philosophy of a Quaker family, the Birdwells, who live in Indiana. The book is a collection of stories that deal with life from Civil War times on. (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50). John P. Marquand's new story, "Repent in Haste", is intended to show how the average soldier is affected by the war and how lightly he can shrug off a marriage that never took. The wife is a gadabout, who cannot understand the more serious loyalties of marriage. No doubt Mr. Marquand has revealed one facet of the war, but whether it is representative is another matter. (Little, Brown, \$1.50). Myron Brinig's story, "You and I" is one of the few novels of feeling that covers a wide territory; although it deals with a boy and a girl who were brought up together in New Mexico it follows their separate careers through adolescence and into maturity and frankly portrays their many emotional experiences. It seems to me to be the best of Myron Brinig's stories. (Farrar & Rinehart, \$3). There are some amusing verses and comments on the troubles a mother has with an infant in Margaret Fishback's "Look Who's A Mother"—lively verses that cover practically every phase of baby's tyrannical career, and the wonder is that the mother comes out of the battle cheerful and full of poetry. (Simon & Schuster, \$2)

WHO'S your favorite cartoonist? Practically everyone is available in book form now, the latest additions being Chon Day, Alan Dunn, Mary Petty, Virgil Partch and H. T. Webster. Chon Day's collection is called "I Could Be Dreaming" and seems to be the most sane of the cartoons that use human stupidity for their principal theme. Alan Dunn's is called "Who's Paying for This Cab?" and is my favorite among the season's books. Mr. Dunn is original, often brilliant, and his lines are as good as his sketches. Mary Petty is his wife and "This Petty Pace" is the

title of her drawings. Here we must say that husband and wife do not influence each other's drawings, both are individual workers. Besides, whoever thought up the cockeyed situations in which the dessicated patricians of Mary Petty's world move about, eat sumptuous dinners, sink down in huge chairs at overstuffed clubs, or live in an atmosphere of decay and old lace? As for Virgil Partch, his characters give me nightmares. These screwy men and women not only do cockeyed things, they are built as no other human beings were ever made. His collection is called "Water on the Brain" and is justly named. H. T. Webster is something else. He belongs to the old-line cartoonists, those who tell a story and do not rely on nonsense or a contradiction in character. The Webster books of the season are "To Hell With Fishing", with text by Ed Zern and a foreword by Corey Ford, and "Webster Unabridged", with a foreword by Frank Sullivan. Everyone who has followed Webster's cartoons knows how many he has drawn about fishing experiences. While "Webster Unabridged" has examples of all the Webster cartoons—including the thrill that comes once in a lifetime, life's darkest moment, how to torture your wife—and husband, the unseen audience and his most famous, the timid soul. Good, old Webster.

MAIN Street never had a better representative in the White House than President Truman, according to the portrait painted by two Washington writers in "This Man Truman," the first "authoritative" biography in book form. The authors are Frank McNaughton of the Washington staff of *Time*, and Walter Hehmyer, a former member of the investigating staff of the Truman Committee. They have written frankly and in friendly fashion about our first citizen without making a campaign document out of their book. The fact that President Truman's training and background were so different from those of Franklin D. Roosevelt merely shows that the men of this nation are not standardized, and that qualifications need not be uniform if the basic honesty and sincerity is there. President Truman is as close to the home folks of the small town and the farm as Roosevelt was to metropolitan life. His farm experience, his work on the Santa Fe railroad, his years in prac-

tical politics and on the bench in Missouri have given him self-reliance. His senatorial record, we are told, showed neither imagination nor startling innovation, but he got his work done. He is not a radical and has not associated with rightist or leftist groups as such, but has kept step with his party. He reads rapidly and has a retentive memory. He likes to tell stories and reminisce with his old friends on Capitol Hill and veterans of the first World War. It is even interesting to pick up bits of trivial importance, such as that he shaves himself and "when the blade is dull he removes it from the holder and strops it expertly in the palm of his left hand without cutting himself". Say the authors: "Truman is a man whose stature grows by knowing him. He does lack color and glamour as we know these today. Measured in terms of knowledge of men and their deeds, in moments of self-reliance, of humbleness, devotion and tolerance, he epitomizes the charm and strength of Main Street, U.S.A." And his motto is: "It's what you learn after you know it all that counts." (Whittlesey House, \$2.50)

THERE are several good stories based on the war. Hollywood doesn't want to make any more motion pictures based on war stories but I believe that when the big war novel comes, Hollywood will revise its views. Nevil Shute's new story, "Most Secret", is not only about the war but about an early phase of it—the time when it was highly important for a small group of British and French to harass the Germans on the Breton coast in a small fishing sloop—and that is already long ago. But Nevil Shute is an excellent storyteller—if you recall how well he wrote "The Pied Piper" and "Pastoral". "Most Secret" is something of a thriller, and when things are done in the dark, against hidden enemies, the interest of the reader is sure. (Morrow, \$2.50)

THERE is another war story in which a group of misplaced children is the subject—"And the Field is the World", by Dola de Jong, a Dutch writer now living in New York. Aart and Lies, a Dutch couple, pick up the children on their way to Marseille and carry them to Morocco, where they engage in efforts to send them to the United States. The children are Polish, Belgian, French and German; the Polish girls have lost their parents and the German boy was sent out of Germany by his parents because his father was active in the underground and therefore was in great danger. The author knows children well—she has lived in Morocco, too—and sees the bungling adults from the children's point of view. The story is written without any sentimental excesses. (Scribners, \$2.50)





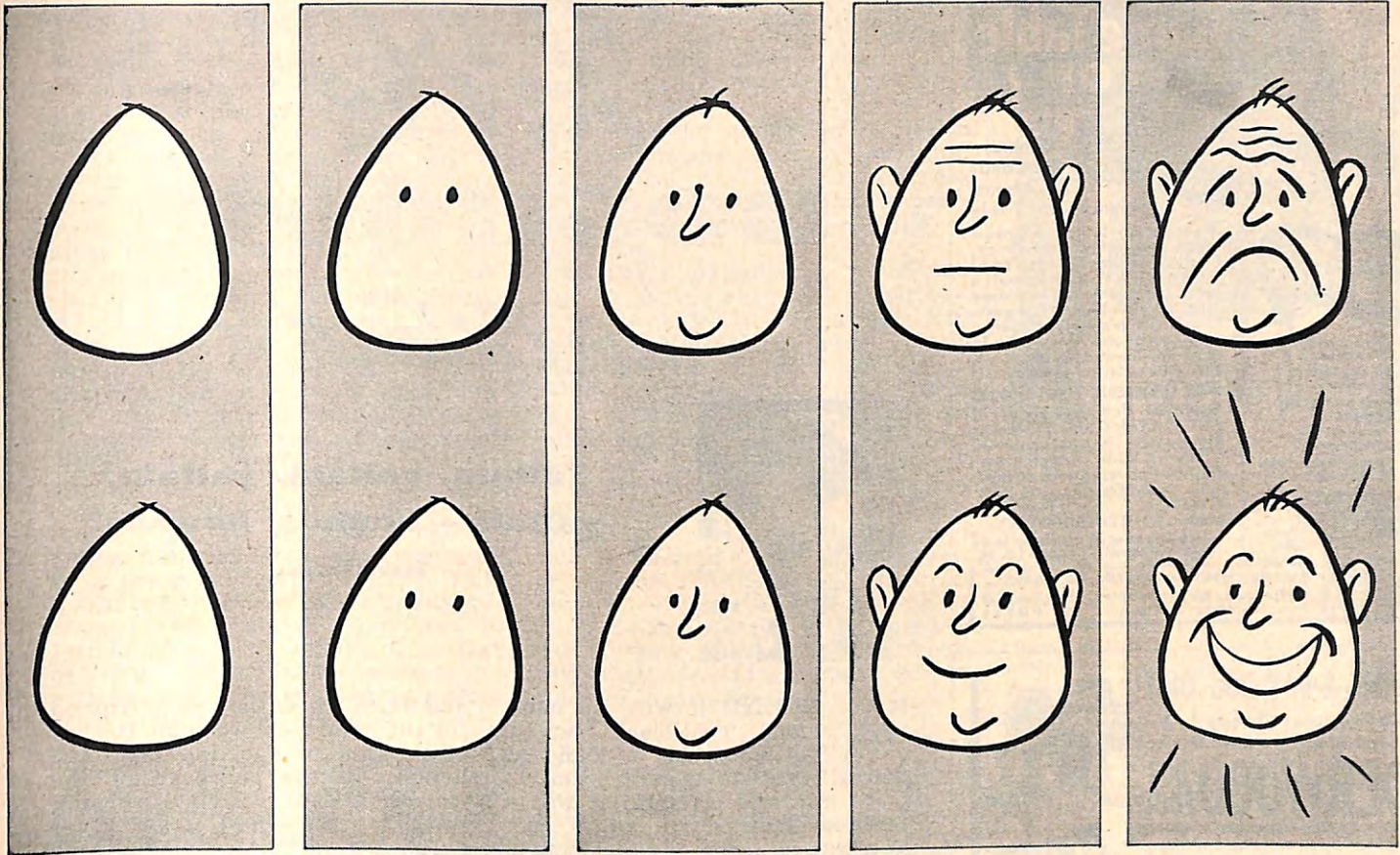
1946

1949

1952

1954

1956



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# In the DOGHOUSE with Ed Faust



**Yaffata, yaffata, yaffata, yaffata — hounds, hounds, hounds.**

"A HOUND it was, an enormous coal-black hound, but not such a hound as mortal eyes have ever seen. In mere size and strength it was a terrible creature... gaunt, savage, and as large as a small lion-ess."

Ever read that great detective story by the late Conan Doyle, "The Hound of the Baskerville"? Then you'll recall this part of the climax. If you haven't read it, do so. Do it one of these winter nights when you are alone. That noise? Perhaps it's only the wind complaining outside the window. I wouldn't know.

If you have read the story and you know your hounds then you'll know why Doyle selected that kind of dog for dramatic effect. In this, one of the weirdest yarns ever written about a dog, the author had to picture a very large animal and he knew that among all of the dogs certain of the hounds are the largest. True, farther along in his story he adds that the canine villain had some mastiff blood in him but that breed of dog too is gigantic, although in stature (not weight) that sort of dog is not as big as one of the bigger hound breeds.

If you've stayed with me that long, you may remember that back in September I began this series of sermons dealing with the sporting breeds. Up to now we've reviewed the dogs that are classed officially with this designation—sporting dogs. These are dogs used primarily to hunt feathered game—the pointers, setters, etc. In the series the breeds were described

and we saw how they were trained for the field. Now we come to that other kind of sporting dog—the hound. In the language of the American Kennel Club, governing body for pure-bred dogs, these purps are designated officially as—Sporting dogs (Hounds). In this division we find sixteen breeds but as one of them is subdivided the list really totals seventeen. They are:—

- |                      |                     |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| Scottish deer-hounds | Foxhounds (English) |
| Afghan hounds        | Greyhounds          |
| Basenjis             | Harriers            |
| Basset hounds        | Norwegian Elkhounds |
| Beagles              | Otterhounds         |
| Bloodhounds          | Salukis             |
| Borzoi               | Whippets            |
| Dachshunds           | Irish wolfhounds    |
| Foxhounds (American) |                     |

All hounds are roughly divided into coursing dogs and those that depend largely upon scenting ability to get their game. Among the coursers are the swiftest of all the dog breeds. So fast are they that they require little ability in scenting as they keep their prey in sight. The fastest of all being the greyhound. One of the records hung up by this wind-splitter was twenty-five seconds for a quarter mile which, if the dog were to maintain that same pace for the full mile, would come within six seconds of the world's record for a race horse held by Equipoise at 1.35-2/5ths. And brother, that's traveling! A dog running at this rate would do the mile in 1.40 flat. Other of the coursing hounds are the Afghan, the Salukis, a long-legged African galoot, the whip-

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pet, another racer, the Irish wolfhound, the Scottish deerhound and the Russian wolfhound or Borzoi as he has been renamed by his sponsors. Of these the Irishman and the Scotsman are not quite as fast as the other coursers but their tremendous size enables them to cover the ground quickly enough to do the work for which they are intended. As is true of all dogs, these to some degree have scenting ability but being so swift in the field this ability is not a must for them with the result that through disuse it has become blunted. Certainly it is not one of their outstanding characteristics any longer. Here too we find some of the very oldest of the breeds in the Afghan and the Salukis—breeds that have been traced back thousands of years to ancient Egypt and other parts of Africa. The greyhound is another purp with a family tree that goes back into Greece almost to the beginning of all European history. Likewise the whippet, a smaller cousin of the greyhound. The Irish wolfhound was a breed that actually became extinct only to be revived in Ireland back in the middle of the last century. Judging by old prints of the original dogs, this chap bears a close resemblance to the original.

**A**MONG the dogs that use their schnozzles to bring home that bacon there are some picturesque story backgrounds. First, there's the little African, the Basenji, the only dog in all the world that does not bark. He's a rather small pooch, standing about sixteen inches at the shoulder and colored either black, brown or tan and white. He's the only hound that has been successfully trained to point and retrieve and this with his

scenting and trailing ability makes him an all-rounder in the field. Another colorful guy is the bloodhound, one of the most gentle dogs but thought by many to be a killer-diller, which he ain't. The fearsome stories about him persist mostly in the minds of uninformed writers who malign this pooch for added thrills. He is, however, one of the greatest, if not the greatest of all tracking dogs and as such fits a blood-and-thunder story—true or otherwise—like no other dog.

Earlier I mentioned a breed subject to subdivision and you'll also note this in the listing that goes with this piece of deathless prose. It's the foxhound. The only real difference in this fellow's family is a slight variation in size between the English hound and the American. The American has been bred a trifle smaller than his English cousin. Otherwise both dogs are identical. In diaries of George Washington frequent mention is made of this breed and that is because Washington imported quite a few of these purps from England. In fact, many of the packs in certain parts of the South today contain dogs descended from Washington's original packs.

**W**ITH only two exceptions all hounds have drooping ears, some more than others, with the bloodhound ear probably being the longest of all. With some few the ears are a part droop, part stand-up and part fold-over. But the hound ear generally is characteristic of the variety of these dogs. The two exceptions are the Basenji and the Norwegian elkhound both of whose ears are upstanding.

(Continued on page 62)



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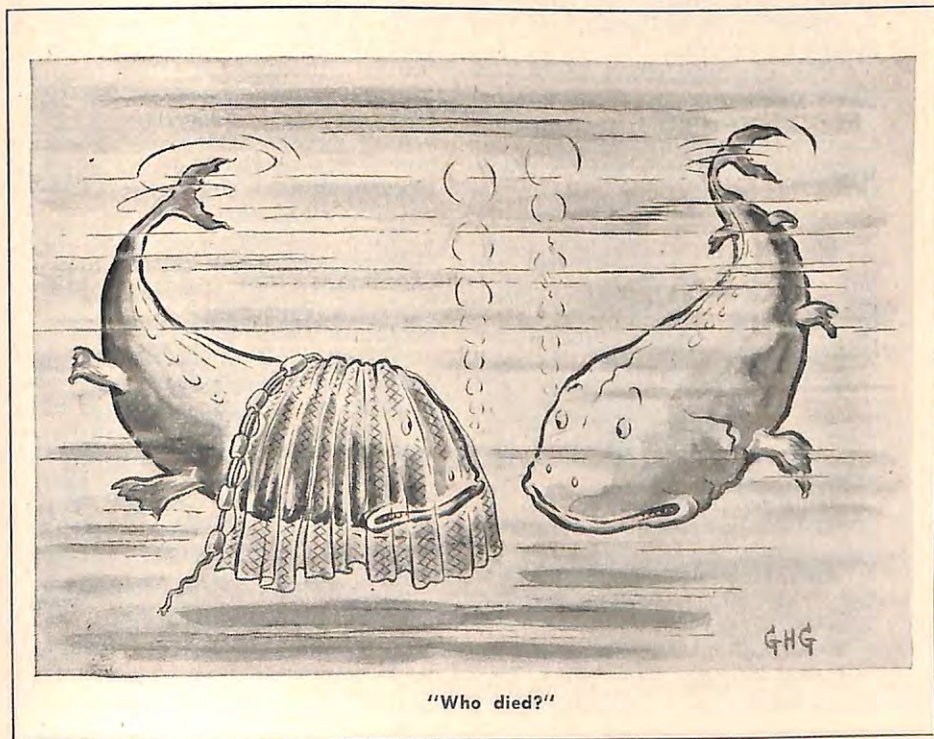
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# Red AND Gun

What happened to Trullinger shouldn't happen to an editor--

By Ray Trullinger



WE WERE feeling awfully sorry for ourself when our pal, the doctor, put in an appearance, exuding a fascinating bouquet of damp tweeds, hospital smells and Scotch.

"How's tricks?" he queried cheerfully, settling into the most comfortable chair. "You look kinda down at the mouth."

"I am," we replied. "I'm bewitched, bothered and bewildered, like that dame in the song. But not for the same reason. I'm jinxed, and it's beginning to get me down. Tough luck has been my lot for nearly a year."

"Yeah," he admitted. "You haven't exactly been getting the breaks. How about a lil' snifter?" A drink was whipped up and placed beside him.

"You got any bright ideas how I can exorcize a jinx?" we queried "This is no charity case, understand. I'm willing to pay your regular fee and even toss in a bottle of black label for good measure. Something has gotta be done!"

"Witchcraft and sorcery are out of my line," our friend replied. "However, I think I have a rabbit's foot kicking around somewhere over at the house. If that'll help, you're welcome. Anyway, I didn't drop in to discuss your strange hallucinations, but to relax a few minutes. A jinx, eh? What's it look like?"

"How would I know?" we answered impatiently. "I've never seen the varmint. But I know it's around. How else can you account for the past year's horrible breaks? You remember what happened to us on that Maine fishing trip last Spring, don't you? Day

after day of cold, driving rain, high winds, a twenty-two-inch snowfall and. . ."

"I'd rather you wouldn't bring up the gruesome details again," replied the medic with a shudder. "How we suffered!"

"And what happened when we went on that Cuttyhunk Island jaunt later on for a spot of striped bass fishing? Everybody, including Aunt Minnie, caught a mess of thirty to forty-pound bass. And what did we bring in, little man? Three or four piddling little eight to ten-pounders which earned us a gale of belly laughs from the gang when those minnows were tossed on the dock."

The doctor took a reflective sip from his glass and fished out a battered briar and tobacco pouch. "Go on," he urged, stuffing tobacco into his pipe. "Get it off your chest. So we got skunked at Cuttyhunk, blew a tire on the way home, got bawled out by a state trooper because the tail-light went out and what else?"

"Plenty," we answered him, "but we'll skip the rest. Then, as you'll recall, I went up to Maine again in September to open the northern zone duck season, and don't tell me my jinx didn't pull down that road sign at Lincoln, causing me to take a wrong turn at two a.m., and so miss an early morning appointment and the opening day's shooting. Then I went over to our favorite small-mouth lake for a little bass fishin', where ordinarily those fish wear you out in an hour."

"Any luck?" queried the doctor. "Oh, sure!" we answered him. "In two days I got a half-hearted strike and a ten-inch pickerel."

"Maybe if I loaned you that rabbit's foot..."

"You seem to think this jinx is my personal property," we broke in. "It's your baby too, don't forget. Or have you forgotten what happened when you were all set to accompany me to Currituck Sound last November on that goose and duck hunt?" The doctor remained silent, but squirmed uneasily in his chair.

"The day before we were set to shove off," we continued, "with shells, decoys and everything loaded in the bus, two of your female customers call up and announce they're about to foal and..."

"Look," the doc interrupted. "The word is 'patients,' not 'customers'. And ladies don't 'foal', they 'give birth' or 'are confined'."

"Nuts," we answered him. "You're just playing with words. Anyway, why do women have babies during gunning season, anyway? What's the matter with having 'em during the closed season in June or maybe August? There oughta be a federal

regulation! Anyway, you had to give up that trip at the last moment and don't tell me our mutual jinx wasn't to blame!"

"What happened after you got to Carolina?" questioned our friend. "I heard in a roundabout way you didn't do so good."

"I've been on some stinkeroos," we replied, "but that trip hit a new all-time low. I think the jinx brought all its relatives, just to make certain everything went to hell in a hand-basket."

"No ducks?"

"Ducks! Why the whole of Currituck Sound was alive with 'em when I arrived. And geese! Widgeon, sprigs, blacks, Canadas and a smattering of everything else, including redheads—sitting on their lazy tails in mile-long rafts out on the open water. Plow through 'em with a boat and they got up in clouds. And settled right back again. You never saw such a sight! The first morning when we ran through those resting birds on our way to the blind I

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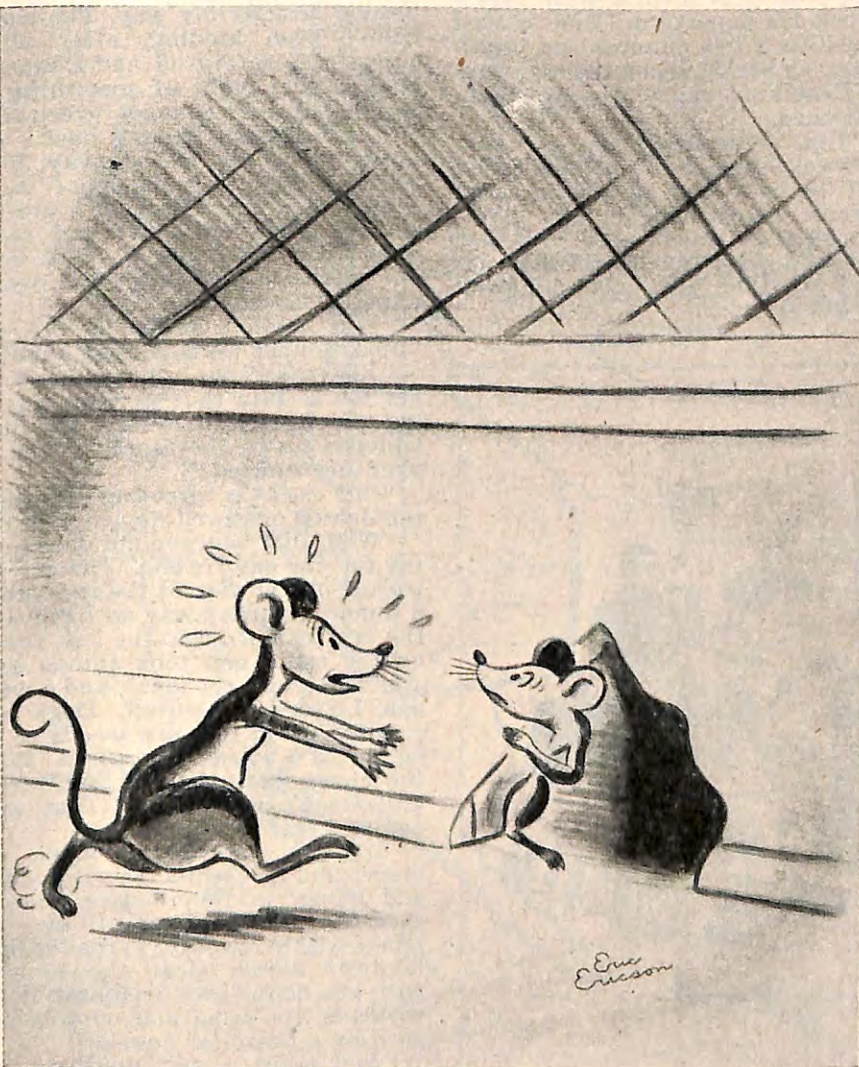


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"I'm not superstitious, but a black cat just crossed my path!"

wanted to bet the guide I'd have a duck and goose limit by noon. Fortunately, the guy wouldn't take a two-to-one bet. I'd have lost my shirt."

"What happened?"

"Well, nothing to speak of, except the weather cleared, a blazing sun came out, the wind died away to nothing and by 10 a.m. the mercury was up to 80, or thereabouts."

"No shots?"

"Two," we replied, "and both ring-bills. The first one came over right after we rigged out and the other drilled past just before we picked up."

"No other excitement?"

"Plenty," was our reply. "The hot sun brought out a swarm of wasps, and my jinx sicced them on me. I only got stung twice, but they gave the guide the works. On the way home that evening the engine in the power boat conked and for a while it looked like we were going to spend the night out on Currituck. We finally got it going, however, and made shore. A dandy day, everything considered."

"Go on," urged the doc. "Let's have the rest of it."

"Next day was the same," we continued, "except it was hotter, the wasps were more numerous and not a feather came within 200 yards of the blind all day. The jinx had everything under control. On the third day I stuck it out until noon, and then tossed in the sponge."

"Think we can shoot a deer this afternoon?" I asked the guide, as we were picking up the rig.

"We can't do any worse than we've been doing out here," he re-

plied. So after a quick lunch we caught up four flea-bitten hounds, tossed 'em in the rumble and headed up the road."

"So it's a hound and shotgun game down there, eh? I've never hunted deer with dogs," the doc remarked.

"It's not only a hound and shotgun game," we answered, "but it's also a form of community sport. Like a free-for-all at a teamster's clambake, anybody can declare himself in, and does. While I was eating lunch the guide was phoning around to some friends, and by the time we arrived at the scene of our projected hunt not more than seven guys, including the sheriff, were on deck. And you should have seen the collection of hounds on leash, in trailers, and tucked away in battered jalopies. The sheriff took charge of the drive and sent men and dogs in various directions, with most of 'em ordered to surround a large tract of pine woods lying between the main highway, some back roads and a swampy creek."

"You stay right heah on the highway," the sheriff ordered. 'Best place in the county to shoot a deah.' Then he took his departure. Time passed and within a few minutes cars began pulling up beside me on the highway."

"Deah hunt, cap'n?" the occupants questioned.

"Yep," we replied.

"Swell!" was the invariable reply. 'We'll be back soon as we can catch up some dawgs and get ouh guns.' They were. It wasn't until then that I realized why the sheriff had insisted on that particular highway deer stand."

"You mean," interrupted the doctor, "that he had some ulterior motive in stationing you there?"

"Certainly!" we replied. "Somebody had to stay on that road to direct traffic and why shouldn't a Yankee be assigned that thankless chore?"

"A half-hour or so later a shotgun barked somewhere in the distance," we resumed, "and in less than five minutes those quiet pine woods were hideous with sounds of baying hounds, yipping mongrels, rebel yells and horn tootings. It sounded like feeding time at the Bronx Zoo, only louder."

"That shot was the signal for the start of the hunt, eh?"

"Exactly," we replied. "And what a hunt it was! Some of the dogs were running foxes, some rabbits and others, for all I know, driving deer."

"What did the dogs put out to you?" queried the doc.

"I was coming to that," we answered him. "For a while most of the dogs were running in the opposite direction. Then, suddenly, canine clamor broke out in the pine woods less than a quarter of a mile away, and headed directly my way. The sheriff hadn't been kidding, after all. I slipped the safety off and a moment later caught sight of something big flashing through that evergreen scrub on the dead run. What a buck! And unless the chase veered away, I was certain to get a good shot! Again there was a quick flash of a big animal, as I waited, tense and ready. Then from a clump of pines burst one of the largest and most excited mules I ever saw!"

"You mean," broke in the doc, "those hounds were running a mule?"

"Just that," we replied, "and I'm not too certain that jinx wasn't riding the critter. Anyway, the mule galloped up to the fence, looked me over and snorted."

"One jackass greeting another," the doctor observed dryly. "Go on."

"Well, that was enough deer hunting for one day for me. The car was parked off the side of the road about a hundred yards away so I unloaded the gun, climbed into the bus, turned on the radio and took things easy. And what with the music and a warm sun, I guess I dozed off. Dogs were running off in the pine woods to the right, but I wasn't interested. When the chase again headed my way, I still wasn't interested. 'That mule again,' I said to myself."

"Anyway, the hound music got louder and louder and I finally sat up and began to take notice. Just in time to see a nice buck sail over the fence within twenty yards of that highway stand, clear the concrete with one bound and disappear in the woods on the other side, closely pursued by a passel of hounds."

"And there wasn't anything you could do about it," observed the doc.

"Not a thing," we replied, "except get away from there before the guide,



"All right, stop pointing! We know its time for your walk!"

that hard-eyed sheriff and his pals returned and began asking questions. I wasn't sure what those guys would do to a Yankee for leaving a deer stand, and I didn't hanker to stick around and find out. So I got out of there, found the guide and three of his dogs and clammed up about what had happened.

"Next day we went bear hunting, and for a little while it looked like we'd peel a hide. One of the dogs chased a bear around a gum swamp, then the bear, no doubt egged on by our jinx, turned on the hound and ran him to hell out of the woods. That ended the bear chase.

"Next day I went duck hunting again, and stayed out from shortly after sunup to late afternoon. One shot, one duck. That finished me. I knew when I was licked, so I loaded the bus and drove home. Through four hundred miles of blinding fog, with the jinx laughing itself silly."

"Yours is indeed an interesting case," the doctor replied, arising and reaching for his hat. "Tonight when I get home I will consult an ancient volume in my possession which deals with demonology and such like, from which I shall draw inspiration. Your jinx will be driven away, never fear."

We hope the guy wasn't kidding.



"Say, are you finished with these whiskers in the sink?"

## HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL ELKS

We all look forward to the New Year with its peacetime opportunities that for four long years have been denied us. We have spent so many millions for destruction and death that it seems a pity that in peace time we could not spend at least a small percentage of this amount for the curing of disease and the saving of life. The Elks Lodges have always contributed generously to these humanitarian causes and for this the whole world thanks you. May you continue your fine work and encourage others to do the same. Then we will all have a Happy New Year every year.



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## In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 57)

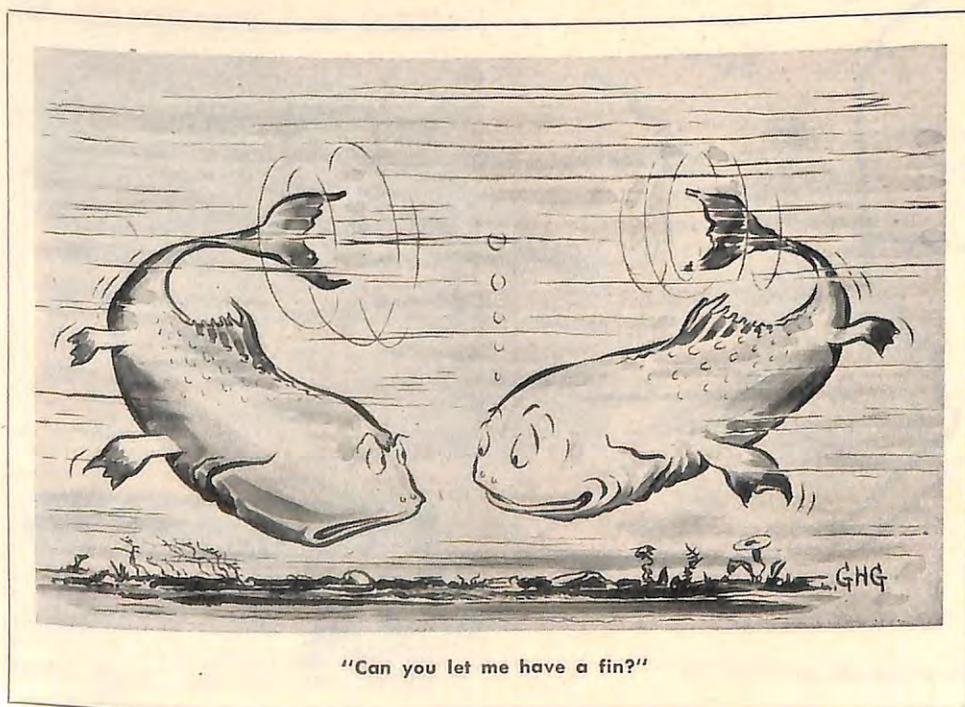
One of the most popular of all hounds and yet not socially in the good graces of the American Kennel Club—which means he has no official recognition where blue-blooded purps gather, is the coonhound. This fellow—as is generally agreed, although mind you, there's nothing official about this, he being unrecognized—should stand about 22 to 25 inches at the shoulder and weigh in at from 40 to 60 lbs. Any hound color will do, which means any combination of black and white, tan and white or black, tan and white. He should have a free, open voice, loud and with a bugle note in it. A kind of canine hog caller. When he locates his 'coon (raccoon) he's supposed not to keep it a secret. He's found wherever 'coon hunting is popular, particularly in the South and the East. He's perhaps the only dog used for night hunting as this is the time when Mr. 'Coon begins to prowl. The job for the dog of course is to trail the beastie by scent. The 'coon, no speedster, finds refuge in a tree and it's then up to the dog to keep his prey, there until help comes to shake Brer 'Coon loose from his perch. It is then the dog's job to close in and help make the kill. So popular are those dogs that it would seem that some parts of these United States known no other breed. He is a regular fixture in the lives of thousands of southern and eastern farm boys and men. Occasionally field trials are held for these dogs at which time a tame 'coon is brought over the course (about a mile long)

to give the scent. The raccoon is first dunked in water to make the odor sharper. Eight dogs at a time are run for each "heat" with a different 'coon used each time to avoid confusing the dogs. Awards are based upon how swiftly the dogs trail, how well they locate the 'coon by barking when it is treed. Opossum hunting is another job these dogs do particularly well. Friend 'possum is also addicted to night walking hence this too is lantern-light hunting with pretty much the same routine as employed to get raccoon. From all you read you might believe that the proceeds from this kind of hunting were only enjoyed by the colored brethren but don't you believe it. There's a heap of white folks who'll walk a mile, indeed, miles and miles, for a meal of 'possum with gravy, corn bread and yams. Here's one. And I'll trade this for *filet de Bouef Champagnons Frais* made by any high-hat joint—anytime. I know what I'm talking about. I've tasted both.

IN THE matter of being on the hunt, the action of the coursing hounds needs no explanation. The game is sighted and the dogs are loosed. It's for them simply a matter of keeping the quarry in sight, holding it at bay when it is treed or overtaken and forced to fight, until the hunter arrives to make the kill. True, the race may be long and sometimes is, fox-hounds have been known to follow the fox for as long as twenty-four hours and are perhaps possessed with

more endurance by far than the majority of all dogs. Theirs is a combination of sight and scent trailing. They are not the swiftest of the hounds but this very combination makes them unusually effective on small fast prey, such as the fox. The real trailing hounds, those that depend not upon sight but almost entirely on their beaks or scenting ability, reveal the dog at his canniest. Without sight or sound of the game, these dogs will follow it for hours entirely by scent.

If you or I had the keenness of scent perception possessed by some of the hounds this world might be a very unpleasant place for us. Odors that we now never notice might intrude themselves upon us with sickening effect. Fortunately civilization has blunted the scent sense for most of us although I can readily detect the cheese in some of the novels I've read recently—but that's something else. Now the reason why Fido's nose is keener is that his schnozzle offers comparatively greater area for scent reception. This may explain why some dogs that are deaf continue to be pretty good watchdogs. They detect the presence of strangers by scent and also by vibration, but scent plays the leading part. This likewise goes for those unfortunate purps that may be blinded. The tracking dogs work by foot-scent impression left by the game or, as it may be, a person who is being tracked. The dogs that go after our feathered friends hunt by body-scent of the game. For the foot-scent trackers, damp or even wet ground (if not too wet) provides the makings for a better trail than does dry ground. A windy day is not unusually favorable as the scent may quickly blow away. If that income tax man comes after you, bear in mind this little tip—new shoes leave practically no scent. Okay, pal. Maybe you can help me some time. Extremely cold weather lowers scent perception for the dog as it tends to destroy odor along a trail. But snow, by no means kills scent. On the contrary it enables the dog to pick it up with greater ease. Underbrush, grass, leaves, catch and hold stronger scent for the dog than does bare ground or newly broken soil. One of the mysteries of Fido's possession of this power is to some people, how he (or she) can tell the direction in which the game or the trailed person has been traveling. To the dog there is a distinction between heel and toe scent. The impression left by the quarry or person is stronger at the front of the foot than at the heel. Few people, still fewer animals, walk entirely on their heels. Hence it is no difficult thing



"Can you let me have a fin?"



for the dog to determine the direction that the person or animal being tracked has taken.

Training a dog for tracking is largely a matter of stubborn persistence plus the dog's own intelligence in grasping what is wanted of him or her. The lessons should be given where there is quiet and freedom from distraction. The dog should be tied in an open field or not too dense woods. An assistant will be needed to taunt the tied dog, tease it and make it want to go after its tormentor. Each time the person who is doing this should run away from the dog, but always beginning in plain sight and trying to keep in sight for a reasonable time. By this I mean not running away and immediately disappearing. His foot impressions should be firm in the ground. He should run with the wind blowing from him to the dog. This helps Fido to follow more easily the trail as he (or she) is assisted by the body odor of the runaway. Thus assisted the dog can keep its nose close to the ground to follow the foot trail. The next step is to hitch a long rope to your pupil's collar. Bring the dog along the trail left by your assistant but be careful to keep to one side so your foot scent won't confuse the dog. Give command

words such as "Get it" or "Seek", the latter being best because it is sharper, having the attention-getting sibilant "S" in it. If your dog loses the scent always take him or her back to the starting place, being careful not to step on your assistant's trail. Use a judicious mixture of scolding and praise for bad or good performances. In the early stages see to it that you keep the dog on the rope and only turn it loose after it has gotten the idea to track and when your assistant is heavily clothed or his clothing is well padded. This is in case the dog catches up to him and launches an attack. Don't try any part of this business of turning your dog free to trail your assistant without first taking every precaution. If this is managed unwisely, it can result in a dangerous situation or very real injury to your assistant. *Bear this in mind.* Remember, in these early lessons the dog has learned to regard the assistant as an enemy. It will help if the assistant rubs his shoes with a strong meat or fat or aniseed or any other not-too-disagreeable smelling substance. There is much more to this business of teaching your dog to trail—too much for the limits of one article and at a later time, if you wish, I'll be glad to carry this further.



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## The Insects Have It

(Continued from page 16)

sect communication except that many insects (in a manner similar to bats which have been proficient in the use of super-sonic radar to guide themselves) operate in sound channels which we now know to exist but which we cannot hear or detect. It is possible that they are comfortably well off in communication in realms of sight, smell or sound of which we yet know almost nothing.

At any rate insects which have organized successful societies under

forms of government in which we are still neophytes are unlikely to admit for a minute a superiority based on automobiles, telephones, bathtubs or even atom bombs. These bugs which have been through the mill of political and economic organization and come out with something which works are likely to scramble one of our slogans for us and toss it right back in our teeth: "When better worlds are built," they might say, "insects will build them."

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## Letters from a Correspondent

(Continued from page 50)

He's a good guy for me to team up with.

I just found I can go on an operation leaving here to drop parachute jumpers into Aparri. Twelve of us correspondents have signed up; we spend a night at an air-strip down the line, take off at dawn, drop the paratroopers and fly back here by 3:30 tomorrow afternoon. I'll write you about it.

I'm happy to get a crack at this because both Luzon and Okinawa are so close to being cleaned up that I will never get to the front—even in time for the final clean-up—by going through the regular channels. Papers, papers, papers. Talk, talk, talk. Ya-ta-ta, ya-ta-ta, ya-ta-ta. And the other operations such as Borneo and Hollandia are so far away that it would lengthen my stay out here indefinitely

ly were I to try getting in on one. So this thing is heaven-sent.

So far as I can make out there won't be much opposition. However, if by some chance I do get a vital part severed from this godlike frame, please make my apologies and say, "Mr. Phillips regrets he's unable to lunch today."

The Sulu Sea  
June 20, 1945

Hold your hats, boys!

When I left you last it was just before getting in a plane and there were all kinds of schemes afoot. It went something like this: We twelve correspondents flew to an airfield and got into another plane which took us to another airfield—Lipa, sixty miles south of Manila. It was from this field that the Japs bombed and

kamekazied our troops on Leyte during the invasion. They even had the gall to drop paratroops. After the invasion the Japs fled north and settled around Aparri which is in the northernmost part of the Island of Luzon.

The 11th Airborne Division took Lipa Field and now it was their turn to drop on the self-same division which had attacked them on Leyte. This fact naturally aroused wholehearted enthusiasm.

The Japs were concentrated up in the Cagayen Valley confronting Aparri. About 4,000 of them were there engaged by guerrillas. It was our mission to relieve the guerrillas and pin the Japs in between the sea at the north, the 32nd Infantry Division advancing from the south, the guerrillas at the right and a river at the left.

There were a thousand paratroopers of the 11th Airborne involved in the mission. All of the correspondents were scheduled to return to the base with the planes after the jump.

We grabbed the sock at 4:45 and yawning and scratching we dragged ourselves out to the air-strip in the cheerless half-light. Already it was hot. Nobody wanted to go. All of us were hungry—no coffee, no shaves, no nothing—and I didn't know until it was all over that the other guys were scared witless. I was so dumb or so ignorant I didn't know enough to be scared. All I could think was, "Oh, God, why can't the Army ever do anything at a civilized hour—say eleven o'clock! What difference does it make whether we kill 'em before breakfast or after?"

The paratroopers were wonderful kids. They had folding cots beside their planes and when we got there they, too, were just getting up, yawning and scratching and griping. While it was still dark a General came up in a jeep, with an entourage of a lot of other jeeps. He went from plane to plane and spoke a few kindly last words of Extreme Unc-tion, patting the jump-masters on the back and shaking their hands. Naturally after that everyone wanted to shake the hand of the man who had shaken hands with the General.

It was still dark when we took off, and believe it or not, Mr. Babcock was stuck fast to me like a limpet. (What in hell is a limpet? I'm always reading about them being stuck to people in English novels.) We had been asked to go, one correspondent to a plane, but Mr. Babcock found himself unable to bear such a separation. So there he was, big and fat and fifty, on my plane, talking loudly to our youths about the last war—a subject from which their minds tended to wander. Of these youths



"Yoo-hoo, Melvin, have you got those films developed yet?"

there were twenty—averaging in age about twenty-one. The oldest were twenty-eight and twenty-six, and they were called "Pappy" and "Uncle" respectively. As far as they were concerned I, at thirty-three, had reached a rich maturity and Mr. Babcock was already dead and buried. In addition to our troopers we carried a parapack of ammunition and a mortar. The ammo was in a separate pack. Each weighed about six hundred pounds.

When we had been off the ground a few minutes and I had been introduced around, I wanted to get their names for the record. So I passed out a sheet of paper with a pencil and asked for names and addresses. To my horror they thought I was asking for their autographs, and all signed the paper with that silly face people always put on when giving autographs. To complete my embarrassment, Mr. Babcock also thought I was seeking autographs and evidently regarded it as a splendid idea. The first thing I knew he had taken out a couple of peso notes and a large gold fountain pen and was fatuously going from boy to boy getting their signatures on the notes. I died a thousand deaths.

Incidentally, the boys' names are First Lieutenant Glenn Dee Covert, Danville, Ill., our plane's 23-year-old jump-master; S/Sgt. J. L. Wright, Flint, Mich.; S/Sgt. Adrian E. Southers, Anderson, Ind.; Pvt. James K. Law, Springfield, Ohio; Pfc. Joseph W. Poshek, Kirksville, Mo.; T/5 Bill Keister, Whiting, Ind.; Sgt. Jim Stevens, Bremerton, Wash.; Cpl. Calvin Whatley, Dallas, Tex.; Pfc. David E. Tow, Tulsa, Okla.; John Anderson, Johnston, Pa.; Pfc. Donald Poland,

Chicago, Ill., and T/5 Harve E. Cecil, Kenosha, Wis. I'm not too sure of these names. Some of the kids were so self-confident that they were fast asleep and I didn't have the heart to wake them simply to ask them to autograph Mr. Babcock's foreign money.

The next thing I knew, all of them except Mr. Babcock and I were asleep. I was busy observing, snooping about, in and out of everything like a mink. From his expression I assume that Mr. B. was wishing he had gone elsewhere before we took off.

This was the third combat jump of this outfit which also landed at Los Baños and (Cagayan) Tagaitai Ridge on Luzon. The group included elements of the 511th Parachute Infantry Regiment as well as units of the 472nd Field Artillery Battalion, and equalled one battery of Field Artillery. We also carried medics, photographers, and engineers of the 127th Engineers Battalion. I flew in C47 No. X12A of the Jungle Skippers (more formally known as the 317th Troop Carrier Group) under the command of General John H. Lackey. These were the guys who (with great cost to themselves) dropped paratroops on Corregidor when we began to retake the Philippines.

Among other things, the door (hatch? bulkhead?) of each plane had been removed to facilitate the hasty departure of our passengers; so we were exposed to the atmosphere. Over and around all the hinges and catches of the door, scotch tape or its equivalent had been pasted to provide a smooth exit so as not to catch on the kids' clothes or equipment. I thought that was a most ingenious idea and marveled at the



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## FAME IN A NAME

By Fairfax Downey

### Floral Tribute

He wanted to be a soldier, did this American youngster born in Charleston, S. C., in the midst of the Revolution. Oddly he was also fond of botany. The War of 1812 offered him a military career, but instead he was sent as Agent to Chile, being talented at languages. Still there was no keeping him out of action. He took a gallant part in the struggle which wrested Chile's independence from Spain.

Back home again, he rose rapidly, served a term in the House of Representatives and in 1825 was appointed our first Minister to Mexico. Since he couldn't resist mixing in that country's turbulent politics, he was recalled at the request of the Mexican Government. Before long he was in another furor. Stoutly he helped Andy

Jackson crush Nullification in his native State.

President Van Buren made him Secretary of War, and he was a corking good one. He reorganized the Army, improved frontier defenses against the Indians, advocated universal military training and established a General Staff which unfortunately lapsed, to be revived many years later by another great War Secretary, Elihu Root.

His place in history is secure, but you say him with flowers. He brought back from Mexico and developed a plant which with its brilliant scarlet leaves is one of the most decorative in the world. Ladies and gentlemen, a toast to Joel Roberts Poinsett and the *Poinsettia*.



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forethought and planning which went into such a mission, while at the same time I could not help but notice the draught.

We had all been wet with sweat when we took off, and while it is true that the breeze dried out our clothes, at the same time it deposited a thin film of ice over our bodies. There were two blankets which spread thinly over fourteen guys, and I was kept busy tucking them in. We flew north for two hours, when Lieutenant Covert, the jump-master, roused everyone, and the boys started climbing into gear. I don't know why I had feared for them; they were so completely covered with attachments that they must have weighed 225 lbs. apiece, and it was difficult to believe that any bullet yet made could find its way through that maze of supplies and weapons.

Gradually we were coming down, our ears were cracking, and the topography of Luzon (which is very mountainous) looked more and more like one of those relief maps contrived by Norman Bel Geddes for LIFE. The jump-master gave the boys a short briefing: be sure their static lines were properly adjusted; get out of chutes first thing on landing; run toward the left of the smoke-screen where there would be a big white house (that was the place of assembly); if there was opposition, lie flat, get out of the chutes, avoid getting shot, and still go to the place of assembly. One of the boys was sweating; he saw me looking at him. "Yeah, I'm sweating," he said, "but not because I'm hot."

The jump-master shouted, "Everybody happy?" There was a chorus of yells. "You're a bunch of — — — liars," the jump-master said.

The twenty-eight-year-old, "Pappy", grinned at me.

For something to say, I asked fatuously, "Do you say 'Geronimo' when you jump?"

"Who, me?" Pappy asked, astonished. "Hell, no! I look up and say, 'Oh, you great, big, beautiful, white son of a b——!'"

"There's the river!" the jump-master yelled. (The airstrip we were after was on the other side of the river.) "Stand up"—then—"Hook up!"

At 600 feet the boys got up and hooked their release cords onto the cable that runs the length of the plane. The jump-master, the 1st sergeant and I tackled the parapsacks and stood them up in the exit opening.

"There's the smoke-screen!" Covert yelled. I stepped back against the side of the plane so they wouldn't catch on to me and carry me out.

"Let's go—Happy landings!" the jump-master hollered. He pushed out the mortar, the 1st sergeant pushed out the ammo, and the jump-master disappeared. There was a rush and flurry, a rattling of the hooks on the cable, and they were

out almost as fast as the eye could see. I figured seven seconds for all twenty to jump.

Then behind me there was another rush as the plane crew dashed up to the opening. We all bloody near got thrown out of the plane, craning our necks to stick our heads out of the opening to see our boys. But we couldn't distinguish them from the others jumping simultaneously from the rest of the ships. The wind roared into the opening and the sun streamed down on hundreds of parachutes, white in the main, but some colored, like the snow-flakes inside a crystal paperweight. Gradually, slowly, almost interminably, they floated down. (Actually it took about fifteen seconds.)

Ours was the first plane into the target, which was a rice-paddy near the air-strip, so I didn't get as good a view of the landings as I would have liked. Behind us were fifty-four planes—forty C47s and fourteen C46s—all carrying troops—(eighteen or twenty to a plane). Behind these came the first gliders to be used in the Pacific, six small troop carriers and one larger glider carrying a radio-equipped jeep. The gliders made almost perfect landings (one coming in nicked the one ahead of it and took off a bit of wing). Behind them all—the gliders and the dropping paratroops and those already on the ground—was the smoke-screen, white and lying as if glued to the ground, with the big B25s roaring up and down its cloudy length laying smoke and more smoke.

Our plane performed a wide sweep off to the left of the rice paddy and mounted into the mountains to the east, getting farther and farther from our boys on the ground. Up above we had our hearts in our mouths, our eyes flicking from deep rice to river-bank to smoke-screen for signs of enemy opposition; there was nothing. Then we all yelled, "By God! They made it!" A complete surprise! So naturally we jumped up and down and beat one another on the back. And then I suddenly realized there had been no flak. No ack-ack! No anti-aircraft fire at all! This dawned on me with my mouth hanging open, and I was disappointed.

My first combat mission and no combat.

I found out later that the crew had been sweating it out up forward. When they had dropped paratroopers on Corregidor the planes had come back full of holes and they had lost one ship. It developed that Mr. Babcock hadn't slept all the night before thinking of the flak, and his reactions—both during the jump and afterward—were unmentionably physical, not to say clinical. At least that's how he expressed himself.

Well, so far so good, but it wasn't all lined with satin. That evening the PRO for the 11th Airborne, Lieutenant Banning Repplier of Mont-

clair, N. J., got back from the attack. He had jumped with Jack Dowling of the *Chicago Sun*, the only correspondent who had the guts (or was fool enough) to make the jump. Repplier told me Jack was white as a ghost (he had certainly acted subdued the night before) and jumped ahead of him. For some reason Rep found himself *below* Jack, who was swinging like a pendulum and oscillating like a top, with a dazed, bewildered expression that would have been funny if Rep hadn't been so worried for him. Suddenly Jack came barreling down into Rep's chute, his feet kicking at the suspension lines, and he and Rep nearly got fouled up; it was a close thing whether or no Jack would collapse Rep's chute. Then Jack landed like a hunk of lead. He snapped one leg at the ankle and bunged up the other one pretty badly.

All around the field there were dotted other guys in the same fix. The long, tough grass in the rice-paddy hid holes and hummocks and there was a tricky ground wind. All in all, there were 71 casualties with broken arms or legs or shoulders, and three dead. Rep told me later that usually a jump of that sort and under those conditions wouldn't have netted more than three or four casualties, but the ground wind played hell.

The next day in the communique concerning the action on Luzon there were two lines mentioning that "elements of the 11th Airborne Division parachuted to earth between Aparri and those units already guarding the northern outlet of the Valley."

I thought this very cavalier treatment. Very offhand indeed.

When we got back to Manila who should I find but our old friend Frank J. Taylor who used to write stuff for us, looking like a gentle and bewildered country cousin. He is a member of one of those special spees the Air Force is always thinking up and sending around the world. He is accompanied by Dalton Trumbo of the films; George Harmon Coxe who specializes in crime stories; Joe Furnas ("And Sudden Death"); Hugh B. Cave, fiction and Navy books ("Transport Command", etc.), and other literary luminaries whom I don't know and haven't yet troubled to identify. Somehow or other Mr. Babcock managed to transfer his vacuum cups and fastened on to this group; he did it under my very eyes and without my perceiving how he performed it. Magic! It was he who came to me with the news that there was an amphibious invasion in the wind; the group of writers was going on it; it would be over and done and we would be back in Manila in eight days, and why didn't we go along?

I said, because we hadn't been invited. Frank Taylor heard me and allowed as how he was too old for this kind of junket and why didn't I go in his place? I said, why not

indeed, for it suddenly occurred to me that there was a way in which I could detach myself from Mr. Babcock who wouldn't get to go because there was only room for one. For twenty-four hours I lived in hourly dread that I would get tidings that Mr. B. was scheduled to accompany us. I would not have put it past him to accomplish this feat and I am sure he could have done it except, I learned later, he had been so frightened over the rice paddy he had to have time to recover and wild horses couldn't have dragged him aboard. I accepted with alacrity and am already aboard ship. This letter will be the last till we return to Manila.

So here we go, and I would almost trade our Mr. Ryan for Mr. Babcock. Ryan is a young man—very, VERY

young—who makes conversation in a loud voice which he hopes will carry over to adjacent groups. It does. His accent is one in which the r's are never pronounced and a drawl lends tone to his utterances. Sample: "What in heaven's name is that crawft over there?" he asks. "A seaplane tender," I inform him, from the weight of about an hour's information having just asked the same thing myself. "AAH!" Ryan drawls. "My thanks. I feel richer for that knowledge!"

Mr. Coxe seems to find him amusing, a fact which does not set my mind at rest as Mr. Coxe also seems to find me amusing.

Phillips.

The concluding installment of Mr. Phillips' letters will appear in next month's issue of *The Elks Magazine*.

## Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 29)

**MECHANICVILLE, N. Y.**, Lodge, No. 1403, was 25 years old October 22nd and over 400 people helped to celebrate. The over 400 people helped to celebrate. The officers of Plattsburg Lodge No. 621 initiated 30 new Elks in the presence of William T. Phillips of New York Lodge No. 1, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, Past State Pres. William Fitzsimmons of Albany who instituted No. 1403 and Dr. W. John Maby, Mechanicville Lodge's first Exalted Ruler.

**N. J. STATE ASSN.** On Nov. 14th a bunch of war casualties arrived at the hospital at Camp Kilmer, N. J., and the Elks had a first-rate show ready for them, in spite of the fact that they had only very short notice. Several of the Hospital Committee's old standbys went along, plus two professional acts—a magician and a comedienne.

On Nov. 17th the usual visit to both hospitals at Fort Dix was made by groups which included two Past State Presidents, State Secy. Howard Lewis and Chairman William J. McCormack of the Rehabilitation Committee. When the retainers went into one ward, they were amazed to find one lone boy lying there in bed. He was William Clement, of Pittsburgh, Pa., and his gratitude and happiness when the unit went right ahead and put on its show for his sole pleasure were worth a great deal to this group which time and again has played to packed halls and wards.

**GA. STATE ELKS ASSN.** The final 1945 meeting of the Executive Committee of the Georgia State Association was held at the home of Buckhead Lodge No. 1635 on Armistice Day. Past Pres.'s Judge John S. McClelland, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, J. Gordon Hardy, Charles G. Bruce, J. Clayton Burke and Roderick M. McDuffie; D.D.'s Jesse D. Jewell and Paul E. Henson, and 60 representatives of 16 lodges were there. Pres. R. J. Alander reported that Columbus Lodge No. 1639 was ready to move into its new home, and enough money was raised to give the beautiful old colonial home of Marietta Lodge No. 1657 a new coat of paint.

The Crippled Children's League of Georgia, through its president, Mr. Burke, reported that it's been having a lot of luck collecting cash for the erection of an orthopedic hospital, and plans were completed for the State ritualistic contest.

**HASTINGS, NEB.**, Lodge, No. 159, witnessed the tragic and sudden death of P.E.R. John P. Madgett. Mr. Madgett was most proficient in the reciting of "Thanatopsis" and was often called upon to give a reading of it. It was during his rendition of the famous poem at the initiation of 16 members during the official visit of D.D. H. L. Blackledge of Kearney Lodge, that death came to Mr. Madgett.

Prominent in the real estate and insurance business, Mr. Madgett was active in the American Legion and numerous fraternal organizations. He had a record of four years in military service starting prior to World War I.

**AMSTERDAM, N. Y.**, Lodge, No. 101, always has its collective hand in its collective pocket when it comes to helping out in the city's projects. When the Amsterdam Elks learned that the Senior High School Band wasn't looking its best in public, they started the ball rolling with a \$200 shove toward getting the band new uniforms. E.R. Mark J. Quinn handed the check to Frank Jetter, Supervisor of Music in the public schools, who received it gratefully. He knew that this substantial donation would give a big boost to raising the large sum necessary for the complete sartorial equipment of the organization and the purchase of new instruments.

**OMAHA, NEB.**, Lodge, No. 39, held a special session in honor of the visit of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick. Judge James M. Fitzgerald, State Association Trustee and former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum presided, and the meeting was opened shortly after the close of the Old Timers Reunion Dinner which was one of the most enjoyable the Elks ever held. While waiting for Dr. McCormick who was speaking at a banquet of the Mid-West Clinical Society, 140 Elks listened to music by Organist Eddie Gerken and the Glee Club under the baton of Billy Meyers. A sincere and interesting speaker, Dr. McCormick is a guest well worth waiting for.

Another welcome visitor that evening was Joseph Blaha, Chief Yeoman of the Navy and a Past Exalted Ruler of Agana, Guam, Lodge, No. 1281, who recently returned to his home in Omaha where he is receiving medical treatment after four years as a Jap prisoner.

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**GALENA, ILL.,** Lodge, No. 882, picked the night of D.D. James D. Ward's official visit to decide that it would give the local Volunteer Fire Department an inhalator, resuscitator and respirator that can also substitute for an iron lung. Right up to the minute in fire prevention, Galena's volunteers have long felt the need for this equipment.

The District Deputy was entertained at dinner before the meeting which included the initiation of a large class of candidates.

### Moving Picture of Elks National Home, Bedford, Virginia

The West Virginia State Elks Association has donated to the Elks National Home a sixteen-millimeter film showing scenes in and around the Home. It is a silent film and the running time is about thirty minutes.

Any lodge or State Association may have the use of this film by applying to R. A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Virginia.

**MENDOTA, ILL.,** Lodge, No. 1212, once had an auditorium in its home. Now that room is equipped with six brand-new Brunswick-Balke Deluxe bowling alleys, and No. 1212 is prepared to hold any kind of tournament. Last June Mendota Lodge lost the four alleys in the basement of its home when a flood, following a tornado, ruined them. When they received a prospectus from the Postwar Planning Committee, the Trustees voted for six alleys on the main floor—above water level—so they wouldn't have that headache again. Club leagues were organized immediately.

No. 1212 is all set to go to town on a rehabilitation program that will cost \$75,000. They plan to have a lounge for the ladies and one for the men, a banquet room, an enlarged lodge room and new furnishings. They've bought a lot and expect to build a two-story addition on it—evidently the purchase of the six bowling alleys was just a drop in the bucket.

**CLIFTON, ARIZ.,** Lodge, No. 1174, opened its new quarters on the upper floor of the Valley National Bank Building and entertained a steady stream of visitors at Open House and dancing, Sept. 8th.

D.D. Robert C. Russell, Jr., of Ajo Lodge presided at the dedication exercises, when Past Grand Tiler Joseph F. Mayer of Globe, and Past Grand Est. Lecturing Knight M. H. Starkweather of Tucson, President of the Arizona State Elks Hospital, spoke.

**LAKE CITY, FLA.,** Lodge, No. 893, started something early in the Fall with its series of parties and entertainment for hospitalized veterans. They have met with a great deal of success—the men never tire of music and bingo. On November 5th, every patient got a prize. In addition, the lodge's plans include a periodic survey to determine the needs of the veterans so that the necessities not provided may be secured for them by the Elks.

**SALEM, ILL.,** Lodge, No. 1678, became part of the B.P.O. Elks November 2nd, when D.D. T. H. Hall of Carmi instituted it before 275 people, including State Elk officials. There were 104 new members and 24 transfers from other lodges. The officers of Centralia Lodge No. 493 officiated at both the institution and initiation ceremonies.

The Salem Elks will have a good-looking place to hang their hats when the repairs on their newly purchased lodge home are completed. The beautiful, three-story residence, a block from the main square of the city, was purchased for \$16,000 through a bond issue of \$20,000. The extra \$4,000 will be used for alterations. The lot on which the home stands is large enough to allow the Salem Elks to add to the rear of the building, which they plan to do, to provide a place for social activities.

**BINGHAMTON, N. Y.,** Lodge, No. 852, burned the mortgage on its home recently with approximately 300 members and guests in attendance, including eighteen Past Exalted Rulers.

E.R. Foster J. Parke and Trustees C. Y. Cushman, Ben Cohen and Harold L. Stanton all took part in actually destroying the paper.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan of Queens Borough Lodge No. 878, Supreme Court Justice, was the main speaker, with Past State Pres. Howard A. Swartwood, P.E.R., introducing the other speakers, including George I. Hall, Lynbrook, Secy. and Home Member of the Board of Grand Trustees, D.D. M. T. Lee, Norwich, and State Pres. Ronald J. Dunn, Oneida. Rev. Earle F. Anable, Assistant Pastor of St. Thomas Aquinas Church, gave the Invocation.

**BLOOMFIELD, N. J.,** Lodge, No. 788, got together with practically the whole town and gave a big blow-out November 7th for Hank Borowy—a fellow member who, everyone knows, is the outstanding Chicago Cub pitcher.

Sgt. Clifford C. Spatcher, a member of Bloomfield Lodge, had charge of the entertainment, with the Elk hospital group making things lively. Many State Elk officers, including Pres. Charles Maurer of Dunellen, joined big names in the sporting world to pay tribute to Hank Borowy. Past State Pres. Wm. J. McCormack of Orange, Chairman of the State Rehabilitation Committee, was Toastmaster with State Labor Commissioner Harry C. Harper, P.E.R. of Hackensack Lodge, the principalspeaker. Rev. Eugene J. O'Keefe, S.J., an athlete himself, had much to say of interest to everyone; an Army Captain, he was a prisoner of the Japs for three years. Mr. Borowy received a diamond Elk ring from E.R. E. M. Gruchacz.



**WINSTON (WINSTON-SALEM), N. C.,** Lodge, No. 449, transferred its activities November 16th to the Marine Roof of the Robert E. Lee Hotel. It was the 47th anniversary of the lodge and reservations for the dinner and dance celebrating the occasion were made by more than 300 Elks and their ladies. Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, former Governor of Florida, and Word H. Wood, a charter member of No. 449, spoke, with E.R. J. Fred Richardson as Toastmaster.

### 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.

**DALLAS, TEX.,** Lodge, No. 71, on Nov. 13th honored Federal Judge William Hawley Atwell, who has served on the district bench since 1922, at a banquet at the Hotel Adolphus Palm Garden. Judge Atwell, the only Texan ever elected to the office of Grand Exalted Ruler, dropped his judicial demeanor and was just one of the boys as he received the tributes of his fellow members.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert South Barrett of Alexandria, Va., who came to Dallas to take part in this testimonial to Judge Atwell, delivered the principal address and read congratulatory messages from Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner and all of the Past Grand Exalted Rulers. He also spoke of the fine work being done by Texas Elks who contributed \$143,000 to charity in 1944 and increased the State membership 21 per cent.

P.E.R. John Smart was Toastmaster at the dinner attended by many distinguished guests, including Corporation Court Judge Frank O'Brien, of Dallas Lodge, State Pres. Raymond L. Wright of Houston, and Eddie Vaughn, Elks Public Relations director.

**MINOT, N. D.,** Lodge, No. 1089, had D.D. Mack V. Traynor of Devils Lake as a guest Oct. 26th. Mr. Traynor spoke at the regular lodge session, after he was entertained at dinner by the officers and Past Exalted Rulers. Two weeks earlier, No. 1089's first Exalted Ruler, Judge L. J. Palda, welcomed 50 new members into the lodge when they were initiated by a team headed by E.R. W. D. Vandersluis.

**GREAT FALLS, MONT.,** Lodge, No. 214, gave the convalescent patients at the Hospital of the Alaskan Division Army Air Base Air Transport Command out there a wonderful time November 7th. Major John H. Nelmar, an inspector at the Base and a member of No. 214, is Chairman of the committee appointed to carry out a series of these affairs which include dance music and refreshment.

# JANUARY

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