

# Elks

APRIL 1948





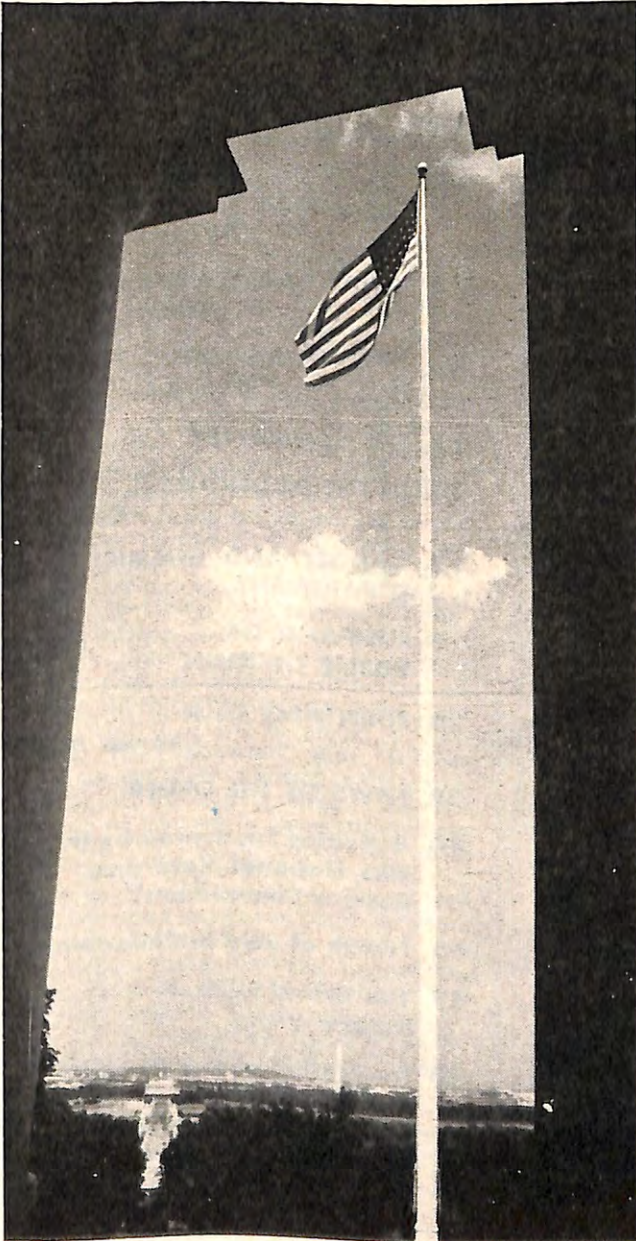
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# A message from THE GRAND EXALTED RULER



Ewing Galloway

*"I pledge allegiance to the flag  
of the United States of America,  
and to the Republic for which it  
stands, one Nation, indivisible,  
with liberty and justice for all."*

## LET'S TALK IT OVER

**B**Y THE time these words reach you the new leader of each subordinate lodge will have been elected and will be about to be installed in the highest office the subordinate lodge can bestow.

Exalted Rulers!—Yours is a sacred responsibility—the future accomplishments and cherished reputation of your lodge are completely in your hands. The Order of Elks must be even finer and even better by reason of your stewardship. I expect you to be a courageous leader—to use your gavel with firmness and courage—to insist that all be done to the credit of your lodge in your community and in our country.

Remember that the leader who tries to please everyone pleases no one.

If you haven't the desire for greater achievements for your lodge, nor the unselfishness to devote the time to insure their accomplishment, nor the courage to demand compliance with *all* the laws of our Order by all of our members, your lodge and your Order will suffer because of your failure to measure up.

If you find in your lodge any who do not thrill with pride over our matchless accomplishments—our service to humanity, our communities and our nation—but who seek only their selfish pleasures at the expense of the high esteem of all of our people, I look to you either to build up that pride in them or make it plain to them that the Order of Elks is too fine and too big to tolerate those who would tear down rather than build up our priceless name.

Expectantly yours,

L. A. LEWIS

GRAND EXALTED RULER

**TWENTY-FIVE YEARS  
AGO THIS MONTH  
IN THE ELKS  
MAGAZINE**



**G**RAND ESQUIRE Charles H. Grakelow sketched early plans for the 1923 Grand Lodge Convention in Atlanta, Georgia.

The Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission announced final approval of plans for what is now our magnificent Memorial Building in Chicago.

Col. John P. Sullivan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare, wrote inspiringly on community work for lodges.

Albert Payson Terhune left his famed stories on dogs long enough in 1923 to write "The Muscle-Buster" for the April issue. If the Magazine publishes another collection of favorites of the past, this he-man story should be included as a sample of 1923-narrative style.

Author William McCleod Raine's contribution for the April issue evoked this 1923 editorial comment: "His article, 'The Spirit of the West', strikes a note of optimism which is somewhat refreshing after the wide-spread complaints of recent years that the country is going to the dogs."

Advertised products brought to the specific attention of Elks included: Chevrolet, Williams Shaving Stick, Crane Plumbing, Beech-Nut Confections, Palmolive Shaving Cream and El Producto Cigars.

A serial story, "Pretenders", by Meredith Nicholson, ran in the early 1923 issues. Serials were not popular in *Elks*. A few were tried but they were voted out by a deluge of correspondence from members who complained, justly, that a month was too long to wait for the next instalment of an interesting story.

Plays running on Broadway included: "Peer Gynt", "Caroline", "Jack and Jill", "Lady Butterfly", "Little Nelly Kelly" and "The Clinging Vine". Pictured in leading roles were: Joseph Schildkraut, Tessa Costa, Ann Pennington, Imogene Wilson, Elizabeth Hines and Peggy Wood, respectively.

**APRIL, CONTENTS**

**THE  
*Elks*  
MAGAZINE**

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE  
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OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF  
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**COVER DESIGN**

*by Courtney Allen*

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Postmasters are asked to send Form 3578 notices complete with the key number which is printed at upper left-hand corner of mailing address, to The Elks Magazine, 50 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Members are asked, in changing address, to send this information (1) Name; (2) Lodge number; (3) Membership number; (4) New address; (5) Old address. Please allow 30 days for a change of address to be effected.

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## IN THIS ISSUE

### We Present—

ONE of the nation's most distinguished figures, James A. Farley, former Democratic National Chairman and Postmaster General, is an outstanding member of the Order. This month he contributes to us an article especially written for the Order in which he has been so prominent. "Land of the Free" expresses the philosophy of a great democrat and a great American.

In conjunction with Charles D. Feeney, sports writer, John Horn brings to our attention a sidelight on the national pastime, baseball, which is sometimes overlooked—the relief pitcher. Sometimes a relief man appears on the mound only long enough to get his name in the box score. Much of the time, however, he does not get a break from the publicity angle. The able relief man is an invaluable adjunct to any team.

This is the time your editors climb on the bandwagon, beating the drum for the forthcoming Elks National Convention in Philadelphia. As a city, Philadelphia is a "natural" for conventions—witness the fact that both the Republican and Democratic parties will hold their quadrennial conventions there this summer. Philadelphia has much to offer.

It is entirely likely that one of the great deterrents to air travel is the difficulty encountered in commuting from the center of a city to an outlying airport. Since airports must of necessity lie outside any large city, the handicap is inherent. A solution to this difficulty is in sight. It may be adopted in Dayton, Ohio, and already similar suggestions have been made to the great airports of New York. The "monorail" may pull the airlines out of their own hot little fire.

One of the outstanding fraternal events of the winter was the dedication of the plaque commemorating the birth of the Order at Military Hall in New York City. Story and photographs taken on this occasion appear on page 50.

Another item featured in the fraternal section of the Magazine is the request made by the Army and Navy Recruiting Agencies to the Grand Exalted Ruler. Mr. Lewis called upon Mr. Truman and was assured by the President, Major General Hanley, Jr., and Admiral Johnson of the great need felt by the Military to fill the enlistment quotas. Mr. Lewis assured that the Order of Elks would call again upon its membership to exact every effort to fill the country's needs.

Dickson Hartwell never seems to get out of gunshot of the womenfolk. A recent article in which he claims that secretaries make lousy wives brought down upon his head the wrath of womankind. This month it is entirely likely that he will become gun-shy. He instructs the readers on how to make the ladies work for practically nothing!

C. P.

You're definitely in the picture when you've got P.A.\*



A man with a pipe makes a pleasing picture to the ladies. He has Pipe Appeal—and with Prince Albert, he's sure of smoking joy and comfort!

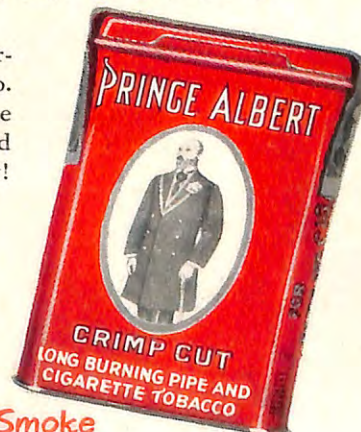
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P.A. MAKES GREAT  
CIGARETTES—  
RICH TASTING,  
MILD, AND COOL!



The National Joy Smoke



# Land of the Free

BY JAMES A. FARLEY


I AM grateful for the opportunity presented by *The Elks Magazine* to discuss Americanism, a subject so vital, not only to us of today, but to the future of our country and the peace of the world. Americanism is the one "ism" that sums up all that America has been, is, and can hope to be. It is the only philosophy of government that has ever recognized the God-given right of man to carve out his own destiny, to share in his own government and to make his own laws.

I know of no forum from which one may speak more effectively, or to a more understanding audience, than from the pages of a magazine representing an American-born Fraternity with a membership of more than 900,000 American citizens of sworn loyalty and an unsurpassed record of service in peace and war.

Americanism is an impelling subject. It is an interpretation of the kind of democracy which must win the battle for world peace if there is to be any peace at all. We are living in a period of world stress and America must recognize the implications of these times. Never in all history was there a time when so many people of so many nations have been starving, homeless and gazing into a hopeless future. These are truly "times that try men's souls", times when there cannot be too much restatement of values or reiteration of the principles that all Americans hold dear. This is our America and the people of no other country in this war-ravaged world enjoy the privileges and blessings that are ours. It is true that war has



Former Postmaster General James A. Farley's distinguished career in public life particularly qualifies him to interpret our basic American principles. Since becoming a member of Haverstraw Lodge 877, in 1911, he has maintained an ardent interest in the Order. He was three times Exalted Ruler of his lodge. In 1918 he was appointed D.D.G.E.R. of Southeast New York District and in 1924 was elected President of the New York State Elks Assn. In this article he speaks as a concerned patriot to his equally concerned fellow members of the Order of Elks.



**An outstanding American  
and distinguished Elk  
defines a free country.**

brought about maladjustments in our economy and its impact has jolted our lives out of pre-war complacency, but the most vehement denouncers of our democracy cannot deny that our people are better fed, housed and clothed than any other people anywhere in the world. This is the answer to those who would substitute the doctrine of Karl Marx for the Declaration of Independence, and the "Internationale" for "The Star-Spangled Banner". The sometimes terrifying aftermath of war must not be permitted to cloud the clear vision of the American people, nor can we permit the enemies of America to inject their poison into the pure stream of democracy that flows through the hearts of the American people, to keep America "always the land of the free".

**W**AR is a devastating experience. It is the young, the strong, the virile who must fight. It casts its shadow over millions of homes and its utter futility, its needless waste, its wanton slaughter, shake faith in the civilizing influence of centuries of culture and progress. Each succeeding war, always more terrible than the last, breeds fear of the next war, and since that day when man's scientific attainments enabled him to smash the atom, the acrid smoke of the atomic bomb has lingered in the nostrils of mankind and all look with shrinking dread for the next war to destroy civilization.

This nation of ours has known six wars, excluding the Revolution, which lighted an inspiring new beacon of liberty for *(Continued on page 6)*



The Liberty Bell sounded a note of freedom that has inspired five generations.

all the world to see and wrote a new chapter of government and human relations. It has had its grim period of internal strife out of which came a nation "one and indivisible" forever. America has never known defeat. The great virility of our country, its unbeatable qualities, are attributed by other nations to our vast natural resources, our great ports, enormous industrial plants and the productive ability of our people. But there is a deeper reason for our unequalled record both in peace and in war, an underlying cause for our triumphs on the battlefield, a factor that transcends all material considerations and inspires our men and women, peace-loving as they are, to sacrifice loved ones, homes, even life itself, when danger threatens America.

I have traveled the length and breadth of our country many times. I have made many visits to each State in the Union. I have not gone as a casual visitor, but with the determined purpose of studying conditions and learning to know their people. I am personally acquainted with hundreds of citizens in each State. My correspondence with my fellow citizens down through the years has been enormous. From my own contacts and observations, I have sensed the spirit of America to the extent that I am willing to attempt to define that all-pervading spiritual essence that we call Americanism. There are 140,000,000 Americans and, I venture to guess, as many definitions of Americanism, but all put together and reduced to their simplest form may be summed up in the word *freedom*; the freedom that exists only in America, and is democracy in its best form.

Freedom is the blood and bone and sinew of America, the underlying force, the inner power that creates

the spirit singular to our nation. Freedom and Americanism are synonymous, and I am thinking of freedom in the terms of what it holds for our future, and its effect upon the future of the world.

LET us examine this remarkable force called freedom that we cherish by instinct and tradition, a freedom we fought for, not only for ourselves, but for people throughout the world. Our freedom is credited with being little more than a century and a half old. However, freedom was in the air when the first Pilgrim landed on the shores of Massachusetts. It impregnated all of those who followed them, and when, on July 4, 1776, the Liberty Bell announced to the world that the Continental Congress had cut all ties with the Old World, the hearts of the Colonists already were aglow with Liberty's flame, and they went forth to achieve victory. The victory they won gave to the world its greatest nation and a system of government founded in the late 18th Century and essentially unchanged since that time. In this chaotic world of today, it holds out the one hope for the freedom of mankind.

Our freedom has carried five generations, through successive stages of progress, to living standards that have astonished the world. It does not owe its origin to any of the decaying governments of the past. Our form of government was born of virile and independent thought. It is predicted upon the Declaration of Independence, the greatest charter of human liberty ever penned, a document that kindled a new light in the darkness of a world where monarchs ruled "by divine right", and whose words were the sole arbiter of man's destiny. Our forefathers, in defiance

of the rulers of the world, declared that "all men were created equal, endowed with certain unalienable rights", among them "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness". Never since the cave man discovered fire had human kind discovered anything so important to human progress as this philosophy upon which was builded a government of, for and by the people, a government with a minimum of hampering laws, a government that gave unrestricted opportunity to individual enterprise and developed in our people the stamina and spiritual strength that have carried America onward and upward through the years.

Our freedom couldn't be patterned after any other form of government, for when America declared herself free and independent there was no real freedom anywhere in the world. The faith and industry of our people, developed through our system of free enterprise, has paced the world spiritually and materially. From the earth and from the depths of the sea, and from the skies above, we have plucked our resources and our men of science have directed them into many channels. Our manufacturers have produced at enormous speed the things that science and invention have designed for the convenience of man. Men of religions, of all faiths and creeds, teachers, poets, philosophers and authors, have inspired us to greater efforts and pointed the way to higher standards and better living. American enterprise has been so truly a happy blend that when war came and all of Europe stood with backs to the wall before the might of Nazi aggression, our productive ability was turned into a gigantic effort that enabled America to supply the allied armies with money, food and manufactured materiel of war that brought victory to our united arms.

THERE are those who attribute our success to great natural resources, but Nature has been bountiful to other countries of the world. Raw material exists everywhere, but the free enterprise, the untrammelled initiative is not there for its development. Some attribute our success to peculiar national characteristics, but they forget that we are peopled by comparatively recent arrivals from practically every quarter of the globe. But we are descended from a line of ancestors who, since America was born, looked toward our country with longing eyes and who subconsciously implanted in the hearts of their offspring a faith in America that made them Americans even before they landed on our shores.

These people, of many races and diverse faiths, coming from many lands where they had been virtually slaves of the state, found that here in America every individual was on his own; that no higher authority attempted to order their lives; that they were free to worship the God of their fathers; that great resources

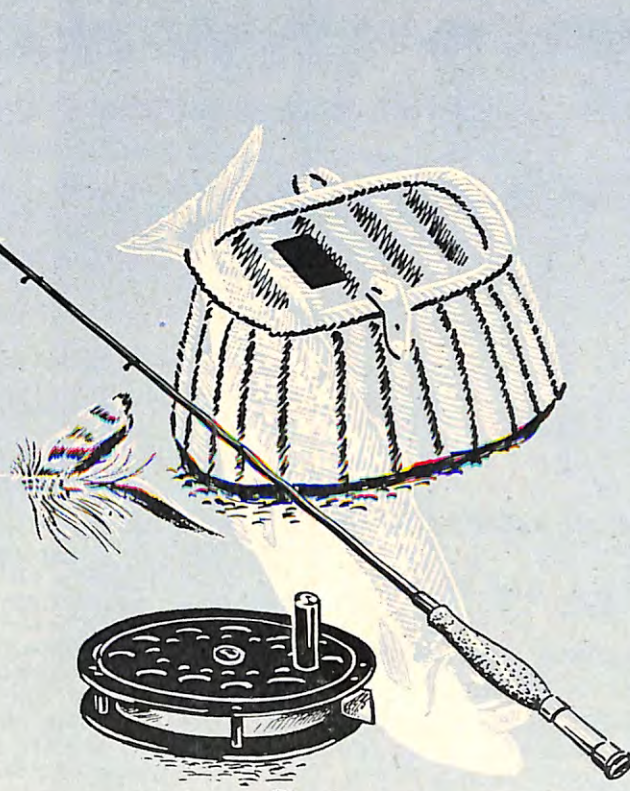
(Continued on page 20)



# ROD and GUN

BY TED TRUEBLOOD

*When the trout season opens,  
some of the wise money will  
be spent in New York State.*



John Wedda

IT WAS Opening Day in New York. Along the East Branch of the Croton River, in the vicinity of Brewster, thousands of anglers stood elbow to elbow, hopefully dangling their lines into the troubled water. Behind this row of lucky fishermen, dozens of bank runners, who had arrived after one a.m., scuttled eagerly back and forth, ready to dart into any opening which might appear in the front rank.

The Rod and Gun Department, northward bound on Route 22, passed this jolly scene just as the new day was becoming light enough to distinguish a motionless angler from a tree trunk. Dan Holland and I were going fishing.

We reached the place about eight a.m., parked the car and got out. When we had assembled our tackle, Dan stuffed his pockets with the usual assortment of boxes and tossed his creel and landing net into the trunk of the car. "I won't need them," he said.

I knew he probably was right, but I couldn't let such a statement go unchallenged. "If you happen to hook a big one don't expect me to net him," I said, "and don't ask me to carry your trout, either. I know too many guys who won't carry a creel and then keep slipping their fish into mine."

Dan said, "Huh!" which was characteristic, but not very illuminating, and we started upstream.

There had been no other car in sight when we parked, and we saw no other anglers as we walked along. It was hard to believe. On the way

out we had passed a stream where there was standing room only; here we had a whole river all to ourselves.

There are 13,479,142 people in New York State—not counting those who were lost in the subway when the census was taken. If they scattered there wouldn't be enough rocks for them to stand on along all the trout streams in the commonwealth. They don't scatter, though. They all try to stand on the same rock.

This gregarious trait of the New Yorker is fortunate for the fish. It is a blessing to the man who doesn't want to say, "Pardon me," every time he casts.

WE HIKED eagerly along, watching the stream. Sunlight sparkled off the ripples and was reflected up against the swelling buds of maple and alder. We noticed that skunk cabbage leaves in a moist spot had thrown aside the leaf mold of their winter coat and were reaching up eagerly into the mild air. Peepers were singing. Spring was everywhere.

We slid down the bank where the river swung around a point and into a deep pool. I turned my attention to it. I liked the way the current sucked around some roots and then swirled out into mysterious depths beyond. Dan went on upstream.

I gave the trout in that pool an opportunity to inspect the finest wet flies that I own. If they looked at them that was all they did. I tried a couple of bucktails. They bore no fruit. Then I put on a spinner. It

spun in vain. If I had had a worm I would have tried it.

The water was low and clear—anglers who were out on Opening Day in 1946 will remember this unusual condition—and I could see no reason why the trout wouldn't strike. But then, I never could see a reason for lots of things pertaining to fish and my inability to catch the varmint.

I finally decided that they might be in the riffles, rather than the pools, and started fishing upstream, moving along rapidly in order to overtake Dan and see whether he was having any luck.

When I got to a point where I could see him, 150 yards away, I noticed that his rod was bent and that he was splashing out of a riffle to the bank. That was a heartening sight. It could mean only one thing. Dan was playing a trout, and it was a good one. He would not go ashore for a little trifier. I hurried to catch up and see the fun.

When I got there, on the opposite side, his rod was bent in a tight arc and his line led into the middle of the stream at a spot where the main force of the current spilled into a shallow pool about 50 feet wide and 75 long. The fish wasn't moving. Dan wasn't moving. I sat down on a rock.

Then I recalled that he had refused to bring his landing net. If the fish turned out to be a big one he would need a net. Still, a trout of 14 or 15 inches could sulk quite a while in water of that type, particularly

*(Continued on page 28)*

# WHAT A RELIEF!



**Modern relief pitchers  
put the old-time  
iron men to shame.**

OLDTIME baseball fans are apt to rear back and lament the sissifying of the national pastime. They recall with foggy nostalgia the iron men who pitched both ends of a doubleheader, and contrast them with great disdain to the prima donna pitchers of today who need three days of rest before they store up enough energy to take the mound again. It is recalled that Charles (Kid) Nichols of the Boston Nationals won three games in three different cities on successive afternoons. Mickey Welch of the New York Giants once won a doubleheader one day and then, with only a day's rest, pitched a single game. Cy Young appeared in an average of almost 40 games a season year after year and Jack Chesbro of the old New York Highlanders, now the Yankees, pitched 48 complete games in 1904, winning 41 of them and thereby setting two modern records.

The game has changed a bit since the early days of Welch, Young and Chesbro. The introduction of the jackrabbit ball, for example, has been marvelous for the long-ball hitters and home-run records, but it has been murder on the pitchers. But you don't have to look far for shining examples of durability who put the old-time iron men to shame. They are the modern relief pitchers, those plodding work-horses of baseball who finally have achieved recognition, distinction and prominence commensurate with their importance to the game.

Take Joe Page of the New York Yankees, for instance. He put in an appearance in 56 games last season, a Yankee record for the work-horses of the mound. Hugh Casey, fireman for the Brooklyn Dodgers, worked in 46 games. The most startling record of modern times was compiled by Ace Adams, a relief pitcher for the New York Giants. In five seasons, Adams

appeared in 302 games. He once got a day off, and spent it on the regular bench. "Nice place you've got here," he remarked to his teammates as they welcomed him as if he were a newcomer. Adams finally got tired, and jumped to the Mexican League early in 1946.

It's true that sometimes the relief man appears on the mound long enough to get his name in the box score. In at least two games of the 1947 season, Casey of the Dodgers set unorthodox records for brevity. In a game against the Cardinals, he took over with men on first and second, and none out. He pitched three balls, yet retired the side. On his first pitch to the batter, Red Schoendienst, attempted to bunt and missed; on his second pitch the runner on second broke for third, and was thrown out; on his third pitch, Schoendienst obligingly hit into a double play.

Casey bettered this record for abbreviated performances in the World Series game he won on exactly one pitch. It was the heart-breaking, one-hit performance lost by Bill Bevens of the Yankees. In the excitement over Cookie Lavagetto's winning double, first and last hit allowed by Bevens, it was generally overlooked that Casey got credit for the victory on one pitched ball. He got the side out on a double play.

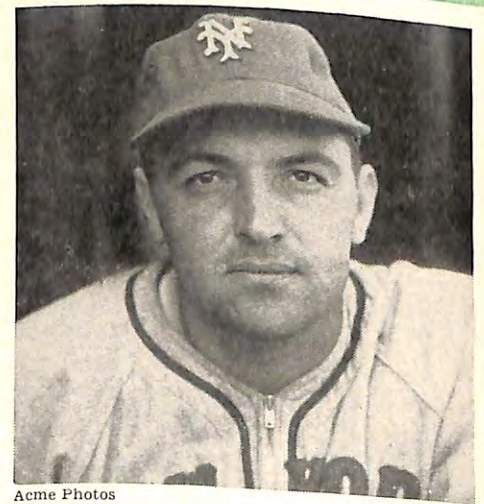
THE toil that relief pitchers exhibit on the mound is only a fraction of their total man hours. The relief pitcher is a specialist in disaster. When a ball game is progressing smoothly, he has an easy time of it, sunning himself in the bull pen. Once the storm clouds gather, in the form of opposition hits, the reliever is up and throwing at a spare catcher. When lightning strikes, and the hits are rattling off the fence, the relief pitcher trudges out to the mound to the rescue of his faltering mate.

The relief pitcher is always preparing for a role that eventually may not be necessary. With a pitcher like wildman Kirby Higbe, ex-Dodger now with the Pittsburgh Pirates, in the game, Casey could never afford to relax. "My pal Higbe," says Casey, "used to walk three men in the first inning and then fan the side. That keeps the bull-pen man busy. A couple of innings later, he does the same thing. By the time the ninth inning rolls around, Kirby is still pitching, but I'm more tired than he is." And Higbe isn't the only one.

The strain on a reliever is always terrific. Every time he enters a game, it's an emergency. Each pitch he makes is a crucial one, and the fate of the game usually hangs in the balance. A man who stands up under this sort of strain 40 or 50 times a season is more than important. He's invaluable. Therefore, it was with deep gratitude when, as Joe Page emerged as an ace relief man last season, Manager Bucky Harris and his coaches raised their glasses high after each game. "Gentlemen," Harris toasted, "I give you Joe Page."

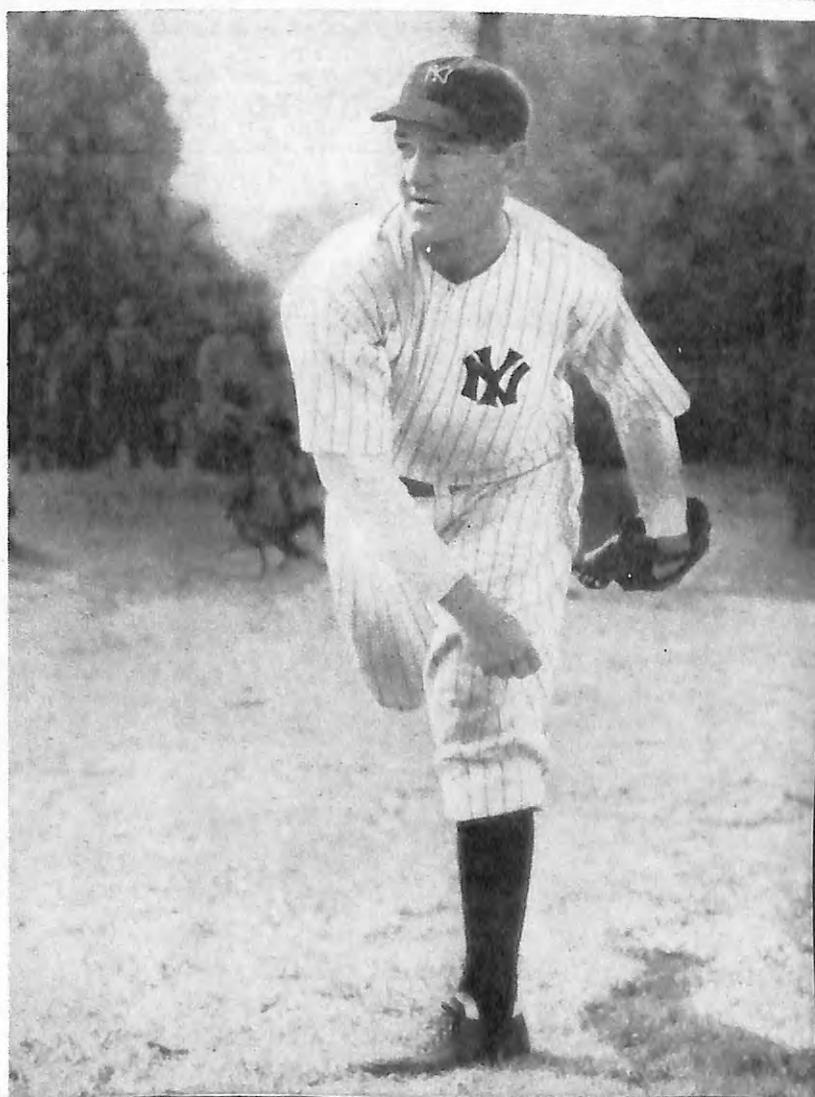
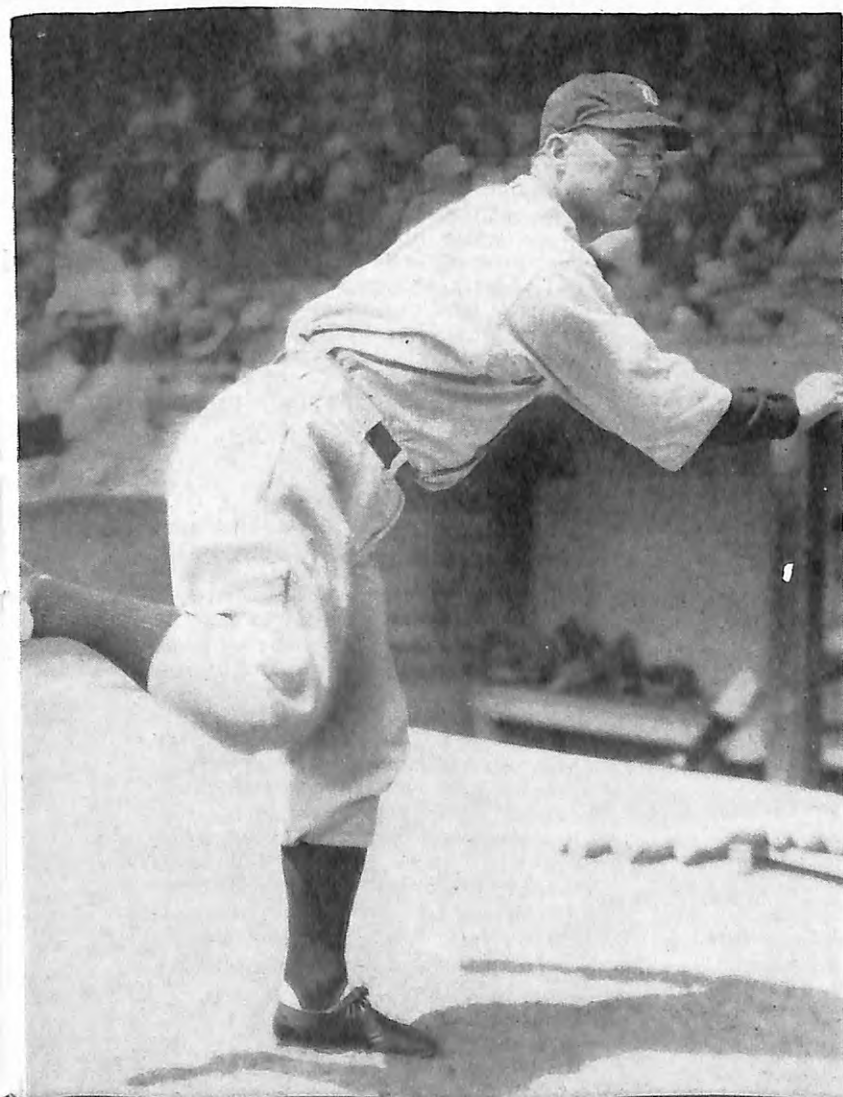
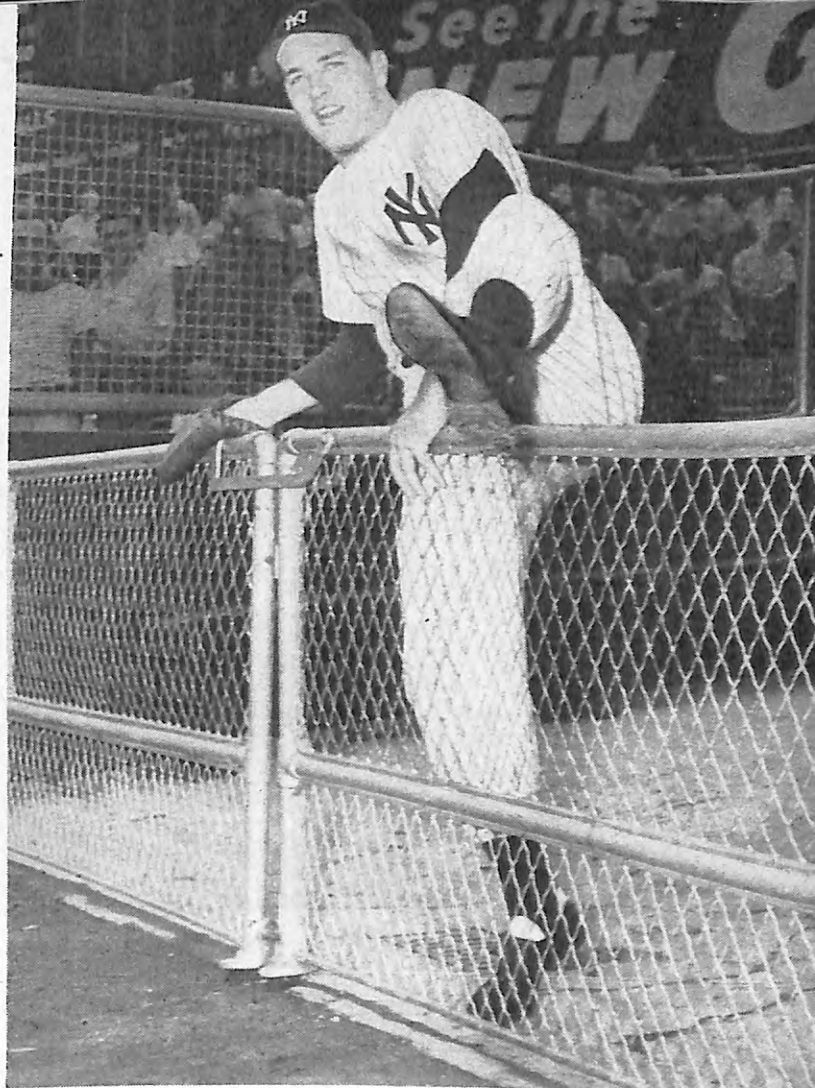
Bucky Harris knew well the importance of a good relief pitcher. When he was the "boy wonder" manager of the Washington Senators in 1924, he employed the first relief specialist, Fred (Firpo) Marberry, to help him win two straight American League pennants. Before Marberry, a start-

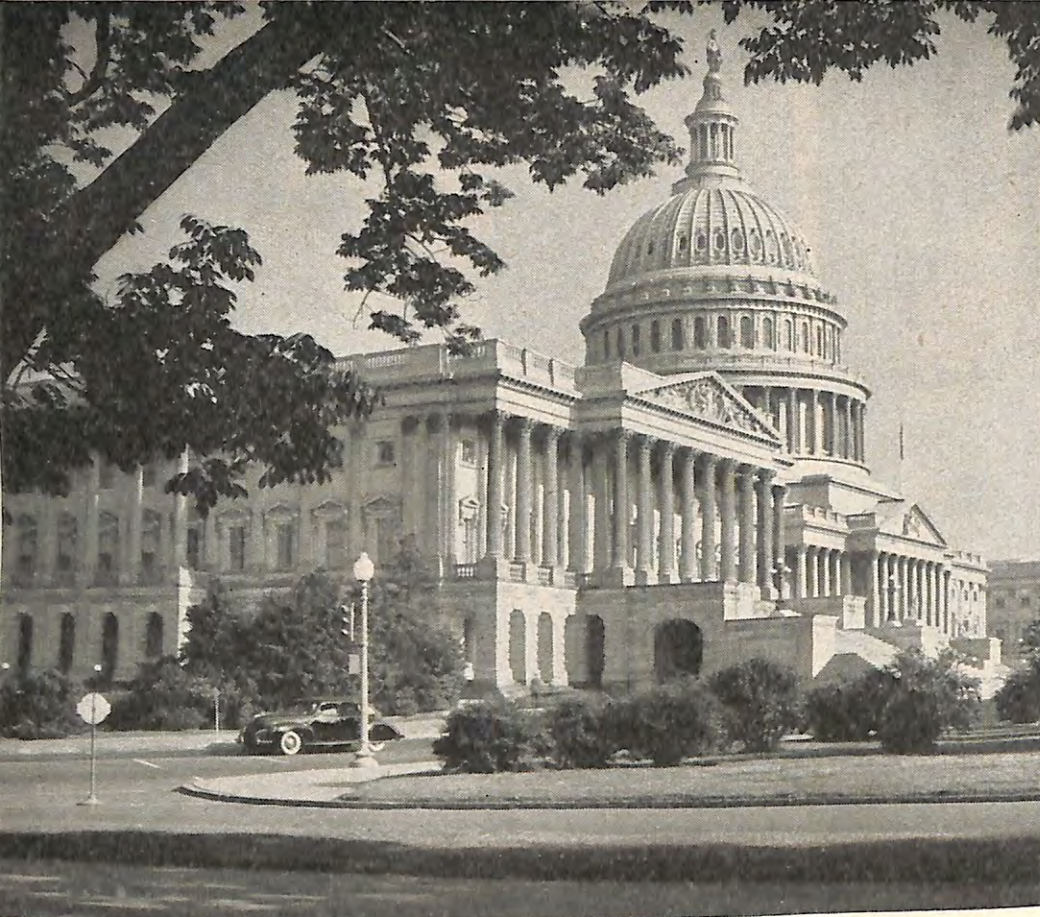
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Acme Photos

Above: Ace Adams, New York Giants relief pitcher. For five years Adams was a prominent figure on the mound at the Polo Grounds. On opposite page: Above left: Hugh Casey, the Dodgers' durable stopper. Above right: Joe Page in a familiar pose as he emerges from the Yankee bull pen. Joe once was one pitch from Newark. Below left: Fred Marberry, who starred for the Senators, but is pictured here in Tiger uniform. Below right: One of the greatest of relief pitchers—Johnny Murphy. He saved many a close ball game for the Yankees.

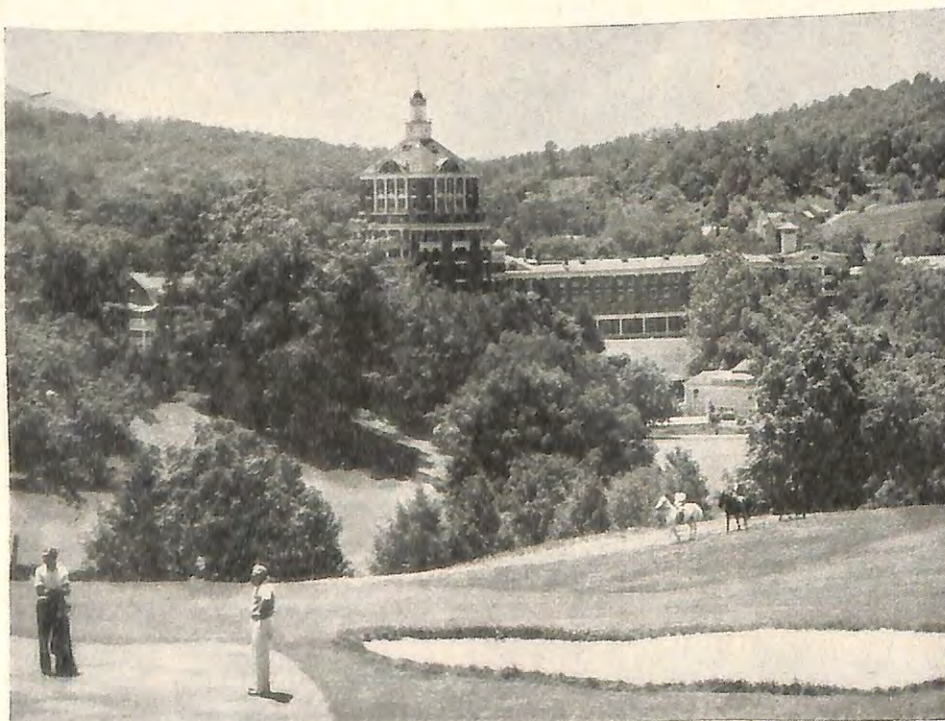




The Capitol is one of the world's most impressive buildings.

## CAPITOL COUNTRY

BY ED TYNG



The golf course at The Homestead, Hot Springs, is world famous.

**The 1948 Convention City is surrounded by history's landmarks.**

ONCE the center of life in the United States, Philadelphia—the 1948 Convention City—still is the hub of a great and interesting area which is easily covered in a series of short excursions by automobile, bus or rail. If a circle with a radius of 250 miles is drawn around Pennsylvania's major city, lying within the circle will be a good portion of New York and southern New England, historic Virginia, Washington, the scenic and historic sections of Pennsylvania, as well as the major battlefields of two wars and a large portion of the industrial heart of the country. Philadelphia is only 91 miles from New York, 143 from Washington, 243 from Norfolk and 198 from Fredericksburg. Norfolk is but a few miles from Colonial Williamsburg, Newport News and Virginia Beach; Fredericksburg is convenient from both Washington and Richmond.

For the tourist who does not have a car, a favorite method of reaching Williamsburg, Jamestown, Yorktown and Virginia Beach is by train to Baltimore and from there to Norfolk by Chesapeake Bay steamer, which is an overnight voyage. Ferries depart from Norfolk for Cape Charles and Newport News. From Newport News another popular overnight journey is by sleeper to Hot Springs, reaching Virginia's famous vacation resort, The Homestead, in time for breakfast.

By traveling to the north from Philadelphia, the visitor may go to Jersey City and cross to New York, or continue up the Hudson on the west side of the river to West Point and the Catskills. If the Hudson is crossed at Poughkeepsie, about 75 miles above New York, New England is readily reached by traveling scenic Route 7. This is the Green Mountain route that leads eventually to Montreal.

### OUR CAPITOL CITY

Washington usually is first on a tour of the East and it is a city which is extremely easy for the tourist to visit. Taxi rides in the national capital are comparatively low in cost and a trip from one end of the city to another costs about a dollar, with intermediate points costing from 20 cents up. Admission to a few places requires tickets or passes, which are obtainable from your Senator or Congressman. A pass is required for the visitors' gallery of the Senate and House while Congress is in session. However, until noon, when both Houses assemble, you can go almost anywhere. The State parlors of the White House usually require passes,

although the East Room is open mornings for two hours except Mondays and Saturdays. The grounds usually are open, but the chances of seeing the President are slight.

Either the White House or the Capitol Building, near Union Station, is a good place to start your tour of Washington. Many noteworthy places are within walking distance of these two taking-off points. There were few houses in Washington in 1800, when Congress moved there from Philadelphia. The wide avenues lined with trees then were but muddy ruts. President Jefferson planted the first poplars on Pennsylvania Avenue and today a chief pride of the city is its trees. Washington still is growing. Two of the more recent buildings are the National Archives and the Supreme Court building, which faces the Capitol. In the court of this building you can "hear" the most impressive silences in the world. The Library of Congress, where there are ten million books and manuscripts, has interesting statuary as well, and also a staircase that is a model of architecture. Near the Library of Congress is the Folger Library, housing a fine Shakespearean collection.



The new Supreme Court building, viewed from the Capitol dome.

### MOUNT VERNON ROUTE

The best view of Washington is from Arlington National Cemetery, across the Potomac on the Alexandria, Virginia, side. From Arlington, Mount Vernon Memorial Boulevard runs southeast to the airport, which was raised from the bottom of the Potomac, and then to Washington's home, 16 miles from the capital.

When visiting Mount Vernon, or on the way, the tourist will find it worthwhile to pay a brief visit to the George Washington Masonic National Memorial on Shooter's Hill. The tower rises 333 feet and is modeled after the ancient beacons that were used to guide mariners to harbors. In the memorial, aside from relics of Washington and the Alexandria lodge of which he was master, is a pastel portrait that does not appear on postage stamps or in the majority of the history books. It shows Washington in Masonic regalia

and is remarkable in two respects: it was painted from life in Philadelphia in 1794, when Washington was President, and it shows him five years before his death.

### NORFOLK AND VIRGINIA BEACH

Norfolk is a favorite place when transients stop and eat, or shop, while on their way to the beach at Ocean View, eight miles from the center of the city, or to the ocean front at Virginia Beach or Cape Henry, within 20 miles. In that part of the country there are bottle clubs and cocktail lounges in country clubs. Membership is thoughtfully provided if you are a guest at a hotel; if you are not, go to a gas station or the Chamber of Commerce and helpful suggestions will be given.

Near Virginia Beach, along the ocean, are acres of neatly stacked landing craft used by the Navy in

the recent war; also large numbers of leftover aircraft.

Ocean bathing is wholesome at Virginia Beach, but is discouraged around Hampton Roads because of the pollution wrought by the multitude of ships. There is good fishing all around the peninsula bounded by the James and York Rivers and Chesapeake Bay, particularly for rockfish, which is the Virginian name for striped bass. A boat may be chartered by the hour or day at an unusually low cost and skippers will cheerfully put out at sunrise, noon or midnight. If one is fishing, or traveling on a ferry, someone is almost sure to point out exactly where the Monitor and the Merrimac fought their famous naval duel.

Ferries link Norfolk with Newport News, shipbuilding center, and Old Point Comfort, as well as Cape Charles. There also is a bridge

*(Continued on page 30)*

### Cavalier Beach Club at Virginia Beach.

Ewing Galloway Photos



# IT'S A MAN'S

# WORLD



BY DICKSON HARTWELL

**A** FEW hundred thousand wives—more or less—are going to cuss me when they read this column. I'm going to expose them. I'm going to give away some of their secrets. I'm going to tell how to get more work out of your wife without increasing the cost of her upkeep.

The average wife—average, I said—approaches her housework with one of two attitudes: she does just enough to keep the home operating or just as much as she thinks her husband appreciates. Obviously, in neither case is it enough. But the problem of how to get more work out of the wife doesn't often arise simply because most husbands think (1) their wives are already doing all they can, or (2) their wives are too smart to do any more. This is nonsense. Most women can do maybe twice as much—and will, too, if you know how to get them to do it. Well, here's how.

Of course, any husband can stand over a woman and get her to operate efficiently by directing everything she does, eliminating wasted energy, keeping her on the ball instead of sitting around listening to soap operas. But breadwinners have to be out winning bread. The beauty of my revelations is that they produce the same result for as little as ten minutes a day.

Understand, what follows is not based merely on my own deductions, which at best are somewhat fragile. It stems from some sociologists, from a covey of marriage counsellors (whose fees, incidentally, are considerably less than those of a divorce lawyer), and from a charming and shrewd observer named Margery Wilson who has so much to say about being happy though married that she

writes books about it. The point is that all these experts seem agreed that these recommendations are so sure-fire that the little woman will respond to them even if she knows what is happening, though maybe with some reluctance. But if you sneak up on her subtly she'll be your eager-beaver and whistle while she works.

**F**IRST thing to do in applying this extraordinary formula is to ask your wife's opinion about something. That's what I said—ask her opinion. It doesn't matter what you ask about: Greece, Russia, psychosomatic medicine, politics, electric eels, a business deal, or sneezeless soap powder—the point is to ask her. And you don't even have to listen to the answer, so long as she thinks you do.

The psychology of this simple device is that a woman who feels intelligent and important in her husband's eyes will keep her house much cleaner than a woman who thinks her man regards her as first cousin to a dope. What could be easier for building up her ego than now and then posing some burning question and asking her what she thinks about it. What if she is bursting with misinformation? If expounding on it makes her push a mop a little faster, no harm is done.

A friend of mine who had been testing this psychology for a couple of months (with excellent results), one day was almost bowled over. Having run out of obvious questions and in some desperation for a query, he asked what she thought about a business deal he was contemplating. As usual he was barely listening to her answer when suddenly her words seemed to be making uncommon

sense. His ears pricked up and he became as attentive as if he were getting a stock market tip from Barney Baruch. By following her proposals he netted a quick \$2,000 on the deal. When he told me about it he was still amazed. "Imagine it!" he exclaimed. "Now I ask her about everything."

Here is the second phase of the technique. When you meet your wife in public don't merely say hello or grunt a greeting; go up to her and kiss her as if you thought for the moment she was a Conover girl, or at least somebody else's wife. This kind of an "A" treatment does something to women which husbands cannot, or aren't supposed to, understand. The dollar-a-word experts say it makes them feel "wanted" or "desired" and such a feeling is guaranteed to produce an extra couple of hours a day with a dust mop in those hard-to-get-at-corners. It is pertinent to note, too, that apparently the grim fact of this deal can be less repugnant than it seems. One man, married ten years, who started kissing his wife in this manner had his taste completely reawakened. Reporting on it later, "You know," he said, "it sounds foolish, but I'm damned if I haven't even started kissing her when we're alone."

Another angle to my psychological work speed-up is more difficult because it requires some concentration. According to my notes, it's important, at least occasionally, to notice when your wife has a new dress, a new hair-do or a new hat. That is, you're supposed to say something aloud which, if not precisely complimentary, is at least more expressive than a tortuous and provocative "H'mmmm"—all this, of course, before she has paraded up and down in front of your easy chair for a couple of hours, prodding your consciousness with, "See anything different?" You have to beat her to the punch, and that takes some doing.

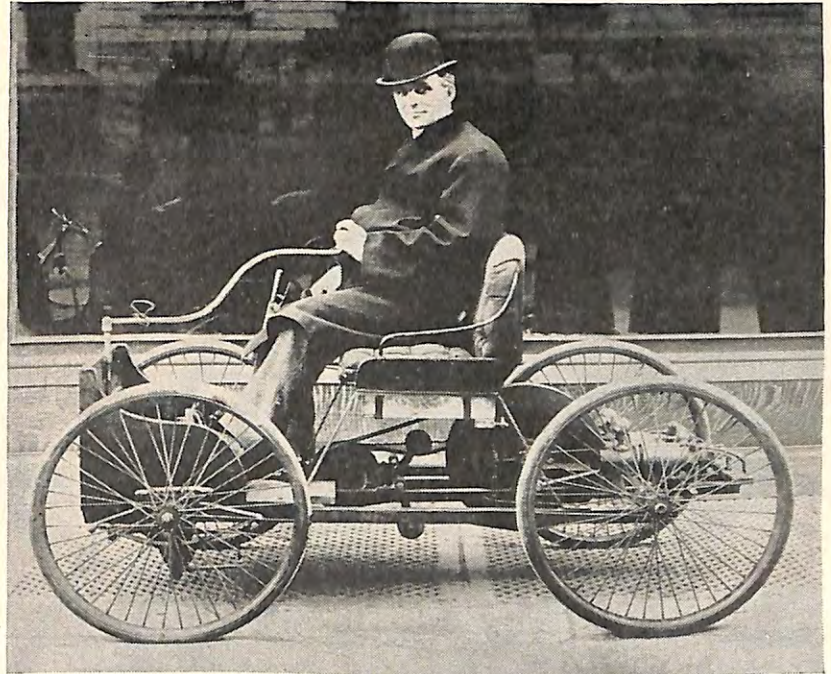
I confess that distinguishing between a woman's new hat and an old one—and a dress or a hair-do is much the same—is as difficult as for an Occidental to tell two strange Chinese apart. Taken separately, all women's hats look about the same, though side by side they may bear not the least resemblance. Because a hat is new does not distinguish it, at least to a man's discernment, though a new suit of clothes is readily identified. A man wears a suit until it is good and shiny so any suit which doesn't shine some place may be presumed to be new. But a woman's hat never gets a tattle-tale worn appearance. There is no functional point, like the back edge of a shoe heel, that breaks down with repeated use (God forbid that any woman's hat would ever get repeated use) because there is no functional point. A hat is static; is just sits still and embellishes.

Possibly because of these difficulties, a woman's response to stimuli such as her husband's "Well, look at  
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# What America is Reading

BY ALBERT HUBBELL

**Henry Ford, the industrial giant of his century, makes a fascinating figure to read about**



The motor magnate photographed in an early horseless carriage.

THERE are the makings of a new American folklore in William C. Richards' biography of Henry Ford, which he calls, accurately enough, I guess, *The Last Billionaire*. Mr. Richards is a Detroit newspaperman who, on and off from 1917 until the year of Ford's death, covered the "Ford story" for the *Detroit Free Press*. He was in a position to know Ford well without being beholden to him and therefore he can write objectively. He claims little for the book in the way of a serious study of an industrial giant. "This is no bilious exposé," he says in a disclaiming foreword, "no definitive biography, no honied hymn in his honor." What the book is, is a loosely strung-together series of more or less chronological anecdotes—a kind of super Ford joke book—about the man and the satraps who administered his "empire". It is also a Pullman-car saga of an era that (though we may not realize it yet) has gone forever.

Although the book would have benefited by some judicious editing, for it is repetitive and verbose, it adds up to an extraordinarily rich portrait of a quixotic genius. Ford was a mass of contradictions. He was kindly and humane, yet he could be ruthlessly cruel to men who'd given the best years of their lives to him. He was a master of public relations—the \$5-a-day minimum was as smart a stroke of publicity as it was of business acumen; yet he could also dream up a stupid and harmful seven-year-long campaign against the Jews (Mr. Richards does not hold with the customary defense of

Ford on this issue—that it was carried out by subordinates without his knowledge). He was a great innovator of the machine age, yet he would lovingly caress a worn copy of *McGuffey's Reader*, an old spinning wheel or a Stradivarius; he worshiped the antique and nostalgically yearned for a horse and buggy age which he'd done more than any other man to destroy. He was generous and stingy, magnanimous and mean. He was a "sound" man in business matters (none sounder!) and one of the most practical, but he let himself be carried away by the most absurd theories, such as the efficacy of the all-carrot or all-soybean diet (and, of course, there was the Peace Ship). He read once that sarsaparilla was a health-giver; for a month he drank nothing else. During the height of the carrot craze, Edsel Ford bought a painting by Titian to give to an art museum. His father, who was never very strong on art, (he preferred Orphan Annie, which he read aloud feelingly, in directors' meetings, and Jiggs) became interested in Edsel's project because he found out that Titian had lived to be ninety-nine years old. Even then, the old man said admiringly, it took a plague to knock the painter off. A reporter asked if Titian was fond of carrots.

"I don't know," said Ford, "but I'm going to find out." He promptly called a secretary and dictated a memo and the project was under

way. As Richards says: "Around the corner (from Ford's office) a draftsman was working on the automobile of the future; close at hand two executives gave themselves over for a week or more to a more urgent project: what had Titian Vecellio eaten that served him so well? Ford got an eight-page report before he was through." (Without a mention of carrots, probably.)

Mr. Richards covers, once over lightly, just about every phase of Ford's career, never blinking at his faults and blunders but never taking him too much to task either. The book is at its best in the chapters on the old man's lighter moments—his passion for taking watches apart, his love of practical jokes—very elaborate ones they were, too—and the casual way he had with his priceless violin collection, lending a Strad worth many thousands of dollars to practically anyone who showed promise on the fiddle. Then there was his sudden discovery of the merits of the square-dance, and there are some very funny word pictures in the book of unhappy Ford executives and their wives being gently forced to spend entire evenings learning quadrilles and the polka.

My favorite anecdote is connected with Ford's dance mania. If, in showing some stuffed-shirt visitor through his plant, the old man became bored, he would stop suddenly

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Illustrated by KENNETH THOMPSON

# "To the Airport," 1950





## Dayton plans a unique solution to the problem of transporting air passengers to the airport.

BY DOUGLAS J. INGELLS

THE municipal airport which serves Dayton, Ohio, where the first airplane was born, is about twelve miles from the center of the city. If you go out to your plane in the limousine it takes a good 25 minutes and it costs a buck-fifteen. This isn't any worse than the airport-downtown transportation problem facing many of our big cities today, including New York, but in Dayton they are studying plans for a unique solution that may be a big boon to air transportation and equally beneficial to the railroads.

Impetus for an old idea with a new twist is gaining favor every day. The Ohio city is planning a Railplane Service that will whisk air passengers from their downtown hotels to the airport at three miles a minute in a streamlined "rail-liner" that will run on a monorail and ride above the highways, riverbeds and small suburban towns. It will be the next thing to flying itself.

Briefly, the idea parallels an experimental development that has been in use in Europe for the last decade. It utilizes a new transport vehicle, a suspended propeller- or-jet-driven car, that runs along an elevated line, or monorail. The modern version takes advantage of lessons learned in airplane design, construction and power plants and promises to give extremely fast, comfortable and safe ground transportation. If it works as an airport-to-downtown conveyance, engineers agree that it

may be the key to future railroad service, the Sunday Punch the railroads have been holding back to meet the challenge of the airlines. It is entirely possible, proponents of the idea claim, that a similar system will permit 12-hour coast-to-coast rail travel.

Although Dayton doesn't claim to be the first city to think of the idea, it is the first to make serious plans to put the Railplane Service into operation as an airport shuttle. Estimated costs for construction of the elevated superstructure, the streamlined cars, right-of-ways and operation run as high as \$5,000,000 for the 12-mile stretch. However, the Aviation Committee of Dayton's Chamber of Commerce, which is sponsoring the idea, claims that the Railplane will pay for itself in ten years, and run up a neat profit besides. Not only will it serve as a practical and rapid means of transporting air travelers to and from the airport, but the novelty of the system will attract thousands to the airport.

PRESENT plans call for a twenty-four-hour-a-day service, with Railplane units running at ten-minute intervals to and from the airport. Operational analysis reports indicate that the fare will be less than half the present rate, with special Sunday round-trip tickets selling for 50 cents. The service also is to be used as a commuter line for workers at the General Motors Aeroproducts plant and other factories and businesses located near the airport, as well as for rapid inter-city communication between Dayton and the village corporation of Vandalia.

Both Transcontinental and Western Air and American Airlines, which serve Dayton, have expressed interest in the idea, although so far they haven't done any pocketbook think-

ing or even hinted at financial backing. The biggest drawback as far as the airlines in general are concerned is that the Railplanes System poses a serious competitive problem if it should broaden out and become an interstate carrier. At the same time, some airline officials have expressed opinions that this may be a good time for the airlines to invade the railroad domain with a high-speed elevated transit system which would augment present air-transport services.

By the very nature of its vehicles, the Railplane System, which is "neither fish nor fowl", actually is a combination of an airline and a railroad. This fact accounts for growing interest in the idea on the part of the airlines and the railroads. Its cars lend themselves readily to airplane design, construction and power plants, yet they run on a steel band like a railroad train. The cars also embody the comfort, roominess and speed of the airliner and the streamlined railway coach.

You can get the best idea of what the Railplane System is and how it operates by studying the equipment and record of the London & North Eastern Railway System at Milngavie, near Glasgow, Scotland. Railplane service here has cut ordinary rail schedules by half and has attracted attention from operators and engineers all over the world. This is the basis for the Dayton Railplane System and best clarifies the description of the operation, as well as advantages and disadvantages, of such a transportation media.

If you could fly over the L&NE system it would appear like a giant winding serpent crawling over the hills and valleys, stretching across the rivers and small lakes of "Bonnie" Scotland. More than any-  
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The streamlined "rail-liner" will ride above the highways, riverbeds and small suburban towns. It will be the next thing to flying.



# ELK NEWSLETTER

★ WASHINGTON

**Taxpayers** expecting relief through recent repeated reductions in Federal payrolls may as well forget it. A Government analysis of personal incomes in 1947 reveals that the decline in Federal civilian payrolls has been more than offset by the increased payrolls of State and local governmental units. But then it wasn't such a bad year after all. Our personal incomes totaled \$197 billion--\$20 billion above 1946--and dividend payments rose 20 per cent to \$6.8 billion, exceeding the 1929 level for the first time.

★

**In case you don't know it**, price control came back last month--but for foreign consumers only. But the new Department of Commerce regulations requiring individual licenses for all shipments to Europe already have come under heavy fire--and not only from the gray marketeers who have been profiting from Europe's plight. Dual purposed, the regulations aim to strengthen our hand in the cold war with Russia while protecting Europe from our profiteers. The new red tape already has ensnared one merchant exporter. Officials demanded a commitment from a mill before granting him a license to export steel. The mills, he told the House Small Business Committee, demanded that he produce a license before taking his order. Meanwhile, the New York Board of Trade is urging Congress to wipe out the new price controls.

★

**Even if Congress were to act**, prospects for exporters would seem to be dim. U. S. export restrictions largely parallel the import restrictions of other nations and, with things the way they are, the expectation is that the gates barring our goods will be raised even higher. Officials here report that the governments of a number of countries are contemplating many further restraints on their imports, through increased duties and quantitative restrictions.

★

**Small merchants** wondering where their business has been going may find one answer in a recently-published Government

analysis of business. It reveals that the catalog sales of mail order houses are booming. Mail order sales in the non-durable goods field jumped 22 per cent last year, the survey shows. Chain stores also are getting back into their pre-war swing. Their 1947 sales total was \$25,-218,000,000, some \$4 billion, or 20 per cent, above the previous year and nearly double the 1945 figure.

★

**Trying to estimate** the full effect of the tightening mortgage market, officials here see two possible results. Since the real estate market depends primarily on credit, they believe a decline in the price of existing realty may not be far off. A drop in new construction also is not unlikely and, although new construction has declined less than seasonally so far this year, earlier predictions of further construction increases may have to be revised.

★

**Recent drops in the prices received by farmers** sent the researchers scurrying through the records and they have had to go back to 1920 and 1921 to find comparable decreases. Since the prices received by farmers dropped more sharply than the prices farmers pay, including interest and taxes, the parity ration also has dropped sharply --to 112 per cent, Agriculture Department officials report. This compares to the record high of 133 in October 1946 and the 119 of a year ago.

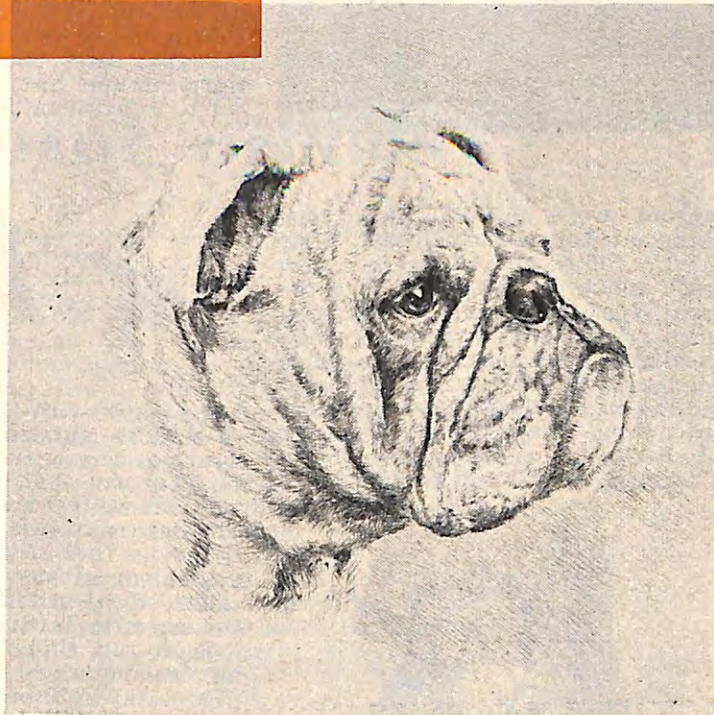
★

**Just as any decrease in new construction** would operate to wipe out anticipated materials shortages, the changing farm situation may have its effect on the farm machinery supply-demand ratio. A decrease in the domestic demand for farm machinery would be a boon to Europe, however, since farm machinery manufacturers report their foreign orders are double their present exports. Despite human losses in the war, the world's population has increased 10 per cent since the fighting began, which means that correspondingly higher food production abroad is

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# IN THE DOGHOUSE

with Ed Faust



English bulldog Etching by Marguerite Kirmse Cole

**There's a lot more to buying a good dog than just paying out money.**

IT WAS across a luncheon table when the conversation with the editor of your *Elks Magazine* was directed to the matter of buying a dog. "You know, Ed," he said, "I don't know too much about dogs, but I do know from friends' experiences that the cheap dog is usually the most expensive dog in the long run."

"Mr. Editor," I said, "you're one hundred per cent right. That is why I always advise readers to shop around among the kennels when they are on a dog-buying spree.

"While I am not on the warpath against pet shops, it is nevertheless true that many pet shops only sell dogs on consignment. That is to say, some under-the-sink breeder or financially-stricken kennel will put pups in the hands of a pet shop, to be sold at whatever price the owner of the shop can get; from this, of course, the pet shop exacts a sales commission. Sometimes the pet shop harbors the germs of illnesses that afflict dogs, whereas the well-kept kennel, valuing its stock, is quick to call in the vet when there is a case of canine sickness. Far better would it be for those who shop for a dog at a price to go to their local dog pound and rescue some poor animal that would make just as satisfactory a house-pet. Of course, anyone who is bent on buying a good, pure-bred specimen to exhibit at dog

shows must go to a reputable kennel. He should also be fortified in advance with some knowledge of the breed which he may select. This is best accomplished by attending a few dog shows and talking to breeders, or by reading a few books which deal with their chosen breed."

Naturally, all of the foregoing leads me into the subject of what to look for when you buy a dog. In the first place, don't expect a good specimen for ten or fifteen dollars. True, miracles do occur. However, the dog that conforms to the standard for its breed, even just for house-pet purposes, and not for show purposes, should be, and is, worth from forty to fifty dollars—perhaps considerably more if it is one of the larger or fashionable breeds. The reason I say this is because the larger breeds, maturing more slowly and requiring greater amounts of foods, are more costly to the kennels that raise them; therefore, their sales price naturally will be more than it would for one of the smaller, less expensive breeds.

Naturally, the better kennels have invested a considerable amount of money in their foundation stock. As a rule, they have followed the winnings of the dogs of their choice and they have stabled their kennels with the best dogs that they can find. They also have undertaken the neces-

sary expenses of building kennels, fencing, etc., and the regular services required of a vet for the health of their dogs and successful whelping of puppies—the necessary stud fees they must pay when breeding their dogs.

AS A RULE, the kennel is started with one or two female dogs which are bred with selected males of other kennels. The embryo kennel owner does not often start with a male and a female. Stud fees for such services may range from twenty-five to one hundred dollars and if the owner of the dogs gets a litter of four or five puppies, he considers himself lucky. If he gets a really good one—what the show people call a "flier"—he is even more fortunate. With the prenatal care of the mother, the care of the puppies after their arrival, and the vets' services when the mother requires them, the price of a well-bred pup adds up to anything but a cinch. Occasionally, if the puppy falls below the standard for the breed, the kennel more than likely gives that pup away free-for-nix, simply to get rid of it—but without the necessary registration papers.

Occasionally this happens in the best of kennels, because Mother Nature sometimes goes into a tailspin there just as with human beings—a mediocre specimen will crop out in the finest of families. No kennel owner in his right mind indulges in the practice of mating his dogs with those of inferior quality. In fact, competition in the dog world impels kennel owners to strive constantly for perfection in their dogs. Thus, when you buy a dog from a kennel, you are likely to get a superior animal which, even if not of show quality, at least will conform to the standard of the breed. If purchased simply for house-pet purposes, and if it conforms to the standard, only an expert would be able to detect whether or not that dog is a show specimen. I have owned dogs which, while conforming to the standard precisely, would not get to first base in the show ring, but the average uninformed person would never know it. As I said before, buying from a kennel means that your dog is likely to be healthy because the kennel owner has an investment in his stock that he cannot afford to gamble with, and when any illness appears it is promptly and adequately treated. There is a cockeyed misconception that pure-bred kennel dogs are likely to be less healthy. Well, I've given you the answer to this, but there is another erroneous belief that the pure-bred dog is more likely to be less intelligent than the mongrel. This is nonsense. What we see in the mongrel in health and intelligence is manifestation of the survival of the fittest. What we do not see are the thousands of mongrels that die of poor health, neglect or who are more stupid than the average. No kennel owner wants to be known as a breeder of dogs of inferior health or

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# Gadget and Gimmick

## DEPARTMENT



**D**O YOU have trouble saving money? Of course you do. Who doesn't? Today, with the cost of living being what it is, things are rough all over. Only yesterday I was standing in front of the grocery store debating whether or not to go in and buy food for dinner, and a youngster who couldn't have been more than four or five came up to me and said, "Hey, Mister. Give me a dollar." Never one to throw money around loosely, I asked him what he wanted it for. "I want to buy an ice cream cone," he said. I shook my head. "Can't do it," I said tersely. "Besides, they cost more'n a dollar now." I had him there and he burst into tears and left. But there is a way to save money. It can be done by using this bank calendar. In order to keep the calendar up to date you have to insert coin of the realm. To change the date you must insert at least a nickel. To change the month you have to use a quarter. This devilish device has a perpetual calendar and should make anyone save at least a *little* money. The come-on for this is that if you put a quarter a day in the calendar you will have at the end of ten and a half years, \$1,000 in spare change. I wonder what \$1,000 in spare change looks like?



**D**URING the winter your wife can't object seriously to the appearance of your limping 1940 car. Snow, ice and the slush that follow make it look as old as it feels. But during the summer—ah, that is another thing entirely. As soon as the first Spring flower pops unwisely into view your wife, in all likelihood, will begin screaming her lungs out for you to wash the car.

This summer you can smile at her raving, go out, wash the car in the

wink of an eye and be back in your lawn chair before she can say, "Mint Julep." Here's how. There is a new brush which can be attached to the hose. When the water is turned on an inner brush rotates madly at high speed due to the water pressure. This cleans the car (or wall or window) and the outside large brush prevents water from splashing and also gets into corners to make a thorough job of things. What could be nicer?



**W**HILE we're on the subject we might as well clear up automobiles in general. In order to do this it is necessary to ask a rather intimate question. Does your car creep? To go even farther, if you live in San Francisco on a hill (how redundant can you get? Who, in San Francisco, doesn't live on a hill?) have you ever been embarrassed by seeing your car plunge down the hill, slaughtering innocent pedestrians, to wind up in the Bay or under Fisherman's Wharf? If so, this new gadget should delight you. It is a new brake control. The device is electromagnetically operated. When switched on it keeps sufficient pressure on the brakes until you release it. People who own creeping cars, or have homes situated on hills, can now relax.



**H**ERE is some frightening news from the chewing gum department. Flash! It has been reported by reliable sources that a new in-

redient has been put in chewing gum that makes it less sticky. Personally I object. Half the fun of chewing gum is because it is sticky. Shucks, if it isn't sticky, where are you going to cache it when danger threatens? You can't put it under the table or back of your ear unless it's sticky. And who today can afford to throw away a stick of chewing gum after chewing on it only thirty-six or forty-eight hours? I can't. It's wasteful.



**W**HAT with things becoming more automatic as the days wear on, here is an automatic device for your car, that has obscure ramifications we feel must be delved into. The device itself is an electric throttle holder that keeps your car chugging along at any pre-set speed. It clicks off when either the brake or the throttle is applied. Now let's look at this thing objectively. You are cruising along a straight stretch of highway in Kansas. The faint hum of the overworked pistons and glockenspiels can be heard. The air rushes in the window and cools your face. You have set this new throttle device and are relaxing. There is positively nothing to do. The road is straight and there is practically no steering to occupy your time. Your foot does not have to remain on the throttle and the radio is playing soft music like "Roundhouse Kelly, back in seventy-nine . . . ta dee da, da ta dee da", so why not climb over into the back seat and catch a short nap? You do. The road turns and the angels sing. See what I mean?



**T**ODAY there are probably more hurdles for the pipe smoker to overcome than should happen to undernourished Dalmatians. Practically the only place a man can smoke a pipe comfortably is in one particular chair in his home. There he has all the subsidiary equipment that permits him to smoke a pipe or two in peace each evening. But some stubborn pipe smokers insist on carrying  
(Continued on page 35)



**Do your Panel members believe that the death penalty is justifiable?**

ONE and a half per cent of the Exalted Rulers and District Deputies who comprise the Elk Panel of Public Opinion had no opinion either way relative to this month's question. The question has been the subject of endless debate—capital punishment, which may be defined as the execution of a convicted person who has committed a crime warranting a death penalty according to the laws of his State. Less than a fourth of the Panel members were opposed to the death penalty, while more than three quarters thought that certain conditions make it justifiable.

As is well known, there are some who hold that capital punishment is a deterrent to crime, while others, equally firm in their opinion, believe that the execution of a convicted person does not necessarily serve as a lesson to others with similar tendencies. Which view is correct, we do not presume to say. The death penalty once was meted out to those convicted of what we now regard as petty larceny at the most—the stealing of a handkerchief or a loaf of bread, for example. Today the legal and moral aspects of the problem are changed, but the fact remains that it exists in most States. For this reason we asked this question of our Panel members this month:

**DO YOU BELIEVE THAT CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IS JUSTIFIABLE?**

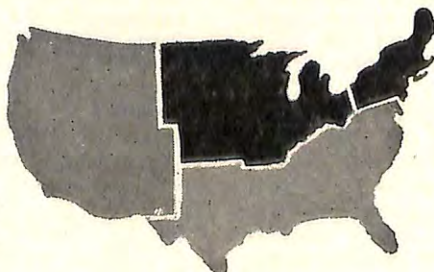
When the returns from Panel members were tabulated on a national basis, their opinions as to the justifiableness of capital punishment were registered as follows:

Yes .....77 1/4%  
 No .....21 1/4%  
 No Opinion ..... 1 1/2%

Included below is the regional map which indicates the four major geographical areas into which the 48 States are divided in order to indicate the sectional response to the question. Here are the results analyzed on a sectional basis:

	Yes	No
12 Northern States.....	75%	23%
9 Eastern States.....	70%	30%
16 Southern States.....	77%	21%
11 Western States.....	89%	10%

The returns do not total 100 per cent in each case because one and a half of the total number of replies were marked "no opinion". This was particularly true of the Northern and



Southern States. It is of interest to analyze the ballots to determine the percentage of the national total of replies received from each of the four geographical areas. The results provide an indication of the Panel membership in each of the four sections. Here is the breakdown of the returns on a sectional basis:

9 Eastern States.....34% of all replies  
 12 Northern States.....23% of all replies  
 16 Southern States.....23% of all replies  
 11 Western States.....20% of all replies

**COMMENTS:**

If the crime warrants death, I am in favor of imposing the penalty.

I believe that life imprisonment should be the maximum penalty. No person, or group, should decide such a matter.

Our country has the highest murder rate per 100,000 of any civilized nation. This is because it is easy to avoid speedy trial and punishment.

Yes—without comment.

I think some consideration should be given to a person who commits a capital crime under stress, but has a clean record otherwise.

Why spend taxpayers' money to keep capital crime committers warm and comfortable and then parole them so that they are in a position to repeat the offense?

Erasing the threat of capital punishment certainly would not serve as a deterrent to the rising crime wave. Execution does provide protection. Too many hardened criminals gain their freedom via parole.

A person capable of capital crime is mentally ill and should be treated accordingly.

For premeditated murder I believe capital punishment to be justifiable.

Fear of punishment still is a prime factor in crime prevention. Easy parole removes this.

I know of two cases where a man killed, served a few years, was out again and then killed again. Wouldn't it have been better to execute the killer in the first place and save another man from being killed?

It definitely deters persons from homicide. It makes it easier for a prosecutor to obtain plea of guilty so that he can recommend "life" instead of death in certain cases. (Tenth-year County Prosecuting Attorney).

I believe that life imprisonment serves the purpose.

Hardened criminals and repeat offenders end up with murder and there should be no leniency or further expense to try and redeem them for society.

Justifiable for premeditated murder which is proved.

My answer is "yes", with a reservation: in cases where there is no hope of returning the offender to a place in society.

Yes, but let the punishment fit the crime. Recently a youth was given ten years for appropriating 35 cents from a filling station. In another State, the same day, a murderer was acquitted.

Its only value is as a deterrent and even that is questionable.

# Land of the Free

(Continued from page 6)

were here to be developed by individual initiative and industry. They realized how precious was the heritage of liberty bequeathed by those men of faith and vision who penned the Declaration of Independence and framed our Constitution.

**M**UCH is said of the American way of life. We hear it eloquently discussed as though it were a social and political philosophy, a chart for the guidance of the lives and activities of men and women. But the American way of life is not a theory; it is not a system of philosophy; it is not a guide to thinking, reasoning or living. It is the amalgamated habits and characteristics of our people acquired through years of uninhibited relationship with their fellows, through free enterprise, free thought, free expression and self-government. Those who follow the American way of life reap the reward of their own labors, worship in their own way, accept a full share of responsibility of government. The American way is the way of free men—it is democracy, the foundation of America's strength, the rock upon which is erected the well-being of our people.

In America the government belongs to the people. In the dictator countries, the people belong, body and soul, to the government. In America every citizen is a partner in the business of government and must bear his share of individual responsibility. America, by virtue of its strength, power and resources, is in a position of world leadership—every loyal American must back this leadership to the full limit. Democracy, the American way of life, is challenged by powerful forces, and should the will of these forces prevail, the hope of "peace in our time" will never be realized.

But America will rise to the responsibilities of world leadership, and the American people will give their full support to democracy's cause. They did not give American lives to win democracy on the battlefield only to lose it on the diplomatic field.

Freedom is a dynamic, liberating force. One need walk only to the nearest playground or college athletic field to discover why we won the war. Beyond question we are the greatest competitors in the world. I do not advance this as an American boast, but rather as a manifestation of the liberating force of freedom.

The American knows no limit of achievement because no limit exists in America. Our children sense it at an early age because it is born in them. Our youths think only in terms of winning whatever they attempt. Victory is the image always before them; defeat is almost impossible for them to conjure. Considered alone we call it the competitive spirit; actually it is the chief product of free-

dom. It, more than anything else, accounts for American ingenuity in the field of production, and victory on the field of battle.

Tolerance for each other's thoughts, for each other's religion, for each other's race, are all manifestations of freedom. There is the demand for justice, for equal treatment under the law; there is the conviction that opportunity is unlimited for all. And we must not overlook an outstanding American trait: sympathy for the underdog. We love to see him win because we feel he is a victim of injustice. This is one of the deepest roots of our Americanism.

What American has not experienced the thrill of seeing some highly touted competitor overcome by some little fellow who was not given a chance to win? It sets American crowds on fire with enthusiasm and it explains a great deal more than we think. It explains why we never have conceived might to be right; why we never have worshiped might as an end in itself; why the superman never has appealed to the great mass of Americans.

Can any of us picture an America with only one political party that always won, an America with all of its enterprises owned by the state, an America with only one press and that the government's? Yet it is the imposition of these things upon the underdog that threatens the world today, and it is the spirit of America, deep rooted in the hearts of our people, that is going to fight with courage, strength and resourcefulness to preserve the democracy for which our blood and treasure were poured upon the battlefield.

**I**T IS little wonder that Hitler underestimated America, that he was contemptuous of democratic ways. It is a matter of concern that some of our allies in war, nations that we saved from annihilation by the Nazi war machine, are now following the Nazi line, seeking, not to find a peaceful solution of the world's ills, but to take advantage of the misery and destitution wrought by war, to wipe the spirit of liberty from the face of the earth.

Hitler is dead. The once proud German nation that followed his lead is crushed and broken beyond recovery. His fate should be a lesson to the enemies of democracy who are pouring out their vituperative abuse against America, making their absurd charges against American leadership, fomenting hatreds that they hope will weaken our leadership of the democratic cause.

To the totalitarian mind the workings of the free spirit are incomprehensible. The totalitarian thinks only in materialistic terms. He cannot grasp the fundamental fact that robots may fight an orderly and relentless battle, but it is the free man,

fighting with heart and mind to preserve his sacred heritage, who must triumph. The superiority of the fighting qualities of free men over the slaves of the state has been demonstrated in two wars, although it is evident that the totalitarians have not profited by these lessons. They still dream, as Hitler dreamed, of world conquest.

During the war our people had a taste of totalitarian restrictions made essential by military necessity. These have been employed in every war since the nation was founded. But in adopting these restrictions it was with the idea of getting rid of them at the earliest moment. Our people were willing to endure them, to make any sacrifice to win the war, but they were a taste of totalitarian government they did not relish.

After each World War there have been those who, seeking a totalitarian toehold, an entering wedge for more restrictive government measures to come, advocate the retention of the government hand, which worked so well in waging war, on the controls of peace-time enterprise. President Wilson was thus counseled and, for the record, I want you to read what he said in his State of the Union message delivered just a few weeks after the end of World War I:

"So far as our domestic affairs are concerned, the problem of our return to peace is a problem of economic and industrial readjustment. That problem is less serious for us than it may turn out to be for the nations which have suffered the disarrangements and losses of war longer than we. Our people, moreover, do not wait to be coached and led. They know their own business, are quick and resourceful at every readjustment, definite in purpose and self-reliant in action. Any leading strings we might seek to put them in would speedily become hopelessly entangled because they would pay no attention to them and go their own way. All we can do as their legislative and executive servants is to mediate the process of change here, there, and elsewhere as we may. I have heard much counsel as to the plans that should be formed and personally conducted to a happy consummation, but from no quarter have I seen any general scheme of reconstruction emerge which I thought we could force our spirited business men and self-reliant laborers to accept with due pliancy and obedience."

We can demonstrate no greater attachment to Americanism than to lend our support to this doctrine at this time.

As for those who wish for a con-  
(Continued on page 22)



*Served by Mr. & Mrs.  
**Gregory Peck**  
 in the Modern Bar of their  
 Santa Monica Home*

**PLAYTIME...for GREGORY PECK, and You!**

**W**HETHER IT'S GREGORY PECK, loafing at home after a day at the studio—or you, in your own playtime moments—both will find Pabst Blue Ribbon always a pleasant, friendly companion.

That ever-faithful, real beer flavor you enjoy in Pabst Blue Ribbon was achieved by 104 years of pioneering in the *Art of Brewing . . .* and the *Science of Blending*.

By tasting, by comparing, you will understand why millions the world over have settled down to the real beer enjoyment and satisfaction that come only with blended, splendid Pabst Blue Ribbon.

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tinuance of a totalitarian government in times of peace because it worked well in war, they are putting the cart before the horse; in fact, they are urging that we do without the horse altogether. Let them remember that it is our freedom in peace that has been our strength in war. We gave up a great measure of freedom to achieve victory. Let us not forget that the American people want all those freedoms returned and will have them just as soon as national emergencies permit.

I AM a firm believer in public opinion. Examined over any reasonable period of time, public opinion is wise opinion. But its wisdom is in direct ratio to the people who contribute to it, and public opinion, from coast to coast, has finally realized that America has come of age and taken its place in the family of nations. Modern transportation and methods of communication make us close neighbors of every nation on earth and the word neighbor has taken on vast new meaning.

I do not hold that we are giving up this Americanism that is our very own, born of our concept of liberty and freedom of enterprise. But we have assumed a new role forced upon us by our strength and power and that is the role of leadership of the Democracies of the world. In accept-

ing this responsibility we become citizens of the world. We all have our political affiliations but we are, first of all, Americans and, accepting as we must the obligations of world citizens, we must remain first—Americans.

We must realize that old divisions of opinions among us have all but disappeared. We must eliminate the word "isolationist", "interventionist", "internationalist" and "nationalist" from our vocabularies. In the light of world conditions today they mean nothing.

It is easy to unite in war. When survival is the common thought of us all, we are one, whether we speak of nations or individuals. But the making of peace is far more difficult. The fear of tomorrow drives men and nations to unwise decisions. The history of their shortsightedness at the peace table is the history of succeeding wars.

The United Nations, upon which people throughout the world placed high hopes, already is divided. Cherished visions of "one world" and utopian peace, a brotherhood of nations, have been rudely dispelled. Two blocs at the peace negotiations are assured; each is in irrevocable opposition to the ideologies of the other.

But what we need today and will need in the months to come is wisdom, not extravagance of thought.

Extremists—those who would sacrifice America to some global super-state or those who would sacrifice the future peace of the world on the altar of blind patriotism—must be ignored. They are not wise counsellors; they are special pleaders who ignore the common good. They shout the loudest but do not say the most.

There is an uncommon amount of common sense in America. Wisdom is the product of straight thinking applied to knowledge. Our job is to keep informed and clear-headed. While extremists wring their hands because they are not getting what they want (and we may be assured they will never get it), the American people can perform no greater service than to maintain reasoned judgment.

Totalitarian governments respect only material strength. Therefore, America must be strong. Much as our people dislike it, for their own protection we must have an Army and Navy and Air Force to command the respect of our potential enemies. We are in the game now; never again must our runners be caught off base. But as world leaders we must stay within the framework of democracy and its basic principles of liberty, equality and justice for all. Upon these principles rest our Americanism and in them lie all hopes for peace, both at home and abroad.

## It's a Man's World

(Continued from page 12)

the new hat. Turn around and let me see it" is a considerable and measurable quantity. One amateur but competent statistician estimates it to be the cheerful washing and drying of at least seventy-five sinkfull of dishes annually. How you can learn to recognize a new hat, dress or hair-do is your problem. One man tied a knot of red yarn on all his wife's old hats, another stuck paper clips on them and a third bribed the proprietor of his wife's favorite hat shop to telephone him whenever she bought anything. Me—I took a refresher course in aircraft identification.

Another of women's characteristic foibles to capitalize on is a peculiar thing—it's a distaste for asking for household money. Just because her husband doesn't hand over the weekly \$30 the first four or five times she reminds him of it makes many a woman reluctant to do her best over the cookstove. No one seems able to explain why, instead of taking it personally, she doesn't accept the household finances purely as a business matter between her husband and herself. By putting it on a business basis she would be able to accept the necessary half-dozen dunning notices in the same spirit of her husband's other creditors—just the routine procedure of collection—nothing personal in it at all. But few housewives have the business acumen to see it that way. So they get emotionally disturbed and have to be

catered to—if you want them to do a full day's work.

One of the most difficult in my bag of tricks is, I am told, one of the most rewarding. I've never been able to do it myself because I cannot stand idly by and see the world filled with inaccuracies. But for what it's worth, here it is. In a social group, when your wife is telling a story within your hearing you should refrain from interrupting with corrections. It doesn't matter even if she says that a qualification to become president of

the United States is membership in the communist party, you keep the clammed up. And what's more, if anybody else presumes to replace her fancies with facts, you're to come back quick-like with a challenging, "Are you sure about that?" and, if possible, make the other party back down.

The professional psychologist calls this giving—the little woman—security, and wives who have security are almost universally afflicted with housemaid's knee, so energetic are their labors. The rather odd idea behind all this is that the husband should always back her up in front of others and never make her appear ridiculous—a very comfortable situation and just the sort of thing women go for. Instead of troubling to be strictly accurate, they want their husbands to sit by in silent agony when they are wrong and, in addition, to miss all those fine opportunities to demonstrate that at least somebody in the family knows what the facts are.

But this one takes a lot of doing. I have seen strong men grip their chairs until their knuckles went white, resisting the urge to utter one little word that would set the record straight. One husband bit his lower lip until it bled when his wife, talking about aid to Europe, confused Yugoslavia with Bessarabia. He was relieved to discover later, though, that nobody else in the room knew





she was wrong, simply because nobody else knew where either of them was. In his determined way he checked an atlas the next day and was somewhat surprised to discover that he hadn't known where they were either—not by 250 miles. After that his lip healed very quickly, indeed.

**O**F A LONG and possibly tedious list of devices guaranteed to up the work output, I will mention just one more, mumbling as I do so an apology for the fact that the gimmick in this one requires a cash investment of maybe two or three dollars a month. This one is so corny as to be almost unbelievable, but it works like a charm. It's the old gag of once in a while bringing home a box of candy or a handful of flowers. What could be easier? Just hand the posies or bonbons over to the little woman with a flourish and a phrase like, "To the sweetest little girl in all the world," and she'll be so happily grateful that she'll work her fingers down to her elbows trying to please you.

But if you're going to do the flower act, don't play it straight—gag it up. Instead of bringing in a bushel of roses, bring just one. Just a single red, white or yellow rose. It's more symbolic, though don't ask me of what. But somehow a woman knows that any jerk can go into a flower store and order a dozen roses. What she appreciates is that it takes a man with romance in his heart to buy but a single rose and present it to her as a token of his esteem. The very least he must have is the courage to face down the uppity disapproval of the clerk who was hoping for a big sale. One word of warning, the single-flower business can be carried too far. It works swell with something exciting like a rose or a camellia or maybe an orchid. But one husband I know tried it with a daffodil one week and a petunia the next and he, poor fellow, now has to darn his own socks.

No one can tell how women will react when the pay-off on this psychology racket gets around and all husbands start doing it. The ladies may get perverse and build up a whole new set of psychological buttons to push to get the proper responses. Or they might all work so hard and so happily that housework would no longer be drudgery, and time and muscle savers like vacuum cleaners and electric egg beaters would be spurned for a new attitude of joy through work. But whatever its eventual outcome, it is a major break that it functions so beautifully today. For less than ten minutes a day and maybe three fish a month you get all rolled up in one person a happy housekeeper, a superb chef, a magnificent mother, a winsome and responsive wife and, when you're sick, a nurse. It's the biggest bargain in the world. Why, everybody knows that any kind of a housekeeper alone costs \$100 a month and nurses can't be had at any price.

# Business Reviews

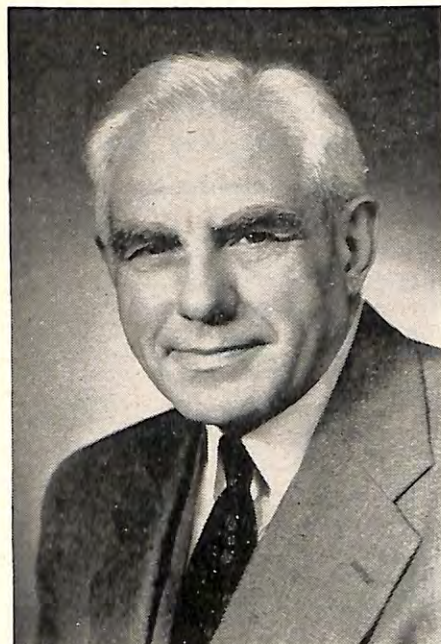
## The New National Guard

By Earl O. Shreve,  
President, United States  
Chamber of Commerce

**T**O STRENGTHEN your faith in the future of the United States, drop in on your local National Guard unit some evening. Observe a cross section of American youth earnestly playing, working and training together under competent direction.

These young men, many of whom wear combat ribbons, are giving generously of their "after-hours" time to better themselves mentally and physically for the opportunities and challenges to which they will fall heir. May those occur in the coming years of peace. If they do not, these same purposeful men are equipping themselves for leadership in the grimmer operations of national defense.

For, with the major portion of the regular Army serving as armed representatives of our country in foreign fields, the *new* National Guard literally is the only instantly available force to repel aggression. It must grow bigger, stronger . . . NOW! To do so, it needs your full cooperation.



To their employees who are members of the National Guard, many of America's finest concerns grant special leave of absence that they may maintain their Guard status. This is a commendable and patriotic practice and I hope other employers will follow it.

☆ ☆ ☆

For complete information about the National Guard unit in your community, contact the officers of that unit or write to the Adjutant General of your state.

**Here's how  
the National Guard  
Helps You . . .**

**Pay ★ Education  
Fellowship ★ Training  
Sports ★ Leadership**

Write or visit your community's unit of the

**NATIONAL GUARD**  
**of the United States**

# What a Relief!

(Continued from page 8)

ing pitcher one day might well be a relief pitcher the next. A pitcher was expected to sandwich in some game-saving between regular performances. Big Firpo Marberry, a Texan with a snapping fast ball, was so effective in relief work that he appeared exclusively in that role.

Marberry got to the Senators just as the great Walter Johnson reached the twilight of his career, and, although no Walter Johnson, he was noted for his fast ball. The fans loved him—especially for his exaggerated windup, head bent back toward second base and his left foot high in the air. Marberry was a durable fireman. He appeared in 50 games in 1924, 55 games a year later, and the year after that set a league record by appearing in 64 contests.

The time was ripe for relief pitchers to come into prominence. Under the influence of the immensely popular Babe Ruth, the American League began to inject high octane into the official ball so that the great Bambino could send it soaring for new home-run records. The public loved the Babe, and they loved homers. The pitchers suffered. No longer could they enjoy the security of knowing that a well-hit ball would seldom go out of the park.

More than meets the eye, the success of the New York Yankees over the past 25 years has depended as much on their relief pitchers as their big sluggers. Bucky Harris probably would say right now that the reliever is more important. There's no doubt that the Yankees have had the best relief corps in baseball to complement their famed succession of Murderers' Row.

Wiley Moore was the first of the great relief pitchers to work so effectively in the Yankee Stadium. Old Cy was a cool, calculating sinker-ball specialist who got that way by accident. He suffered two injuries to his pitching hand—he gashed his fingers and broke his wrist—which changed his style from overhand to sidearm. With the new delivery, Cy

found he could throw an effective and deceptive sinker.

Cy Moore, who operated briefly in the late 20s, always was thankful that he was a Yankee, with the great hitters of the day behind him and not in front of him. With his first World Series money, Moore bought two mules and named them "Ruth" and "Gehrig". The mules, he explained, saved him as much hard work on the farm as their human namesakes did on the ballfield.

**PAT MALONE** and Johnny Murphy took over the big relief chores for the Yankees in the 1930s. Malone, a rollicking, happy-go-lucky gent, was once thrown out of a ball game for being insolent to the umpire. Pat argued with the ump over his first three pitches, each of which was called a ball. When the arbiter finally called a strike on his fourth pitch, Pat stepped off the mound, swept his hat from his head, bowed low, and said, "Thank you, sir." He pitched no more that day.

In another game, Malone was annoyed that Del Baker, a Detroit coach, was tipping off batters whenever he threw his curve ball. He was throwing his curve to Goose Goslin when he noticed from the corner of his eye that Baker had signaled the fact to Goslin at the plate. Malone changed his delivery, and threw a fast one, high and inside. Expecting a curve, Goslin stepped in confidently, and was hit in the head. Malone didn't even glance at the stricken Goose. He turned to Baker at third base and shouted, "Keep calling 'em, and I'll keep knocking 'em down."

Malone, who had been a great pitcher for many years with the Chicago Cubs, was unhappy in his role of relief. "This is a nine-inning game," he complained, "and any time you admit you can't go nine, you're through." Unlike Malone, Johnny Murphy enjoyed being a fireman. He agreed completely with Lefty Gomez, who had said, "Put the two of us together and you get nine innings."

Near the end of his brilliant career, Lefty Gomez had considerable difficulty getting past the sixth inning. He would lose his stuff, and base hits would start dropping all over the ball yard. Then Johnny Murphy, the lantern-jawed Irishman, would come ambling out of the Yankee bull pen to squelch the fire while the light-hearted El Goofy relaxed under a shower. That neat arrangement never bothered Gomez. As long as he had Murphy to relieve him, Gomez never despaired at being yanked out of a game. He boasted he would go on winning games "as long as Murphy's arm holds out". How many games would he win? "Ask Johnny Murphy," Gomez answered. Even after his playing days were over, Gomez was still haunted by the memory of Fireman Murphy. When the goofy one went overseas during the war to entertain the troops, he invariably was greeted with a shout: "Where's Murphy? How'd you ever get so far without Murphy?"

The Bronx-born, Fordham-educated Murphy labored mightily in the bull pen and on the mound from 1934 to 1943. He was a vital cog in the great Yankee organization, and everyone, including the bat boy, knew that his value could not be measured merely by statistics. The players leaned heavily on Johnny when the chips were down. They had an unshaken belief that Grandma Murphy always would come through. The players once watched a fire burning furiously a few blocks away from their hotel in Boston. Fire engines blocked the streets, and police and firemen were everywhere. "If they really want to put that out," one of the Yanks said seriously, "why don't they call Johnny Murphy?"

**WHEN** the 1947 season began, the Yankees weren't given much of a chance to win the American League pennant. The Boston Red Sox, who had won the year before, were the favorites. But the underdog Yankees became the world champions—because of two Joes: DiMaggio staged a magnificent comeback, and Page emerged as a relief ace in the Moore-Malone-Murphy Yankee tradition.

Joe Page, who hails from Springdale, Pa., was almost ruined by early success. Signed by the Yankee organization in 1940, he fast-balled his way through Butler, Norfolk and Newark en route to the Yankee Stadium. For half of his rookie year, 1944, the nonchalant southpaw skyrocketed to glory. He quickly won five games while losing only one, and was selected to appear in the All-Star game. Then he fizzled out. He lost six in a row, and had to be yanked so often in the first inning that he was beginning to be known as "One-Round" Page.

Back he went to the minors. For two years, Page showed just enough,



like a burlesque stripper, to keep the Yankee management interested and wanting to see more. Then on the night of May 26, 1947, came the turning point. On his record, he was heading back to the minors or the trading block. At 30, he no longer had youth on his side.

A record crowd of 74,747 jammed into the Stadium for a night game between the Yankees and the Red Sox. In the third inning, the Sox knocked out Frank Shea—and the six-foot-two figure of Lefty Joe Page strolled into the game.

There were men on first and second, none out, and Ted Williams, Rudy York and Bobby Doerr on deck—Boston's big guns. Williams hit an ordinary grounder, and should have been an easy out. But the usually reliable George McQuinn booted the ball at first base, and the bases were full. Page went to work on Rudy York. His first three pitches were fast. They also were erratic, all three going for balls.

One more ball, and Joe Page would have been on a fast train back to the minors. His next three pitches were hopping fast strikes, and York went down swinging. Doerr struck out too, and Eddie Pellagrini was an easy out. At the end of the game, Page had struck out eight Red Sox, allowed no runs. His career as a fireman had begun.

Page won 14 games and lost eight over the season, but Bucky Harris estimated that the contribution of his ace-in-the-hole was something like 30 victories. Harris thought so highly of his fast-ball reliever that he nominated Page for the Most Valuable Player award, a nomination never before accorded a relief pitcher.

THE Dodgers knew from the start that they would have huge Hugh Casey in the bull pen right from opening day. A corpulent 34, Casey had long been the old reliable stopper of the Dodger mound staff. He galloped to the rescue more often than the United States cavalry in a Western film. During the last two seasons, Casey appeared in 92 games. Only Ace Adams, the indefatigable peanut planter from Iron City, Ga., had worked harder.

Hugh Casey never seems to get tired. "I can walk off the bench and pitch," he says. "I just stretch my muscles and I'm ready." He also claims he gets fat on work, putting on weight as the season progresses. Larry MacPhail, when president of the Dodgers, once offered the rotund Casey a bonus if the pitcher slimmed down. Casey went on a diet, which pained the switch-eater considerably, but not as much as it hurt MacPhail. The Dodger president paid the bonus and watched a weakened Casey stagger through a poor season. Since then, the club has not tampered with Casey's eating habits. Fortified by this freedom, the portly pitcher opened a profitable bar and grill in the vicinity of Ebbets Field, where he can raid the icebox anytime he likes. Like Red Barber, who broad-

casts the Dodgers' games, Hugh Casey is a Southerner who is very much at home in Brooklyn. Some of his fondness for Flatbush can be attributed to the hunting trips he made as a youth with Uncle Wilbert Robinson, the grand old man of Dodgerdom.

Casey made an auspicious debut as a Dodger. He beat the mighty King Carl Hubbell of the hated New York Giants 3 to 1. Despite his ability as a starting pitcher, Casey soon was marked for relief work because of his cool and shrewd manner on the mound. He is an ideal reliever: he has good control, a good curve ball, and plenty of speed for his fast ball for several innings.

Manager Leo Durocher grants Casey full permission to pitch his own game, a rare privilege from a man who likes to mastermind a game. Casey never loses his head. He's about as excitable as a guy in a coma. "In the spots I go in," he explains, "any bad play and I'm in real trouble. I never get excited. I watch all the hitters, study them. But I don't go to the bull pen until the seventh inning. I work three innings; once in a while, four. No matter what happens, I go home and relax."

Casey has had to rescue so many Dodger pitchers in his time that he didn't have much of a chance to form a more permanent attachment as did Johnny Murphy for Lefty Gomez. However, the team of Kirby Higbe and Hugh Casey was so familiar in Brooklyn box scores several years back that a petty thief took undue advantage of the close relationship. While the team was on the road, the crook sneaked into the pitchers' hotel room one day, and went through Higbe's pockets and then Casey's. He took away with him two checks, to which he forged signatures and then presented at a bank in proper order, first Higbe's and then Casey's. If the crook hadn't known his baseball and had the order been reversed, the teller would have known at once there was chicanery afoot.

Since the pennants were won virtually on relief work—Casey's and Page's—it was inevitable that the 1947 World Series turned out to be a Battle of the Bull Pens. Casey worked magnificently for the losing cause. He appeared in six of the seven games, and won two games on successive afternoons, a feat never accomplished before in World Series play.

At the end of the thrilling Series, it was Casey vs. Page on the mound. The Yankee appeared in four of the Series games, but it was in the final game that Page was superb. In five innings—from the fifth through the ninth—he faced exactly fifteen Dodgers, the absolute minimum. He turned back the fighting Dodgers with one hit and clinched the world championship for the Yankees. Once more, Bucky Harris raised a glass and toasted, "Gentlemen, I give you Joe Page."

It was a memorable climax to the year the major leagues went on relief.

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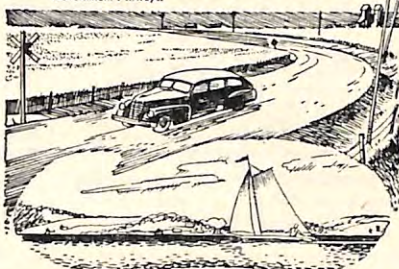
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# TURNTABLE TALK

BY CHARLES MILLER



THERE is a new trend in popular music that may easily change the entire face of jazz as we have come to know it. It comes in many forms and it is called many things: modern, progressive, bebop and other names that don't lend themselves well to print. The latter are used by people who feel that there's nothing particularly wrong with jazz as it is played today, and that the progressive trend is merely exhibitionism. I'm inclined to go along with the old-timers, and find myself vastly more satisfied with the efforts of a Dixieland group kicking a tune like "Royal Garden Blues" around, than I am with the alarmingly pretentious offerings of the modernists, who tend to fill the air with dissonances, strange chord effects, wild and complex solo passages that add up to nothing more than exercises, and noise. The whole business reminds me of a kid on a bicycle shouting, "Looka me! No hands! No feet! No nothing!"

I don't think my taste is reactionary. Duke Ellington plays the most progressive jazz in the world, and I yield to no one in my admiration for his imaginative and deeply beautiful work. His music is subtle yet comprehensible, powerful yet not bombastic. But most of the modernists don't seem to know quite what they're doing. Their work is frantic, confused, intensely neurotic and seems to have no other object than the complete overwhelming of the listener through the medium of pyrotechnics. The modernists will argue that they're in the process of developing ideas that will open a new field in jazz, that present-day music is far too limited by a framework of rhythmic and harmonic rules, and that progressive jazz will ultimately establish a wider framework and consequently an entirely new concept of what jazz should be.

This is a fair enough premise, and the best way to examine it is to listen to its foremost and least frantic proponent, Stan Kenton. Kenton and his band are currently in the midst of a concert tour through the East, South, and Midwest, and if you're in that part of the world you'll find it definitely worth your while to hear the band. No matter what your feelings may be I think you'll develop a healthy respect for his work. To me Kenton is the most sincere of the modernists, and his concert tour, I

would say, is something of a risky investment, since he is offering music that is basically not for dancing, but for intensely serious listening. You'll find much that is strange in his work, and possibly much that offends, for in my mind the biggest fault in his music lies in his feelings that it's necessary to blast an idea into your head rather than suggest it. But you should find much that is dramatic, colorful and refreshing. Incidentally, if you can't get to one of the concerts, Kenton records for Capitol. His latest sides are "Soothe Me" and "Lover", with vocalist June Christy doing an engaging job on the former, which, by the way, is an excellent example of the strange new music that Kenton hopes will set a new style in American jazz.

WHILE we're on the subject of modernism, it might be well to mention what some press agent at Capitol has called the "New Sound", a curious blend of guitar effects all played by Les Paul who manages to put several guitar parts of an ensemble into one record by re-recording. His current offering is "Lover", coupled with "Brazil".

I think Paul is on the right track, for his music offers unusual and expertly handled effects, but the sooner he gets out of what sounds to me like someone's chicken coop, the "New Sound" will be a better sound.

Stan Kenton again, this time behind the all-star band chosen in the popularity poll of *Metronome Magazine*. The soloists are all of the ultra-modern school and their work should give you an idea of what I mean when I say "frantic". The tunes are "Metronome Riff" and "Leap Here" (Capitol).

A sort of modified modernism is featured in King Cole's "The Geek" (Capitol), a clean-cut, swiftly-paced tune with a sprightly beat and some effortless solo stuff. Reverse is "I've Only Myself to Blame", a typically smooth Cole arrangement. If any musician has perfected the technique of the small instrumental group, it's King Cole, which makes it difficult to say anything new about him except that he's the best in his league.

Columbia has re-released eight sides by Eddy Howard and put them into an album (C-158) that includes several memory-refreshing old-timers—"Star Dust", "Wrap Your Trou-

bles in Dreams", "Jealous", "Mean to Me" and others. I don't think Howard's singing is going to have much effect on your emotions, but the tunes themselves are arranged in outstandingly good taste, and three of them offer solo and ensemble background by a number of top-notch jazz artists who play with an easy-going bounce that you don't hear too much these days.

THE newest recording of Handel's "Messiah" (two Victor Albums, DM 1194 and DM 1195) includes an unusual and valuable feature. On the first side of the first volume, Sir Thomas Beecham, conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, gives a brief introductory talk, covering previous interpretations of Handel's great work and his reasons for his own interpretation in these albums. The opus was recorded in England under the trying conditions of the winter of 1946-1947, and took five months to make. However, none of these difficulties is evident in the recording, and Beecham's handling of the music is faultless.

Tchaikowski's "Nutcracker Suite" and parts of the "Nutcracker Ballet" (Suite No. 2) are currently offered by Columbia and Victor. The more familiar Suite is recorded by Andre Kostelanetz (MM 714), while Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops Orchestra may be heard in the ballet music (DM 1164). The Kostelanetz version of the Suite may not be the best interpretation available, but it does capture much of its charm. I think you'll find a pleasant surprise in Fiedler's recording of the Ballet.

There's wonderful spirit in the new Victor album (DM 1147) of Offenbach's "Gaité Parisienne", played by Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops Orchestra. This gay, tempestuous picture of an era unhappily extinct is an ideal vehicle for Fiedler, and he gives an exceptionally creditable treatment to the work, one of the most delightful pieces of light classical music ever written.



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## Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 7).

on a light leader. I knew that Dan had started fishing with one tapered to 3X. I decided to let him worry a while, and when he looked up and saw me I waved my net at him without rising.

The trout began to seesaw back and forth in the middle of the pool. It surged up and rolled on the surface near Dan. I decided that it might go 16 inches. Then I heard him call above the noise of the stream, "I think I'm going to need that net."

I yelled, "Beach him," and continued to sit. The seesawing continued. Finally, the trout slashed out of the water on my side of the pool. I got a good look at him. He was big. I decided it would be a privilege to net a trout like that, and I hurriedly splashed across the riffle. Dan worked his fish to the edge of the pool and led him over my submerged and waiting net. I lifted carefully, and we retired a prudent distance up the bank.

Then Dan hooked a finger in its gills and lifted the first trout of the season clear of the concealing meshes of the net. It was magnificent. It was 21 inches of gold and chocolate brown, with scarlet spots trailing down its sides like rubies. It was deep and well conditioned, as pretty a brown trout as I have ever seen. We guessed that it would weigh close to four pounds.

We didn't weigh it. We don't believe in weighing fish. Although we made an honest effort to guess its weight, "close to four pounds" sounds much better than the three and a half which the scales might have shown. Besides, we always will think that it could have weighed more than four, and that possibility is pleasant to consider.

Never have I known an Opening Day to begin so auspiciously. We had been fishing for half an hour. We had a trout that an angler would be proud of in Wyoming or Montana, much less within a hundred miles of New York City. The sky was bright. The water was clear. The birds were singing. We couldn't find anything wrong.

**N**ATURALLY, the remainder of the day didn't measure up to the first half-hour. It couldn't. It wasn't bad, though. Business was slow until noon. After lunch we drove upstream three or four miles and stopped the car beside a bridge. Trout were rising in the pool below.

It looked like a chance to use our dry flies, and catching fish on dry flies on Opening Day is nearly as unusual as hooking a 21-incher in the first half-hour. Neither of us is averse to doing unusual things if they are pleasant, however, and taking trout on dry flies always is pleasant. We soon were ready.

We began floating artificials over those rising trout, and, what is more, we caught them. In fact, we caught one almost every cast. They all were about legal size, some slightly under and the others a little over, and we concluded that they had just been stocked.

There may be anglers who enjoy catching young, hungry and ignorant hatchery trout, but the Rod and Gun Department is not listed among their numbers. We moved downstream looking for larger and wiser fish. We caught a few on dry flies and a few more on wet flies and nymphs and then, almost before we knew it, the afternoon was gone. It was time to go home.

As we drove back past the East Branch we saw the last stragglers taking down their tackle in the glow of their headlights. We wondered if they were the ones who had held positions on the stream at daybreak. Had they stayed put all day, or were these late quitters the bank runners who hadn't been able to reach the water at dawn?

We didn't stop to find out. Opening Day had begun for us at dinner the evening before when we started the four-hour discussion required to decide where we should go. Now we were anxious to get home and eat trout—an obviously satisfactory conclusion to a day spent attempting to catch them.

Not all Opening Days, in New York or anywhere else, are so successful. As an unquenchable season opener from the time I changed from rubber pants to rubber boots, let me tell you what usually happens.

First, your preparations begin a month prior to the great day and end at midnight the evening before. Second, the weather is warm and rainy the preceding week so that the streams will be bank full of muddy water. Then, during your few hours of troubled sleep—before getting up at four a.m.—it turns cold and windy and starts to snow. Third, you drive 250 miles on an icy road. Fourth, you fall in shortly after you start fishing. Fifth, you don't catch any.

There are ways to minimize these hazards. The first is to make a scouting trip a few days before the season opens. Plan to spend a day at it and to visit all of the streams which might be good early in the season. Then when the great day comes you can fish the one where water conditions and other factors appear most favorable.

Second, go prepared for anything. Twice in my life I have caught trout on dry flies on Opening Day. All the other times conditions required wet flies, bucktails, spinners or bait. I have great respect for the angler who sticks to his flies when a stream is high and muddy, but the man who

consistently catches trout is the one who uses a spinner, a wabblers or a worm when it is necessary.

Third, take a complete change of clothing. It is the nature of man to wade just as deep as possible. If he is wearing boots he will get into the stream to within an inch of their tops. If he has on waders he will go just that much deeper. Water slopped over the top is not unpleasant in July; it is demoralizing in April.

There probably are more expert fly fishermen in and around New York City than anywhere else in the country. The reason, of course, is that they have to be good to catch fish. Plenty of big brown trout are to be found within 75 miles of Times Square, but all of them have seen so many flies, baits and fishermen that they are wise almost beyond belief.

Jim Webb, of Scarsdale, is one of these experts. He catches good trout throughout the season. In fact, there are many anglers who will tell you that Jim is the best trout fisherman in Westchester County and, with a little urging, they'll expand that to include New York State, America and the whole darned world.

Jim has been known to catch trout in the Bronx River. Of course, the Department of Conservation always puts a few small ones in it for the youngsters to catch early in the Spring, but I don't mean those babies. I mean brown trout up to 15 inches long, taken on a fly during the heat of summer.

To those anglers who never have seen the Bronx River, I will say that it is the last spot in the world where you would expect to find a trout. Catching fish this size from it is comparable to hooking a blue marlin in your bathtub. You just wouldn't believe it.

One time Jim was riding to the city with three other commuters. They got to talking about fishing and Jim said, "I got five beauties Saturday. They averaged 16 inches long."

One of the fellows said, "Where'd you get 'em?"

Jim gave him a hurt look. He thought a minute. Then he said, "Westchester County."

Better to ask a woman her age than a New York angler where to go fishing. You'll either be told the obvious places that you knew about already or nothing at all. The reason, of course, is that if a man is a real fisherman and knows he won't tell you, and if he isn't he can't.

Jim Webb knows a lot of secrets about trout fishing that I probably never will. But I learned one thing from him and the other experts that is so simple even I had no trouble understanding it. Here it is: when you catch a good trout, don't tell anybody where.

And so, friend, please don't ask me where Dan caught that 21-inch brown on opening day two years ago. I won't tell you. We may want to go back some day.



"Oh, come on—don't be so confounded bashful!"



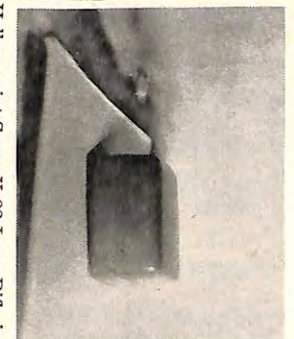
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# Capitol Country

(Continued from page 11)

spanning three rivers from Portsmouth (across the Elizabeth River from Norfolk) to Newport News. The bridge section across the James River is four and a half miles long. The stellar attraction at Newport News is five miles north of the city—the privately endowed Mariners' Museum, founded by Archer M. Huntington in 1930 and situated in a park and game sanctuary, including a fresh-water lake of 165 acres. On display are relics of ships past and present, including unusually striking figureheads from the bows of famous clippers; also ship models, engine models (they operate in slow motion at the touch of a switch), marine crockery, navigation instruments and articles recovered from British vessels sunk at the siege of Yorktown in 1781.

If a stiff wind is blowing on a day chosen for a trip on any of the Norfolk ferries, the bridge will be much pleasanter for persons inclined to be seasick. Chesapeake Bay can be one of the meanest bodies of water in the country and the ferries cavort crazily over the waves while passengers try to keep their feet. The de luxe ferries belong to the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway. They have the most luxurious upholstered seats found outside railroad cars.

## COLONIAL WILLIAMSBURG

This article will skip Colonial Williamsburg and Jamestown, with the suggestion that those interested write to Colonial Williamsburg, Inc., at Williamsburg, or the National Park Service, Washington, for complete information. It will mention, in passing, that one of Williamsburg's major problems is parking for the myriads of visitors' automobiles, which are strangely incongruous in the 18th Century streets. One of the coming changes probably will be to make the visitors park outside the town and take colonial coaches of the type the Founding Fathers used. Where to get the coaches is a real problem.

## END OF THE REVOLUTION

Yorktown, within a few miles of Williamsburg and Jamestown, is a place where schoolboys who may not be too enthusiastic about their history lessons can be given a refresher that will enormously stimulate their interest in their studies. Little of the original fortifications that were used in the two great sieges of 1781 and 1862 remain (the Confederates rebuilt the Revolutionary ruins) but there has been an amazingly good restoration, complete with period cannon, balls, powder dugouts and mortar guns. Yorktown was a trap for both Lord Cornwallis and Confederate General Magruder, but Magruder, knowing his history, escaped

in time with his forces, while Cornwallis was prevented from doing so by a storm that dispersed his ships. Cornwallis at the end claimed to be too ill to lead his troops to surrender to Washington's army; he left the job to General O'Hara. History has stood still at Yorktown for several generations and the population of about 500 is one fourth of that in 1750, when it was a great seaport for the Virginia tobacco trade. Probably there is still much historical treasure on the bottom of the York River, which in some places is 90 feet deep.

## HOT SPRINGS

The amazingly spacious and beautiful Homestead in western Virginia at Hot Springs is one place in the State where nothing is less than first class and where one can get the best cup of coffee in the Old Dominion, ride horseback with or without full regalia over miles of trails, drink the medicinal water or immerse oneself in it. The customers come back year after year, many insisting upon exactly the same rooms. To make sure of never committing a *faux pas*, the manager keeps copious records of customers, follows the society news in leading newspapers of the country and sadly notes down names that eventually appear in obituary columns. He tries not to send letters to those names, for the relatives think the manager should have known they were dead. Nor does the management take a positive stand on the virtue of the hot springs, although

it knows exactly "what's in 'em". Some customers find them beneficial, but some don't.

## WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS

If you are as far west as Hot Springs, it is just a few miles farther across the crest of the Appalachians and over the West Virginia State line into White Sulphur Springs, which has been fashionable for probably a longer period than many resorts have existed, namely 140 years. There is a famous old hotel there—the Greenbrier—and white sulphur and iron springs. If you are touring by automobile there is a choice of a return trip northward by way of Pittsburgh and Harrisburg, or over the Blue Ridge Parkway through the Shenandoah National Park. The mountain scenery is particularly beautiful in May and June, when the countless laurel bushes bloom. Pennsylvania goes in for the mountain laurel, the State flower, in a big way in June, when laurel festivals are held in many sections, each presided over by a queen.

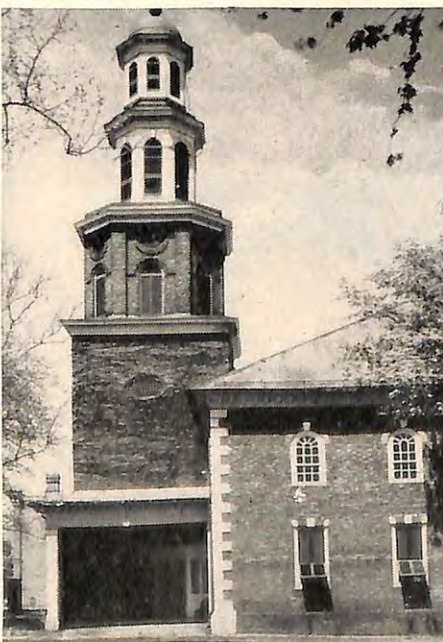
## TRIPS BELOW GROUND

The almost universal desire to investigate all holes in the ground has led to the discovery and development of caverns throughout western Virginia and neighboring States. Highway signs are encountered every few miles, extolling the beauties of this or that cavern. Most of them are privately owned and enormous sums, chiefly derived from admission charges that undeniably are high, have been spent "improving" upon Nature with electrical lighting, sometimes with musical effects. Visitors to the major caves are numbered in scores of thousands yearly and the business is a big industry, in many places including hotel facilities, souvenir stores and recreation parks. Wherever there are ancient limestone mountains there are caverns; all are different but are similar in type. Several of the larger caverns still are but partially known and exploration of undeveloped portions is hazardous. Doubtless there are caverns yet to be discovered, waiting to make fortunes for the man who finds them, buys them and waits for the public to make a path to their entrance.

## DELAWARE'S OLD TOWNS

What are now portions of Virginia, Maryland and New York once were supposed to be parts of Pennsylvania; only the western and eastern boundaries of that State have been unchanged since the original grant to William Penn. All of what is now Delaware was a part of Penn's 1681 grant and Delaware acknowledged the authority of the Governor of

Ewing Galloway Photo



Christ's Church, Alexandria, Va., where George Washington was vestryman and maintained a pew.



Pennsylvania until the Revolution. Although Delaware's first colonists were Dutch and Swedes, the traces of William Penn and his times are everywhere. For example, New Castle Common, a tract of 1,000 acres, was given to the town in 1701 by Penn. And Dover, to which the State capital was moved from New Castle in 1777, was ordered laid out in 1683 by Penn. It was in New Castle that Penn first landed and it is to New Castle that the visitor to Delaware will go if his first impressions are to be good ones.

The best way to get there, after leaving Philadelphia, is to cross the Delaware to Camden, N. J., by ferry or bridge, east of Independence Hall. Then proceed along Route 130 to the ferry at Pennsville, N. J., directly across the Delaware from New Castle. Before crossing the Delaware again the motorist may wish to make a seven-mile journey to Salem, N. J., the original Quaker City established by John Fenwicke in 1675, a few years before Penn came, and the first Quaker settlement in this country. From Salem it is a run of about an hour or so to Atlantic City.

Delaware's ancient towns, such as New Castle and Dover, have a pleasant custom every May of honoring their founders by opening old homes for visitors. New Castle boasts of many relics, including an old Dutch house built before 1700, an original dyke built by the Dutch at Chestnut and Third Streets in 1655, Immanuel Church, with hangings and silver donated by Queen Anne (she gave similar gifts generously to other churches) and a Market Plaine laid out by Peter Stuyvesant. New Castle and vicinity, like most of Delaware today, farms bountiful crops, harvests acres of fruit and gets shad just as was done three hundred years ago.

In all these environs of Pennsylvania, history is very evident and the civilizing influence of the Quakers, and the other sects which acclaimed Penn's enlightened principles, endures. Great cities sprawl today around the places where the first settlers landed in the late 1600's, but a few miles outside of them, farms are tilled as they were centuries ago. William Penn once boasted of his colony, the greatest in America, that any man led "upon a private credit" could progress as rapidly in seven years as others could in forty. It was a curious colonial melting pot of many races and faiths but history proves Penn's boast to have been more in the nature of an understatement.

*Continuing his discussion of places in the East which will be of particular interest to delegates, and their families, attending the 1948 Grand Lodge Session in Philadelphia, in the May issue Mr. Tyng will describe major sections of historic Pennsylvania. In the June issue, Mr. Tyng will devote his article to historic spots in the Convention city—Philadelphia.*

## How you can help on Army Day—April 6



**Y**our organization has played an important part in building a new Regular Army. It is appropriate on Army Day, April 6, for your Army to report some of the results of your valuable co-operation in the past, and to outline plans for the future.

Since VJ Day, your Army has demobilized and rebuilt. It is now a 100% volunteer force—the largest in history. But still it is not up to the strength required to carry out the world-wide tasks given your Army by Congress.

In Japan, for example, your Army has the smallest occupation army per capita in modern history. In Europe, your forces are the smallest of the three major powers. Other Army men serve in India, Iceland, Alaska, Korea, British Guiana, Panama and on many islands in the Pacific and Caribbean.

At home, your Army trains men, furnishes supplies, builds for security and conducts research to help keep your defense ahead of the world.

To accomplish these goals with so few men calls for soldiers of higher caliber and greater efficiency than any peacetime army ever had. Only about half of the young men who volunteer can meet the Army's standards. Your continuing help is needed to get at least 21,000 acceptable volunteers a month.

If every unit in your organization sends one prospect to the Recruiting Station on Army Day, you will have performed an important community service.

**U. S. ARMY AND U. S. AIR FORCE  
RECRUITING SERVICE**

**A STRONG  
AMERICA IS  
A PEACEFUL  
AMERICA**

VISIT ARMY DAY  
EXHIBITS APRIL 6

**Your Army and Air Force Serve the Nation and Mankind in War and Peace**

# What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 13)

and listen to the vibraphone, which was constantly playing sweet melodies. "That is my favorite waltz," Ford would say to his guest, usually a man of the portly, director-type, "Let's try it." Thereupon he would seize the hapless fellow about the waist and glide gracefully off with him across the engineering floor in three-quarters time. After they had finished, Ford would say in a courtly manner: "Thank you. You dance well!" Richards says the average guest, after such an experience, would be dumbfounded and look as though he were trying to believe the whole thing hadn't happened. It was just another of Mr. Ford's little tricks. (*The Last Billionaire*, Scribners, \$3.75)

## I SAW POLAND BETRAYED by Arthur Bliss Lane

*I Saw Poland Betrayed*, by our former ambassador to Warsaw, Arthur Bliss Lane, is a disturbing book written in ill-concealed anger. Mr. Lane served from 1944 to 1947 in the Polish capital, and by his account the experience was one long maddening frustration in the face of a double-dealing puppet government made up, he claims, of Moscow-trained communists. He believes that the Russians calculated their long delay of military help to the Warsaw insurgents under General Bór, during the Battle of Warsaw, in order to let the Nazis kill off as many Polish patriots as possible and thus to weaken the independent forces within the country so the Soviets would have less trouble in setting up a puppet state after the war. He believes, furthermore, that we and the British betrayed Poland at the Yalta and Tehran conferences, and goes as far as to say that if the "truth" about those conferences had not been suppressed by our State Department, President Roosevelt might well have lost the election of 1944. Mr. Lane also makes a strong suggestion, in a rather left-handed manner, to be sure, that the mass-murder of the 10,000 Polish officers in the Katyn Forest, instead of having been done by the Nazis, was very likely the work of the Russians, who notoriously fear and distrust the Polish officer class.

His book portrays a Poland now under a full-blown police terror—a country in which elections are a farce, in which fear is ever-present and which teeters on the brink of complete totalitarianism. After painting this black picture, Mr. Lane goes on to say that there may be hope yet for a free and independent Poland, and all that would mean to the peace and security of Europe. The Poles' fierce love of independence dies hard, he writes; they are Europe's most homogeneous people

and have historically been the most difficult to subjugate. He calls on America to cease appeasing the Kremlin and to keep alive the association of the Polish people with those of the United States. (*Bobbs-Merrill*, \$3.00)

## THE GESTURE by John Cobb

Although it has been a favorite shibboleth of Publishers' Row for a couple of years that "the public is fed up with war books", they continue to appear and to command audiences. Merle Miller's *That Winter* is one of the talked-about novels of this season, and John Cobb's *The Gesture*, which I think is a better book, is bound to be another. This is a story of a group of American flyers in Britain which comes as close as any I've read recently to giving a convincing and unadorned picture of war. Mr. Cobb's flyers are a clannish, edgy and somewhat drunken lot of young men, engaged in the unpleasant and dangerous business of flying B-17s over Europe. Their attitude toward the war is negative, to say the least. They are not imbued with any idealism, nor interested in political abstractions, mainly because no one ever took the trouble to tell them just what the war is all about. All they want is to sweat out the required missions and go home.

At a particularly low point in the group's morale, when a good two-thirds of them have been killed or are missing, the commanding officer is recalled and a new one sent from Washington to take over. Immediately there is pronounced hostility to Major Gregory Harris, mainly because he knows little of practical flying, partly because he is too fond of high-sounding phrases about Fascism, Democracy, race prejudice and the like. His men would rather drink and read comic books when there is no bombing to be done, and they don't take kindly to Gregory's lofty lectures (more's the pity, maybe, but that's how it is). The officer brings the feeling to a head when, discovering a detachment of Negro troops quartered in a nearby village, he orders them to be moved in with the pilots. A race-riot ensues, and there is hell to pay; but the pilots' anger and their drastic actions, it is made clear, are not directed so much against the Negroes as they are against what they dimly discern to be their commander's stupidity and his unfortunately-timed good intentions. Mr. Cobb's collective portrait of the flyers, which is neither all-black nor all-white, will probably elicit unfavorable comment from many ex-airmen. But he makes it plain that, while the boys were pretty young, and ignorant of the

basic reasons for the war through no fault of their own, they were brave and they had a feeling that the business at hand was to get the dam' war won. (*Harper*, \$2.75)

## WE CALLED IT CULTURE by Victoria Case and Robert Ormond Case

One of the most amusing books of the season is *We Called It Culture*—a history of the Chautauqua movement written by Victoria Case and Robert Ormond Case. If you are over forty, and were not brought up in a very big city, you must remember the yearly excitement when the "Chautauqua Train" pulled in at the depot, when the crew unloaded and set up the "big brown tent" and when the celebrities began parading down Main Street waiting to do their stuff. It was almost as good a circus as Hagenbeck-Wallace's, or Sels-Floto's, and to older folk in rural areas it brought contact with the outside world for which they pathetically hungered, but which their environment denied them.

Chautauqua, from its beginnings at the permanent prayer-meeting camp on the lake of the same name in New York State, grew to big-business proportions in the fifty-odd years of its existence (it isn't quite dead even yet, but the great days are gone). When it took to the road, there was scarcely an American family in the country that couldn't harness up the mare and drive to the county-seat to get the annual dose of culture. "Culture", it must be admitted, was a pretty inclusive term, covering not only the pious blasts of golden-voiced (or silver-voiced, I should say) William Jennings Bryan, but assorted Swiss bell-ringers, rube jokesters, chalk-talk artists and sleight-of-hand operators as well. By 1924, 12,000 American communities were blessed; that year 34,000,000 people paid entrance fees into the big brown tent. Then came a sudden slump, from which Chautauqua never rallied. The Cases think the radio, plus more and cheaper cars, plus the movies did the trick and they are probably partially right, although there must be other reasons (they forgot to blame the communists, which is an oversight, these days).

Their book is not as profound a history of an amazing cultural revival as it might be, but at least it's a good job of reporting. In an appendix, the authors reprint the most famous Chautauqua lecture of them all, "Acres of Diamonds", a fantastic, inspirational hodge-podge that was delivered to devout and starry-eyed listeners over 6,000 times by the indefatigable Rev. Russell H. Cromwell. That lecture is rather like a requiem for America's Age of In-

nocence; perhaps it was the ending of that age that also gave the *coup de grace* to Chautauqua. (*Double-day*, \$3.00)

**THE HUNTERS AND THE HUNTED**  
by Sacheverell

The writing Sitwell family of England—Sir Osbert, Edith and Sacheverell—have at least one other quality in common besides talent: they either give you a sharp pain in the neck, or they give you pleasure; there's no middle ground. They are eclectic ("precious" is the word used by hostile critics); they are polished, aristocratic and not a little arrogant. I personally do not consider these as damning faults in a writer, if he can write. The Sitwells can.

*The Hunters and The Hunted*, the latest work of Sacheverell, seems to have been written purposely to drive the family's literary enemies out of their minds. In the first place, it is unclassifiable; in the second, it is hard to say just what the book is about (except to say that it's about everything), and in the third, the author makes it clear that he doesn't much care what his reader thinks. He obviously has written the book for his own enjoyment and if you'd care to share it, so much the better for you. If not, well . . .

The book (I'm going to *try* to give an idea of it) is a long prose poem in honor of the arts of peace, the occupations and interests of the man of taste, of feeling and of good will. The author wanders through the past, through tapestried halls of ancient castles, through ducal hunting parks where elegant courtiers hunt the wild boar. He idly flips the lovely painted pages of the Book of Hours of the duc de Berry; in a brief moment of delight, he seizes upon an antique Etruscan mirror, and rapturously describes the sculptured bronze relief on it back, showing the figures of Apollo and Semele and their child, Bacchus. He takes you to the Saxon court in the Middle Ages and you watch the knights at the cruel game of fox-tossing (not a very commendable art of peace, I'm afraid). Then he's off again—writing lovingly of Picasso's "Blue Period" and, just when you think you are getting oriented, off he goes into the realm of ornithology, to muse lovingly upon the plumage of exotic birds. Are you giddy?

This is all strung together by a little narrative device that only a Sitwell could think up, and one that would take a Sitwell to describe. Yet I enjoyed the book. It isn't the sort of thing you want to read through at a sitting, or at a dozen. But if you like good writing, you should get many hours of entertainment out of it. "Escape-writing," they call it—the ones who sneer. Well, what's wrong with that? Is the current scene so delightful and cheering that one should not escape from it for an hour or two occasionally? *The Hunters and Hunted* may help you to do so. (*Macmillan*, \$4.00)

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**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.

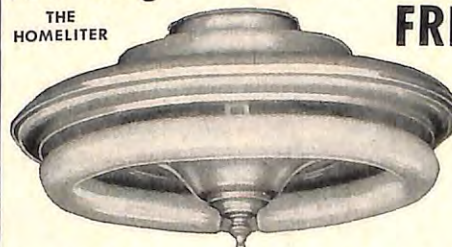
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## In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 17)

intelligence; hence the pure-bred is more likely to be a healthy, intelligent animal.

Yes, the under-priced pup can be the most expensive, after all. It is axiomatic in the dog world that dogs are worth just as much as the breeder can get for them and you cannot blame the breeder for that. What the purchaser doesn't see are the long hours of patient care given to the dogs, the countless nights sitting up with a whelping female or a sick dog. Those are things on which no price can be put.

While still on the matter of price, I may add that occasionally a kennel will find itself overcrowded and will have to sell some of its dogs for less than they are actually worth. In this, of course, the buyer gets a break although it doesn't often happen.

When it comes to the price of a dog suited for show purposes, the sky is the limit. It is a matter of record that a Chow-Chow imported from England by a manufacturer of a well-known vacuum cleaner cost him \$10,000, and the cocker spaniel, the late My Own Brucie, was reported to have been sold by the estate of his late owner for \$25,000. Such superior dogs cannot be giveaways.

FOR when you are in a dog-buying mood, as I have said earlier, it is best to attend a dog show because there you will see the adult size in the breed in which you are interested, and this is important. Too often people will fall for the cute antics of a St. Bernard pup without considering that that breed is entirely unsuited to small living quarters. To live in a small city apartment with a dog that size is like living with a horse, no matter how adorable it may be in its puppy days. Another thing to be considered is the habits of the breed and, believe it or believe it not, its coat.

When you go shopping for a dog and take Padre Faust's advice to go to a kennel, it isn't likely that you are going to be high-pressured into a sale. Good kennels don't have to employ much salesmanship for their dogs. Before buying a dog it is well to consider just why you want the dog. If you have some special purpose in mind, such as guardian or watch dog, then you will select one of those breeds which are big enough to do the job adequately. This means that such a dog should weigh at least 50 pounds when fully grown, should be intelligently alert and aggressive enough to repel any intruder. Considering that you are going to have that dog for some 12 to 14 years, the life expectancy of most well-kept dogs, it is well to give some thought to what to look for when getting a puppy. Here you throw sentiment out the window and use common sense. Don't be beguiled by a pup's cuteness. All puppies are cute and I may add that all healthy puppies are their own best salesmen. Look for a dog that has firm, pink gums; clean, white teeth—not yellowish white. Look for an alert pup, active and frisky. Look on the stomach, under the forepaws and hind legs for indications of rash. If a rash exists, reject that pup as you may have vets' fees to pay later; it may be an indication of mange or eczema. Don't buy a puppy that has an over-distended, swollen stomach as this is an indication of worms, which will mean another expense to you to get rid of them. When I say that you won't get any high-pressure sales talk from a kennel owner, I mean exactly that, but if that owner sees that you are uncertain or don't know much about the breed, he or she may try to help you to make your selection. It is merely a desire on the part of the kennel owner to be of assistance to

## TO REPLACE YOUR LOUIS- WALCOTT BOXING PICTURE

Many of our readers destroyed the Louis-Walcott boxing picture which appeared on page 6 of the March *Elks Magazine*. They did so in order to clip out the Questionnaire which ran on page 5, backing the picture. In appreciation of the cooperation of the readers who sent in the Questionnaire, reprints of the boxing picture are offered to them without charge.

The reprints are identical in color and size to the picture which ran in the *Magazine*. For your replacement reprint, write to the *Elks Magazine*, 50 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. If you did not send in a Questionnaire, but desire a reprint, please send 10 cents in coin to cover costs.



Louis-Walcott boxing picture from page 6, March *Elks Magazine*.



"How to Know and Care for Your Dog" is the title of Edward Faust's booklet, published by the Kennel Department of *The Elks Magazine*. One canine authority says, "It is the most readable and understandable of all the books on this subject." This beautifully printed, well-illustrated, 48-page book covers such subjects as feeding, bathing, common illnesses, training and tricks, the mongrel versus the pedigree, popular breeds, etc. It costs only 25c. Please do not send stamps. Address *The Elks Magazine*—50 E. 42nd St., New York 17.

you. When you visit the kennel, try to see all of the puppies of the particular litter from which you are going to select your pup. The kennel owner may put a higher price on some of the pups of the litter which he may consider a future show prospect, but whether or not you want to pay this advanced price is a matter of your own discretion. One of the surest indications of smartness and intelligence in a pup is that when you speak to it, it will roll its eyes in your direction before turning its head.

As to the choice between male or female, you can safely throw overboard any of the pre-conceived ideas you may have heard to the disadvantage of the female. It is only twice a year that Cupid visits her, at which

time she can easily be confined or you can turn her over to a kennel. In other respects she is superior as a companion and house-pet. She stays closer to home, she is usually more intelligent, she is more easily house-broken and she is more affectionate. Having a stronger sense of protectiveness, she makes an excellent guardian for children or your property. Barring the periods I mentioned, at all other times she is indifferent to any canine Casanova. In fact, she is likely to box their ears if one makes a pass at her. If you are undecided as to what breed you like best or where to shop for the breed you have decided upon, let me know and I will be very glad to answer your queries for you.

## Gadget and Gimmick Department

(Continued from page 18)

pipe and tobacco in ungainly pouches. They are constantly fumbling for the tobacco pouch, keeping it filled, trying not to waste tobacco by letting it dry out, and so on. Here is news for the stubborn pipe smoker. It is a rigid, plastic tobacco pouch designed especially to fit into small pockets without producing a bulge. In the top of this ingenious receptacle is a humidifier unit that keeps the tobacco moist. When you want to fill the old pipe, just flip up a small spout and pour the necessary amount of weed into your incinerator. The humidifier unit, a bit of detachable felt, can be revitalized by soaking in water, squeezing moderately dry and replacing in the container. What type of hemp you use and call tobacco need not be discussed. It works for all grades.

THERE has been a long-felt need for a bullet-proof vest for hunters. Every year, all over the country, hunters go about shooting at one another. The toll of hunters is terrific. Occasionally even some game is shot, too. But the terrifying thing is that hunters seem to continue to identify each other as running deer, snarling bears, cougars and even pheasant.

One hunter last season brought down a fellow sportsman who was wearing a scarlet cap, plaid jacket and an array of flashing neon lights.

When chided about mistaking the other hunter for a buck, he lost his temper completely. Naturally, the matter was dropped.

But here is something that will make for safer hunting from now on. This is a bullet-resistant jacket weighing less than six pounds. It was developed by the Marines in the shooting war just past and looks like a light summer Navy jacket. The jacket is made of Fiberglass sheets impregnated with resin.

Even if you don't hunt much, it would be wise to get this jacket. One could wear it as a vest at bridge games, business conferences and other critical times. It would give you a comforting feeling of security no matter where you wore it. These are trying times and a word to the wise should suffice.



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## Elk Newsletter

(Continued from page 16)

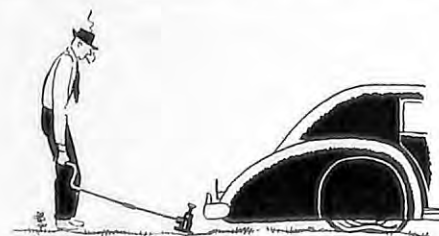
essential if the pre-war standard of living is to be restored.

★ **Though the day of grain surpluses** still may be far off, new progress is reported in the battle to find ways of alleviating their ill effects. One goal has been the creation of an alcohol industry built on surplus and low-standard farm grains. But price has been a barrier. Now, the Northern Regional Laboratory of the Department of Agriculture reports development of a malt substitute which reduces the cost of grain alcohol by three cents a gallon. In addition, new economies have been effected in the process for manufacturing alcohol from corn cobs and other farm wastes. At this rate, U. S. farmers may be raising the fuel for their own cars before long.

★ **Hotel and apartment owners** are being offered a new odorless paint which will permit them to redecorate a room or an apartment in the space of a few hours. Water-based by a revolutionary new process which does away with the traditional drying oils, the new paint is said to dry without odor in half an hour. Unlike casein paints, it is highly resistant to washing and weathering.

★ **Wandering spouses** still can plead self-protection as a reason for staying away from home. Deaths from accidents in the home are still leading all other types of fatalities, the Bureau of Standards reports in its new book, "Safety in the Household". For those who must go home for one reason or another, methods of eliminating most of the common home hazards are described.

★ **Last month** this column noted that Commerce officials expected Americans to eat less this year if the automobile industry attains pre-war production levels. More cash for cars would mean fewer funds for food, they argued. Now it can be reported that Agriculture Department officials concur—but for a different reason. They say we're going to eat less food this year because there won't be as much of it. Per capita meat consumption is expected to drop five to seven per cent below last year, for one thing. The outlook for vegetarians is okay, however. They're going to be able to get just as much sugar, rice, dried fruits and dried milk as they did last year.



# "To the Airport", 1950

(Continued from page 15)

thing else it looks like a closely knit network of the huge towers which support the high-tension lines criss-crossing America. The big difference is that, instead of carrying cables, the L&NE towers support a pair of monorails from which cars are suspended on small, trolley-like carriages. The monorails parallel each other and individual cars or "trains" can run in opposite directions.

The track itself is a heavy band of steel which weighs about ten pounds per foot, with an increase in weight and thickness around curves to insure safety. It becomes, in effect, the base girder of a bridge-like framework, suspended above the earth on high trestles secured permanently in concrete-steel foundations. The upper part of the structure is like a lattice-box-girder of rectangular shape and the lower part is virtually a framework cradle. Thus the speeding cars have two guide rails, an upper and lower pathway. Each has a built-in patrolway for inspection of the monorails and for maintenance stands.

This whole complicated structure, which looks as though someone had constructed it with an erector set, actually is less expensive to build than an ordinary railroad bed. It doesn't require any grade crossings (eliminating the dangers to motorists in private cars), no going around hills, no specially prepared roadbed which requires constant attention. The massive towers hold the rails high enough in the air to permit the suspended cars to slide along over the railbands, skimming over roof tops, leaping rivers and lakes, swooshing over the tree tops of a forest. The Railplane System can parallel a railroad right-of-way or highway, the high-speed Railplanes running above the ordinary ground-bound traffic.

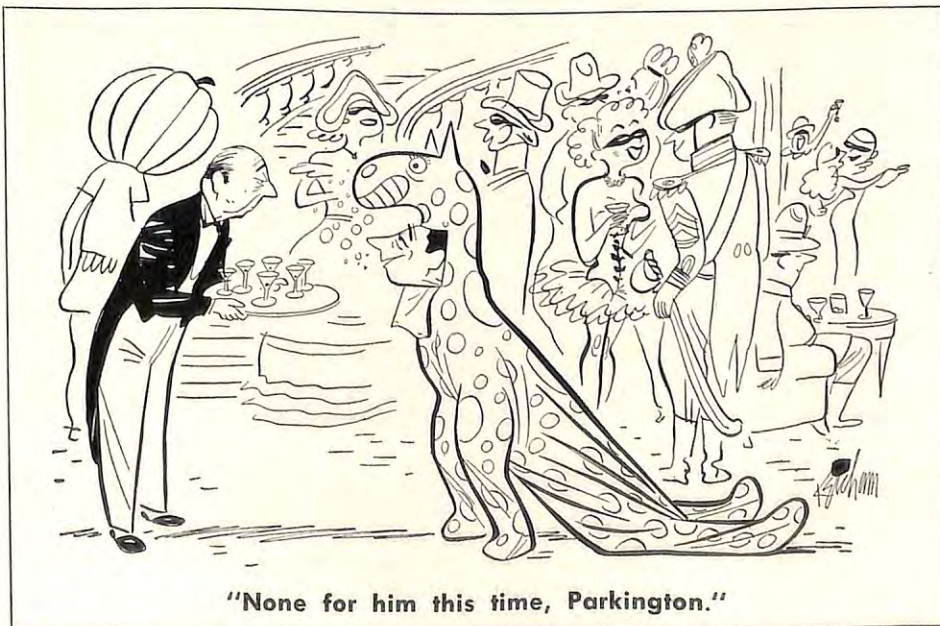
For all its girders and framework, engineers estimate that mile for mile the monorail will almost halve the costs of laying a railroad. However, the greatest advantage is that it doubles, or even triples, the potential speeds of ground transportation.

The Railplane Service in Europe, for example, has been operating with a high degree of safety at speeds between 120 and 125 miles per hour, which is faster than any train in the United States today. But its power plants are not near the horsepower rating of present-day engines, which suggests the possibility of safe speeds of 200 to 300 miles per hour. Progress also indicates doing away with a lot of the overhead superstructure by putting up T-shaped support beams on each trestle, with monorails supported at each end of the elevated horizontal bar. The Dayton Railplane System favors this arrangement over the intricate lattice-work affair used in Europe.

Describing the cars now in use on the British System, a report says: "The 100-seat vehicles are about 70 feet long and are streamlined so that they appear to be 'controlled zeppelins'. They are moved by propellers, one aft and one fore, with automatic adjustable pitch mechanism to give a variety of speeds. The propellers can be driven by electric or Diesel motors. Cars can be run singly or coupled (three cars to the train) joined by flexible couplings."

Talking with aeronautical engineers and not railroad men, you get a better idea of what the Railplane passenger coaches of the future will be like. Literally, you'll ride in an airplane fuselage minus the wings. It will be roomy, lightweight, streamlined, with all the conveniences you find in the modern airliner.

Present plans for Dayton's "Air-



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port Shuttle Special" call for a coach of 100-passenger capacity. It will have airplane-type seats, a smoking room and a reserved seat section for airliner passengers so that they will be assured space to make their plane connections. There also will be a special commuters' compartment. The "special" will depart from an elevated downtown station, but will start letting down on a long slanting track into an underground station at the airport, thus eliminating high superstructures near the airport which might be hazardous to air traffic. At the airport terminal, long rampways will lead directly from the Railplane to the departing or arriving airliner's gate.

"Means of propulsion," says one engineer, "will be either by pusher and puller propellers or jet engines." Not just limiting his views to the Railplane "airport taxi", he sees 200- to 500-passenger coaches built of aluminum and magnesium as our future rail carriers. They will have giant 20- or 30-foot, four-bladed propellers at either end turning at terrific rpm, driven by 4,000- and 5,000-horsepower airplane engines.

**A**DMITTEDLY some aircraft manufacturers claim they can build these Railplane designs almost from the blueprints originally meant for plane fuselages for the air giants that are now in the sky. Present available aircraft power plants, with simple modifications, they claim, can easily be applied to the Railplanes. All that is needed is to attach the wheeled trolleys, provide the overhead railway system and the "tubes"

will be roaring across the continent. Imagine riding along at airplane speeds in airliner comfort in a railroad coach. Yet that is the prospect which faces us today, if the Railplane idea is developed.

Futuristic designs also include plans for jet propulsion Railplanes and even rocket-powered vehicles which might permit speeds which would surpass our fastest airliners today. According to engineers it is entirely possible to replace the propellers with 10,000- or 20,000-thrust-power jet engines which would do away entirely with vibrations and make the Railplane the most comfortable vehicle on wheels.

Another possibility is to make electricity do the job. Engineers already have made studies for an electric airplane which uses the gas turbine to turn generators which in turn feed current to small electric motors inside the propellers themselves and whirl the giant blades at high-speed revolutions. The same idea could be applied to the Railplane with the added possibility that, it being a ground vehicle, it could get its current from a direct supply and run much the same as our present-day "third-rail" trains.

Regardless of its propulsion principle, the Railplane introduces an important new consideration into railroad operation: it eliminates the need for heavy equipment. Heretofore, the speed of trains has depended upon adhesion of the locomotive's wheels to the tracks and a lot of power is lost in friction. This factor alone has meant carrying "dead weight". Since the Railplane, like

the airplane, depends on propeller thrust or jet thrust to get its motivation, it doesn't depend upon its weight to get forward or reverse motion from its wheels.

By comparison some figures now available show that a 100-passenger rail coach weighs approximately 80 tons, while a 100-passenger Railplane car could be built at a fourth of that weight. The friction loss, caused by the necessity of great weight for the production of necessary adherence, reflects disastrously on present railroad operations. Since this is not true of the Railplane operation, it can be compared only with the airplane, not the rail-train.

Regarding this point, one capable railroad engineer points out: "In the struggle against the road, weight is a fatal factor to Railways, seriously endangering their supremacy by burdening their operation with new and heavy changes in the effort to raise the speed of trains. The Railplane, on the other hand, offers a new and radical solution to this problem and it is probably the only course for the railroads to take if they are to provide an ultra-rapid passenger transport in direct competition to the airlines."

**T**HE Railplane, too, is the closest thing to reliable high-speed transportation which can operate on schedule in spite of adverse weather conditions. Because it runs along at high speeds on its guide rail, neither fog nor blinding snow nor ice nor electrical storms have any effect on its operation. It rams on through the dangerous weather fronts like a bullet, maintaining fast, dependable schedules. The thing literally flies through the air, its wheeled trolleys merely acting as guide rails to keep it on course.

Yet a unique braking system permits it to stop on the proverbial dime. The trolleys from which the cars are suspended are provided with powerful spring-brakes, designed to obtain instant, yet smooth, braking. Two of the brakes, one to each trolley, are directly controlled by the conductor; an auxiliary system is controlled automatically in conjunction with a signal system, or independently by the pilot or engineer. Another precaution peculiar to propeller-driven Railplane cars is that the reversible pitch propellers can be made to reverse their thrust, acting as brakes. Engineers claim that they will be able to slow down or speed up without passengers even feeling the change of motion. Likewise, the Railplane is free from the roughness caused by rough air or bumpy "pockets", which air passengers today claim is a serious objection to flying.

The way one expert sums it up, however, is enough to excite the interest of both airlines and railroads. "The Railplane," he says, "is the answer to the Doubting Thomases who have been claiming that they would like to fly so long as they could keep one foot on the ground."

## ELKS SUPPORT OUR GOVERNMENT'S SECURITY BONDS CAMPAIGN

On April 15th our Government will launch a Security Bonds Drive.

The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks has been invited, and has accepted the invitation, to help make The Security Bonds Drive a success and I earnestly request that our lodges and individual members respond wholeheartedly, not only in the purchase of Security Bonds, but in lending their assistance in their respective communities in encouraging all citizens to invest their surplus earnings in this safest of all investments.

The Security Bonds campaign will run from April 15th to June 30th and from time to time you will receive further information as to how best to promote this program.

Our Order has been noted for its patriotic endeavors in the past and I am confident that our response to this call will continue the high standard of support that we have always given when called upon by our Government.

There are three ways to buy Security Bonds:—

- 1.—THE PAYROLL SAVING PLAN WHERE YOU WORK.
- 2.—THE BOND A MONTH PLAN WHERE YOU BANK.
- 3.—OVER-THE-COUNTER BUYING IF NEITHER OF THE AUTOMATIC WAYS FITS YOUR CASE.

America's security is your security.



L. A. LEWIS  
GRAND EXALTED RULER



# News of the Order



At the request of the heads of Army and Navy Recruiting Agencies, on February 10th Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis visited the President of the United States, Major General Thomas J. Hanley, Jr., of the Army and Admiral Felix Johnson of the Navy. He assured them that the Order of Elks will again lend every possible effort to assist in completing enlistments according to the quotas deemed necessary for a peacetime Army and Navy.



At top: William M. Frasier, Executive Secretary of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission; Mrs. L. A. Lewis; the Grand Exalted Ruler; President Harry S. Truman; Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, Treasurer of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission; Mrs. Fred Tilton and D.D. Tilton of New Hampshire, and Ambrose A. Durkin, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials. Above, right, Mr. Lewis discusses the recruiting campaign with Admiral Johnson, and, directly above, with Major General Hanley and Staff Sgt. Elmer C. Shipley.

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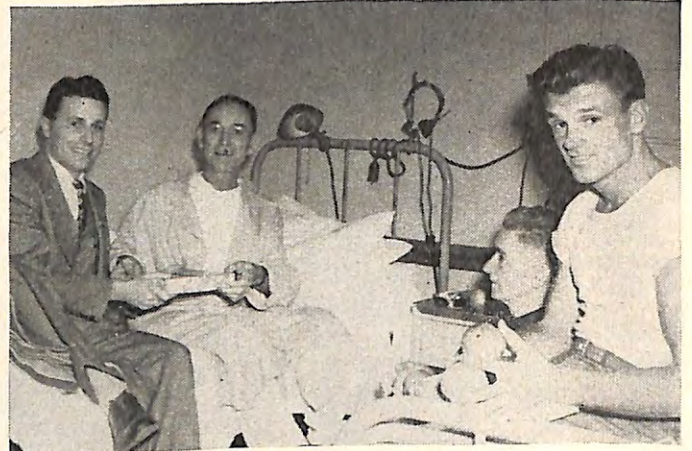
**Editorial**

# ACTIVITIES SPONSORED BY THE ELKS NATIONAL VETERANS SERVICE COMMISSION

We are once again publishing photographs taken at Christmas parties given for patients in Veterans Hospitals. This program of the Elks Veterans Service Commission was a tremendous undertaking and one which brought much happiness to convalescent servicemen and women all over the United States.



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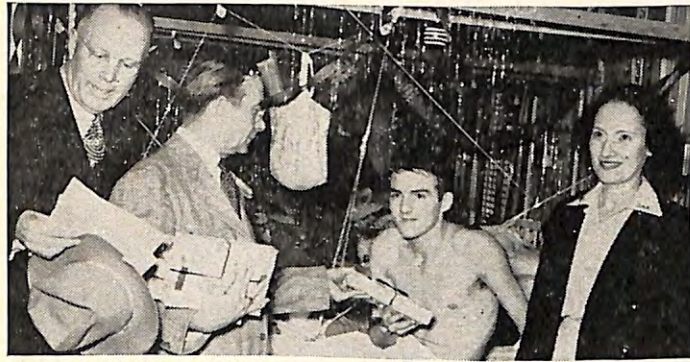
5. NEW ORLEANS, LA.



6. ILLINOIS ELKS



7. OREGON ELKS ASSN.



8. EL PASO, TEX.



9. SOUTH DAKOTA ELKS



10. KENTUCKY ELKS



11. JACKSONVILLE-SPRINGFIELD, ILL.



12. JACKSON, MISS.



13. TACOMA, WASH.



14. IOWA ELKS



15. JOHNSON CITY, TENN.



# 4<sup>TH</sup> OF JULY IN PHILADELPHIA



**T**HE time is July 4, 1948. The place is Philadelphia, convention city of the nation and birthplace of liberty—your Convention City this year.

It is fitting that the Grand Lodge Convention of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks should meet in the shadow of the Liberty Bell during this crucial year of American history.

It is fitting that, as ever, Philadelphia plays host to men whose decisions and policies will help shape our American future.

Philadelphia is comfortable in the role of host. The city will throw out its best welcome mat to the thousands of delegates who will arrive on July 4. More than 7,500 hotel rooms will be available to conventionnaires. The city will provide an audience of many thousands when the Grand Lodge swings into formation for its big parade along Broad Street and up the famous parkway.

Philadelphia, the Convention City, has much to offer.

History lovers—and just plain Americans—will visit Independence Square, the Philadelphia Mint, Rittenhouse Square, the \$22,000,000 Benjamin Franklin Parkway, the Pennsylvania Museum of Art and the Betsy Ross House.

The best food that a city of connoisseurs can offer will be available for conventionnaires who may taste their first Philadelphia scrapple, their first Philadelphia popovers and Philadelphia's famed ice cream and seafood. Book lovers may browse in some of the oldest and largest book stores in America. Antique collectors will find

Philadelphia's Spruce Street shops entertaining and instructive to visit.

In this city of homes, conventionnaires will see some of the old gas lights, the cobbled streets, the red brick, white-stonestep houses of Benjamin Franklin's day.

Now is the time to make arrangements to visit Philadelphia next July 4-8. Here in the city which has inspired so many great Americans, loyal members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks may find new courage to tackle the tremendous problems of our confused world.

*This is the time to organize your Convention delegation with marching groups, band units and uniformed drill teams. Prizes will be awarded winners in the various contests as well as in the Grand Parade. The eyes of the Order will be focused this July Fourth on Philadelphia.*

*The time is July 4, 1948. The place is Philadelphia—your Convention City.*

*I'll be looking forward to greeting you.*

MAX SLEPIN

GRAND ESQUIRE

# THE GRAND EXALTED

## RULER'S VISITS



In case you're under the impression that your Grand Exalted Ruler is constantly on the go and that he never gets back home, here's pictorial proof that he does manage occasionally to get to his office in Los Angeles.

On these lightning visits, his executive Secretary, William H. Garvin, right, arranges everything so that Mr. Lewis may dispatch his office duties with no waste of time, and may get on his way again for further subordinate lodge visits.

The two young ladies below are, left, Ann Louise Whitener and, right, Edna Mae Jacks, both capable amanuenses who keep things going smoothly in the absence of the Order's leader, attending to the myriad details of his important position.



**B**RAWLEY, CALIF., LODGE NO. 1420, greeted Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis home on the morning of January 5th. Accompanying him were D.D. O. W. Heying and H. B. Pearson, and their wives, who arrived from **INDIO** where they had been royally entertained the evening before. On his arrival in Brawley, Mr. Lewis enjoyed conversation with almost every local Elk, led by E.R. Raleigh Lambe.

Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis was entertained by members of **RATON, N. M., LODGE NO. 865**, at a chuck-wagon dinner on Saturday, Jan. 10th, when he paid his official visit to the State. During the supper one of the members gave him his hand-crocheted apron which the Grand Exalted Ruler had admired. Later on, Mr. Lewis addressed over 300 Elks from Colorado, Texas, and New Mexico at the National Guard Armory, while the ladies made things pleasant for Mrs. Lewis at the lodge home. Mayor Joseph Kastler proclaimed the tenth "Lew Lewis Day," and the city was decorated with flags and bunting in honor of the occasion. Among the distinguished guests at the banquet were D.D. Grady Huffman, Texas State Assn. Pres. V. A. Powell, P.D.D. H. A. Allen, M. B. Chase, Pres. of the Colo. State Elks Assn., Secy. Joe Falletti of the N. M.-El Paso Elks Assn., and representatives of several other lodges. E.R. A. B. Stabenow of the host lodge presided during the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit. Other New Mexico lodges visited included Las Vegas and Albuquerque.

When Mr. and Mrs. Lewis visited Shawnee, Okla., they were entertained at the Elks Country Club there by the members of **SHAWNEE LODGE NO. 657**, who also welcomed Earl E. James, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Marvin Fowler, Treas. of the Okla. State Elks Assn.; Past State Pres. Park Wyatt, and D.D. John M. Collin.

Mr. Lewis enjoyed luncheon with Elk officers at the Elks Club and then proceeded to Tulsa where he met briefly with members of **TULSA LODGE NO. 946**. At six that evening he had dinner at the Oaks Country Club with a large group of lodge officers from the Okla. East District. At eight o'clock **SAPULPA LODGE NO. 1118** was host to the lodges of its district when 300 persons were on hand. A class of 60 candidates from the combined lodges was initiated. The Grand Exalted Ruler presented the George M. McLean Ritualistic Awards on behalf of the Past Presidents of the State Elks Assn. A gift of a 115-piece dinner set of Frankhoma pottery, in the Oklahoma pattern, was presented to the Fraternity's leader as a token of the lodges' appreciation.

On his visit to **DALLAS, TEX., LODGE NO. 71**, on Jan. 15th, Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis received a handsome walk-

# THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S VISITS

ing stick from George W. Loudermilk, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee. The meeting at Dallas, a most successful one, took the form of a luncheon attended by many leading citizens, among them 50 whose attendance was secured through Mr. Loudermilk's personal efforts. These included three former District Deputies and eight Past Exalted Rulers of the lodge.

The former head of the Auditing Committee for the Grand Lodge was honored by No. 71 a few nights later with the initiation of a special class of candidates and a large attendance marking the observance of his 48th year as a member of Dallas Lodge.

Gov. Beauford H. Jester of Texas, a member of Dallas Lodge, was unable to attend the luncheon in Mr. Lewis' honor, owing to the press of official duties, but wired his regrets to E.R. Paul LeSure and his best wishes to the Grand Exalted Ruler.

The officers and members of **HOUSTON, TEX., LODGE, NO. 151**, welcomed the official party on Jan. 17th after their visits to **TYLER** and **SAN ANTONIO LODGES**. E.R. Joseph A. Sweeney of San Antonio Lodge No. 216 welcomed the Grand Exalted Ruler on his arrival at the lodge home. The members of No. 216 went all-out to make their visitors feel welcome, with a luncheon before the joint meeting in the lodge rooms, open house, and a special dinner for Mrs. Lewis in the famous Anacacho Room of the St. Anthony Hotel. Mrs. Lewis was entertained by Mrs. Sweeney and 16 wives of Trustees and other officers of the lodge. State Pres. Powell and D.D. Felix L. Gay, Sr., were present at this meeting, when Dr. Hugh Warren, a member of the lodge's Board of Trustees, presented to Mr. Lewis a beautiful painting, "The Alamo", on behalf of the San Antonio Elks.

At a delightful dinner at the home of Houston Lodge, two noteworthy presentations were made: an Honorary Life Membership Card was given to the Hon. Jesse H. Jones, former head of the RFC and former Secretary of Commerce, by the Grand Exalted Ruler. Mr. Jones, a member of Houston Lodge, resides in that city. The other gift had Mrs. Lewis as the recipient when E.R. A. A. Gharrett turned over to her "a little bit of Texas" in the form of a lovely painting of a Bluebonnet field. Former Gov. Coke Stevenson and State Assn. Pres. V. A. Powell were among the many distinguished Elks who attended this gala affair. Special delegations from Galveston, Port Arthur, Beaumont, Temple and other lodges were present. Two other Texas visits made by Mr. Lewis were to Wichita Falls and Fort Worth Lodges.

L. A. Lewis' charm and sincerity won the hearts of the Arkansas Elks during his visit in that State. On Jan. 22nd **HOT SPRINGS LODGE NO. 380** entertained him at a very pleasant dinner, attended by Elks from all over Arkansas. He was

welcomed to the State by Garland County Representative Lloyd Darnell, to the city by Mayor Earl T. Ricks, and to the lodge by E.R. Richard M. Ryan who presented to the Grand Exalted Ruler a commission as an "Arkansas Traveler". The two youngest lodges of the State, Mountain Home and Eureka Springs, were well represented, and other lodges sent delegations of members and candidates for the class of 30 new Elks initiated in honor of Mr. Lewis' visit. Among the dignitaries on hand at this time were D.D. E. P. Mathes, P.D.D. John P. Faye, and the following State Association officials: Pres. William H. Laubach, Chaplain Walter M. Ebel, Secy. Rube Zinn and Vice-Pres. Harry Paulus. Mr. Lewis showed a great deal of interest in the report of Major McGregor Snodgrass, chairman of the Veterans Service Committee, whose splendid work in entertaining at VA hospitals deserves much credit. While the Grand Exalted Ruler was attending this meeting, Mrs. Lewis was pleasantly entertained at a dinner given by a special Elks' Ladies Committee at the Arlington Hotel.

On the 30th, the Grand Exalted Ruler was still in the South, but farther east, when he visited **WEST PALM BEACH, FLA., LODGE, NO. 1352**, accompanied by his wife, Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, D.D. Peter J. Ross and State Assn. Pres. Cullen Talton. Other Florida lodges visited were Pensacola, Panama City, Gainesville, Coral Gables, Fort Lauderdale, Daytona Beach and the Crippled Children's Home at Umatilla, maintained by the Florida Elks.

At West Palm Beach a special luncheon in honor of the distinguished visitors was enjoyed at the Pennsylvania Hotel and an ocean cruise took place in the afternoon. Mrs. Lewis was entertained at dinner that evening, while a dinner for the Grand Exalted Ruler was held at the George Washington Hotel, to which all Past Exalted Rulers and former Grand Lodge officers of the Florida South District, and all Exalted Rulers and Secretaries were invited.

A regular lodge meeting at eight o'clock was attended by more than 300 members. Former Governor Sholtz introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler who addressed the crowd. Special entertainment was provided and a buffet luncheon was served after the meeting.

L. A. Lewis stopped in Fort Myers to be entertained by **FORT MYERS, FLA., LODGE, NO. 1288**. Declaring that one of his lifelong desires had been fulfilled, he visited the home, gardens and laboratory where Thomas A. Edison lived and worked for the 45 winters before his death. The Home was opened to the public for the first time this winter, as a memorial to the great inventor. Conducting the Order's leader through the Edison Winter Home were P.E.R. Fred M. Lowdermilk of Fort Myers Lodge, who has been appointed by the city as a director of the estate.

1

E.R. Norman C. Bunn and D.D. Wm. Waldrom take pleasure in presenting Yuma, Ariz., Lodge's \$1,000 check to the Grand Exalted Ruler for the Elks National Foundation.

2

Past Grand Est. Lecturing Knight M. H. Starkweather presents to Mr. Lewis, Tucson, Ariz., Lodge's \$1,000 check for the Elks National Foundation, bringing the total sum contributed by Tucson Lodge to \$11,000. The group includes E.R. Homer D. Moore and Secy. John D. Frakes.

3

Inspecting a progress report of East Point, Ga., Lodge are left to right, Edward A. Dutton, former member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; D.D. Clay P. Davis; Past State Pres. Roderick M. McDuffie; E.R. Charles D. Worthen; Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis; James Bennett, Chairman of the Committee for the evening, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland.

4

The Grand Exalted Ruler addresses guests at the dinner held in his honor by Knoxville, Tenn., Lodge.

5

Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis holds one small patient at "Aidmore", the Crippled Children's Hospital owned and operated by the Georgia Elks, as another young patient looks on.

6

Mr. Lewis presents an Honorary Life Membership Card in Houston, Tex., Lodge to Hon. Jesse H. Jones, center, as E.R. A. A. Gharrett stands by.

7

At Sapulpa, Okla., Lodge were, left to right, P.D.D. Thad Baker, E.R. J. R. Starnes, Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis and D.D. John M. Collin.

8

At West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge's dinner for Mr. Lewis were, left to right, D.D. W. A. Wall, Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, the Grand Exalted Ruler, E.R. W. E. Poland, Jr., and D.D. Peter J. Ross.



1. YUMA, ARIZ.



2. TUCSON, ARIZ.



3. EAST POINT, GA.



4. KNOXVILLE, TENN.



5. "AIDMORE", GEORGIA ELKS ASSN.



6. HOUSTON, TEXAS



7. SAPULPA, OKLA.



8. WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.

## THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S VISITS

State Pres. Talton and D.D. Ernest A. Green accompanied them.

"Aidmore", the home for crippled children which is maintained by the Georgia Elks was visited by the Lewises on the morning of the 4th. Georgia lodges which received a call from the Grand Exalted Ruler were **ATLANTA NO. 78, SAVANNAH NO. 183, DUBLIN NO. 1646** and **EAST POINT NO. 1617**. At East Point, Mr. Lewis was entertained at a banquet in the main dining room of the lodge home. About 350 members and officers were present, as were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland, Past State Presidents Ed A. Dutton and Roderick M. McDuffie and D.D. Clay P. Davis.

The members of the host lodge presented a solid silver serving tray to Mr. Lewis Birmingham, Ala., Lodge No. 79, gave him a set of silver candelabra and Dalton Lodge presented to him a lovely chenille bedspread.

E.R. Charles Worthen of East Point Lodge accompanied Mr. Lewis to "Aidmore", when the Order's chief had the opportunity to see the splendid work on behalf of physically handicapped children which these Southern Elks are doing.

On the 4th of February, the members of **SUMTER, S. C., LODGE, NO. 855**, were host to Mr. and Mrs. Lewis who were met at the county line by a group of Elk luminaries, including the Mayor-pro tem, Styles Marshall; Grover Kinsey, Lieutenant of the State Highway Patrol; Chief of Police W. M. Hall, and E.R. E. T. Gullede and his committees. Later on, Mr. Lewis met Exalted Rulers of various South Carolina lodges, State Association and local officers, when he awarded certificates to Boy Scouts in patrols sponsored by the lodges. Following this meeting a banquet was held, and the 300 persons who attended heard Mr. Lewis' splendid address which was broadcast over the radio. A highlight of the affair was the presentation to Mr. Lewis of a citation commending his valuable efforts in Scoutdom, by the Pee Dee Council of Boy Scouts, representing eight counties.

Among those present were D.D. Edwin W. Johnson, E.R. and Mrs. Gullede, Doug Youngblood, manager of Radio Station WFIG and a member of the lodge, and many others. M. M. Weinberg, Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements who was present with Mrs. Weinberg, gave Mrs. Lewis a beautiful silver tray on behalf of the lodge.

**COLUMBIA, S. C., LODGE, NO. 1190**, entertained the California visitors who were met at the county line by a committee of Elks and their ladies, Boy Scouts and motorcycle police who escorted them to the Wade Hampton Hotel. From there a visit was paid to the Governor of the State, J. Strom Thurmond, at the Capitol, where Mr.

Lewis was extended the courtesy of the floor of the State Senate and delivered one of his important and inspiring addresses. After luncheon, the Grand Exalted Ruler paid a call on the U. S. Veterans Hospital where a party was in progress through the efforts of the local Elks and the hospital's efficient Recreation Staff. After greeting the boys there, a trip was made through the wards when Mr. Lewis talked with many of the bed patients.

A reception for the travelers was held at the home of P.E.R. Wm. Elliott, Jr., and later in the evening a banquet was given at the lodge home when over 200 Elks and their ladies were on hand. The visitors received a basket of red roses, perfume made from yellow jessamine, the State flower, and a sterling silver pitcher. Another honor conferred on Mr. Lewis by the Boy Scout organization occurred at this meeting when Maxie Collins, Jr., President of the local "Order of the Arrow", National Scout Camp Fraternity, made Mr. Lewis an honorary member of the fraternity and gave him a membership sash. Early the next morning Mr. and Mrs. Lewis were escorted to the county line, en route to Wilson, N. C. Sumter and Hendersonville Lodges were also visited.

**SOUTHERN PINES, N. C., LODGE, NO. 1692**, had the pleasure of entertaining the Order's leader and Mrs. Lewis at an informal luncheon on the 6th. D.D. Charles Thomas, E.R. Jack Carter, Secy. Col. Donald L. Madigan and P.E.R. John Cline were among those present.

Another Southern lodge to welcome the California visitors was **RALEIGH, N. C., LODGE, NO. 735**, whose mortgage the Grand Exalted Ruler took great pleasure in burning at ceremonies held the afternoon of Feb. 7th and attended by 300. Mrs. Lewis was entertained by the Raleigh Elk ladies at the Sir Walter Hotel. A banquet was given for the Californians that evening, when Mr. Lewis delivered his second address of the day. Among those who heard him were Gov. Gregg Cherry, D.D. C. A. Thomas, Past State Pres. Thad Eure, who is Secretary of State for North Carolina, D.D. Skinner, E.R. George D. Vick and many other members and their wives.

Mr. Lewis visited **ASHEVILLE, N. C.**, and **KNOXVILLE, TENN., LODGES** on the 9th. About 100 out-of-towners and 300 local Elks attended the dinner-dance held by Knoxville Lodge. Many dignitaries were present, including Vice-Mayor Milton Roberts who delivered the welcoming address, and D.D. Edward W. McCabe and B. B. Fraker. Other Tennessee lodges represented at this meeting were Memphis, Nashville, Chattanooga, Greeneville, Oak Ridge, Johnson City, Morristown, Jackson, Columbia, Bristol and Trenton.

**1** When Houston, Tex., Lodge welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, a very lovely gift was presented to them. Here E.R. A. A. Gharrett gives the Grand Exalted Ruler and his wife the painting of a "Bluebonnet Field in Texas".

**2** Texans are rightfully proud of their beautiful landscapes, as was evidenced when Mr. Lewis accepted from Houston Lodge's E.R. Paul LeSure, left, and Maxie Scott, right, another delightful painting of one of the views in which the State abounds.

**3** At Sumter, S. C., Lodge's dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis were, left to right, M. M. Weinberg, D.D. Edwin W. Johnson, Mrs. Lewis, the Grand Exalted Ruler and E.R. E. T. Gullede and Mrs. Gullede.

**4** When Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis visited Raleigh, N. C., Lodge he had the pleasure of burning the mortgage on the lodge's recently-acquired property. Left to right are P.E.R.'s Gayle Cox, Graham Andrews and John Prescott, P.D.D.; Trustee W. R. Boyle; E.R. George D. Vick; E.L.K. Dr. P. G. Fox; Mr. Lewis; P.E.R. Robert Wynn; Thad Eure, Past Pres. of the State Elks Assn., and P.E.R. D. Staton Inscoc.

**5** Here is a view of the crowd of Wichita Falls, Tex., Elks who turned out to honor the Grand Exalted Ruler.





1. HOUSTON, TEX.



2. DALLAS, TEX.



3. SUMTER, S. C.



4. RALEIGH, N. C.



5. WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS

# THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S VISITS

1

During their visit to Fort Myers, Fla., Mr. and Mrs. Lewis were escorted by the local Elks on a tour of the beautiful Thomas A. Edison Winter Home, recently opened to the public.



1. FORT MYERS, FLA.

2

Members of Indio, Calif., Lodge are pictured with Mr. L. A. Lewis, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, D.D. O. W. Heying, P.D.D. Carl Hase and Chairman Robert Traver of the Calif. Elks Veterans Committee.



2. INDIO, CALIF.

3

At Southern Pines, N.C., are, left to right: D.D. Charles Thomas, E.R. Jack F. Carter, Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis, P.E.R. John E. Cline and Secy. Col. D. L. Madigan.

4

Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Lewis are pleasantly serenaded during their visit to San Antonio, Tex., Lodge.

5

At Florida's famed Silver Springs, the State's most popular scenic attraction, and pictured here in one of the photo-sub boats used to view the underwater world are, clockwise, beginning lower left: P.E.R. James T. Lowe of Jacksonville; Mrs. Carl Rose of Ocala; Mrs. R. L. Bohon; Mrs. Lowe; Mr. and Mrs. Lewis; Mrs. Mary Dearing of Jacksonville, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz.



3. SOUTHERN PINES, N. C.

6

At the Hot Springs, Ark., visit were, left to right: State Pres. William H. Laubach, D.D. E. P. Mathis, Mr. Lewis, E.R. Richard M. Ryan and John P. Faye, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials.

7

Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Lewis meet Gov. J. Strom Thurmond in the State Capitol at Columbia, S. C. E.R. P. H. Nelson stands at right.

8

This is the group which entertained Mr. and Mrs. Lewis at the Elks Country Club in Shawnee, Okla.



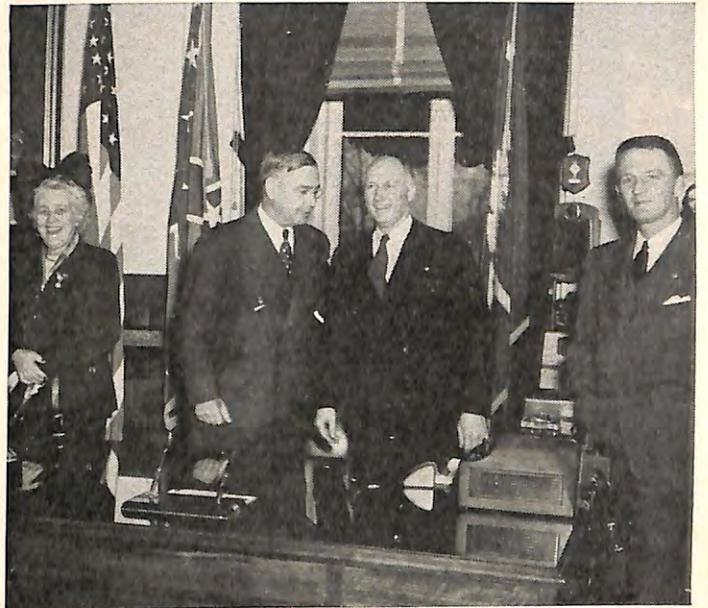
4. SAN ANTONIO, TEX.



5. SILVER SPRING, FLA.



6. HOT SPRINGS, ARK.



7. COLUMBIA, S. C.



8. SHAWNEE, OKLA.



# News of the SUBORDINATE LODGES

1

P.E.R. Emmett P. Griffin presents to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge's \$1,000 check for the Ill. Elks Assn. Crippled Children's Commission of which Mr. Campbell is Chairman. Left to right are P.E.R.'s John Kassly, Dan McGlynn and William England, Frank P. White, Executive Secretary of the Commission, Mr. Griffin, E.R. Ben F. Day, Mr. Campbell, P.E.R. Mark Evans, Secy. Ted Kramer, Rev. Father Joseph Strzlec, representing a class of candidates initiated that evening, and P.E.R. Dan Blackburn.



1. EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.

2

At the entrance to "Aidmore," the Crippled Children's Hospital maintained by the Georgia Elks in Atlanta, is a group of La Grange Elks who visited the Hospital and presented gifts to the little patients there.

3

On "American Legion Night" of Watertown, Mass., Lodge, this group of Elks and Legionnaires were on hand. Included are Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Past Grand Treasurer John F. Burke, Edward A. Spry, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, D.D. Harry A. McGrath, Commander John J. Sullivan of the Mass. Dept. of the Legion, Post Commander Henry J. McCarthy and many other Elk, civic and Legion dignitaries.



2. LA GRANGE, GA.



3. WATERTOWN, MASS.

# NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

**SANDUSKY, OHIO**, Lodge, No. 285, held its Past Exalted Rulers Night on Feb. 3rd to pay tribute to those of its members who through many years have been devoted and loyal in participating in lodge activities and in attendance at lodge sessions. Four men have been members for 50 years or more, and 17 for 40 or more. Twelve were on hand to receive lapel pins from P.E.R. Emil Grob that evening. The 50-year members received gold pins, and the others silver, with the number of years affiliated inscribed thereon. The lodge has voted to make this an annual event and an honor plaque will be hung in the lodge rooms, carrying the names of the "Golden 50".

No. 285 has been a gracious host to 41 of the 50 annual Conventions of its State Association and has provided three able Presidents to that group; one of these, Geo. J. Doerzbach, was one of those honored on P.E.R.'s Night, having been a member since 1895.

A pancake and sausage dinner was served previous to the meeting, when a class of 40 men was initiated and Judge A. W. Hunt, a member of the Order, spoke.

**WATERTOWN, MASS.**, Lodge, No. 1513, initiated a class of ten members of Watertown Post No. 99 of the American Legion recently, at ceremonies attended by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Past Grand Treas. John F. Burke, Edward A. Spry of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, D.D. Harry A. McGrath and P.D.D.'s Robert C. M. Mulcahy, Oswald McCourt and Richard Grant.

Among those initiated were John J. Sullivan, Cmdr., Mass. Dept. of the Legion; William C. McElroy, Chief of Watertown Fire Dept.; Roy C. Papalia, Selectman, Town of Watertown; Henry J. McCarthy, Post Cmdr., and six other representative citizens.

Both Mr. Malley and Commander Sullivan addressed this important and memorable meeting.

**ST. PAUL, MINN.**, Lodge, No. 59, entertained D.D. J. L. Becker on his official visit, and about 139 members were on hand to honor him.

The session opened with an elaborate dinner and the remainder of the evening was devoted to a special meeting when a class of 16 was initiated. Mr. Becker and several Past Exalted Rulers addressed the members.

**SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.**, Lodge, No. 3, has flown to the Leper Colony on Molokai Island in the Pacific a complete set of musical instruments to outfit the newly-formed orchestra of patients there. The equipment was furnished at the suggestion of Lt. W. Stansfield, U.S.N., a member of the lodge, who pointed out the need for thus equipping the orchestra which was organized to provide entertainment for the inmates of the colony. Scores of musical instruments were donated by members of the lodge and they were transported to the Island in time for the Holidays, under the direction of E.R. George Baader.

Interlodge functions are scheduled by the lodge, one of which was a two-day visit of Elks from Santa Barbara. Another pleasant affair of No. 3 was its "Champagne Night" when several members received bottles of California's tastiest champagne as souvenirs of the occasion.

**FITCHBURG, MASS.**, Lodge, No. 847, presented to Burbank Hospital some very valuable equipment. It included an \$1,800 motor-driven GE Cassett changer and stereoscope, important units of modern X-ray machinery.

E.R. Peter J. Levanti, accompanied by a group of representatives, made the presentation at the hospital to Richard Bullock, directing trustee of the hospital. The ceremony was attended by members of the hospital tuberculosis unit staff. In expressing his appreciation for the gift, Mr. Bullock said that acquisition of this equipment places Burbank Hospital ahead of the majority of similar institutions of the State of Massachusetts.

**OREGON STATE ELKS ASSN.** At least one show a month has been put on at the two VA hospitals in Oregon by the State Elks Assn. since last October. The various lodges in the vicinity of the hospitals have been most cooperative in helping with the entertainment. McMinnville Lodge, 40 miles from Portland, took a busload to Portland recently and put on a fine show. Grants Pass and Eugene Lodges put on shows at Roseburg in January and Medford Lodge brought about 65 people to the hospital at Roseburg in February. This last group included an orchestra and philharmonic choir which put on a program lasting about an hour and a half.

**1**  
Est. Lead. Knight B. C. Straub of Johnstown, Pa., Lodge, seated right, confers with his committee on plans to raise \$5,000 for the Elks National Foundation. Others are G. W. Neilson, seated and, standing, left to right, W. J. Bunn, John P. Saylor and W. W. Hammer.

**2**  
Al Murasso, left, a guard, and Don Osalza, right, fullback on the Hartford, Conn., championship football team from Bulkeley High School, get a preview of the gold footballs presented to 26 players by E.R. Martin J. Mostyn, center, at the lodge's Football Night. Looking on are, left to right: P.E.R. Thomas Gallivan, Jr., Coach Babe Allen and Denny Myers, head coach of Boston College.

**3**  
Present at New Rochelle, N.Y., Lodge's 46th Anniversary Dinner were, seated, left to right, Rabbi Jacob K. Shankman, Rev. Edward W. Miller and Rt. Rev. Msgr. Francis X. Shea. Sitting on ends of sofa are, left, Alex E. Norton, and, right, Adjutant George Barnes. Standing, Past Grand Tiler Michael J. Gilday, D.D. James A. Gunn, Mayor Stanley W. Church, E.R. George S. Vronis and Senator J. Raymond McGovern.

**4**  
Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge's Championship Billiard Team, with the Bob Cornwall Perpetual Trophy.

**5**  
St. Paul, Minn., Lodge's Ritualistic Team, left to right: P.E.R. Wyman Fourre, Leading Knight C. Rafferty, P.E.R. R. Brunell, P.E.R. Wm. P. Faley, P.E.R. F. Shearen, Organist C. Vokoun, A. Dillery and P.E.R. Edw. Curry.

**6**  
Among those present when Scranton, Pa., Lodge initiated its Americanism Class of 234 candidates were, left to right, first row: Esq. Aaron Goodman, Grand Trustee Howard R. Davis, E.R. Jerome E. Parker, State Pres. R. J. Maloney, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow and State Secy. W. S. Gould. Rear row: Past State Pres. Dr. Charles V. Hagan, Barney W. Wentz, Chairman of the State Assn.'s Membership Committee, P.E.R. James A. Gleason, State Vice-Pres. John T. Gross and Clinton F. Tiley, Pres.-elect of the N.E. Dist. Assn.

**7**  
Here are some of those present on Leominster, Mass., Lodge's P.E.R.'s Night. Seated are new members. The participating P.E.R.'s are pictured with the present lodge officers.

**8**  
These P.E.R.'s of Latrobe, Pa., Lodge were honored recently. Seated, left to right: Joseph A. Conrad, Jerome Lowenstein, Joseph A. Donnelly, Jr., Paul J. Dimond, R. V. Callahan, O. P. Campbell, and Ben Pottthoff. Standing, J. R. Rosenblom, John L. Beatty, E.R. Harry S. Follmar, J. P. Ebersberger, C. E. McColly, Alex J. Gareis, J. L. McAtee, C. E. Cude and Irving Lowenstein.



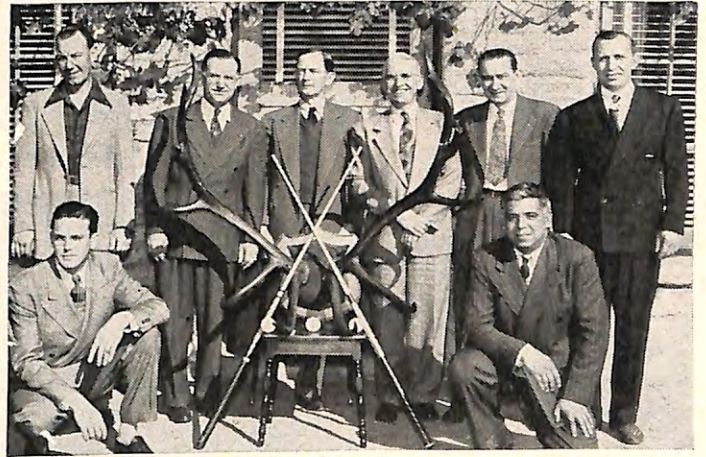
1. JOHNSTOWN, PA.



2. HARTFORD, CONN.



3. NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.



4. SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.



5. ST. PAUL, MINN.



6. SCRANTON, PA.



7. LEOMINSTER, MASS.



8. LATROBE, PA.

1

At Lawrence, Mass., Lodge's dinner honoring P.D.D. Daniel P. Desmond were, seated, Past Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan, Mr. Desmond and Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson. Standing, Edward A. Spry, of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, and Past Grand Treas. John F. Burke.

2

Flint, Mich., officers and new members.

3

Those present at Wapakoneta, Ohio, Lodge's Baseball Night, were, left to right, P.E.R. Harry Kahn, Jack Pfeister, Tommy Griffith, Sports Announcer Dick Nesbitt, Gabe Paul, Fr. Michael Hinnsen, Chaplain at the VA Hospital in Dayton, Larry Goetz, Bruno Betzel, Larry Kopf and Rube Bressler.

4

These Jackson, Tenn., Elks helped transport the lame and handicapped to and from the Freedom Train during its stay in Jackson.

5

Cedar Rapids, Ia., Elks with some of the children who will enjoy the Elk-financed improvements to the Sunshine Mission Play-yard.

6

Marion, Ind., Lodge presents an anesthesia machine to the General Hospital. Left to right: E.R. Dragoo Botkin, Trustee Dr. J. C. Knott, Secy. Roy A. Parsons and Trustee Dr. Paul Killen.

7

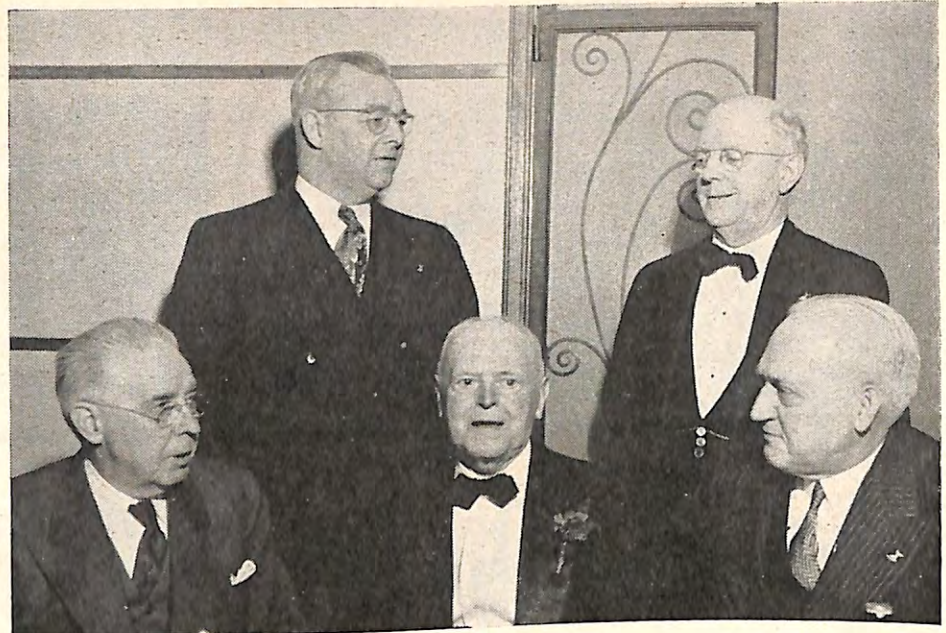
Fulton, N.Y., Elk officials are pictured with the fully-equipped all-electric Oxygen Tent the lodge presented to Lee Memorial Hospital.

8

P.E.R.'s R. J. Mattecheck and L. D. Reavis make contributions to McMinnville, Ore., Lodge's March of Dimes.

9

E.R. Charles Lawyer, Jr., of Schenectady, N. Y., Lodge presents an Honorary Life Membership to paraplegic veteran Thomas Wylie Heater. The former serviceman drives his own car and takes an active part in lodge affairs.



1. LAWRENCE, MASS.

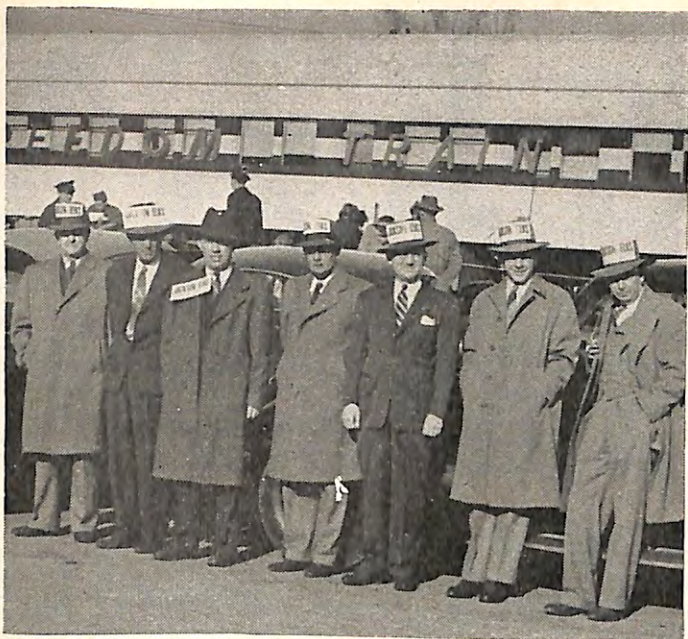


2. FLINT, MICH.



3. WAPAKONETA, OHIO





4. JACKSON, TENN.



5. CEDAR RAPIDS, IA.



6. MARION, IND.



7. FULTON, N. Y.



8. McMinnville, ORE.



9. SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

# NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE

# LODGES

**LOS ANGELES, CALIF.**, Lodge, No. 99, put on a very impressive reception for Earl J. Williams, President of the Calif. State Elks Assn., when he paid a visit there recently. The huge lodge room was darkened, and, to the playing of the "99" Symphonic Band, matches in the hands of hundreds of members flared up, delineating the comparative spread of Elkdom, and at the far end of the room, a spotlight illuminated a huge banner, reading "Welcome, Earl." Past State Pres. Robert Redington presided and D.D. Vincent Grocott delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast. Other speakers were Pres. Williams and C.P. Hebenstreit, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee.

The annual Golden Gloves Sports Night of No. 99, under the chairmanship of Henry Learned, was cause for the gathering of some of the greatest names in prize-fight history.

Paul Zimmerman, sports editor of the Los Angeles Times, introduced the celebrities, who included Jim Jeffries, former world champion, Mushy Callahan, Al McCoy, Jack Root, Freddie Steele and Bud Taylor. Others prominent in the sports world who were on hand were Lou Nova, Willie Ritchie, Danny Kramer, George Latka, Bobby Jackson, and many top referees, managers, promoters, etc. A dinner preceded the evening's entertainment which consisted of several top-notch exhibition bouts by leading amateurs and professionals, among them ex-bantam champ, Harold Dade.

**DEFIANCE, OHIO**, Lodge, No. 147, made a very happy occasion of the burning of its mortgage. Highlight of the banquet served to more than 350 persons and followed by a floor show and dance, was the mortgage-burning ceremony, presided over by P.E.R. D. J. Marks.

Trustee Frank Weir put the flame to the paper held by Trustee Roland Cameron, while Trustees E. C. Layman and Carl F. Seybolt supervised. The mortgage represented a \$9,700 debt assumed in 1944 when the lodge purchased a brownstone mansion, remodeled and redecorated it into one of the finest homes in Northwestern Ohio. No. 147 received its charter in 1903 and, after going into debt on its former home, sold it to the Defiance Eagles in 1944. Proceeds from this sale went into the purchase of the present building.

**NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.**, Lodge, No. 756, celebrated its 46th Anniversary with a dinner and the presentation of gifts amounting to \$2,700. This healthy sum represents the proceeds of the lodge's Charity Bazaar and it purchased valuable gifts for four institutions.

Supt. Alex E. Norton accepted for New Rochelle Hospital the gift of a baby resuscitator; Rt. Rev. Msgr. F. X. Shea accepted for Rosary Hill Home for Incurable Cancer the gift of six fully equipped beds and a radio; Acting City Judge Sol Rubin, substituting for Rabbi Jacob K. Shankman, accepted the gift of reclining chairs for the United Home for Aged Hebrews, and Adjutant George Barnes accepted the Salvation Army's gift of a refrigerator and gas range. The presentations were made by E.R. George S. Vrionis, guest of honor, who received from P.E.R. Vincent Attisani a gold card case as a token of appreciation from the lodge.

Past Grand Tiler Michael J. Gilday was chairman of the Dinner Committee and Toastmaster, and D.D. James A. Gunn conducted the Eleven O'Clock Toast.

More than 350 persons attended the dinner, and honored guests, besides those mentioned, included Mayor Stanley W. Church, P.E.R., and Rev. Edward Miller, a member of No. 756, who gave the invocation. P.E.R. J. Raymond McGovern gave wristwatches to the "Four Horsemen" of No. 756 for their work in keeping the lodge together during the trying years. They are John Cummings, Charles McCord, Anthony Ritacco and George Ritacco, whose gift was accepted by his son Frank.

**LAWRENCE, MASS.**, Lodge, No. 65, has enjoyed the loyalty and devotion of Daniel P. Desmond for many years and early in February decided to show their appreciation for his services by honoring him at a reception and dinner at St. Mary's Auditorium. Mr. Desmond, an Elk for 53 years, has been Secretary of No. 65 for 45 years. He is also a Past Exalted Ruler, Dean of the Past District Deputies of the Northeast District, and served on the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee in 1908-09.

Prior to the reception which was attended by about 500 persons, Past Exalted Rulers' Day was celebrated and a class of 24 candidates was initiated in honor of Mr. Desmond.

**1** D. E. Panebaker, Pres. of Orange-Sullivan Council, Boy Scouts, presents the Scout Beaver award to Caleb Woodruff, second from left, as E.R. George W. Sherrill, left, and P.E.R. Frank McBride look on. Twenty-five Middletown, N.Y., Elks received the awards in recognition of the Camp's improvements financed by the lodge.

**2** Kingston, N.Y., Lodge recently honored Jacob A. Bernstein, 57-year-member, and P.E.R. Dr. A. L. Hill, 56-year-member, second and third from left respectively. State Pres. William F. Edelmuth is at the left and E.R. Wesley J. Cramer, right.

**3** Chairman Alfred Coates of the student body extends his thanks to E.R. Douglas S. Johnston, right, of Balboa, Panama Canal Zone, Lodge, and his committee at the first of the lodge's monthly dances for local teen-agers.

**4** Those attending the presentation of X-ray equipment to Burbank Hospital by Fitchburg, Mass., Lodge, were, left to right: Mayor George Stanton, Esq. Bernard Ward, Est. Lead. Knight John Lundkvist, Trustee James Walsh, Jr., Al Lavigne, Hospital Supt. Richard Bullock and E.R. Peter J. Levanti.

**5** The Boy Scout Troop sponsored by Muskogee, Okla., Lodge, with members of the Elk Troop Committee.

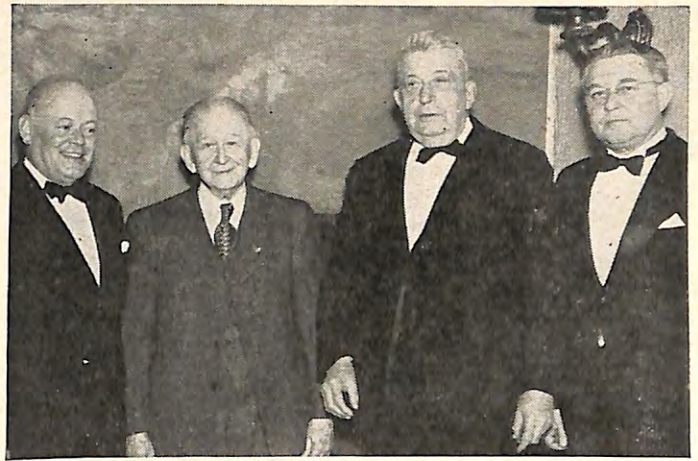
**6** Here are some of those present at the dinner Topeka, Kans., Lodge held for D.D. J. S. Sterner on his official visit.

**7** Here are the most of the members of Glendale, Calif., Lodge's two bowling teams and the trophies they've won recently, plus several awards won by the keglers individually.

**8** Officials of Northampton, Mass., Lodge who took part in the lodge's outstanding Musical Revue and Minstrel. Front row, left to right, Trustee Roy T. Ahearn, P.E.R. William A. Ouimet, Mayor Edward L. Olander, P.E.R. Dr. Charles A. Gleason and Leon Fagnand. Rear row, John H. Woodruff, James A. Kenney, Edward J. Reidy and Howard W. Ouimet.



1. MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.



2. KINGSTON, N. Y.



3. PANAMA CANAL ZONE (BALBOA), C. Z.



4. FITCHBURG, MASS.



5. MUSKOGEE, OKLA.



6. TOPEKA, KANS.



7. GLENDALE, CALIF.



8. NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

# NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

1

Teaneck High School Conservation boys, with State officials, sportsmen and Hackensack, N. J., Elks and some of the pheasants the boys have raised under Elk-sponsorship.



1. HACKENSACK, N. J.

2

Elks at West Frankfort, Ill., Lodge enjoy their annual Round-Up festivities.



2. WEST FRANKFORT, ILL.

3

Past Exalted Rulers of Junction City, Kans., Lodge who were honored on P.E.R.'s Night recently are, left to right: Carl Roediger, John Costello, Charles Burns, Edgar Darby, Sylvester Schell, August Roediger, Clarence Day, E. N. Jones and E.R. H. D. Reid.



3. JUNCTION CITY, KANS.

4

The officers of Prescott, Ariz., Lodge are pictured with the splendid class of new Elks whom they initiated during the month of February.

5

These men make up one of the recent classes of candidates initiated into Iowa Falls, Ia., Lodge, bringing the membership to 489.

6

Here is the class of 21 candidates initiated into Jackson, Mich., Lodge in honor of the lodge's Treasurer Sid. L. Wiltse who has celebrated his 50th year as a member of the Order.

7

This is a view of Bartlesville, Okla., Lodge's March of Dimes dance which netted \$316.60 for this worthy cause.



4. PRESCOTT, ARIZ.

Chelsea, Mass., Lodge's officers are pictured with D.D. Joseph D. Parker, seated fifth from left, and a class of 30 candidates initiated in his honor.



5. IOWA FALLS, IA.



6. JACKSON, MICH.



7. BARTLESVILLE, OKLA.



8. CHELSEA, MASS.

# NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

## NEW MEX.-EL PASO ELKS ASSN.

The 18th annual meeting of the New Mexico and El Paso Elks Assn. was extremely pleasant and successful, with the members of Carlsbad Lodge No. 1558 acting as hosts to the three-day conclave. More than 1,000 Elks and their ladies were on hand with Grand Est. Lead. Knight Douglas Lambourne as honored guest. Officers for the year are: Pres., Robert Sandusky, Tucumcari; Vice-Pres., William Kilgore, Carlsbad; Secy., Joe Falletti, Raton, (re-elected); Treas., Guido Zecca, Gallup. Trustees are William Bingham, Albuquerque, three years; Harold Long, El Paso, two years; and Ben Ginsberg, Roswell, Capt. John France, Las Cruces, and Morey Goodman, Santa Fe, one year.

Las Vegas was voted the 1948 Convention site, and it will mark the 50th Anniversary of the lodge. A large class was initiated for Carlsbad, Roswell and Artesia Lodges.

This fine meeting was replete with sparkling entertainment and two dances.

## LAGUNA BEACH, CALIF., Lodge, No.

1724, at Christmastime, sent E.R. Harry D. Riley and N. C. Dawson, Chairman of its Veterans Service Committee, to the hospital at Camp Pendleton where 175 servicemen are hospitalized. Five radios, one for each of the five solariums now in use, were presented to the hospital, and cigars and cigarettes distributed to each of the patients. The radios were presented through the State Elks Assn., Escondido and Ocean-side Lodges being asked to make the visit to this hospital with No. 1724.

## WAPAKONETA, OHIO, Lodge, No.

1170, entertained about 400 persons at a turkey supper and big Baseball Jamboree held in conjunction with the Golden Jubilee of the Ohio State Elks Assn.

Humorous incidents in baseball, important innings of famous games, were all part of the pleasure of the successful affair which started off with the initiation of ten candidates. Another highlight was an address by Father Mike Hinssenn, chaplain at the Disabled War Veterans Home at Dayton. Dick Nesbitt, WKRC sports announcer was present, along with Jack Pfeister, famed pitcher of yesterday; Tommy Griffith, formerly with the Cincinnati Reds, Larry Kopf, Rube Bressler, and many other notables.

## SULLIVAN, IND., Lodge, No. 911,

has come up with something smart in the way of promoting good fellowship with its sister lodges. It has organized a Degree Team which, with the Elks' Orchestra, accepts invitations of lodges within a radius of 50 miles, to initiate classes of candidates for those lodges and spend an evening getting acquainted with the membership. Naturally, this makes for closer association between the branches of the Order, which is in keeping with the true spirit of Elkdom.

## EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL., Lodge, No.

664, held a very important meeting on February 19th, at which its members had the extreme pleasure of presenting a check for \$1,000 to the Ill. Elks Assn. Crippled Children's Commission. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, Chairman of the Commission and a member of No. 664, accepted the check from P.E.R. Emmett P. Griffin.

Numbering only 300 members, East St. Louis Lodge deserves a great deal of credit for raising this healthy sum for the Elks Crippled Children's Commission, which has done such fine work in rehabilitating handicapped youngsters.

Eight candidates were initiated at this meeting when Frank P. White, Executive Secretary of the Commission, put on his famous one-man initiation, taking every part in the Ritual.

## HACKENSACK, N. J., Lodge, No.

658, should take a bow for the manner in which it has answered the challenge of how to handle America's youth problem. Teaneck boys, members of the high school Conservation Club, started a pheasant-raising project in 1946. Now in its second year and sponsored by the members of Hackensack Lodge, they have tripled to 300 the number of birds raised to maturity and released.

When the birds were transferred from holding pens to cages for release, N. J. Fish and Game Council officials, prominent Elks and hunters were on hand for the ceremony, which was all the reward the boys could desire.

## McCOOK, NEB., Lodge, No. 1434,

held one of its crippled children's clinics recently, and reported that more than 20 towns in that section of the State were represented. The total attendance was placed at 73. Dinner was served to patients and their families and was attended by about 200 persons.

1

E.R. Robert Clapsaddle, second from right, turns over Alliance, Ohio, Lodge's \$10,000 check to John Caskey, for the Citizens Hospital Assn. campaign to build a new hospital. Treas. Harry Shultz and E. H. Turkle, General Chairman for the Canvass, stand at left, and Joe Mills, Trustee Chairman, stands at right.

2

"Star Night" at Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge brought out movieland's outstanding talent. P.E.R. Judge Arthur S. Guerin, Chairman, is pictured with E.R. Wyckoff Westover and cinema stars Virginia Wells, Robert Walker and Cathy O'Donnell.

3

Harry J. Klinger, President of Pontiac Motor Division, right, presents the painting of "Chief Pontiac" to E.R. Clifford Maison of Pontiac, Mich., Lodge. Secy. Walter Giddings stands at the left. The painting was executed by Jerry Farnsworth. The city of Pontiac was the base of operations for the Chief.

4

Miss Jo Valenti, "Miss Elk", Miss Mary Fields, a brave little polio victim, and E.R. Jack F. Stabner of Springfield, Ohio, Lodge are pictured at the "March of Dimes" dance in which the Springfield Elks played a large part. Miss Valenti won first place in competition with ten other contestants with her collection of total contributions amounting to \$673.80, of which \$466.10 was received from members of Springfield Lodge.

5

E.R. John J. France and Est. Lead. Knight H. P. Snow present Las Cruces, N. M., Lodge's \$1,000 check to Mrs. Joe Smith, County Chairman of the March of Dimes campaign.

6

Norman O. Neiburger, Chairman of Lafayette, Ind., Lodge's Cancer Fund Committee, presents to State Vice-Pres. Thomas E. Burke his lodge's \$4,471.43 check, the largest subscription to the Ind. Elks Cancer Fund. E.R. Robert J. Mohlman looks on.

7

At Birmingham, Ala., Lodge's dinner honoring Grand Inner Guard John F. Antwine were, left to right, Dick F. Parker, Master of Ceremonies, Mr. Antwine and Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland.

8

At Nashville, Tenn., Lodge's presentation of a baby incubator to the Meharry Medical Hospital were, left to right, E.R. Earl Broden, Dr. Murray Brown, Pres. of the Hospital, and Tom Stratton, Chairman of the lodge's Investigating Board.



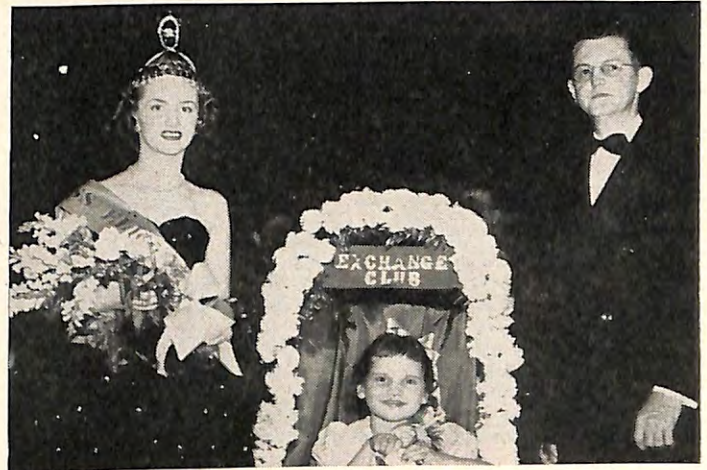
1. ALLIANCE, OHIO



2. LOS ANGELES, CALIF.



3. PONTIAC, MICH.



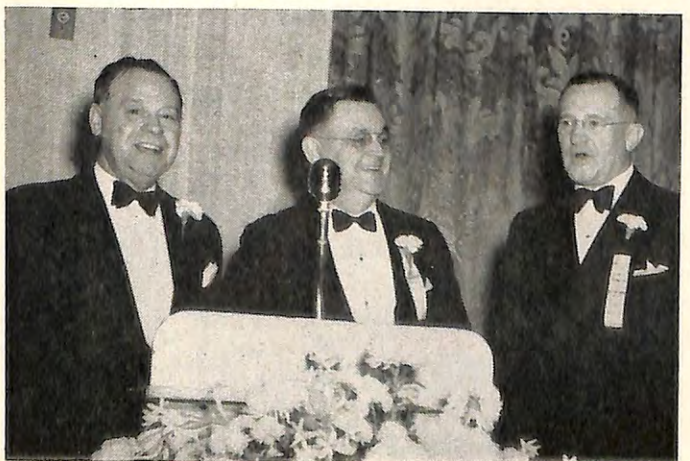
4. SPRINGFIELD, OHIO



5. LAS CRUCES, N. M.



6. LAFAYETTE, IND.



7. BIRMINGHAM, ALA.



8. NASHVILLE, TENN.

1

The Ritualistic Team of Hoquiam, Wash., Lodge which holds the State Championship.



1. HOQUIAM, WASH.

2

Las Vegas, N. M., Lodge's P.E.R.'s who were honored during the lodge's Golden Jubilee: Seated, left to right: A. C. Erb, E. J. McWenig, Gov. M. J. Mabry, 35-year-Elk and guest of honor, C. P. Trumbull, George A. Fleming; standing: E. E. Huyck, L. W. Ilfeld, Jay Stern, H. M. Mortimer, Alfred E. Rogers, W. T. Vivian, P. B. Dailey, Julius Rosenthal and Harry Standing.



2. LAS VAGAS, N. M.

3

Present on New York, N. Y., Lodge's "Grand Lodge Night" were D.D.'s Thomas A. Shankey, Julius J. Marion, Charles O. Lawson, and Harry H. Smith, Rev. Edward C. Nilan, Joseph L. Caggiano, Co-Chairman of the Committee for the affair, E.L.K. Harold Bogue, Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, George I. Hall of the Board of Grand Trustees, State Pres. Wm. F. Edelmuth, Supreme Court Justice Ferdinand Pecora, P.D.D. Judge Charles J. Garrison, Committee Chairman, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, Secy. Victor D. Levitt, Sheriff T. Vincent Ehrbar, Mayor Stanley W. Church of New Rochelle, Past Grand Tiler Michael J. Gilday, State Vice-Pres. Franklin J. Fitzpatrick, P.D.D. Charles J. Conklin, State Senator J. Raymond McGovern, Past State Pres. Judge John F. Scilleppi, Mayor John G. Meister of Weehawken, N. J., Judge Martin J. Cunningham, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee, State Vice-Pres. Ernest L. Tinkelpaugh, and P.E.R. Arthur J. Rykert. Many of these were out-of-town visitors.



3. NEW YORK, N. Y.

4

Escanaba, Mich., Lodge's gift of an Incubator is presented to St. Francis Hospital.

5

St. Anthony's Hospital receives an Incubator from Rock Island, Ill., Lodge. Left to right are W. E. Huffman, John M. Wyatt, Marx M. Harder, Leo V. Mortell, Nurse Emma Miller, Frederick H. Potter and Monte Hance.

6

Twelve long-time members of Sandusky, Ohio, Lodge who were honored on P.E.R.'s Night recently. Left to right, Past State Pres. Geo. J. Doerzbach, an Elk for 52 years; Robert G. Klein, 52 years; Henry Reutler, 52 years; Edw. G. Knopf, 49 years; John M. Miller, 48 years; Albert Ritter, 47 years; Fred Marshall, 45 years; Charles Yochem, 45 years; Wm. Wagner, 43 years; Fred Kubach, 42 years; Ed. E. McCormick, 41 years, and Geo. Muelhauser, 40 years.

7

Streator, Ill., Lodge, the home lodge of famous minstrel man, the late George "Honey Boy" Evans, presented this cast in a minstrel show written and produced by its members, for the benefit of the Crippled Children's Fund.

8

These men present at the institution of Home-wood, Ala., Lodge, are the new members of the lodge, its officers, including E.R. Waldrop Windham, and Grand Inner Guard John F. Antwine and State Pres. Wm. M. Fex.





4. ESCANABA, MICH.



5. ROCK ISLAND, ILL.



6. SANDUSKY, OHIO



7. STREATOR, ILL.



8. HOMEWOOD, ALA.

# editorial

## YOUR MAGAZINE



THE ELKS MAGAZINE was established for the purpose of bringing news of the Order into the homes of the entire membership. It is not possible for every member to attend lodge meetings and learn first-hand what goes on; however, he can read his lodge bulletin and, for a larger view of the Order's activities, peruse the pages of *The Elks Magazine*. Here he will find an account of the ramifications of the Grand Lodge; of the work of State Associations and their splendid cooperation with the Veterans Service Commission in bringing entertainment to Veterans Hospitals; of the Elks National Foundation and its efforts in the fields of practical philanthropy and education. He may also read of the travels of our Grand Exalted Ruler, his visits to subordinate lodges, and his forceful preaching of the doctrine of Americanism which is sounding an alert to the dangerous trends so manifest throughout the land today. In addition to News of the Order there are articles to interest and amuse, as well as to instruct, upon many contemporary subjects. Read *The Elks Magazine* each month, from cover to cover. You will find something to instruct and to entertain, and above all you will be an informed Elk.

## APRIL



WITH THE ADVENT OF THE MONTH of April a new lodge year is born.

During this month some 1500 Exalted Rulers will be installed, and invested with the emblem of authority.

In their acceptance of the highest honor a lodge can bestow, these Brothers are signally honored. They also accept a great responsibility for, when the District Deputy declares the Exalted Ruler "duly installed", he is in command, and the year's success depends largely on the manner in which this command is exercised.

No Exalted Ruler can carry on single-handed. Other officers have their duties, and the laws provide for committees to assist in the conduct of the affairs of the lodge. The Exalted Ruler should not hesitate to delegate authority, but his is the over-all responsibility, and it is his duty to check the work of all committees and see that they are useful adjuncts.

One duty falls solely on his shoulders, and that is the exemplification of the Ritual. No administration can call itself a success unless it can claim ritualistic perfection. The difference between real Elks and just members, is the impression made upon the candidate. The Ritual brings to him his first lesson in the fundamentals of Elkdom. Unless it is delivered with a sincerity that can be acquired only by study and

assimilation of its truths by the officer delivering the charge, the neophyte cannot be expected to grasp its significance.

While on the subject of ritual it may be well to point out the fact that the Order's special rituals are just as much a part of the lodge work as the ritual of initiation. There is a beautiful ritual provided for Memorial Day, and it is incumbent upon the officers to perfect themselves in its rendition. Some of our lodges have become a bit lax in the observance of this day. The Exalted Rulers now going into office should remedy this condition wherever it exists. Memorial Day is a public ceremony. It evidences to the community a respect for the memory of our departed which comes to us from the very foundation of the Order. It should be observed in the spirit of the Founders.

Flag Day is an all-important ceremony of the Order. It is the public manifestation of patriotism in which we ask the community to share. Its ritual must be memorized. Reading from a book the few lines allotted to each officer certainly cannot impress an audience with solemnity of the day. Flag Day is a day our Order should glory in, ours was the first fraternity to make it a day of national celebration, and, in these days when American idealism means so much to our country, this should be a day of days. Flag Day is not far away. It is not too early for the new officers to begin preparations for a real celebration.

With these few words, just by way of reminder, *The Elks Magazine* conveys its respects to the Exalted Rulers who take over at the beginning of this new year, wishing them a happy, successful and progressive administration.

## ETERNAL VIGILANCE



IN THE MONTH OF APRIL, 1945, the eyes of the world turned towards San Francisco as the United Nations parley began. The following June the hearts of the world offered up a prayer as the United Nations adopted and signed a Charter designed "to save future generations from the scourge of war".

It was the hope of people everywhere that this charter would become in effect the Magna Charta of humankind, and that never again would the world suffer the unspeakable horror, the senseless destruction, the utter futility of war.

Three years have passed and peace is very far away. The United Nations are divided into two camps, and "cold war" rages—Russia seeking to make the Charter a medium for the spread of communism, America leading the forces defending the democracy for which millions fought and died.

Russia, violating every principle of the UN Charter, has demonstrated that her aim is the destruction of democracy, and all for which America stands. The comintern has been revived and, here in our own country, the front organizations, vociferously patriotic when our country was supplying their beloved Russia with sinews of war, are back on the old job.

Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis has traveled the country over, warning with forthright eloquence that constant vigilance is the price of American liberty, pointing out the dangers of complacency and the necessity for militant patriotism in these days of real crisis. And behind him stand 900,000 loyal Elks, ready for service whenever or wherever called.

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