

THE
Elks
MAGAZINE



MAY 1948



"I was curious..."



I tasted it...

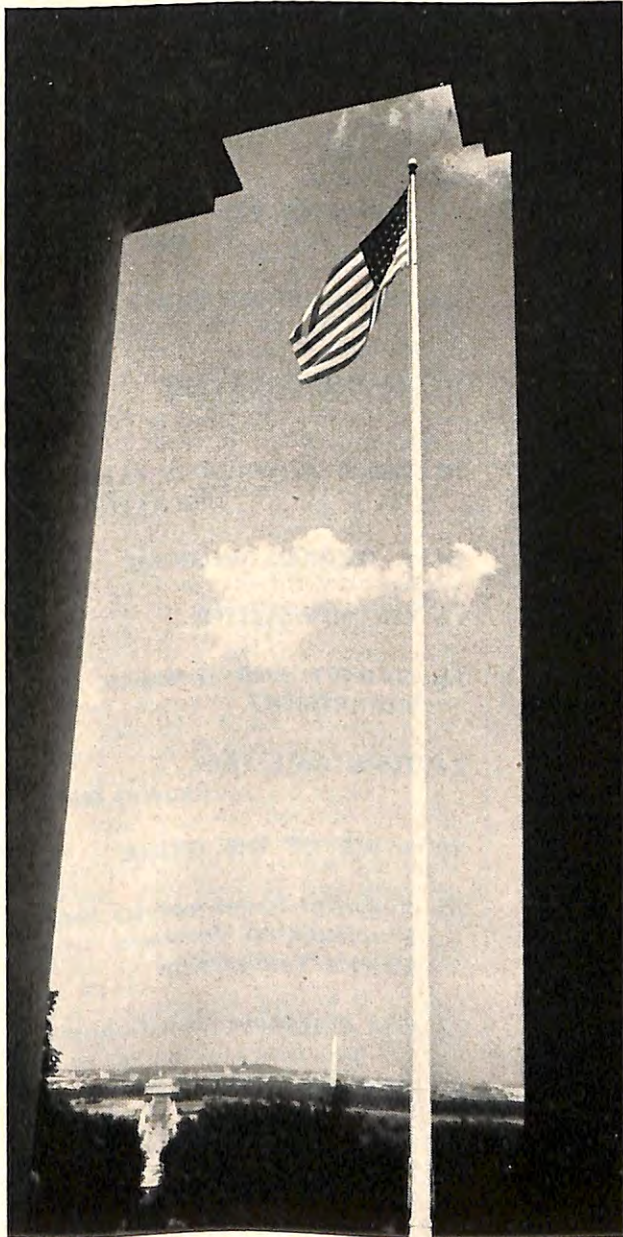


Now I know why Schlitz is...

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous!"



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

INSTALLATION of new officers is behind us. They have received the encouraging handclasps and advice of their Brothers.

This is the time to face realities, to realize how much these new officers and your lodge depend upon the hearty cooperation and earnest support of every member.

Your committees for the coming year have been appointed. Your Exalted Ruler shares with you, the members, the responsibility of helping them function with credit to your lodge and the Order. Each Elk can and should contribute to the success of the committees' activities.

Mother's Day is almost at hand. It should be a sacred day to everyone. Realize that your greatest effort will fail to do justice to her grandeur and glory; to pay the tribute so justly due her. Make the observance of her day worthy of her great devotion to you. Assist in arranging the finest affair your lodge has ever given. Then bring her proudly there, in person or in spirit. Sing her the most beautiful songs of praise and have your best speaker tell her of our appreciation and love. No matter how fine you make it, it still will be unworthy of her.

Determine to help to make your Flag Day celebration, next June 14th, the greatest effort of the year. America today needs the inspiration of real Elks. Great performances do not just happen; they indicate tireless effort and preparation.

Old Glory floats in a peace threatened by communistic greed for world domination. It is your duty to do everything to preserve our priceless freedom.

And just what is freedom?

Here in the United States, free men look to the wide horizons and in their hearts they feel a surging sense of exultation. This is my country, I may go where I wish. I may say what I please. I may worship God as I believe. In the marts of commercial enterprise I may compete. Through my own efforts I may seek wisdom and culture. Through initiative I may gather tangible assets. In this land of freedom and opportunity I am as free as the eagles that soar in our blue heavens.

But how long will freedom continue? Even as this feathered symbol of liberty sleeps, there are great beasts of the forest that would seek to strangle it. Better they say that the eagle be put behind the screen of a cage, there to be protected and fed by man.

Can this be freedom?

Are the peoples of such countries with so-called "state protection" free? Where every action, thought and deed is directed by government rulers? Can that be liberty? If so, then a slave is free. Our farmers tend their horses much as such governments care for their people. Horses and men alike are fed and worked and now and then turned out to pasture that they may be kept in prime condition for the tasks that they are to perform.

Such countries with their warped philosophies and twisted doctrines detest our American way of life.

They would enslave our people, as they have their own, with communism's iron chains.

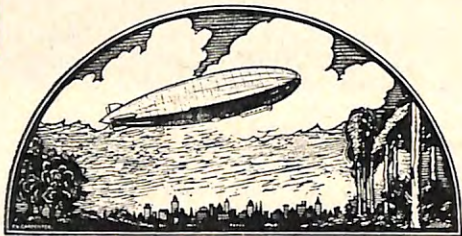
America will be free only as long as she heeds the Elk's four cardinal principles: Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity.

Let us resolve to make this Flag Day a magnificent demonstration of true Elk loyalty and devotion, a challenge and inspiration to all Americans.

Loyally yours,

L. A. LEWIS
GRAND EXALTED RULER

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



AN EARPHONE radio set dated Charles H. Towne's cover design for the May issue twenty-five years ago. The painting showed a group of ardent young fans chalking up baseball box scores.

The same issue offered a concise definition of the "Qualities of a Real Elk", contributed by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell. The last two summarizing paragraphs of the half-page article read as follows:

"The real Elk is one who is good enough to be decent and bad enough to be human, who works enough to be useful and who plays enough to be happy. In other words, a true-blue, real, human, every-day American citizen who, without frills and without ostentation, pursues the even tenor of his way, trying to make the world a little better place to live in, seeking to aid those about him, endeavoring to do his full duty to society and to his fellow man in everything that comes to him to do, seeing the doughnut and not the hole, thinking well of his fellow man until compelled to do otherwise, having his faults and knowing that he has them, fighting for the right and against the wrong, faithful to every trust, loving his God and his Country and faithful to each even until death.

"Putting it another way, an every-day, decent, God-fearing American citizen is the real Elk."

The Zeppelin was news in May, 1923, with the United States vying with Germany to fly the ZR-1 across the Atlantic before the ZR-3 could make the trip to our shores. Evans J. David wrote an informative account of those sky monsters.

Of particular interest in the business pages of the 1923 issue was an advertisement picturing the "New Oliver" typewriter, model No. 11, rugged forerunner of the speedy office machines of today.

One of those enjoyable circus articles of Courtney Ryley Cooper graced the May, 1923, pages. The author, in his leisurely style, recounted some inside-the-cage experiences in improved methods of training the animals.

J. S.

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THE **Elks** MAGAZINE

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COVER DESIGN

by John Wedda

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IN THIS ISSUE

We Present—

ONE of the most perplexing and difficult situations which faces the United States today is the problem of how, when, where and why to educate our young men. More boys than ever before in history are attempting to secure a college education and their frustration and that of their parents has assumed unreasonable proportions. "College, U.S.A." by Stanley Frank delineates some of the difficulties facing the college student of the late 1940's.

One of the great heroes of the baseball world, now retired, is Ed Barrow. The saga of his life around the diamond is the subject of our current sports story which appears on pages 6 and 7. Dan Parker of the *Daily Mirror*, one of the best-known sports writers, gathered together the facts on this one and we feel his conclusions will bring you up to date on one of the most brilliant sports careers in history. "Cousin Egbert the Star Maker" has this department's vote for a special medal.

This year, Pennsylvania has the pleasure and the honor of entertaining the Grand Lodge Convention in Philadelphia. There will be many thousands of delegates coming from all over the country to this—the Keystone State of the American Republic. Much of the early history of our country originated in Pennsylvania where many of the historical monuments of the birth of our Nation are still to be found.

Among those who will welcome the delegates to Philadelphia are Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, one of the best-known hosts in the world, and the distinguished Mayor of Philadelphia, Bernard Samuel. Their messages on pages 14 and 15 assure the delegates and visitors to the Quaker City of a most happy convention time.

In case you did not fill out *The Elks Magazine* Questionnaire which ran in our March issue, the document is being reprinted in this issue on page 37 and we earnestly request all of our readers to fill it out and thus aid us in publishing the Magazine you want.

All the experts are at it again, ya-ta-ta, ya-ta-ta. Ed Faust is foaming at the mouth about dogs on the loose. He disapproves of them. Dan Holland has his mouth all set for pan-fish; he's foaming, too. Hubbell has sunk his teeth into Robert W. Service, whose name, it appears, no longer carries a "W" (somebody is copying James Branch Cabell and George Bernard Shaw, presently known as Bernard Shaw and Branch Cabell.) Mr. Service, it appears, has led life a spritely dance.

Cousin Charles, who is the arbiter of our phonograph record dept., has soured on modern jazz. He got mired in New Orleans. Let's leave him there (never gets his copy in on time, anyway). C. P.

He's on the right track
...he's got P.A.*



P.A.*

means Pipe Appeal

—And Pipe Appeal puts you on the right track with the ladies! With Prince Albert, you're sure of smoking joy and comfort, too!

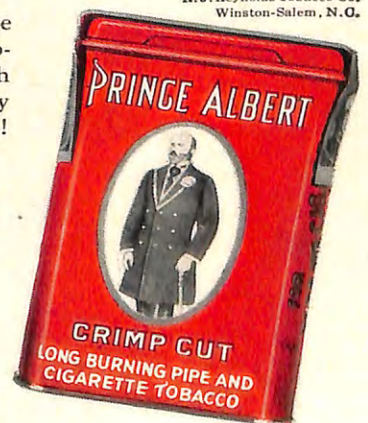
means Prince Albert

● Long known as the National Joy Smoke, Prince Albert is America's largest-selling smoking tobacco. Try it—and you'll see why! P.A. is rich tasting, mild. That choice tobacco is specially treated to insure against tongue bite. Get P.A.!



FOR THE MAKING OF A GREAT CIGARETTE, YOU CAN'T BEAT P.A.! IT'S CRIMP CUT—ROLLS UP FAST AND EASY!

The National Joy Smoke



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

**Are college students trifling away one of the
best years of their lives in the classroom?**

COLLEGE, U.S.A.

BY STANLEY FRANK

THE Republic's most talented and ambitious young people have been trifling away one of the best years of their lives by submitting meekly to a tradition as archaic as bundling. This misspent year has not been passed in poolrooms, on street corners whistling at girls or in other amiable pastimes frowned upon by austere elders. It has been lost in the classrooms of our colleges.

Students are kept under glass for four years by an outmoded system, a hangover from the Seventeenth Century, which requires them to buckle down only eight months a year. Now four, bright college years are very pleasant, indeed, but they are a luxury the students, the colleges and, most importantly, the country no longer can afford. Not in the face of evidence strongly suggesting that a better, and perhaps cheaper, education can be obtained in three years by extending the academic calendar to 45 weeks a year.

Utilizing a healthy, vibrant youngster's efforts only 32 or 34 weeks a year, the customary college program, is clearly an economic and social waste. Boys and girls, between the ages of 17 and 22, holding monotonous jobs in offices, factories, stores and farms are fortunate if they get a two-week vacation. It would seem, therefore, that a college student engaged in stimulating work in agreeable surroundings should thrive on the five-week summer vacation, plus a week's recess at both Christmas and Easter, he would get with the adoption of the 45-week curriculum.

This proposal to reduce the classic college course to three years is the least radical of all the formulas currently being fired at higher education—always a clay pigeon for criticism—in an attempt to cope with the changing needs of students and society. It is hardly a new thought; educators were discussing it 150 years ago. At various times during the last half-century it has been basic university policy at Harvard, Yale, Cornell, Johns Hopkins and Clark. In no sense is it a carry-over of the wartime speedup—although the war definitely proved that kids are capable of learning more, quicker and

better than skeptical authorities believed was possible.

Objections to the three-year schedule will be aired extensively by opponents who view with sour suspicion the introduction of any progressive idea. As we shall see presently, all their arguments are chased into hiding by one overwhelming, indisputable fact: The time-lag in education is discouraging many of our ablest young people from entering the professions the nation needs for its continuous welfare, security and technological advance. The three-year college takes a long, firm stride toward correcting that dangerous condition.

AMERICA'S most critical manpower shortage today is doctors—and small wonder. A boy who considers the medical profession after graduating from high school is likely to be appalled by the long grind confronting him. After four years of college, he must go through four more years of medical school, two years of internship and perhaps another year of specialized study. He will be pushing thirty before he can get going on his career and raise a family.

Teachers who aspire to high ranking in their profession require a Master's and a Ph.D., or three years of postgraduate work. The legal profession, the chief source of our judges and legislators, involves three years on top of college plus a year of clerking in an office. Similarly, engineers, research scientists—and you know what those babies did during the war—dentists, architects and industrial designers are in their late twenties before entering the productive phase of their lives. That, in turn, results in shorter careers and smaller families among the educated upper middle class which is the strength of our—or any other—society.

President James B. Conant of Harvard, wartime chairman of the National Defense Research Committee and one of the most forceful and thoughtful men in his field, is a

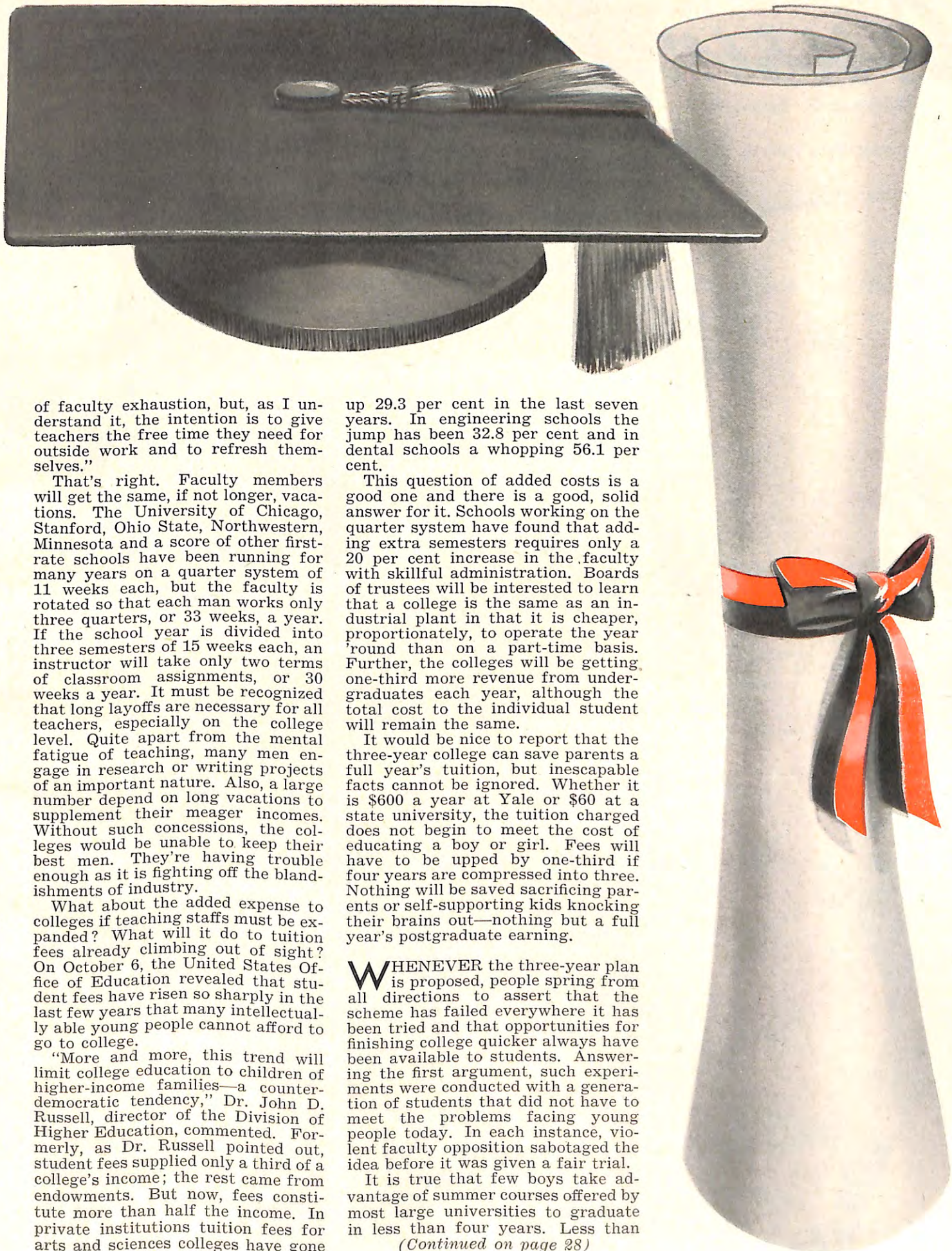
strong advocate of the three-year, 45-week college plan. Anticipating the dilemma facing those seeking and dispensing education, Conant laid the proposition on the line for his colleagues in his provocative annual report of 1944:

"It is my personal opinion that the old 32- or 34-week, two-term academic year fell far short of an effective use of the advanced student's time and energy.

"I have the most serious apprehensions lest academic formalities and institutional rigidity drive away those who have the most ambition and imagination. The man with brains and initiative may take one glance at the conventional course which leads to a profession and decide it is not for him. We run the risk of losing the very men we need in law and medicine, for example—men of personal force—unless we can shorten the road that leads to a professional career. There are always plenty of time-savers and men with good intellects but with little imagination and less ambition, and these men alone might well fill our graduate schools of arts and sciences unless we are on our guard."

Events of the last two years have convinced Conant more than ever of the long-range necessity for widespread adoption of the three-year course. Harvard was one of the few schools that operated on a 45-week, three-semester schedule during the demobilization period, but the oldest university in the country went back to the pedestrian, two-term curriculum this September.

"Trial balloons indicated the 45-week program would not be well received by the faculty," Conant says. "I think most of the opposition stemmed from unfortunate experiences when the accelerated course was introduced during the war. We were running on a 48-week year, which I thought the boys could take. I was wrong there. That was overdoing it just enough to impose too much of a burden on the students. In 1944, however, we dropped to 45 weeks and the strain disappeared with the additional three weeks of vacation. There were many evidences



of faculty exhaustion, but, as I understand it, the intention is to give teachers the free time they need for outside work and to refresh themselves."

That's right. Faculty members will get the same, if not longer, vacations. The University of Chicago, Stanford, Ohio State, Northwestern, Minnesota and a score of other first-rate schools have been running for many years on a quarter system of 11 weeks each, but the faculty is rotated so that each man works only three quarters, or 33 weeks, a year. If the school year is divided into three semesters of 15 weeks each, an instructor will take only two terms of classroom assignments, or 30 weeks a year. It must be recognized that long layoffs are necessary for all teachers, especially on the college level. Quite apart from the mental fatigue of teaching, many men engage in research or writing projects of an important nature. Also, a large number depend on long vacations to supplement their meager incomes. Without such concessions, the colleges would be unable to keep their best men. They're having trouble enough as it is fighting off the blandishments of industry.

What about the added expense to colleges if teaching staffs must be expanded? What will it do to tuition fees already climbing out of sight? On October 6, the United States Office of Education revealed that student fees have risen so sharply in the last few years that many intellectually able young people cannot afford to go to college.

"More and more, this trend will limit college education to children of higher-income families—a counter-democratic tendency," Dr. John D. Russell, director of the Division of Higher Education, commented. Formerly, as Dr. Russell pointed out, student fees supplied only a third of a college's income; the rest came from endowments. But now, fees constitute more than half the income. In private institutions tuition fees for arts and sciences colleges have gone

up 29.3 per cent in the last seven years. In engineering schools the jump has been 32.8 per cent and in dental schools a whopping 56.1 per cent.

This question of added costs is a good one and there is a good, solid answer for it. Schools working on the quarter system have found that adding extra semesters requires only a 20 per cent increase in the faculty with skillful administration. Boards of trustees will be interested to learn that a college is the same as an industrial plant in that it is cheaper, proportionately, to operate the year 'round than on a part-time basis. Further, the colleges will be getting one-third more revenue from undergraduates each year, although the total cost to the individual student will remain the same.

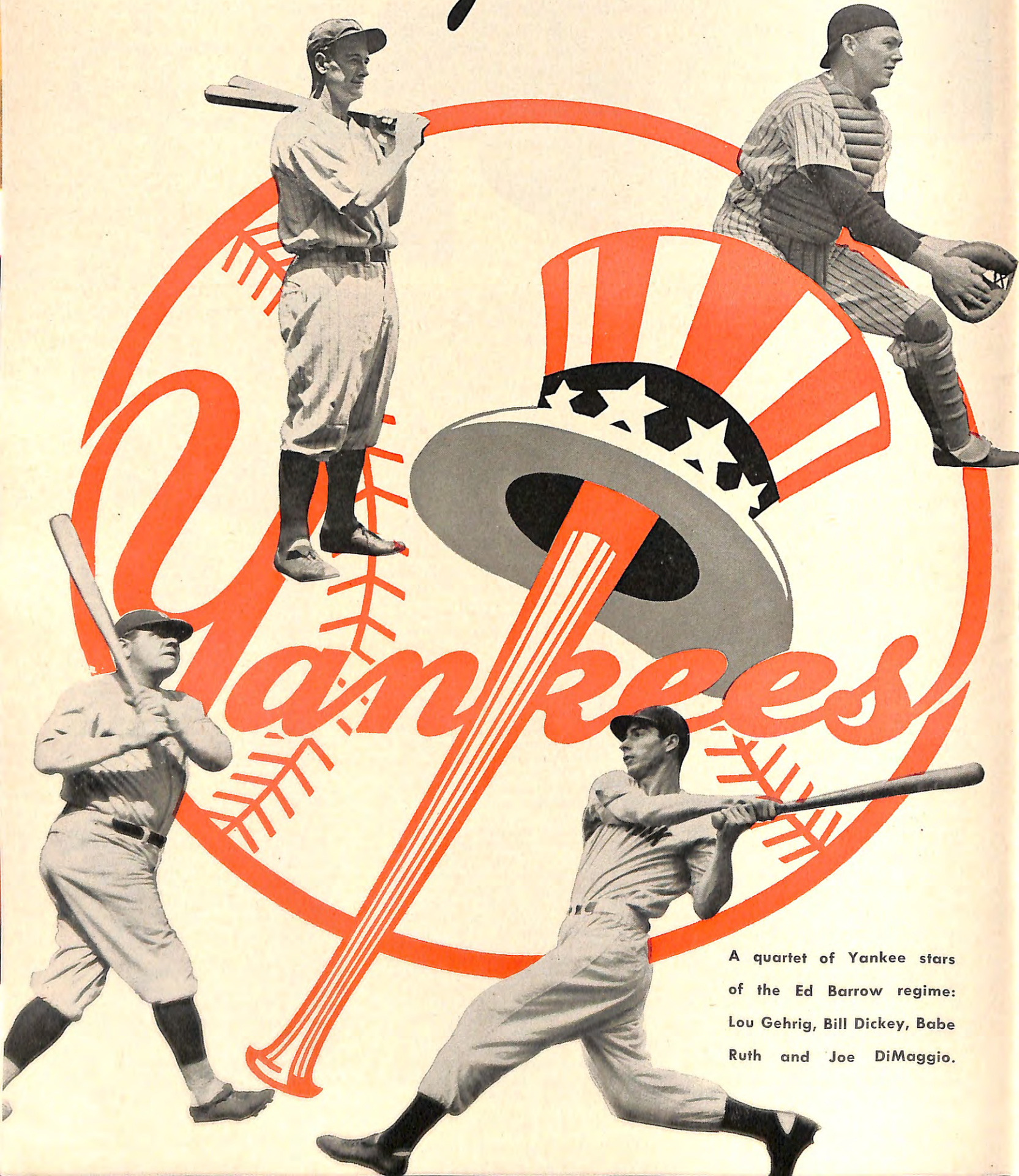
It would be nice to report that the three-year college can save parents a full year's tuition, but inescapable facts cannot be ignored. Whether it is \$600 a year at Yale or \$60 at a state university, the tuition charged does not begin to meet the cost of educating a boy or girl. Fees will have to be upped by one-third if four years are compressed into three. Nothing will be saved sacrificing parents or self-supporting kids knocking their brains out—nothing but a full year's postgraduate earning.

WHENEVER the three-year plan is proposed, people spring from all directions to assert that the scheme has failed everywhere it has been tried and that opportunities for finishing college quicker always have been available to students. Answering the first argument, such experiments were conducted with a generation of students that did not have to meet the problems facing young people today. In each instance, violent faculty opposition sabotaged the idea before it was given a fair trial.

It is true that few boys take advantage of summer courses offered by most large universities to graduate in less than four years. Less than

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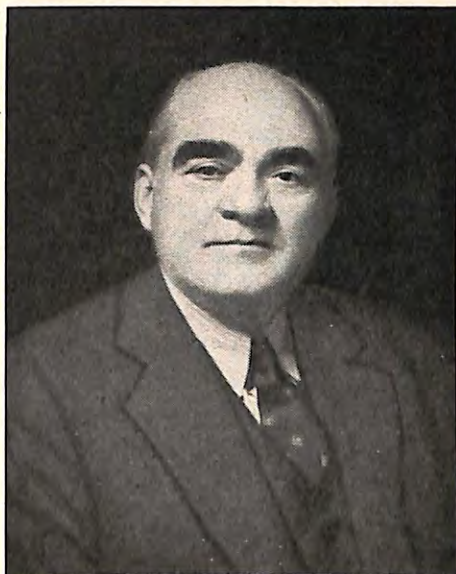
Cousin Egbert **THE STAR**



A quartet of Yankee stars
of the Ed Barrow regime:
Lou Gehrig, Bill Dickey, Babe
Ruth and Joe DiMaggio.

MAKER

BY DAN PARKER



Ed Barrow, an old-fashioned baseball man who believed that the best formula for success was a winning ball club.

ASKED to name the three top ball players of all time, most fans would probably pick Ty Cobb, Babe Ruth and Hans Wagner. Probably not one in a hundred of the same fans, however, could identify the man who developed two of these three super-stars. That's because Edward Grant Barrow, the gentleman in question, is not only retiring by nature but in retirement, against his wishes, and thus out of the baseball picture into which he would fit so nicely just now.

Ed Barrow is the discoverer of Hans Wagner and the developer of Babe Ruth. He is also, with due respect to Joe McCarthy, John McGraw and Connie Mack, the champion pennant-winner of all time in Baseball. During a diamond career that encompassed half a century, Cousin Egbert, as that crown prince of sports writers, the late W. O. McGeehan, dubbed him, has been affiliated with 15 championship ball clubs in the major leagues, 11 of them world's champs, in capacities ranging from president to manager. Baseball men concede that he knows more about the national pastime and its administration, both on the field and in the business office, than anyone else connected with the game, past or present. Had he chosen, he probably could have been Commissioner of Baseball and, as he frets away the hours at his Rye, N. Y., estate these days with nothing to keep his active mind busy, he probably regrets that he didn't listen to the overtures of those who wanted to propose him as successor to the late Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis.

For an 80-year-old, Barrow is the youngest looking whippersnapper you'd meet out of Methuselah's era. A powerful figure of a man who doesn't look a day over 50, Ed enjoys perfect health and unimpaired faculties. With his protege, George Weiss, now filling Barrow's old role as guiding genius of the vast Yankee

Baseball Empire which he helped to build, Ed probably will be called on from time to time for advice, in an unofficial capacity, until his understudy has mastered the manifold problems connected with this most important of all baseball posts. It would be like manna from Heaven for the Solid Man of the Diamond to be remembered thus when it seemed to him that the baseball parade had passed him.

Ed Barrow was one of those old-fashioned baseball men who believed that the best recipe for success was a winning ball club. Wherever he held forth during his half century on the diamond, Ed gave the fans the best brand of baseball his resources allowed. He sought the best in the

field and usually got what he sought. Ed was a hard but fair taskmaster. Nobody loafed on the job for Cousin Egbert but those who hustled were well rewarded. Underneath a gruff exterior, rendered all the more formidable by a pair of eyebrows that make John L. Lewis's look like a pin-stripe moustache, Barrow is a softie who'll go the limit for a friend and who commands the loyalty of everyone associated with him.

It is ironic that Ed should have been replaced by Col. Larry MacPhail, a flamboyant showman who set awe-inspiring attendance records at Yankee Stadium during his meteoric three-year-reign by serving a strange potpourri of baseball, musical com-

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Ed Barrow's great, and lucky, discovery: Hans Wagner.

IT'S A MAN'S



WORLD

BY DICKSON HARTWELL

THAT SHARP whistle you just heard was me sounding off on a note of warning. It was a whistle such as a startled lioness would give to her cubs, if a lioness could whistle. I'm alarmed about two "styles" that are about to be launched against unsuspecting males.

The first of these is suede, a soft and highly perishable thin leather occasionally used in women's, and sometimes men's, sports jackets. In San Francisco a clothing designer has set up a new standard for the well-dressed man. This joker says he is turning out Beau Brummels dressed in gold suede coats, blue suede trousers and maroon suede neckties. As variations he offers red coats and green and violet pants.

California, and particularly San Francisco, for the next year or so will be celebrating the 100th anniversary of the discovery of gold and the arrival of the '49ers. It is possible that the outburst in suede is a result of the enthusiasm engendered by the historical occasion. Whatever the cause, the problem now is how to stop it. Only by a rigid, voluntary quarantine can the infection of suede be kept from spreading beyond the Sierra Nevada. Therefore, on leaving the Golden State all visitors are requested to take their gold suede coats, their blue suede trousers and their maroon suede neckties and burn them. Let's stamp out this horror at its source.

I have just seen a preview of another unpleasantness that is about to break out in men's sportswear. It gives me the jitters. As a zealous advocate of casual, colorful and comfortable sport shirts for men, I have looked for the day when the broadcloth shirt, tie and coat combination

would be discarded for casual wear in Spring and Summer. Smart sport shirt designers were pushing the trend gradually, designing shirts that wouldn't frighten the men off and which would be dressy enough to satisfy the most conventional wives.

They were making real progress in all but the self-conscious cities of the effete East when, zowie! somebody went and overdid it. Not being content with the infinite variations possible by mixing the primary colors of red, blue and yellow, one company has printed some fabrics which so realistically resemble the skins of the South American ocelot, the East Indian leopard and the Rocky Mountain chipmunk, that—in the excited words of the manufacturer—the patterns "defy the eye—until you actually touch the fabric".

These fabrics are now being made into shirts which will be on the market in time, I fear, to commit a major desecration against Father's Day—a day designed, incidentally, to commemorate the necktie and not a leopard skin shirt. I've seen these shirts. If Daniel Boone had worn one the squirrels would have laughed him out of Kentucky. If Lewis and Clark had used them the chipmunks would have driven them back down out of the Rocky Mountains. Our forefathers had a lot of stamina but if they had dressed in such shirts the western boundary of the United States would still be the Alleghenies. One thing is in their favor: though they will attract attention these shirts won't make a noise. The fabric is guaranteed not to rustle. As you walk down the street wearing one, all anybody will hear will be a faint swish.

This is National Gripe Week and my gripe of the week is Esther Wil-

liams. Not just for this week but for every week, I'm the leader of a one-man no-look strike against her movies. I'll pay to go in but I sit erect with my eyes tightly shut concentrating on thoughts which are no compliment to Miss Williams. In this way I'm gradually undermining her *rapport* with the audience. It's a form of voodoo.

I'm sore at Miss Williams because she has ruined just about the last place a man can go in this country to get away from it all. Up until a few weeks ago I had such a place. Since before the war I have been sneaking out on the Mojave Desert with my wife to a miniscule town improbably named Twenty-nine Palms. The town got that name because it is located at a tiny, mid-desert oasis where somebody once counted 29 palms. Most old-timers can't remember, though, when there were more than 13, which is the count today.

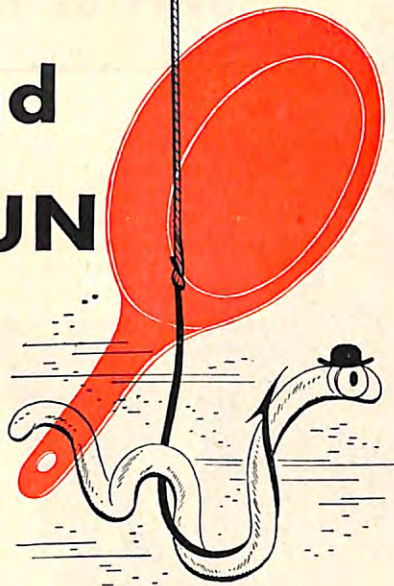
Up to now, for a winter hideaway, Twenty-nine Palms has been just about perfect. It is 45 miles off the main highway that goes by Palm Springs. This 45-mile road is paved, but the pavement happily ends at Twenty-nine Palms and beyond it are nothing but dirt desert roads for 50 miles or so. Except during a cloudburst these roads are really pretty good but city slickers are afraid of them so Twenty-nine Palms never got any through traffic. In fact, it got very little traffic at all, except from people who wanted quiet, warm sunshine tempered by the zip of a 2,000-foot altitude, exotic desert flowers and a change of movies three times a week. There are horses to ride, too, and you can travel a hundred miles in any direction without bumping into a fence.

THE valley which contains this village is the most beautiful I've seen in America—and I've seen a lot. To the west the view includes magnificent, snow-capped San Geronio Mountain 75 miles away. Along the north side of the valley a sweep of rugged, sand drifted, magical mountains runs for 40 miles. Adjacent to Twenty-nine Palms to the south is the most unusual forest in the world, consisting solely of pre-historic Joshua trees standing stark and symbolic up to 40 feet high. Some wagon-train pioneers crossing the desert a century ago believed that the strange branches of these trees pointed the way to the Promised Land, hence the name Joshua. Actually, though, the trees belong to the lily family and the huge, tight cluster of small white flowers which blossoms out from each branch in the Spring has a singular beauty which draws thousands of admiring tourists year after year.

The old desert phrase, "Thar's gold in them thar hills," has a special significance around Twenty-nine Palms. It's no joke. Nearby is a small cabin made of brick fashioned from local adobe clay. Out of curiosity a metallurgist had one of the left-over bricks

(Continued on page 31)

ROD and GUN



**When you get
right down to it, the
whole point of
fishing is to get
something to eat.**

BY DAN HOLLAND

ANY old-timer along the Black River in North Carolina will tell you, "south moon" is the time to catch redbreasts. South moon in the month of May. That's the time.

Jeff Corbett, who is as much a part of the Black River as the pinnacled cypress knees along its banks or the Spanish moss decorating the live oaks overhead, described south moon to me. "When the moon gets directly above, neither rising nor setting," explained Jeff pointing up in the sky, "that's what's known as south moon; and, night or day, that's when the fish will bite. Sometimes if you'll listen just as the moon arrives overhead, you'll hear an old owl down in the swamp give a lone hoot, and that's the time to fish. About twenty minutes later he'll hoot again; then it's all over."

Not long ago I read a newspaper item in which an aquatic biologist made the statement that oysters the world over open their shells and feed at the instant that the moon passes their meridian; that is, when the moon is at the zenith for any particular oyster bed. This, in different words, is south moon; and, if true, science has finally discovered what fishermen long the Black River have always known as a matter of fact, known because their old daddies told them so as soon as they were big enough to sit on the bank and fish for bream and mud chubs. The Black River folks didn't need a scientist to tell them that the passing of the moon stirs wild critters, especially redbreasts; they knew.

The robin redbreast is North Carolina's favorite panfish. He's the largest of the sunfish, known scientifically as the long-eared sunfish, and there in southern waters he reaches his greatest proportions, both in size and as a game fish to be reckoned with. Just as fishermen of the Brule or the Ausable or the Rogue have

their tales of mighty trout, North Carolina natives have colorful stories of two-pound robins that can bend a rod double. Their tackle, techniques and patterns of flies are as exacting as the methods of the trout-fishing dry-fly purist. This is panfishing in its most highly developed form.

In many such sections of the country panfishing has become a very specialized and traditional form of angling. Methods are precise, and fishing theories like south moon have found a definite place in the fishing procedure. In other areas fishermen may base their success on phases of the moon or time of day, while in still others it may be the direction of the wind that counts. Those who have evolved such theories and practices are doubtless rewarded with good catches, but the greatest charm of the panfish is his willingness to perform for anyone, regardless of tackle or methods. He is the commoner among game fish, the great equalizer among fishermen.

Via the bank-and-bobber method, the panfish has been the cause of many a good man's becoming a fisherman. There could be no better way to open the young beginner's mind to the mysteries which lie beneath the water's surface than the first exciting plunge of a bobber.

WHEN I try to recall the beginning of things for me, I naturally think back to my first fishing excursions. The earliest were in the Midwest and the quarry was panfish. It was in an area where he was supreme. On the first trip I can remember, I don't recall that we caught any fish, big or small, but I do remember seining minnows for bait. At the age of five I doubtedly was a big help in the seining operation, but someone had been generous enough to let me get my hands on the minnow net,

and certainly I thought I was an important part of this great undertaking. I don't even recall that we caught any minnows. What I do remember is that we seined up a very alive and resentful water snake whose one idea was to head for the lowest spot around the net's edge and make his escape. The low point on the net, of course, was where I was holding on. That's when I discovered that I could move faster than any snake.

Later trips were more successful. I remember many happy hours fishing for sunnies. My cane pole was a very special one, and no other would do. It was short, light and weather-beaten from many seasons before it came into my possession. I was sure that it was possessed of unusual charm as far as fish were concerned. Last Spring I spent a morning fishing for sunnies and I used a three-and-one-half-ounce Thomas rod, a double-tapered Halford line, a Hardy reel, a tapered 3X leader and a dry fly tied in Ireland. My old cane pole was more appropriate.

After sunnies, I remember some wonderful family expeditions for white perch. White perch travel in schools and bite best after dark. When we got into them there was more than enough excitement and action for everyone; and on the way back to the dock I would fall asleep to the music of the chunk of oars and the eternal argument waging on shore: "Katy did." "Katy didn't!"

Then there was the summer vacation on a northern lake when my brother and I first discovered crappie. These gigantic sunfish—for such we thought they were as we watched them glide in and out among the underwater weeds—were almost too much for us in their exasperating refusal to touch our most tempting angleworms. The sophisticated attitude which makes the crappie and calico bass contemptuous of a worm places these two in a unique position among fresh-water game fish.

Finally we were told that our mammoth sunnies were crappie and that they liked minnows. The problem of catching minnows then was almost as great as was that of catching fish. Finally we learned that a bass spinner-fly trolled slowly along a weed bed or in an arc around a school of crappie was even more deadly than a live minnow, and crappie were no longer a problem. In fact, we reduced their capture to such an exact science that we would demonstrate our prowess to guests by catching the required number of crappie by the clock one-half hour before meal time, and we never failed.

That was the beginning of the use of artificials. Artificial flies and lures are the invention of lazy fishermen. They eliminate the necessity of capturing the bait before starting to fish, they do away with the constant re-baiting of hooks, and they allow the fisherman to cover a much greater area in search of feeding fish.

After panfish came bass, pike,
(Continued on page 27)

THE KEYSTONE STATE



Washington's Headquarters at Valley Forge is typically Colonial.

Pennsylvania, host to the 1948 Convention, is a tourists' delight.

KIPLING, in one of his rare tributes to America, said that the things that truly last when men and times have passed are in Pennsylvania. Kipling must have been around the State quite a bit, for such a tribute would arise only after a person absorbed the atmosphere that comes from a heritage derived from enlightened founders who came from many parts of the world and who planned and worked with rich natural resources, leaving little to chance.

Pennsylvania has some major his-

torical monuments. There is Gettysburg, turning point of the Civil War, and its nearby cemetery where Lincoln delivered the address that a local newspaper at the time characterized as "silly remarks" and that Lincoln himself said "fell like a wet blanket" on the crowd. The neat little farmhouses at Valley Forge stand today much as they did in the winter of 1777-78. Washington and his Continentals need not have frozen and starved had they not been surrounded by unfriendly Tories who detoured food and fuel to the Brit-

ish. There is also, neatly reconstructed, Fort Mifflin, where Washington in 1777 received his first command, was defeated and made his only capitulation (to the French). But many of the most interesting points to the visitor to Pennsylvania are not associated with wars, great names or major historical happenings, but rather the minor incidents, some ludicrous, in the growth of a populous State.

The wonderful dinners one gets in some of the Pocono resorts and other sections of the State are Pennsyl-

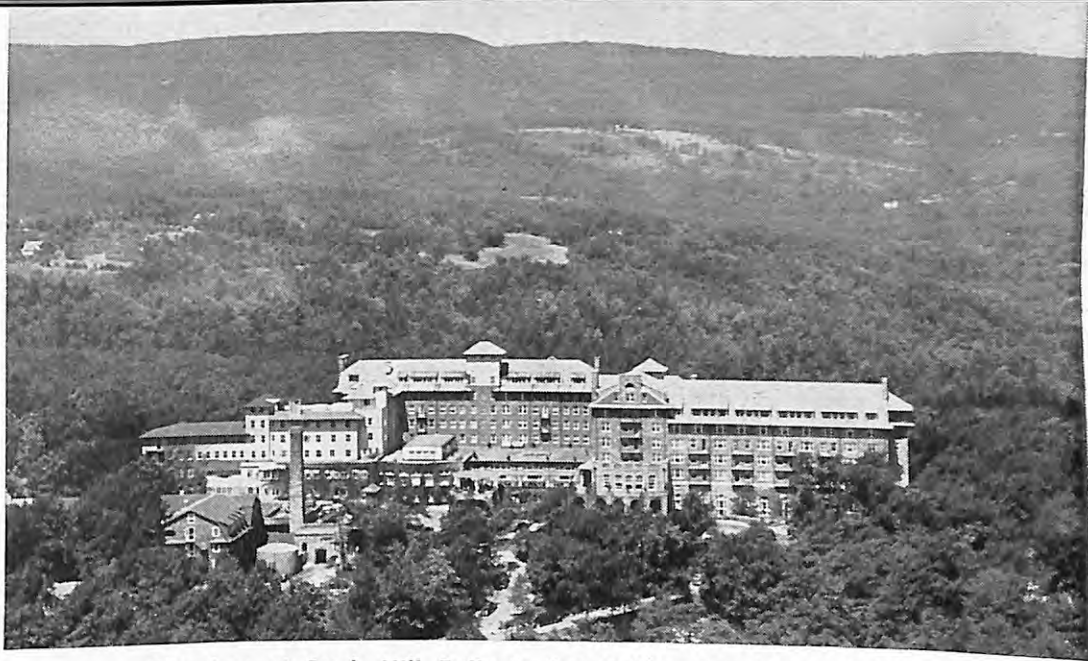
BY ED TYNG

vania German (commonly referred to as Pennsylvania Dutch because they called themselves *Deutsche*, or because so many settlers sailed originally from Rotterdam). If one is touring one will go through many sectors where there are remnants of small religious sects that came originally from the German Palatinate. Many still wear the costumes of their ancestors, fear God and hate the devil wholeheartedly; believe in charms and keep their clocks half an hour fast so that they never will be late.

The Pennsylvania Department of Commerce in its tourist literature arbitrarily divides the State into six sections. Southeastern Pennsylvania, birthplace of the State and Nation, has big cities—industrial and cultural centers—such as Philadelphia, Chester, Reading, Bethlehem, Allentown, Easton and Harrisburg, the capital on the picturesque Susquehanna. Here also are the Pennsylvania-German farmlands. The northeastern section of the State is notable chiefly for the Pocono vacation land. The south central portion has Gettysburg and in the Spring the whole area is fragrant with apple and peach blossoms. The north central area still is pretty much of a wilderness of State and national forests and has the 50-mile Pine Creek Gorge with walls that rise 1,000 feet above the creek. Hunting and fishing are excellent and there are numerous caves for tourists to explore. Southwestern Pennsylvania contains Pittsburgh and the Valley of Steel—and such things as the grave of the man who compiled *McGuffey's Readers*, the memorial to Stephen Foster and the great Cathedral of Learning of Pittsburgh University. The northwestern portion contains the Lake Erie triangle, where Pennsylvanians go for surf-bathing and fishing, or to vacation along the shores of Pymatuning and Conneaut lakes. It also contains Venango county, birthplace of the oil industry.

The six divisions of Pennsylvania may best be surveyed by automobile from the major east-west highways, of which there are three that can be recommended: Routes 6, 22 and 30. Route 6 zigzags through the northern section from the Delaware River at Port Jervis, N. Y., to the Ohio line. At Milford is a monument to Tom Quick, the first settler, murdered by supposedly friendly Indians in 1755 in the sight of his son, who became mentally deranged and spent the remaining 40 years of his life killing Indians. This murderer kept a careful tally of his deeds and accounted for 99; on his deathbed he

(Continued on page 32)



The Inn at Buck Hill Falls is located in the heart of the Pocono Mountains—vacation spot for Eastern Pennsylvania.



Above: The Delaware Water Gap. Below: Main business section of Pittsburgh viewed from across the Monongahela River.



IN THE DOGHOUSE

with Ed Faust



No matter how much of a dog lover you are, you'll admit some dogs are pests.

EARLIER today I had three teeth extracted and the tirade that follows may be due to this because it's no fun having your molars yanked out, as anybody but a dentist knows. Right now I feel like a porcupine with ingrown quills.

Now, as my eager audience knows, I like dogs, otherwise I wouldn't be writing about them. (*Ed. Note:* Of course, the paycheck has nothing to do with it.) But some time ago I moved into a dog-infested neighborhood and I am strongly moved to organize a Bureau of Persons who Wouldn't Be Missed, Charter Members being those who permit their dogs to wander loose at all hours and shatter the nerves of all those within hearing through persistent, unnecessary barking. One of the neighborhood purps seems to consider himself a walking exclamation mark, while another as big as a Saratoga trunk leaves footprints in my garden that, if I hadn't seen the dog, I might mistake for those of some giant prehistoric animal. Then across the road there lives the canine alarm clock who will bark at the drop of a hat or will bark anyway, whether you drop a hat or not. He's noisy even when he's quiet.

It has been estimated reliably that loose dogs cause no less than a million dollars worth of damage annually. By this time you may have gathered that I hold no brief against Mr. and Mrs. Fido, but I have violent ideas about the owners of dogs on the loose and dogs that are permitted to bark unduly.

I haven't by any means begun to describe all the purps in our locality but there is one that I wish you could meet. We call him the sidewheeler. He, too, is a heavyweight, a vastly overgrown retriever. The reason for his nickname is that when he runs and wags his tail the tail doesn't wag from side to side, but revolves like a

spinning wheel. Weather permitting, he divides his time between paddling in a nearby brook and making various social calls on the neighbors, at which time he is an absolute menace because he holds the fixed idea that he is a lap dog. When you're sitting out on the lawn, keeping well within the law and minding your own business, it's quite an experience to have a 75-pound, sopping wet retriever suddenly try to climb in your lap. His tail is as big and as hard as a policeman's club and it's always muddy. Being a friendly cuss, his tail is usually waving, to the detriment of whatever you may be wearing at the time.

Another member of the local dog population is a gangling Irish Setter who, until he was incarcerated for keeps by his harassed owner, devoted much of his time to pilfering the neighbors' wash. He isn't at all choosy as to whose washline it may be. He incurred the wrath of a gal who visited us by destroying two of her blouses and his most spectacular thievery occurred when he made off with a suit of long underwear and very considerably deposited it on a neighbor's front lawn. Said underwear remained there for some ten days awaiting its recapture by its owner. Maybe the guy was bashful, but no one ever showed up to claim those undies.

AS I HAVE pointed out in these pages, it is not only unfair to a man's neighbor for that man to permit his dog to run freely; it's not even fair to the dog because, while endowed with powers of scent and hearing that often seem uncanny, dogs do not do so well in the eye department. In fact, they don't see well at all. Several authorities claim that Fido's vision is about equal to that of a man's, an hour or so after sundown. Dogs are strangely deficient in per-

ceiving things moving toward or away from them, which very likely accounts for the number that are injured or killed by automobiles each year. True enough, many of the hounds used for hunting are frequently successful in running down their quarry, and with some of them eyesight does play a minor part; because of the dogs' speed they are able to keep the game in sight. Other hounds pursue their quarry largely by scent.

It is the loose dog who is the canine disease carrier. Certainly, were there no loose dogs rabies would be almost wiped out in this country. You'll note that I say *almost*, because this dread disease can be contracted by other warm-blooded animals—any of them, from a mouse to a horse. That other serious dog malady, distemper, might be better controlled were the loose dog eliminated. Here I say *might*, because nobody on God's Footstool has ever found the origin of distemper. Time and again efforts have been made to discover it but the germ goes through the finest laboratory filters. Hence, not being able to isolate the germ, Science cannot combat it. You have to know your enemy before you can lick him.

To allow a dog to invade a neighbor's garden, soil his grounds, threaten his visitors or in any way to become a nuisance is an act of pure selfishness on the part of the dog's owner. All over the country there are thousands of people who patiently, painstakingly cultivate their respective vegetable patches. Many vegetables which grow above ground frequently are contaminated by dogs.

So widespread has the loose-dog problem become that many communities have, or are enacting, strict laws to impose penalties on owners of free-running dogs. In one town where I lived recently the town council unanimously voted a law imposing a fine of fifty dollars or ten days in the hoosegow for the owner of the loose pup. Of course, that law is not designed to take effect on the owner of the dog that accidentally breaks loose, but for the man or woman who consistently and deliberately lets a pet roam at will.

When I was a youngster I heartily subscribed to the popular small-fry belief that the dogcatcher was an unmitigated scoundrel. Long ago I learned to revise my little book when it came to that gentleman. True, it is difficult to ignore the forlorn looks of the dogs in the pound wagon. But those same dogs would not be there were it not for the carelessness of their owners. The dogcatcher, instead of being the villain that Little Willie pictures him, is a man who is rendering a valuable service to the community, and his job simply wouldn't exist if it weren't for those same careless dog owners. Even in rural communities, loose dogs are a big problem. Not only do they commit the offenses previously mentioned, but, because dogs are social animals, they differ from cats; dogs

(Continued on page 26)

What America is Reading

Robert Service's autobiography of his foot-loose days makes entertaining and happy reading.

BY ALBERT HUBBELL

THE autobiography of Robert W. Service, *Harper of Heaven*, is one of those wonderfully readable books that are fun without being in the least "important". I feel sure Mr. Service (he seems to have dropped the "W.", by the way) wouldn't mind such a characterization of his latest work, for he is a man with a cheerful lack of illusions about his place in literature. Even the best of his poetry—*The Spell of the Yukon*, *Rimes of a Red Cross Man* and so on—never claimed to be anything but competent and stirring doggerel. Remember *The Shooting of Dan McGrew*? As for that body of his verse that cannot be described as his "best"—not even good doggerel—well, I have a word for that (if you'll pardon me): it is monggerel.

But Mr. Service, a man now in his seventies, has had a rich and good life. Quite early in his youth, up in the Yukon where other men were discovering gold and he was not, the author discovered something that was to be worth more than any number of nuggets and little sacks of yellow dust—the ability to write, practically without effort, songs and ditties that people, lots of people, like. Thus he was freed from the daily grind to spend the rest of his life doing the things he wanted to, the main one being, I gather, that glorious activity known as Doing Nothing. He had a talent for it. He savored every passing moment, whether it was on a creaky train through spy-infested Rumania or whether it was lazing under the breadfruit trees in the South Pacific. He wandered around the world, poking his nose into things that excited his curiosity, (he sometimes got it poked for his pains, too), and settling down for varying periods of time in places that struck his fancy. When he needed money to move on to greener pastures, he sent another slim volume to his publisher in far-off London, and that was that.

The present book is really part two of the long autobiography he began in *Ploughman of the Moon*. By the



From Walter Dower's and Ted Trueblood's new book. *Trout Trouble*.

time this one begins, the author long since has quit the mining camps, the dance-halls and "the Malemute saloon" of Yukon days. He takes up here with his experiences as a Red Cross man in Central Europe in World War I, during which he had some hilarious experiences with an aging English Casanova named Sir Pelham Pelham and which make the reader suspect that occasionally Mr. Service is pleased to draw the long bow. Then there is a Parisian idyl, wherein the author got married casually and most successfully to a French girl and during which he spent many enchanted nights soaking up, along with good wine and good brandy, the last dregs of the atmosphere of *La Vie de Boheme*.

By now, you're only at chapter four or so. The rest of the 450-odd pages are just as crowded and just as varied. Mr. Service was an ambulance driver and war correspondent in that other war; he was a "beachcomber de luxe" in Tahiti and a wanderer whose whimsical vagabonding could take him, on a moment's notice, on a junket through Sovietland, which he emphatically disliked, or to Hollywood where, once during this last war, he played himself in the filming of "The Spoilers", with Marlene Dietrich, and got three hundred dollars for three minutes of acting which the director called "lousy".

After the war, Mr. Service, with his wife and daughter, returned to

his home in Brittany to find out what the Nazis had done to it—it was plenty—and to settle down to a peaceful old age. It was there, and at his summer place on the Riviera, that he wrote this nostalgic and lively memoir which he says will be his last. I, for one, don't believe it. And, from the somehow envious tone in which he speaks of his foot-loose days, I don't think he'll settle down yet awhile, either. (*Harper of Heaven*, Dodd, Mead, \$4.00)

TROUT TROUBLE by Walter Dower and Ted Trueblood

Out of what must be an enormous clinical experience of the possible griefs one can encounter in fish and stream, Walter Dower and Ted Trueblood, who are familiar faces around here, have put together a little book making light of trouble and making it very funny indeed. It is called *Trout Trouble*, a treatise on the arts of fishing and hunting designed, it would seem, to discourage ambitious tyros in order to keep the preserves free (I admit that is just a nasty suspicion on my part). The book's subtitle is—"And Other Trouble", the other trouble being, in order of importance "Woman Trouble", "Fishing Trouble", "Hunting Trouble" and "Camping Trouble". Full page drawings by Mr. Dower illustrate in painful detail the appalling little situations that can crop up on these outings; then Mr. Trueblood comes along

(Continued on page 19)

A Quaker



Mayor Samuel and P.G.E.R. Grakelow

THE 84th Session of the Grand Lodge will be held in Philadelphia, birthplace of this nation and a city noted for its hospitality. Philadelphia has been well-named, "The Friendly Town". In view of the stress of the times and the Order's consistent emphasis on the necessity for maintaining and respecting American traditions, it is particularly appropriate that the Grand Lodge meets this year in Philadelphia. In the home of Independence Hall, the Liberty Bell and William Penn, the business sessions of the Grand Lodge will be joined with a Convention program of exceptional interest. While plans have not been formulated completely, here follows a comprehensive outline of what is expected to be one of the most vital of our annual gatherings. It will be under the able direction of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow.



BERNARD SAMUEL
MAYOR

CITY OF PHILADELPHIA
OFFICE OF THE MAYOR

PHILADELPHIA 7, PA.

March 25, 1948

Hon. L. A. Lewis
Grand Exalted Ruler
B P O Elks

Dear Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis:

As Mayor of the City of Philadelphia and as Honorary Chairman of the Committee in Charge of Arrangements, it is a very great pleasure for me to extend a cordial welcome to the City of Philadelphia, to the members of our great organization, their families and friends who will attend the National Convention of our order to be held here from July 4 through July 8.

Many important conclaves will be held in our City during the coming summer, meetings which will focus the attention of the world upon the City of Brotherly Love. Selection of Philadelphia for the Elks' Convention was, in my opinion, a decision which will redound to the credit of those who made it.

Fraternalism has flourished in Philadelphia almost from the day when William Penn founded it as a City of Brotherly Love, and in that fraternal spirit we extend a very cordial invitation to The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks to come here for its National Convention.

In Philadelphia occurred the birth throes of the Nation and here stands Independence Hall which gave the world new concepts of democracy in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. We are proud to possess the Liberty Bell and Christ Church with the pew in which Washington worshipped, the Betsy Ross Flag House, Carpenters' Hall and other National shrines.

A warm and fraternal welcome awaits you in the City of Brotherly Love where all will be done to make your gathering a success and the Convention a memorable one.

Sincerely yours,

JULY 2ND. Grand Lodge Registration Headquarters will be the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Burgundy Room, on the first floor. This room also will accommodate the *Elks Magazine* display and the display of the work of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission accomplished under the guidance of Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan.

JULY 3RD; 4TH. Registration all day.

JULY 4TH. Dinner for the Grand Exalted Ruler, Past Grand Exalted Rulers, Committee Chairmen and their ladies.

JULY 4TH. Public Opening of the 84th Grand Lodge Session at historic Independence Hall at 7:30 p.m. This will be a brief and dramatic program.

JULY 5TH. Opening Grand Lodge Session at 10:00 a.m. Immediately following the election of officers in the late morning, adjournment will be followed by a luncheon by the Grand Exalted Ruler Elect to the Exalted Rulers in attendance.

JULY 5TH. Fourth of July demonstration in Fairmount Park on Belmont Plateau all afternoon. Aquatic events and fire works display in the eve-

In this letter, Mayor Bernard Samuel, of Philadelphia, extends a cordial welcome on behalf of the city.

Welcome...

Extend a Welcome from Philadelphia.

ning. Grandstand and special reserved seat section will be available.

JULY 6TH. Grand Lodge Session will open at 9:30 a.m. The time for adjournment for lunch and for the afternoon session will be set by the Grand Exalted Ruler.

JULY 6TH. The evening has been left open for all of the State Associations and other groups who desire to hold gatherings.

JULY 6TH. For those who do not attend any of the previously mentioned functions, there will be a moonlight excursion on the historic Delaware River. The excursion will last the entire evening and there will be dancing and a continuous vaudeville show.

JULY 6TH. Pennsylvania State Dinner during the evening.

JULY 7TH. Opening of Grand Lodge Session at 9:30 a.m. At 10:45, the Grand Lodge will adjourn for the annual Memorial Service to be held at the Presbyterian Church, which is a half-block from the hotel.

JULY 7TH. Picnic at Grakelow Farm in the afternoon.

JULY 8TH. Opening of Grand Lodge Session in the morning; conclusion of business and installation of the newly elected Grand Exalted Ruler. Adjournment at 12:00 noon.

JULY 8TH. Grand Parade will start at 2:00 p.m. several blocks south of the hotel. It will proceed north on Broad Street, around City Hall and from there out the Parkway. The reviewing stand will be at the head of the Parkway. There will be a massing of bands on the steps of the Art Museum and the conductor of the 1948 Band Contest winner will direct the mass bands in our National Anthem, followed by "Auld Lang Syne."

SPECIAL EVENTS. There will be a Band Contest, a Glee Club Contest, a Trapshooting Contest, a Drill Corps Contest and a Golf Tournament. Outstanding prizes will be awarded.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow in this letter issues a welcome to the 84th Convention.



CITY OF PHILADELPHIA
DEPARTMENT OF SUPPLIES AND PURCHASES
ROOM 302, CITY HALL ANNEX
PHILADELPHIA 7, PA.

March 29, 1948

Hon. L. A. Lewis,
Grand Exalted Ruler
B P O Elks

Dear Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis:

This old world of ours has never been in a more distressed and chaotic condition than at this moment and from all parts of the globe the peoples thereof are appealing to America for intelligent understanding and assistance and the nine to one-million members of our Order will be playing a most important part in this gigantic problem, therefore inspiration and impetus will be given to our Convention in the holding of the same in the Historic City of Philadelphia.

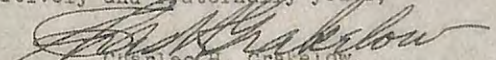
We deeply appreciate this very wise decision and our gratitude shall find its expression in a program of intensive activities from the beginning of the Public Opening Sunday evening, July 4th, at Independence Hall, through the entire week with the closing of a gigantic parade on Thursday afternoon.

Housing accommodations, places of meeting, all of our deliberations and much entertainment await you in this Convention City of these United States.

Our Brothers will do well to read the poster now displayed in their Elks Home of our Order.

Assuring you of personal attention to every inquiry and promising you a never-to-be-forgotten Convention, believe me to be

Appreciatively and fraternally yours,


Charles H. Grakelow,
Director General.

ELK NEWSLETTER

★ WASHINGTON

Although many businessmen will greet it with a shudder, others will welcome a new Department of Commerce publication. "Small Business and Government Licenses" is its forbidding title and no better review of the extent of government concern with private business could be provided.

An entire chapter is devoted to the "more common" Federal licenses required by small businesses, including the agencies from which they may be obtained and directions for obtaining them. Listed also are the licenses required by various manufacturers, processors, wholesalers, retailers, importers, carriers, utilities and service establishments.

Another chapter is devoted to State licenses and regulatory taxes, including State requirements for a number of small establishments such as beauty shops, drug stores, contractors and embalmers. Still another deals with local licenses.

If you would know the worst, "Small Business and Government Licenses" can be obtained for fifteen cents from Department of Commerce Field offices, or the Superintendent of Documents in Washington.

★
California has been the worst hit by recent droughts. Other sections of the country have been experiencing floods. If you have been getting a taste of either, if your wells are going deeper and pumping costs are mounting, the Department of Agriculture advises that it is not too soon to check your own watersheds--the hills or mountains from which water runs to the place beneath. If they are not well-covered with forests, brush, grass or other plant life, they should be. Localities watching these things will save taxes now--and trouble later.

★
The business population of the United States now stands at an all-time high, the Office of Business Economics reports. How many businesses are there in the United States? The Office of Business Economics sets the present figure at 3,870,000--470,000 above the pre-war high and 1,000,000 above the wartime low. A 200,000 gain in 1947 shoved it up to its present mark.

Despite the recent leveling off in the rate of the growth of the business population, the number of new entries is continuing to run about double the number of mortalities. Business discontinuances since V-J Day total some 460,000, less than two-fifths the number of entries and the mortality rate continues low, although 70 per cent of business failures ordinarily occur in the first five years of operation. The first year of operation is the big test.

★
One answer to this show of strength may lie in the fact that easing prices are permitting business activity to hold close to the high plateau reached last year. As Spring roared into Washington, the business indicators--steel production, electric power output, carloadings--showed no signs of weakening before the price realignments.

Sales at retail stores continued strong, as well. Present estimates put the February total at \$8,870,000, some 13 per cent above the same month a year ago, and on a par with the previous month, after adjustment for the fewer trading days. Easter sales, however, ran below expectations.

On the credit side of the ledger, too, is the continued high level of personal income. In the first month of the year, for example, personal income was at a rate of \$210.8 billion, eleven per cent above January 1947 and seven per cent above the 1947 average of \$196.8 billion.

★
Some industrious American workers appear to have caught up with the demand for their product and are now facing shorter hours, or unemployment. According to the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, supplies of honey in beekeepers hands is reported heavy in many areas, with large stocks in the hands of bottlers, wholesalers and retailers.

As a result, the demand for packaged bees is reported on the downgrade, although the Government has requested an expansion of bee colonies for pollinization purposes. So the busy bees are

(Continued on page 34)

THE PORTO-LIFT



This illustrates the easy method by which Porto-Lift aids the difficult task of transferring a patient from wheel chair to automobile. The use of the single arm, swivel bar, and two wide straps, make for greater comfort to the patient, and eliminates a troublesome job for attendants.



Here is shown the Porto-Lift adapted to transferring a patient from bed to wheel chair. The double arms are used, with the two wide straps, plus the sponge rubber crutch pads. This problem of transfer is done with a minimum of movement for the patient, causing less discomfort, and makes the task for the nurse a simple one.

The double arm may also be used in aiding a patient to regain the use of legs. The Porto-Lift is easily adapted to many types of patients, making the task of handling them a pleasure rather than an ordeal. For nurses and attendants the Porto-Lift is a welcome assistant.

The Porto-Lift, is available with double or single arm attachments, or both. With its chrome accessories and bronze metallic finish, the Porto-Lift is rich looking and attractive. It fits in with

the finest of modern equipment, and is a great advancement in the handling of patients.

Porto-Lift is adapted to bed pan use. This task is greatly simplified and accomplished with less bother, for both patient and nurse. The single arm and wide canvas strap are used.

When the extension legs are folded inward, the Porto-Lift can be wheeled through the narrowest of doors. It is readily adaptable for use in hospitals, private homes, sanitariums.

For further information, write to:

GEORGE B. CAMPBELL, 1114 W. Michigan Ave., Lansing 15, Michigan

Representing: PORTO-LIFT MANUFACTURING CO.

Gadget and Gimmick

DEPARTMENT



WE UNDERSTAND from all the scientific magazines on the market that mankind is surrounded by quantities of germs. Everywhere he turns, germs confront him. So far, man has kept a level head in the crisis. He bathes, sterilizes, boils, fumigates, dusts, deodorizes and swats his way through life with unflagging vigor. Here is another aid in the eternal bug battle. It's a sterile disc that fits on the mouthpiece of a French style phone and keeps you from catching any germs that might be lurking there. The discs come in packages of twelve, which gives you one for each mouth. The discs are perforated, so they don't cut down on audibility at the phone at all. The discs are impregnated with a strong, odorless germicidal agent that should rout the bugs quickly. Here's to a germ-free summer.



TIME was when a person could drive around in his car in a free and easy manner. All the expense involved was the cost of the car, insurance, licenses, oil, gasoline, maintenance, etc. Things are different now. The open road threatens to become a dead-end street. As one whips along the highway today one comes across toll bridges right and left and even the small towns go in for parking meters. Those nickel-consuming hitching posts are sprouting like weeds along Main Street. And yet the worst feature of this parking and highway robbery is not so much the money involved, it's the fishing for change that ruffles tempers and makes motorists snappy. Diving into

overcoat pockets, clawing about for the required nickel or dime can be as upsetting as anything known to man. For smoother sailing across toll bridges and the like, why not get this little change holder that is held to your dashboard by a suction cup? Before getting into your car you can fill the holder to the brim with nickels and dimes and never worry about the parking meter around the corner.



THERE'S nothing a man likes better than a good-looking ship model on a shelf in his den. You know the kind I mean: those hand-made, precision built clipper ship models that fascinate friends and gather dust. Well, I always wanted one and so did a friend of mine. My friend, being an energetic man, started to build one. He's very good at hand work like that and things went on apace. That, however, was seven years ago and he hasn't finished the model yet. He's still hollystoning the decks and at the last report not a spar was in place. This is a crumby state of affairs. If he had been smart he would have ordered one hand-made by this expert model builder who does a classic job for you. True, they may cost a bit but you get the model and have it over your mantel in the den and enjoy it without waiting years to have your ship-model dreams realized.



ANOTHER means of thwarting Petrillo's moves is this record-storing hassock. You can hide up to fifty records underneath the removable sponge rubber filled top and sit on them. Finished in what is called

snakeskin leatherette, you have a choice of colors: blue, red, green, brown or natural. Should the time ever come (and may heaven forbid it) when Mr. Petrillo makes a door-to-door search for records, all you have to do is pop the records into the hassock, put the lid on and sit on it. Mr. P. will never guess that you're reclining on Bing Crosby and the entire New York Philharmonic Orchestra plus a guest soloist. When he has gone, you can let the Philharmonic out and put them on the old turntable. But play it softly, softly, mind you. One never knows whether Mr. Petrillo will be back or not.



WHAT with Petrillo on the loose, no one can tell from one day to the next whether we'll have music on records or not. Music companies have stored up many, many discs and it's about time you began taking better care of your platters. Who knows, they may be the only ones you'll ever have. To forestall any further wear on your precious records get a set of these traction mats. They keep records on automatic players from sliding their surfaces together and scratching one another. The mats have an adhesive back and fit over the record label, leaving an open space so you can still read the label information. Makes for smoother playing all around.



A FRIEND of mine invited me to a cocktail party he and his wife were throwing. I was the first one there. This friend and his wife were scurrying around doing last-minute chores and I discovered the man's wife carefully displaying folders of matches from all the smart night clubs. This, I suppose, was to impress her friends. I don't think it is really as smart, though, as a good personalized match folder. Here is the best idea along this line I've yet run across. You send your signature to this company and they make a facsimile plate and print it on books of matches for you. The plate is yours and later you can have stationery made up with it, or more matches.

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 13)

and amplifies on them in a few crisp words and occasionally throws in a hint on How All That Could Have Been Avoided.

As the hapless individuals pictured on these pages bear no resemblance to you, as, in other words, they are obviously *other* people and their wives in various messes, the book is quite naturally very diverting. (Crowell, \$2.00)

FOUR STEPS TO THE WALL by Jon Edgar Webb

Four Steps To The Wall, by Jon Edgar Webb, is the harrowing story of life in an American prison, written by a man who served several years of a jail-term in the Midwest. It is one of those novels that might better have been written as straight fact, for the good and authentic things in it are recognizable at once as having come from first-hand experience, and the weaknesses can all be attributed to the hand of the fiction writer. Mr. Webb, who denies that this tale of John Ditto (why any novelist should saddle a character with a fool name like that is a mystery) and his life behind bars is autobiographical, nevertheless gives an intimate and at times painful picture of day-to-day existence in a big house. His prison is an ordinary one, no more brutal, no more corrupt, you are given to understand, than many others in the country. It is probably that fact that gives the story its punch, for the author shows that even under fair conditions men in bondage gradually become dehumanized, not only by their jailers, but by each other. For all its misty ending, and the sometimes distasteful data on men's behavior in prison, this is a powerful and thought-provoking book. (Dial, \$3.00)

NORMANDY TO THE BALTIC by Field Marshal Montgomery

The First Viscount of Hindhead, or Field Marshal the Viscount of Alamein, or Bernard Law Montgomery, or "Monty" (know who I mean now?) has a reputation, especially among newspapermen who covered his headquarters during the War, for being a cold, egotistical, humorless commander—and also a first-rate professional soldier. His book on his last and greatest campaign, *Normandy to the Baltic*, is a perfect expression of all these qualities and defects. It is show-offy, it is written in some of the chilliest English I've read outside the reverse of the Treasury's Form 1040 and it is joyless—there isn't an amusing or human detail in the entire story. The book is also the work of a complete and efficient military mind.

This is the story of the Twenty-first Army Group, from the landings in Normandy in June, 1944, to the surrender of the Germans at Lune-

berg just short of one year later. And it is Monty's story. Americans who thought that Generals Eisenhower, Bradley and Patton, among others, had something to do with the Nazi collapse—as well as Canadians who thought they had a couple of generals in there pitching—are due for a surprise. These men are but shadowy figures in the pages of this book; some of them carried out tactical orders, yes, but the grand strategic design was the author's. Oh, to be sure, Eisenhower came over after the design had been set, but you get a strong impression that he was merely a good second-string man put in after victory was assured.

Of course, every military leader worth his salt has a lot of respect for his own judgment and ability, and a large number of them tend to be prima donnas. But it seems to me, after having read the accounts by some of the other important men involved in liquidating the German armies in the West, that Monty has bitten off a share of the credit that would make a lion look like Caspar Milquetoast. Nevertheless, and keeping that in mind, anyone interested in the final stages of the last war in the field should read this book, for the purely military aspects of it are fine. Historians of the future, after all bids are in, will know what to do with the pretentious and extravagant parts of it and will be able to bring the picture a little more into focus. (Houghton Mifflin, \$5.00)

YOUR BOAT—ITS SELECTION AND CARE by Howard Barnes

Anybody who is toying with the idea of buying an old boat and fixing her up should first read *Your Boat—Its Selection And Care*, by Howard Barnes. The author is a schoolteacher who went bats about boats many years ago, has owned five of them, both power and sail, and has nursed them through every kind of malady that can assail small craft. As he has always done his own work around the boatyard (he once even persuaded a boat-builder to take him on as a helper in order to get first-hand professional experience), he has been through most of the mill, from engine-repair to reconditioning a good-sized sloop. His primary purpose in writing this book, he says, was to safeguard against "the sudden paralysis of sight, hearing and horse sense that sweeps over a prospective boat buyer when he comes in contact with a boat for sale"—and which too often lands the poor guy with a lovely-looking paint job covering a hull composed of dry rot. The book is full of helpful suggestions on sanding down, painting and varnishing and all the hundreds of pesky and absorbing jobs in the business of getting a boat into shape. There are also pictures. (Scribner, \$3.00)

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Cousin Egbert, the Star Maker

(Continued from page 7)



International News Photo

edy, track meets and night clubs. Ed was opposed to every frill that detracted from the game itself and his hatred for night baseball equalled that which His Satanic Majesty is supposed to have for Holy Water. Barrow's prejudice in this respect was as deep rooted as one of England's sturdy oaks. It dated back to the Gay Nineties, two years before America began to feel her oats as a lusty young nation by licking the tar out of Spain in a few months.

Barrow managed the Paterson Club of the Atlantic League in 1896. Denny Long, who had the Wilmington, Del., club that season, conceived the idea of playing a night game under the flickering light of the arc-lamps which supplied street illumination in those days and prevailed upon Barrow to let his Paterson club be the guinea pig. The idea didn't register strongly with Ed but he liked Long well enough to string along with him. Denny chose an evening a few nights before the Fourth of July for his experiment. On the Paterson team that arrived in Wilmington for the game was a clumsy, raw-boned lad named Honus Wagner whom Barrow had picked up on the sandlots of Mansfield, Pa. Rookie Wagner was the butt of all the jokes played by the club pranksters and Barrow himself joined in the boisterous fun, with all the zest of a mischievous schoolboy. Walking down the main stem of Wilmington on the afternoon of the game, Manager Barrow saw a fireworks exhibit in the window of a hardware store that gave him an idea and induced him to drop in and make a purchase.

As the sun set over Wilmington that evening and the arc lights were turned on in the ball park before a crowd of about a thousand, the first game of professional baseball played under lights got under way. Those whose memories go back to the early part of the present century will re-

call how uncertain was the illumination provided by the pale blue light given off by an electric current jumping from one stick of carbon to a superimposed counterpart. They will also recall how strong was the temptation in the heart of every schoolboy who passed under one of them at night to pick up a stone and test his control by scaling it upward toward the sputtering, flickering target. It isn't hard to imagine what a farce that ball game developed into as the several arc lights in the park flickered on and off, with no respect for batters who had their eye on the ball one instant and were in darkness the next, and no regard whatsoever for outfielders who had to chase flies over rough terrain, with no way of telling where the pitfalls lay. By the time Paterson came up to bat in the third inning, the customers were howling for their money back and many had started to leave the park. They stopped in their tracks, though, when they recognized Wagner, the raw-boned, bow-legged rookie, striding to the plate. The papers had been full of stories about his eccentricities and so the fans, disappointed though they were, decided it was worth while waiting to see what he would do.

Doc Amole, the Wilmington pitcher, tossed up a ball and a strike that Honus let go by. Then up came one, tantalizingly slow and looking as big as a balloon. Honus, blinking in the uncertain light, vowed he'd have a whack at this one with the good part of the bat and, setting for it, lashed out as if bent on driving it into the next State. As bat met ball, there was a terrific explosion and a blinding flash and that was the end of the first night pro game in history. Barrow, who thought Long was making a farce out of baseball with his arc-light shenanigans, had decided to take a hand in the proceedings, too. That "ball" Wagner

Spring training camp picture of the 1927 Yankees, one of the greatest of baseball teams and an outstanding achievement of the Ruppert-Barrow-Huggins regime. Players' names read from left to right.

Top row: Walter Beall, p; Cedric Durst, of; Ray Morehart, utility 2b; Babe Ruth, rf; Dutch Reuther, p; George Pipgras, p; Colonel Jacob Ruppert, owner; Roy Chesterfield, p; Bob Meusel, lf; Lou Gehrig, 1b; Herb Pennock, p; Earle Combs, cf; Myles Thomas, p; Pat Collins, c; Mark Roth, traveling secretary; Joe Dugan, 3b, and Albert Brennan, treasurer.

Middle row: Paul Kritchell, coach; Julian Wera, utility 3b; John Grabowski, c; Urban Shocker, p; Ben Paschal, of; Bob Shawkey, p; Wilcey Moore, p; Mark Koenig, ss; Shep Cannon, p, and John Dougherty, record unavailable.

Bottom row: Henry Johnson, p; Bennie Bengough, c; Eddie Bennett, mascot; Miller Huggins, manager; Joe Giard, p; Waite Hoyt, p; Art Fletcher, coach; Mike Gazella, utility 3b; and Charlie O'Leary, coach. Chesterfield, Cannon and Johnson were not with the team during the season. Tony Lazzeri, 2b and ss, not shown.

exploded into smithereens was a ten-cent "torpedo" of the type kids of a half century ago used to smash against the sidewalk to make an extra loud noise on the Glorious Fourth. It looked enough like a baseball when Barrow saw it in the store window that afternoon to pass muster in the dim light for the real thing and Barrow had given it to pitcher Amole at the start of the inning and asked him to toss it up to Honus. Cousin Egbert was dead set against night baseball up to the very end of his baseball career but he remained in the organization in a semi-active capacity long enough to see the Yankee Stadium equipped with the finest lighting plant in baseball—the ex-

pensive gadget that enabled Col. MacPhail to double the best previous attendance figures at the Stadium.

Wagner is the ball player Ed likes most to talk about to this day, even though he managed Honus for only a few seasons during his minor league career, whereas Babe Ruth developed and waned as a star under his supervision.

ONE story Ed never tires of telling about Honus concerns the time he played an entire inning in the field with his right hand stuck in his hip pocket. Honus was used at almost every position the year he came up with Paterson and on this particular day was playing first base. Barrow thought something had gone wrong with Honus at the start of the game when he took a throw from short with his gloved hand, while his other paw was tucked out of view in his hip pocket. "Get in there and play your position right!" thundered Barrow from the bench. Honus looked his way but kept his hand in his pocket. The next batter slammed a grounder at him which Honus knocked down and picked up with his gloved hand, beating the runner to the bag. By now Barrow was purple with rage and ready to ship Wagner back to Pittsburgh on the night train.

Next came a screaming liner which Honus had to jump a foot off the ground to stab with his gloved hand. The fans applauded as the bow-legged Dutchman lumbered sheepishly to the bench, his hand still in his hip pocket. Barrow blistered him with choice Gay Nineties invective until Honus, lifting his eyes in mute appeal, turned his back to Ed by way of demonstrating his predicament. "I'm sorry, Mr. Barrow," he blubbered. "You'll have to get a scissors and cut me out of that pocket."

Sure enough, Honus's huge paw, which he had thrust into the pocket for a fistful of eating terbaccer, had become trapped there and had to be cut out with a pair of shears.

Barrow not only discovered Honus but had to catch him in order to sign him to a Paterson contract. A friend had tipped Ed off about a young lad named Wagner—he didn't know the kid's first name—living in one of the suburbs of Pittsburgh who was worth taking the trouble to scout. So off to Pittsburgh went Barrow. It took him some time to locate his man and then he made one of the luckiest mistakes on record. At the end of the trail he was told that young Wagner, the ball player, was down by the railroad tracks, picking coal and coke for his mother. Ed followed directions and came within hailing distance of a raw-boned, loose-jointed kid who answered the description of his quarry. As Barrow started to approach, Wagner turned tail and fled down the tracks, thinking Ed was a railroad cop. Not to be thus outwitted or outdistanced

(Continued on page 22)

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after his long trip, Ed sprinted after him and finally overtook him. When the Paterson manager explained his mission, Honus grinned and agreed to play ball for Paterson at \$100 a month. It wasn't until later that Barrow learned from the friend who had tipped him off that there were two Wagner brothers and that he had picked the wrong one. But Honus turned out to be the right one in the end.

Soon after Wagner joined the club and had fallen naturally into the role of team clown, the star pitcher reported one afternoon, under the influence of liquor. The raw-boned rookie rebuked the star for coming to the ball park in such a condition when he was supposed to pitch and the souse, enraged at the upstart's temerity, grabbed a bucket of water and dumped it over his head. Honus, turning pale with anger, leaped at the pitcher, wrapped his two big hands around his neck and lifted him six inches off the floor. For several seconds he held him there. Then a grin broke out over his face and he let the pitcher fall. No one tried to get rough with Honus after that.

Barrow's career took in about every department of baseball but umpiring. He might have been a great pitcher had he not permanently injured his arm pitching during a rainstorm one summer afternoon in Des Moines. After that he managed semi-pro teams while working in the circulation department of a Des Moines newspaper. Then he managed Paterson in the Atlantic League and after that became president of the league, which blew up during the Spanish-American War.

He went to the big leagues first in 1903 as manager for Detroit. Then he managed the Toronto club for a number of years and later became president of the old Eastern League, now the International. In 1918, Barrow took over the management of the Boston Red Sox for Harry Frazee, the theatrical magnate who owned the club, and gave him not only a pennant but a world's championship as well. It was he who saw the possibilities of Babe Ruth as a hitter and helped to convert the southpaw pitcher into the greatest home-run slugger of all time. The year after Barrow hit the jackpot for Frazee he was back in the club's business office. Frazee unloaded most of his star players to the New York Yankees in 1920 and Barrow followed his players to the Big City in 1921. Under his regime as secretary, business manager, vice-president and finally president of the Yankees, they became the greatest organization in baseball. The great sportsman, Col. Jacob Ruppert, furnished the bankroll; Ed Barrow furnished the ball players and two managers whom he selected provided 14 pennants and ten world's championships in the period between 1921 and 1943. There probably never again will be a combination like Ruppert and Barrow in Baseball. Both loved the game with the spirit of Corinthians, though

they were professionals. Col. Ruppert maintained that it was his duty as a citizen to provide New York with the best baseball team in the world. That he made money in the process was a coincidental detail which cut no figure with him. Barrow carried out the Colonel's policies faultlessly picking managers such as the late Miller Huggins and, later Joe McCarthy, who followed through on the playing field. Huggins won six pennants before his untimely death. The public-spirited Colonel didn't live to see Joe McCarthy win all eight of the championship flags he added to the Yankees' collection but, if there's a Valhalla, the gallant sportsman must have enjoyed many a thrill there on receipt of news from Yankee Stadium after he had passed on to that happy hunting ground.

NOT the least of Ed Barrow's accomplishments while associated with Babe Ruth was his ability to handle the Home-run King better than anyone else. That all dated back to a showdown he once had with the Bambino in the Red Sox clubhouse. Lusty Babe had been jumping over the traces and getting the idea that he could handle Barrow when Ed collared him after the game one day and said, "You and I are going into that clubhouse and I'm going to lock the door. If you're a better man than I, you'll come out first."

They went in and Babe, sizing up the bull-like figure that confronted him, said, "Now, looka here, Eddie, you're boss of this ball club and I'm not denyin' it. What do you want me to do?"

"I want you first of all to behave," thundered Ed, "then I want you to sit down every morning and write me a report of your activities of the day before."

"It's a bet, Eddie," said the overgrown boy in whose big heart there has never been an ounce of meanness or malice.

Ed chuckles as he recalls that every day thereafter, he received a note from Babe, starting "Dear Eddie" and giving a complete account of his comings and goings. By sticking to Barrow, Babe became the highest priced ball player up to the era of the inflated dollar. But there were one or two occasions when he went off the reservation.

Barrow had assigned another player to room with Babe in Boston. The function of Ruth's roommate was to keep him in line, but the Babe had other ideas. He quickly converted his "watchdog" to his way of thinking.

One night Barrow called Babe's room at curfew hour and found that his wandering boy hadn't checked in yet. At hourly intervals he repeated the call. Finally at 4 a.m. he phoned and Babe answered.

"What's the idea of waking me out of a sound sleep at this hour of the morning?" he grumbled.

Barrow hung up and within a minute or two was knocking at Babe's door. The "watchdog" admitted

him. In one of the twin beds, Barrow saw Babe's huge form covered by a blanket from which a snore escaped. It didn't sound genuine so Ed grabbed the edge of the blanket and yanked it off the bed. There lay his star slugger, dressed in evening clothes, smoking a cigar and grinning like a small boy.

Ed's iron-fisted manner of handling recalcitrant ball players is legendary. When he was managing the Detroit Tigers in 1903, he had a player who was constantly beefing about having to sleep in upper berths. One night as the team was about to start on a road trip, Ed entered the Pullman and overheard the chronic kicker sounding off again on his favorite subject. Beckoning the player to the rear platform, Ed asked him to turn around. As he did, Ed propelled him with a swift kick in the pants to the station platform.

"There's your lower berth!" roared Barrow. "And don't come back!"

Sometimes this heroic treatment didn't work. Once when he and Charley McManus, superintendent of the Yankee Stadium, were going through Central Park in a taxi on the way to the Stadium, it started to rain heavily and Ed ordered the driver to slow down for safety. The cowboy paid no attention to him so Ed thundered another command. When this, too, went unheeded, Barrow roared, "Stop this cab. I'm going to give you the beating of your life."

The cabbie stopped, but as Ed and Charley stepped out, he jammed the gas pedal down to the floor and left them stranded in the middle of Central Park in a cloudburst.

Barrow could always handle his dukes, and might have made a formidable heavyweight boxer had he been less devoted to baseball. Once, while working in Pittsburgh as a hotel clerk, Ed went to a theatre pre-

pared to watch Jim Corbett, the heavyweight champion, spar three rounds with a local boy. At the last minute, the Pittsburgh favorite developed chillblains, galloping goose pimples and other symptoms of weakness around the heart. To save the show, the manager called for a volunteer in the audience to take his place. Barrow, jumping at the chance, went three rounds with the champion without disgracing either himself or his adopted town. That was the beginning of a close friendship between Gentleman Jim and Gruff Ed that was ended only by Corbett's death.

It was in Pittsburgh that Ed met the late Harry Stevens, founder of the ball park and race track catering dynasty. Harry invited Ed to be his partner as the concessionaire at the Wheeling, West Va., ball park where Ed was to run the club. Ed tried it for a while but decided baseball, not commerce, was his forte.

"No, Harry," he said, "you take the peanuts and I'll take the ball club".

Thus did Ed scornfully brush aside a chance to become a millionaire. However, he didn't exactly starve to death as a baseball executive. In fact, his block of stock in the Yankees brought him a small fortune when he sold it and so Ed has no financial worries to disturb him now.

Ed's personality is reflected in his tastes in food. He can eat hard-boiled eggs by the hour and would walk halfway across the Continent to wolf a bear steak. Carrying out this motif, he acts tough and sometimes growls like a bear but Ed Barrow doesn't fool his friends. They know that all those scowls and growls and hard-boiled mannerisms are merely a camouflage for a kind-hearted, generous, loyal soul who would go to the end of the earth for a friend.

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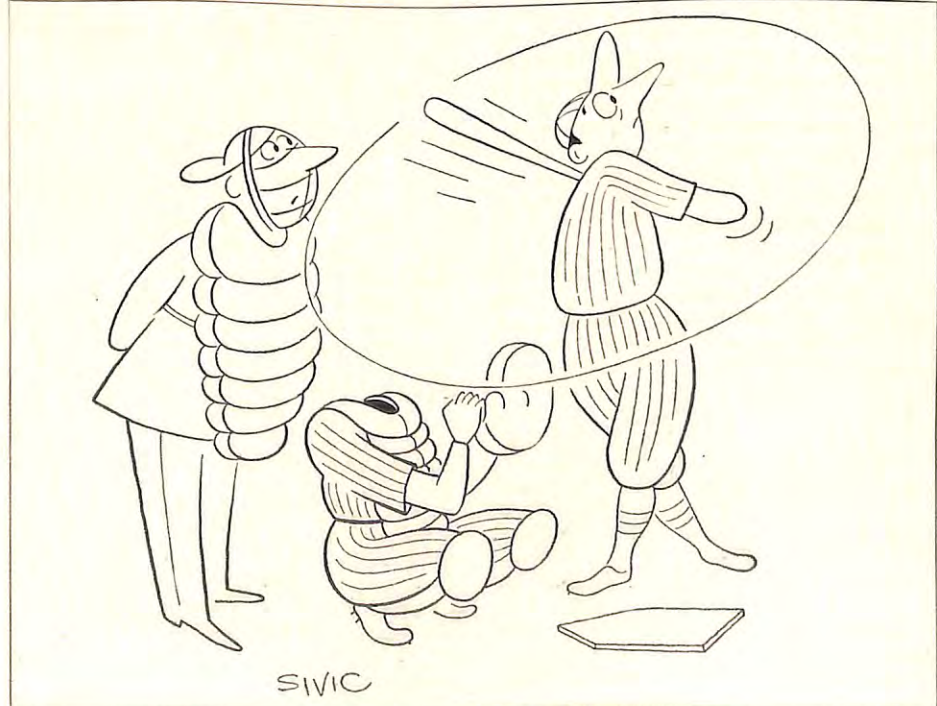
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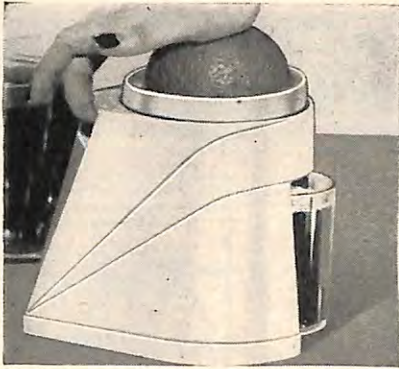
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TURNTABLE TALK

BY CHARLES MILLER



IN JAZZ MUSIC, there is much that was never designed for delicate tastes, and the uncompromising flavor found in the original music is nearly extinct today. Time was when you could visit any less respectable section of any metropolis in the country and over a shot of cheap whiskey listen to a few intense, forthright guys ripping out background for some big woman as she sang of certain basic emotions in a very candid and stirring manner. Today, by and large, the candor of the blues has been replaced with a cute kind of suggestiveness that is downright smutty and for my money, blatantly pedestrian. The instrumental style of old-time jazz musicians, too, doesn't appear to be in as much demand as the mechanical efforts of tired sidemen who play behind the forced smile of a big personality. Well, that seems to be what people want, and that is what they're going to get. Me, I'll take my jazz neat, and if you feel that I'm bending over backwards in my attempts to sell you the same, you're probably right. Objectivity was never one of my accomplishments. So let's get the apologies over with and come to the business at hand.

IF YOU feel the same way I do about jazz music, you ought to know about a guy named Rudi Blesh, president of Circle Records, currently offering a glorious collection of blues singers, honky tonk pianists, tailgate trombone players, New Orleans clarinetists, washboard thumpers, and hard-hitting trumpet men, all of whom may be heard on several outstanding albums. If you want to go intellectual and call it Americana, that's all right with me, because it's probably true, but Blesh presents it as jazz, with no apology and a lot of pride. And if you're looking for the real thing, you came to the right place.

I don't want to pick any favorites among the current Circle offerings, but offhand I'd say that the Bill Davison Showcase will have the most popular appeal. Davison is one of the most gifted trumpet players around today, and if you're in New York you can hear him do almost unbelievable things with his horn at Eddie Condon's club in Greenwich Village. He's equally at home on ballads, which he handles with restraint and feeling, or on less inhibited stuff where he

slashes out pugnacious, brilliant choruses with unbounded energy. Not so savagely emotional is the album of Ragtime Music featuring clarinetist Tony Parenti and a gang of New Orleans musicians playing a parade style which is certainly dated but authentic and full of the Delta flavor that's almost impossible to find today. Bill Davison is on this one too, and he adapts his style neatly. A third album (S-7) finds Davison again, this time with a small band that was heard on Blesh's Mutual Network show, "This Is Jazz". The records were taken off the air, and the consequent spontaneity of the music (there was very little rehearsal) makes the album exceptional.

But this is relatively streamlined alongside the albums presenting the pure blues idiom. There are two of these, one featuring Bertha (Chippie) Hill, a hefty, middle-aged shouter who should have you smashing the records in beautiful rage if you happen to like Dinah Shore. Her imperative manner of singing represents a style that had its heyday in the rent parties and after-hours sessions of the Twenties. You might conceivably call it poor man's opera, although I guess that's reaching a bit. At any rate, the sincerity of singers like Chippie Hill is awfully impressive to me and while I realize that girl vocalists today would lose their voices (and their jobs) by imitating the style, they could do worse than study it and learn how to get a little more woman and a little less bobby soxer into their work. Chippie shares another album with Hociel Thomas, who sings and plays piano, and Montana Taylor, exponent of the prehistoric boogie-woogie style.

That's about it. Rough and tough, without inhibition or compromise, probably contributing to juvenile delinquency, and why not throw in the adults, too? But if you don't find just a little unpolished beauty and warmth in this kind of jazz, it's a shame, because the stuff is there, and, as they used to say on 52nd Street, it's mellow. These albums aren't easy to find in most music stores (did I hear someone say Thank Goodness?) but if you're interested you can send for them at Circle Records, 13 East 3rd Street, NYC.

Speaking of old tunes, one of my favorites of 1936 was "You Turned The Tables On Me", and I'm happy

to see that the tune is coming back. Both Jimmy Dorsey (MGM) and Benny Goodman (Capitol) have recorded it, and both arrangements add up to fine dance music, though neither can hold a candle to the old Goodman Victor job. Dorsey's reverse is "My Guitar", and Goodman's is "Give Me Those Good Old Days", a really funny burlesque of ragtime featuring a tinny piano and some clarinet in the manner of Ted Lewis. It's excellent novelty. Another good novelty is Louis Jordan's "Barnyard Boogie"—a fast, foolish business in which everyone makes like hens. Reverse: "How Long Must I Wait For You?" (Decca).

Two vocalists whose work has seemed to me to be 'way above the present level of listlessness are Buddy Clark, and Mary Ann McCall. Clark may be heard on Columbia with Ray Noble, in "I Wish I Knew The Name" and "Serenade". He's got a warm and honest voice that he doesn't try to louse up with "personality" and his delivery is consequently convincing. He's a lot like the Bing Crosby of other years. Miss McCall appears to be carrying on the "hot" tradition of Billie Holiday and Mildred Bailey. She puts color into "Trouble Is A Man" and "Butter And Egg Man" (Columbia).

Decca is peddling some wonderful nostalgia. It's a series of albums called "Songs Of Our Times", from 1917 to 1943. I've heard only two of them so far, 1927 and 1930, but they're excellent. It's amazing how the old-timers can restore a lot of nice thoughts and none of the bad ones.

ONE of the most emotional of Mozart's works is his Symphony No. 4 in G Minor, a tremendously moving achievement. Along with two other symphonies, it forms part of a trilogy that was written in the amazingly short period of two months. Although vitality and passion predominate in this work, none of the essential charm and symmetry characteristic of the composer is lost. An excellent performance of this was recently made for Columbia by the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra under the superb direction of Fritz Reiner. The album consists of three twelve-inch records and may be purchased either in shellac (M-MM-727, \$4.60) or in new unbreakable vinylite (MV-MMV-727, \$6.85).

Gian-Carlo Menotti's tensely dramatic "Medium" and gay "Telephone", which have caused considerable sensation in the field of contemporary opera, have both been recorded for Columbia with the original cast and orchestra. While "The Medium" has generally received the most praise, the incredibly brief and concise "Telephone" gets my vote. The album has ten 12-inch records in two volumes (M-MM-726, \$14.70).

E. Power Biggs, one of the foremost interpreters of organ music, recently made his debut on Columbia with six of Bach's finest organ works (M-MM-728, \$7.10). The selections are impeccable.

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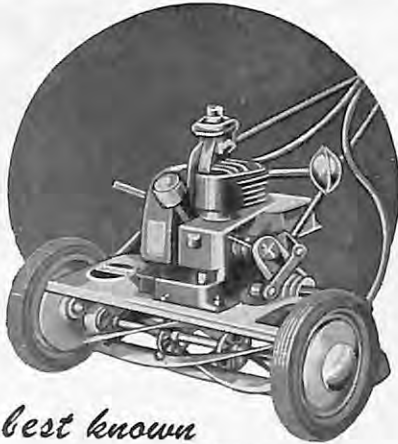
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In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 12)

will hunt in packs; cats never do, and when dogs gang up they can become more than a nuisance and a definite menace to life and property. We've all read of cattle- and sheep-killing packs and, unfortunately, an occasional human being has fallen victim to such dogs.

Now, in all this I may have given you the impression that I don't like dogs. This is not so. The vial that I have been emptying is on the head of the selfish and careless dog owner.

For the poor, genuinely homeless stray I have only the deepest sympathy. Victim of neglect through circumstances beyond its control, half starved, subject to the bitterest winter weather and the burning summer sun, that poor animal warrants sympathetic understanding. For anyone who would commit the crime of abandoning either a puppy or a grown dog I would, if permitted to pass judgment, condemn that individual to three weeks in a concrete mixer. If at any time it becomes necessary to dispose of a dog, the right-minded owner will do his best to find a good home for it. Or, if this is impossible, then he will spend the few dollars required for a veterinarian to put it out of the world painlessly. While it is true many lost dogs have accomplished astonishing feats in finding their way back home, some of them from enormous distances, there are many more dogs that, when lost, become hopelessly bewildered and never do find their way home.

WHILE still in a poisonous mood, I want to loose a shaft at the villain who permits his dog to bark incessantly. Having an alert dog that is ready to sound off as warning against intruders is one thing but remaining indifferent to the canine chatterbox to the annoyance of one's neighbors is something else.

I recall living in a neighborhood that harbored such a pest. In this business of writing, as you may guess, a certain amount of concentration is necessary as is a certain amount of intelligent thought, although I deem it wiser not to harp on the latter. This fellow, Faust, isn't going to lead with his right. That

da— darned dog nearly caused me to lose what I sometimes refer to as my mind. I don't know why it is, but of all the irritating sounds, that of the persistent barker disturbs me the most. In fact, that ki-yi was the bane of the entire neighborhood, and you may well imagine what the neighbors thought of its owner. Here, too, it isn't the dog's fault and the blame should rest on the shoulders of the selfish, careless owner who, with utter disregard of his neighbors' peace of mind and rights, permitted that pooch to become a one hundred per cent nuisance. The fault lies in a lack of training. Such a dog should be disciplined promptly and if protracted discipline doesn't bring results and it is found necessary to keep the dog tied outside, then a loose muzzle should be put on it.

One neighborhood canine character is "Butch", a really fine specimen of English cocker spaniel. What singles out "Butch" from the rest of his canine cousins in the neighborhood is the fact that he is one of the most genial but inveterate panhandlers I have ever known. He pursues a system. When given his own dinner pail at home he'll finish perhaps half of it and, being fed when it is meal-time for the rest of the neighbors, he will make the rounds of the kitchen doors—but he won't do this all at once. He makes single sorties to each kitchen door, with a quick return to his own platter and then another dash to another door. He's usually pretty successful, although not always. His sense of timing is remarkable as he will know to the minute when the Faust family is at the dinner table. He has the most hopeful bark you've ever heard and in it there's an eloquence that is hard to resist, which is why many of the neighbors fall for him. Where he puts all the food he gets, nobody knows—although I have seen him bury a piece of sponge cake.

I hope my congregation will forgive me if this sermon has seemed a bit on the acrimonious side, but it's because I like dogs so much that I dislike the practices of certain dog owners. Or maybe it's because of those three teeth I had pulled.



"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.

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 9)

trout, salmon and such fish as the mighty tarpon. This is the evolution that many fishermen have followed, but when a man leaves panfish behind he also leaves behind probably the most wonderful and fascinating period of a fishing career. Where bass, pike or trout are temptingly close at hand, it is a natural step to try for these larger fish. However, there are some areas in the United States, especially in the Midwest and to a limited extent in the South, where panfish are both small and big game. Then, too, there are fishermen, regardless of their locality, who, in complete defiance to the highly touted attributes of larger game fish, just naturally prefer panfish.

THE sunny is the universal favorite among panfishermen, the bluegill and the long-eared being the most highly prized among some ten species. The sunfish is found everywhere, and his preference for the tomato-can angleworm on a piece of grocery twine is as great as it is for a finely tied fly on expensive terminal tackle. One man's poison is as good as another's to him. Sunnies are unsuspecting and undemanding little scrapers, while the larger panfish—perch, crappie, calico bass, rock bass, white bass and yellow bass—afford various degrees of graduate work for the more exacting fisherman. These are of more limited distribution and receive high priority wherever found.

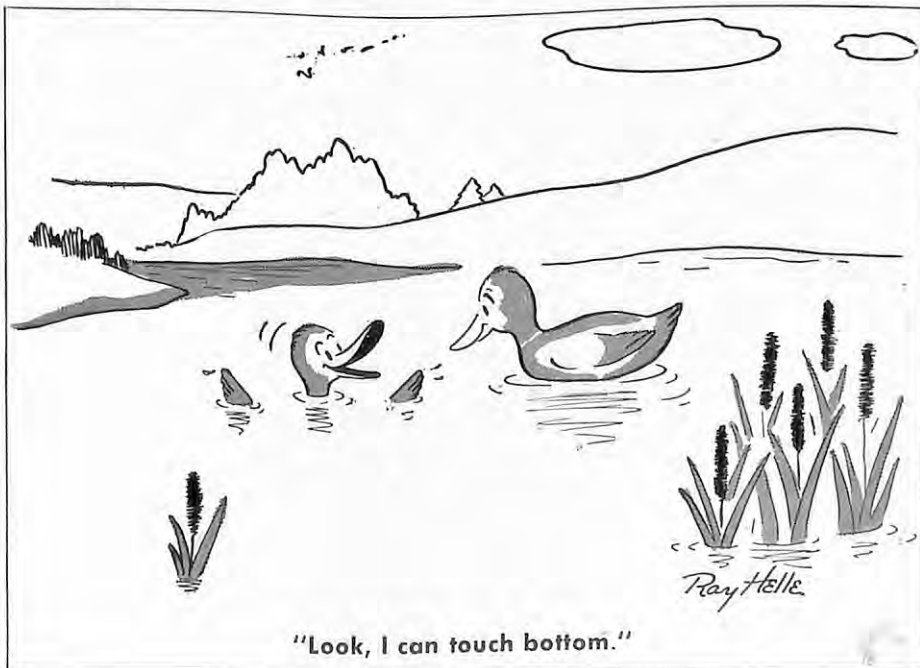
In the Mississippi Valley, for instance, are the white bass and yellow bass; the white bass being the predominant species in the upper Mississippi and Great Lakes region and the yellow bass in Southern waters. These two fish are similar in appearance and habits. The white bass is a close rela-

tive of the famous striped bass of coastal waters and might almost be considered a dwarfed fresh-water form of the striper. The yellow bass, or barfish as he is often called in the South, is practically a blood brother of the white perch.

The true white perch is actually a salt-water fish and is found most commonly in the natural state in brackish water at the mouths of rivers and estuaries. However, he has been transplanted extensively to lakes and ponds throughout the East and to some extent in the Midwest. The white perch is strictly a school fish and one with quite regular habits. A knowledge of their likes and habits is necessary to success, but once the fisherman has determined these things he is assured of regular sport. Rabid white-perch fishermen consider this one of the finest of panfish. The procedure generally is to still-fish in the summer evenings and nights along shores which the perch are known to frequent. They can also be taken by trolling, the most popular lure being an angleworm rigged about twelve inches behind a tandem nickel Indiana spinner.

The yellow perch is popular over a large area, especially in the Northern states. He schools, but not as extensively as the white perch. He feeds primarily on minnows and underwater insect life, but there are not many live baits or moving artificials he will not take. Bass fishermen are often amazed to have one of these toughies hit a plug not much smaller than himself. One of their favorite habitats is the edge of a large weed bed, their vertical bar markings blending them in perfectly with their surroundings.

(Continued on page 28)



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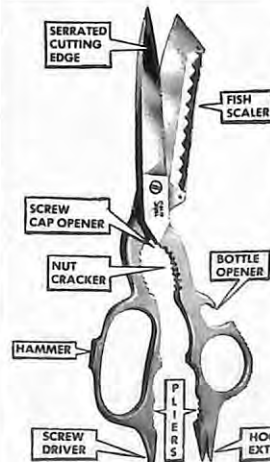
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The little red-eyed fellow known as the rock bass and his first cousin the warmouth, are quite similar in appearance. The big difference is that the rock bass lives along a rocky shore while the warmouth prefers a mud bottom.

IN THE South the warmouth is known as the mud chub, and in a river like the Black River he lives in the mud shallows wherever he can hide out among roots, fallen branches and hollow stumps. North Carolina fishermen have devised a specialized outfit for taking these goggle-eyed fish from such tackle-tangling lairs. It consists of a short rod or pole, only four or five feet in length, from the end of which dangles but six inches or a foot of line. The fisherman sits in the bow of a skiff and, as it drifts or is poled quietly along the bank, he pokes the rod tip and bait into likely hiding places among the roots and submerged branches. This form of fishing is known locally as stump-knocking for mud chubs.

Jeff Corbett of the Black River tells of outsmarting a couple of out-of-season stump-knockers during his wardening days. It was night and Jeff hid behind a cypress knee and lay in wait for the illegal fishermen as they worked their boat along the

river's bank. When they reached Jeff's hiding place, the man in the bow exclaimed to his stump-knocking partner, "Ah got something big!"

Jeff, who had grabbed the rod by the tip, answered out of the dark, "You sure have. You've got the warden."

Of all the species of panfish, probably the most highly prized wherever found are the crappie and the calico bass. As far as I know personally, the crappie reaches the greatest weight of any of the panfish. I have caught two-and-a-quarter-pounders on several occasions and know that there are much larger ones that I haven't caught. Also, as far as I am concerned, this is the best eating of them all.

And in panfishing the best is always saved to last, and that is the eating. All panfish are decidedly sweet-meated. They keep fine company to a frying pan; that's how they get their name. I've never taken much stock in the age-old story of the man with the expensive tackle buying fish from the barefoot boy with the cane pole. There's only one excuse for such a transaction, and I have known men to trade a couple of big bass for a string of sunnies, just because they would rather catch bass and eat sunnies.

College, U. S. A.

(Continued from page 5)

five per cent of the students at colleges on the quarter system indicate a desire to get out faster by carrying three successive 45-week programs. This merely proves that college boys are no different from the majority of people. They do only what is demanded of them. Several authorities believe the three-year course will be accepted without protest if it is made compulsory rather than elective. They were disappointed that student opinion throughout the country favored a return to the old, two-term procedure after the war. It was thought that ex-GIs would be anxious to make up for time lost, but an abnormal situation threw the picture out of focus. There is no urgency for many former servicemen to get out and hustle, because they are receiving money from the government. Student attitudes probably will change when circumstances are normal again.

"Everyone has overlooked one possible development that may make the three-year college almost imperative," Conant observes. "Suppose Congress adopts Universal Military Training? The late launching of professional careers will be delayed still another year. That time cannot be made up in professional schools, which already are combatting a trend to prolong their courses. The only solution I see is a fuller college year."

While chewing on the tough UMT nut, there should be prominent mention of another factor—which needs no introduction to college-age kids and their parents—that virtually

makes it mandatory in the public interest for institutions of higher learning to abandon slow-and-easy methods. There is such a desperate shortage of college facilities that youngsters are looking for openings in freshman classes as frantically as adults are seeking housing.

There are 2,000,000 students in our 1,750 colleges and universities today and 300,000 more have been unable to matriculate because there simply is no room for them. The better schools report the ratio of applications to available space is 15-to-1. In September, the Veterans Administration announced it expected 1,325,000 servicemen in college this year, an increase of ten per cent over the previous high enrollment of April, 1947. Contrary to uninformed theories in circulation, the flood of young veterans attending college under the GI Bill of Rights is only partially responsible for the overcrowding. Experts estimate that by 1950—when all but a few GI's will have been graduated—3,000,000 people will be besieging colleges for admission, or double the number before Pearl Harbor. Education is contagious; in the last 70 years the national population has tripled, but the college population has multiplied 33 times.

In sharp contrast to these figures is the bleak fact that there has been an insignificant, almost negligible, increase in the number of colleges in the last 40 years. The present roster may even shrink in the future, with inheritance and income taxes making the accumulation of large personal

fortunes increasingly difficult, cutting off the endowments private institutions need to survive.

Bad as the situation is now, it will become infinitely worse unless bold measures are adopted. President Truman's Commission on Higher Education predicted on December 15th that a minimum of 4,600,000 students should—must—be in our colleges by 1960 if the United States is to retain its democratic and technological leadership. Commenting on the cost of a college education, the Commission's report said: "By allowing the opportunity for higher education to depend so largely on the individual's economic status, we are not only denying to millions of young people the chance in life to which they are entitled, we are also depriving the nation of a vast amount of potential leadership and potential social competence which it sorely needs."

The solution is plain: Colleges must make more use of their facilities. Their insistence on retaining the 32-week year verges on criminal neglect. The rising cost of education, a dangerous trend, can be checked, or even reduced, by cutting down the overhead on plants and dormitories with full-time operation. Charles Luckman, energetic young president of Lever Brothers and chairman of President Truman's Citizens Food Committee, tore the hide off educators at the University of Illinois on May 15, 1947, for their reluctance to get in there and pitch on this vital social issue. Luckman recommended that colleges schedule classes from 8 a. m. to 11 p. m., 52 weeks a year. That's a stiff dose, but it's a feather in the wind that may blow up to a tornado that will blast faculties from their stuffy ivory towers.

STAND-PAT traditionalists who oppose the three-year college insist, with a good deal of pious eye-rolling, that a boy or girl approaching maturity needs time to absorb education. They go on to add, with absolutely no documentary evidence to support the contention, that young folks need long summer vacations to savor learning and to recharge their mental batteries.

With equal authority, competent observers are wondering out loud whether the period reserved for sitting and thinking is largely devoted to sitting. Having seen what was accomplished during the war, they further suspect college is so easy for the average student that he is not impressed with the importance of being earnest.

One of these heretics is Maxwell H. Savelle, professor of history at Stanford, the type of gent our colleges can use with profit. Savelle was graduated from high school in Mobile, Alabama, in 1912—and got out of Columbia in 1923. He spent seven of those eleven years working as a railroad section hand and clerking in a drugstore and wholesale dry goods firm to earn his college tuition.

"Four years of college prolong ado-

lescence instead of promoting maturity," Savelle says. "Too many boys go to college because it's the thing to do in their social set. If those kids were forced to make career decisions quicker, they'd come to us with more direction and purpose. They'd be better off, and so would the colleges.

"Psychologically, there's a great difference between four years of breezing through courses and three years of applied work. I'm convinced 45 weeks of school a year will produce no strains among the boys. It didn't during the war. Every college has attested to the superior performances of veterans. Those fellows have done well because they know what they want from college and because their maturity was not retarded by the protective influences of the home and school.

"There is a playful spirit, a lackadaisical approach to college, that should be corrected. I think a compulsory three-year course would do much to make students realize they must settle down to a job that will occupy them the greater part of the year instead of a few days between weekends. Study habits would improve and there would be more continuity of teaching under the 45-week schedule. If there was one thing we learned during the war it was that students can be taught more, and retain it longer, if they have an incentive. I think a shorter college course can provide that incentive by reminding a boy constantly he is spending time and money for a specific purpose.

"We conducted an interesting experiment at Stanford during the war when we accepted a limited number of boys with only three years of high school. We got a good many who were only fifteen. They were not as well adjusted socially as boys of eighteen, but intellectually they did a lot better. You know why? Because they didn't acquire bad study habits during the last, easy year of high school. I think the analogy holds true for college.

"I would be in favor of long summer vacations if the boys used the time to get out into the world and grow up through new, challenging experiences, but most of them loaf. I doubt," he adds laconically, "that any maturation takes place during the summer."

One of the bitterest battles in American education was fought along these identical lines at Harvard by Charles William Eliot, President of the University from 1869 to 1906. During his long and distinguished career, Eliot introduced a stream of fresh ideas into education—most conspicuously the free elective system—but he never won his fight to save students time. As Henry James, his biographer, wrote: "It was the only major reform which he had undertaken and which he had not succeeded in carrying through."

Eliot began his agitation at Harvard in 1883 and finally won a

(Continued on page 30)

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grudging concession in 1901 when the board of overseers agreed that the requirements for degrees might be satisfied in less than four years. In 1906, when 41 per cent of Harvard's undergraduates were getting out in three years, extra tuition charges were imposed to cool off their ardor, although the Committee of Associated Harvard Clubs vigorously sided with Eliot in opposing the move. Two years after Eliot's retirement, the three-year graduates dropped to 5.8 per cent of the students.

Tradition and faculty inertia defeated Eliot, the same forces that scotched four similar experiments. The University of Virginia was founded as a three-year college in 1819 and Yale's Sheffield Scientific School, opened in 1847, granted the B. S. degree after three years of work until 1920. Under the leadership of President Daniel C. Gilman, who declared, "The number four has nothing sacred or mystical about it," Johns Hopkins was on a three-year plan from 1891 to 1907. It was given a brief whirl at Cornell in the late 1890's and at Clark University from 1920 to 1922.

A more drastic campaign to eliminate two years of college was waged concurrently and still is a hot controversial potato. Under this scheme, first adopted by the University of Michigan in 1852 and revived in 1941 by the University of Chicago, freshmen are accepted after two years of high school as full-fledged candidates for degrees. Chicago seems to be out on a limb since many major professional schools do not recognize its degrees. Yet several universities have admitted tacitly the necessity for saving students time by modifying their requirements. Columbia, for example, permits law, medical and engineering students to enter its professional schools after three years in Columbia College, then awards a B. A. or B. S. upon completion of the first year of postgraduate work.

THERE is one valid point raised by the business-as-usual crowd that cannot be dismissed with a wave of the hand. Boys working their way through school depend on long summer vacations to earn money for the coming year. The average summer job pays \$250, with room and board, which means that a boy can make \$750 in his three vacation periods between matriculation and graduation. Without this money, many students would be unable to continue their educations.

The basic fallacy in the summer-job argument is evident. A man's postgraduate salary potential is so much higher than his undergraduate earning capacity that it is no contest. He can make at least three times more in the year gained by graduating faster than the \$750 he can pick up in three summers. Yet harsh reality has the nasty habit of thumbing its nose at logic. If a kid needs \$250 by next Tuesday to pay bills, all this fine talk about future earn-

ings is no help to him. He needs the dough right now, and what are you going to do about it?

A ready solution is suggested by the experiences of colleges that assist students through loan fund arrangements. Every school polled reports that 98 per cent of such loans are repaid and that moderate interest charges more than balance the losses of defaults. It would appear, therefore, that banks can perform a distinct public service—and turn a nice dollar for themselves—by arranging to lend money, through the colleges, to needy students. In a survey published on July 10, 1947, Elmo Roper found that people with a college education comprise 50.3 per cent of the nation's high income group and 42.3 per cent of the upper middle group.

Since less than three per cent of the population has had the advantage of college, the inference is clear: There is a definite correlation between education and earning capacity; a college graduate is a first-rate risk. The advisability of saddling a young fellow with debt can be questioned. But in view of the benefits to be derived from saving a year on a man's productive life, it is patently absurd to permit a \$750 loan, which can be amortized by easy payments in ten years, to rule out serious consideration of such a plan.

You will be told the 45-week year will result in educational dangers exposed by the wartime speedup program. That holds less water than the shoes currently affected by ladies of fashion. Adding a dozen weeks to the school year is not the same thing as the acceleration forced upon the colleges after Pearl Harbor. Cultural values need not be sacrificed as

they were during the war when the pressure of the times transformed colleges into technical training schools for the armed forces. The 90-day wonders taught navigation by the Navy and the Army people who mastered exotic foreign languages in one-fourth the time required by formal methods were, admittedly, learning a specific skill rather than getting a broad understanding of fundamental concepts.

The three-year college will not disturb present curricula or introduce new teaching techniques—much as they can be used. But that's another story. Students will not be asked to work harder in any given period. Those who must take part-time jobs to pay their way will have the same free time after classes. Athletes can play three years of varsity football or any other sport. Extra-curricular activities, important for social and emotional development, should hold a stronger appeal for kids whose entire sphere of interest will be focused on the campus. The whole thing involves nothing more startling than the addition of a dozen weeks to the school year.

Sure, 45 weeks a year will impose severe hardships on gold-spoon youths. It may even impel the social butterflies to pass up college—and a good thing, too. It may eliminate those kids who are cluttering up liberal arts colleges and, as any honest educator will admit, would be better off in junior colleges or training schools.

Before taking to the hills, may we suggest that the boy or girl who cannot cope with 45 weeks of study for three years shouldn't be in college in the first place?



"What cooketh?"

It's a Man's World

(Continued from page 8)

assayed. The assay showed that the brick wall of the cabin contains from \$3,000 to \$5,000 in gold.

Twenty-nine Palms has a lot more than this—or did have until Esther Williams spoiled it. When you wanted anybody on the telephone—there were only two phone booths in the whole shebang—you just told the operator what his name was and you got him. If there was a telephone book in town I never saw it.

Moreover, you could be comfortable there. Among the places to stay is The Inn, a group of adobe brick cottages, each with its private patio for sun lounging, grouped around several pools which harbored a new family of ducks each year, and shaded by palms and willows. The Inn is operated by tall and suntanned Robert Van Lahr, a transplanted Ohioan who knows the Latin name of every desert flower and its real name as well. And he knows, too, where lost gold mines might be found by anyone both diligent and lucky. Van makes relaxation so easy people come back to visit him year after year and become old friends.

But what happened to Twenty-nine Palms is a chamber of commerce. A chamber of commerce is ordinarily a good thing and some of my best friends belong to them. But sometimes, especially in California, they get over-enthusiastic. When they do you get a lot of action with people milling around and bands playing and picnic papers scattered everywhere and uninhibited little boys running around looking for little girls to pull the pigtailed of.

What the chamber of commerce did to Twenty-nine Palms was Esther Williams. If you don't know it, Esther Williams is a young woman with a figure which is something more than a whistle stop for any male old enough to spit. Miss Williams can swim some and this accomplishment coupled with natural en-

(Continued on page 32)



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THE ELKS MAGAZINE

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downments got Miss Williams a job in the movies and considerable fame. By coincidence Miss Williams has a brother living in Twenty-nine Palms, as a smart man should, and conniving between the brother, the chamber of commerce and various energetic publicity people resulted in Miss Esther Williams becoming Her Honor, Mayor of Twenty-nine Palms.

The ceremonies, held underneath the aforementioned 13 palms, did not overlook pulchritude, making nationwide publicity inevitable. The inaugural celebration went on all day and much of the night, being planned by simple desert people who don't often get something to celebrate and who, when they do, give it all they've got. When it was over, Miss Williams was one tired cookie who wished she'd picked Los Angeles to be mayor of.

What happened after the publicity was that people who never had heard of Twenty-nine Palms suddenly thought it sounded cute. Any place with a silly name like that—right away they must see it. They came in droves. They looked at the wild flowers, they sniffed the pure desert

air, they watched the mountains at sunset fade from bright gold into deep purple and then saw the stars light up; the biggest stars anywhere, and so close you could reach up and touch them, almost. They were entranced at first. Then they went into action. To the accompaniment of loud chamber of commerce cheers, they bought real estate and started putting up those charming little ranch houses that flourish in California. Twenty-nine Palms had a boom.

If things keep going the way they are, pretty soon they'll have to install a traffic light. They may even need a dial system on the telephones. And fences will be put up and the wild flowers will get trampled on or picked, and the first thing you know I won't have a winter hideaway.

That's why I'm griped at Esther Williams. That's why I'm on a no-look strike against her pictures and sit through them with my eyes tight shut—except for maybe a little squint when she comes on the screen in a bathing suit. After all, I'm not that sore at her—not at Esther Williams, I'm not.

The Keystone State

(Continued from page 11)

begged that another be brought him so that the score could be made an even 100. Near Milford are the Sawkill Falls on the Scottish castle estate of the late Gifford Pinchot. Beyond Milford the road winds through the Poconos and some of the big game country.

Route 6 skirts Lake Wallenpaupack, a nine-square-mile body of water, largest to be wholly within the State, and a road south goes directly to major Pocono resorts. At Honesdale is a monument to the Stourbridge Lion locomotive, the first to run on an American railroad. Carbondale, the next major town, always has been an anthracite center. Scranton, the city of coal, to which Route 6 next leads, has an anthracite mine that is open to the public. It is the Glen Alden Company's Baker Colliery.

Within the next 100 miles Route 6 passes Lake Winola, named for an Indian maiden who drowned herself for love of a white captive scalped by her father. The highway parallels the horseshoe chain loops of the Delaware River, and climbs to Wyalusing Rocks, overlooking the Susquehanna valley.

From Summerfield to Mansfield the route goes through some of the State's richest dairy farms. Galeton, 41 miles beyond Mansfield, is the gateway to the hunting and fishing area in the Black Forest. Beyond Galeton it's really wild country filled with wild animals, particularly deer. At Sweden Valley one may make a short side trip to a natural wonder, an ice mine where huge icicles form all summer because of slow seepage of cold winter air through rock crevices.

The remainder of Route 6 in Penn-

sylvia traverses old oil country, much of it exhausted; from and beyond Union City there are many connecting highways north to Lake Erie, and the city of Erie. At the Ohio line it is less than 100 miles to Cleveland. Route 6, therefore, is an excellent introduction to Pennsylvania for those coming from the Middle West.

THE second of the major east-west highways is Route 22, which from Easton traverses Bethlehem, Allentown, Harrisburg, Lewistown, skirting Altoona, passing through Pittsburgh and finally crossing the West Virginia line. It is a trip of about 350 miles slightly less than Route 6.

From Harrisburg to Lewistown the road follows the old Susquehanna Trail along the river of that name. At Rockville, six miles from Harrisburg, is an interesting museum of Colonial household equipment. Lewistown itself is an industrial center. Here is a junction with Route 322 which swings northwesterly, entering Ohio at Williamsfield and passing through the oil country centered around Oil City. It also skirts Conneaut and Pymatuning lakes. Not far from Lewistown, at Centre Hall, is Penn's Cave, a unique all-water affair where one explores in a motor boat equipped with a searchlight.

Between Lewistown and Ebensburg big mountains are skirted. Ebensburg, mainly a farming and mining town, is the junction with Route 422 to Youngstown, Ohio, via Kittanning, Butler and New Castle. Near the last named town is an architectural curiosity in the form of a ten-sided, two-story brick house built in 1863 by one Frank Phillis, who said he could never be cornered by

the devil in a house so nearly round.

From Ebensburg to Mundy's Corners, Route 22 unites with 219, which goes to Johnstown, the flood city that has been inundated about 17 times. The 1889 flood cost 2,200 lives and \$10,000,000 of property damage; 777 unknown victims are buried under blank headstones in Grandview cemetery. The 1936 flood, which led to control measures, cost 25 lives.

The third and shortest of the great east-west highways is Route 30, the old Lincoln Highway, through the southern section of the State, from Camden, N. J., through Philadelphia, Lancaster, York, Gettysburg, Chambersburg and Pittsburgh, to Chester, West Virginia, which is about three miles across the State line. It is an extremely heavily traveled route for the whole 325 miles and it traverses farm country, fruit growing sections, the ranges of the Allegheny mountains and the steel industry around Pittsburgh.

THIS story has attempted merely to etch the most appealing highlights; there is much more that is to be seen and which could be written about—for example Ephrata and the history of the Seventh Day Baptists who built its cloisters in the 1730's. Ephrata is 13 miles northeast of Lancaster and is well worth a visit. There is also the story of the George Rapp Harmony Society. At Harmony, about 25 miles from Pittsburgh, there are many buildings that have remained little changed since the early 1800's when Father Rapp sat on his rock throne on a nearby hill. The Harmonists cemetery has no mounds, no markers and no headstones; the group also practiced celibacy until it resulted in a schism; the last two members dissolved the society in 1906 and the State now has what remains of the communal property, at its third settlement, at Ambridge.

Tourists continue to delight in the customs of the Pennsylvania Dutch, whom the Amish popularly typify, although there are seven or eight different groups. In some sections picturesque costumes and bushy beards survive, as do the customs of serving special holiday foods of old German origin. Ailments are treated by certain foods; hernias are reduced by eggs laid on Maundy Thursday. Dragon stories still abound and "pow-wow" doctors who know what to do in cases of witchcraft and "hex" have not disappeared altogether. Newborn babies have to wear talisman ornaments, usually of rhinestone, at baptism. These people are frugal, yet believe in gargantuan meals; in hard work, yet like labor saving farm machinery. Some still find it against their religion to grow tobacco, yet since they also believe in helping their neighbors, it is not unusual to find them working in their less scrupulous friends' tobacco fields. There are the same kind of human contradictions in Pennsylvania as in other States and countries; historical background lends them charm.

Elks Reviews

The New National Guard

By L. A. LEWIS

Grand Exalted Ruler, Benevolent
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STANDING shoulder to shoulder with our Regular Army—the National Guard is dedicated to the task of fostering and protecting the security of our great nation.

In its ranks you'll find some of America's finest young men—many of whom saw active duty in World War II—giving freely of their spare time to serve America as a member of a patriotic force of trained civilians.

We Elks can serve America, too, by supporting the great nation-wide effort to fill the ranks of the National Guard.

We must encourage ambitious young men to join—by citing the opportunities the National Guard affords . . . to better themselves physically and mentally . . . to equip themselves for their role in a peaceful America . . . and to be ever alert to any threat of our nation's security.

To help the Guard reach its required strength, employers must grant training leaves for Guardsmen within their organization with full pay over and beyond established vacation time.



Our cities and states must necessarily provide adequate armory facilities for training—give their local units the utmost in cooperation.

These men of the new National Guard are America's modern Minute Men. They deserve our praise—and, more important, our support.

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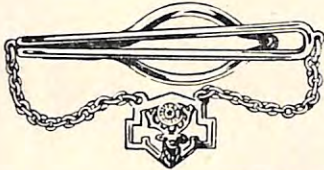
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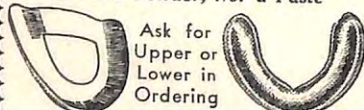
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Elk Newsletter

(Continued from page 16)

working themselves out of their jobs, but so far no application of the Taft-Hartley Act has been required.



How has the veteran been faring? The figures for recent months are still lacking, although the incomes of many veterans received a boost early this year when New York State began payments of a bonus which will ultimately total \$400,000,000. The Department of Commerce now reveals that in the first full year after the war the veterans' families did not do so well. While the median money income was higher in families including a veteran (\$3,347) than in families which did not include a veteran (\$2,809), this was because families including veterans are likely to have more earners. But the median civilian earnings were lower for veterans (\$1,781) than for non-veterans (\$2,290).



Although not wishing anyone any hard luck, paper merchants are now looking forward, rather hopefully, to a return to more intense competition in other lines. The supply has already caught up to the demand in some paper and converted paper items, commercial printers are reducing stocks and many paper merchants are reported to be preparing for a buyers' market. Despite the new caution, the paper merchants see a continued good market ahead. As competition increases in other commodity lines, they are convinced that paper will enter the picture even more strongly in the selling of such products and also in the improved packaging which competition will develop.



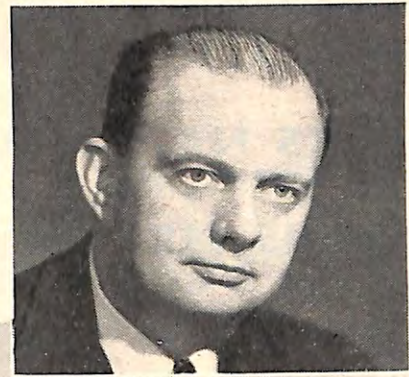
By next month, San Francisco expects to be enjoying the first fruits of a long fight. Back in 1936, the City first applied for permission to establish a foreign trade zone within its port limits—a zone where imports could be held duty free for storing, repackaging, grading, transshipment or re-export. The project was part of a comprehensive plan, including a \$55,000,000 world trade center, aimed at the development of Far Eastern and Latin American trade.

But action was delayed for various reasons, including the military use of the facilities affected. Now the necessary authorization has been granted and other West Coast cities, including Los Angeles and Seattle, are reported to be weighing the merits of establishing similar zones.



America's gardeners are being urged to check their seed packages before purchasing this year. Although Federal law requires that all seed shipped in interstate commerce be properly labelled, a survey of 134 District of Columbia stores made last year by the Department of Agriculture indicated that many dealers were selling seed not complying with the law.

News of the Order



The American Activities Committee of New York, N. Y., No. 1, Lodge, headed by P.E.R. Phelps Phelps and I. Arthur Granger, has opened the year 1948 with a program of vital importance to the lodge, the Order and the Nation.

Through the cooperation of United Nations officials, events have been arranged for visiting children. An essay contest for children of the United Nations in three age groups: 9-12, 13-15 and 16-18, has been conducted, the results of which will be reported as soon as the winners have been determined. The subject of the essay is "What I Think of Life in the United States" and identical prizes will be awarded each group: \$100 first prize, \$50 second prize and \$25 third prize, with ten honorable mention awards of \$10 each.

At top is Co-Chairman Phelps Phelps, and above is a classroom of UN children, typical of those who are competing in the contest.

**Activities Sponsored by the
Elks National Veterans
Service Commission**

**Elks Magazine
Questionnaire**

**News of the
Subordinate Lodges**

**The Grand Exalted
Ruler's Visits**

Editorial

ACTIVITIES SPONSORED BY THE ELKS NATIONAL VETERANS SERVICE COMMISSION



Elks of Albuquerque, NEW MEXICO, are pictured with Santa Claus and the Holiday display they arranged for veterans, through the good assistance of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission.



Gifts are handed to veterans at Fort Harrison Hospital by E.R. John Morris of Helena Lodge and Chairman R. H. Hart, as part of the MONTANA Elks Hospital Service Committee program.



Servicemen convalescing in COLORADO Veterans Hospitals were entertained at Christmas by these delegates and volunteers in the program put on all over that State under the auspices of the Order.



Here is the group of musicians and carol singers who visited the Wichita Veterans Administration Hospital Christmas morning, with 26 KANSAS Elks and ladies, when gifts were given each patient.



Boys at the Marine Hospital in Detroit are entertained at one of the many enjoyable programs put on by the hard-working Hospital Service Committee of the MICHIGAN State Elks Association.



Some of the thousands of veterans who received Christmas boxes at Perry Point Hospital from Baltimore, MARYLAND, Elks.

YOUR OWN MAGAZINE WANTS YOUR ADVICE

We at *The Elks Magazine* want you to do us a favor—one from which you also will benefit.

We wish the Magazine to be what you want it to be.

If we are always to succeed in that aim we must know what you want, what you like best—what you like less and what you do not like at all.

Therefore, if you will cooperate by giving us the information we are asking for on the cut-out at the right, you will help us to know what you want most in your Magazine and we can more surely meet your desires. It is most important that you check each feature.

We shall be very appreciative of your help.

ELKS MAGAZINE

James C. Nicholson
General Manager



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News of the

SUBORDINATE LODGES

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., Lodge, No. 461, entertained patients at the Veterans Hospital during the Christmas holidays, with a large committee of men and women on hand to carry out the program. Harrison Burrall, Jr., World War II veteran and General Chairman of the committee, and his group put on oldtime gambling games, using stage money, in a regular Klondike game room in the hospital's recreation hall. Each patient received a \$2 bill as a gift, and refreshments were served.

The ladies' committee, headed by Mrs. Ben Harcrow, accompanied the men on a round of visits to bed patients. A Mexican orchestra played as a unit, then divided into two groups to bring music to patients who could not get to the assembly rooms.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IA., Lodge, No. 251, has painted a smile on many a child's face with the delivery of new playground equipment for the Sunshine Mission. A completely new and carefully engineered layout of material for the Day Nursery was financed by No. 251, and it includes new woven wire fence and gate, swings, slide, sand box, swing bars, foxhole barrel, "jungle gym", climb board and other miscellaneous items, of the type to make children of pre-school age extremely happy. Particular credit for the project and its success goes to Chairman A. O. Ambroz and the members of the Social Welfare Committee.

THE STATE ASSOCIATIONS COMMITTEE REPORTS THE FOLLOWING CONVENTION DATES FOR 1948

State	Place	Date
Missouri	Joplin	May 15-16
Oklahoma	Oklahoma City	May 15-16
Alabama	Huntsville	May 16-17-18
Arizona	Douglas	May 20-21-22
West Virginia	Morgantown	May 20-21-22
Kansas	Wichita	May 22-23-24
Georgia	Savannah	May 22-23-24
Wyoming	Cheyenne	May 28-29
Kentucky	Lexington	June 3-4-5
Texas	Beaumont	June 3-4-5
Utah	Ogden	June 4-5-6
Vermont	Montpelier	June 5-6
South Dakota	Yankton	June 6-7-8
Nevada	Elko	June 10-11-12
Indiana	Richmond	June 11-12-13
Idaho	Moscow	June 17-18-19
New York	Buffalo	June 17-18-19
Michigan	Petoskey	June 18-19-20
Minnesota	St. Cloud	June 18-19-20
Oregon	Roseburg	June 18-19
Washington	Aberdeen	June 18-19-20
Louisiana	Baton Rouge	June 19-20
Montana	Great Falls	July 22-23-24
Virginia	Alexandria	August 15-16-17-18
Pennsylvania	Reading	August 30-31 Sept. 1-2-3
Colorado	Fort Collins	Sept. 17-18-19
New Hampshire	Dover	Oct. 9-10
California	Santa Cruz	Oct. 6-7-8-9

CORDELE, GA., Lodge, No. 1647, held a meeting recently with officials of city and county schools for the purpose of donating a "Maico" Audiometer to the schools in an extensive program to determine the percentage of hearing defects among students. It is hoped that through this plan many students who have fallen behind in their studies will be aided, where the blame lies in faulty hearing.

NEW YORK, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, required the ball room of the Hotel Astor in New York City when it observed, as the Mother Lodge, the 80th Anniversary of the Order.

The Grand Lodge and almost every lodge in the Southeast District of New York turned out for one of the most impressive social affairs in the lodge's history. Although the dais was extended beyond its customary limits, it could not accommodate the full complement of Elksdom's great who attended the program which began with a reception at which the march to the dais was made to the splendid music of No. 1's talented Boys Band under the direction of William Shine. All through dinner the boys provided such excellent music as to provoke the amazement of the Grand Exalted Ruler and his staff.

The speaking program included addresses by Mr. Lewis, former Postmaster General James A. Farley, columnist Ed Sullivan, radio luminary Harry Hershfield and Chairman Charles McGuire who presented a \$1,000 check to Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, Chairman of the Veterans Activities Commission. Judge Charles Garrison was the last speaker, and on behalf of his lodge he presented a beautiful clock to the Order's leader.

Seated at the dais, E.R. Ben Shalleck was flanked by Mr. Lewis and Past Grand Exalted Rulers Floyd E. Thompson, Frank J. Lonergan, James R. Nicholson, Dr. Edward J. McCormick, Charles S. Hart, Raymond Benjamin, Bruce A. Campbell, Wade H. Kepner, Charles H. Grakelow, John F. Malley, John R. Coen, David Sholtz, Henry C. Warner, John S. McClelland, E. Mark Sullivan and Charles E. Broughton.

Others present were Vincent R. Impellitteri, representing the Mayor of the City, Judge Frank J. Sampson, Hon. Thomas J. Curran and editorial writer Harry H. Schlacht of the Hearst Newspapers, and John E. Drummey and George I. Hall, Chairman and Vice-Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, respectively, Grand Secretary J.

Edgar Masters, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, and D.D. Charles O. Lawson. The State Assn. was represented by its President, William F. Edelmuth and Vice-Pres. Franklin J. Fitzpatrick.

At a place of honor were Grand Est. Loyal Knight Ronald J. Dunn, Grand Est. Lect. Knight H. H. Russell, Grand Treasurer Joseph B. Kyle, Grand Tiler Emory Hughes, Grand Inner Guard John F. Antwine, Special Assistant and Co-ordinator to the Grand Exalted Ruler, Bert A. Thompson, Grand Trustees Sam Stern and Hugh W. Hicks, and Thomas F. Dougherty, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary.

The evening wound up with a splendid show of topflight talent, and dancing.

1
The Boys' Band of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, which was three-time winner for 1947: the New York State Elks Band Contest, the Asbury Park Baby Parade Concert, and the Veterans Service Honor Award. The music of this splendid group added much to the celebration of the lodge's and Order's 80th Anniversary.

2
Members of Westfield, N. J., Lodge were photographed when they presented a 16mm projector and screen to the Children's Country Home there.

3
Past Exalted Rulers' Night at York, Pa., Lodge honored, left to right, Judge Ray P. Sherwood, George G. Keller, P.D.D. Stuart Schrom, Revere M. Leese, Gordon J. Knaub, H. Kister Free, Chas. F. Welsh, H. O. Ruby, Dr. R. E. Conway, O. H. Altland, J. Alvin Hertzog and P.D.D. R. F. Culbertson. Charter Member Welsh acted as E.R. for that evening in the post he held fifty-two years ago.

4
E.R. Lewis S. Sober and his officers are pictured with the 52 new Elks who comprised Sunbury, Pa., Lodge's "Pro-Americanism Class". Howard R. Davis, a member of the Board of Grand Trustees, D.D. Gilbert Summerson and many officers of other lodges were on hand when a group of Past Exalted Rulers of Sunbury Lodge initiated what was one of the largest classes in the lodge's history.

5
These ladies make up the Emblem Club of Lyndhurst, N. J., Lodge and are pictured at their installation ceremony and the celebration of their very active Club's tenth anniversary.



1. NEW YORK, N. Y.



2. WESTFIELD, N. J.



3. YORK, PA.



4. SUNBURY, PA.



5. LYNDHURST, N. J.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

GEORGIA ELKS ASSN. The 80th Anniversary of the founding of the Order was celebrated by the Georgia Elks Assn. at Columbus when 50 representatives of 16 lodges met as members of the Executive Committee to formulate plans for the 1948 Convention at Savannah on May 22nd, 23rd and 24th, and to discuss sending the winning team in the State Ritualistic Contest to the Grand Lodge Convention to represent the State in the National Contest.

While all lodges reported progress, Atlanta Lodge No. 78 announced the passing of the 2,000-point in membership and East Point Lodge No. 1617, less than ten years old, took a bow with the passing of the 1,000 mark. As far as finances go, 26 of the 30 lodges in the State have subscribed to the Elks National Foundation and contributions from the 30 lodges to the Crippled Children's League of Georgia during the current fiscal year amounted to more than \$10,000. The Grand Lodge has recognized the progress of Columbus Lodge by restoring its original number of 111.

WESTFIELD, N. J., Lodge, No. 1585, exemplified the traditions of Elkdom when it presented to the Children's Country Home a 16mm. sound projector, screens and appropriate films. The members of No. 1585 have also arranged for delivery of rented films at regular intervals to provide the children with continued recreation in sound movies.

Presentation of the pleasure-giving equipment was made by Louis J. Kern, Chairman of the Crippled Kiddies Committee of the lodge, and acceptance was acknowledged by Mrs. Louis H. Kniffin, president of the board of the home. After the formal ceremonies, E.R. Howard Van Buskirk played host to the children, presenting each with a suitable gift, and the projector was tried out with a short program of pictures. Others present at this time included D.D. James A. Bates and Mrs. Bates, members of the Crippled Kiddies Committee and Elk officers.

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.

DENVER, COLO., Lodge, No. 17, got itself a hand not long ago when its first annual edition of the Elks Platte River Minstrels got under way.

It was the consensus of opinion of the 1,000-odd persons who jammed the East High School Auditorium for the performance that the roadshow version of "Oklahoma", playing in the city at the time, had to go a long way to beat it. A surprising amount of talent was discovered among the members and specialty numbers and songs by the Elks Quartet, the Seventeeners and the Jolly Corks won a great deal of applause during the two full hours of fine music and side-splitting jokes.

Plans are already being made for the next show, which promises to be an outstanding social event. This year's performance, directed and produced by P.E.R. Walter F. Scherer and Terry McGovern, was given for the benefit of the March of Dimes.

LOUISIANA SOUTH LODGES.

Through the cooperation of the lodges of Louisiana South, the Veterans of the U. S. Marine Hospital at Carville and the LeGarde Hospital at New Orleans, were gladdened with gifts at Christmas time. A special gift box was given to each patient by a group of Elks led by D.D. Felix J. Marx. The 40 gifts for the men at Carville Hospital were sent by Donaldsonville Lodge; the 446 to the New Orleans Hospital were provided by New Orleans, Baton Rouge, Morgan City, Houma, Franklin and Plaquemine Lodges. The lodges in Louisiana North also remembered the servicemen convalescing in hospitals in their area.

MT. VERNON, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842, held one of its best attended meetings not long ago when over 300 members turned out for a combination P.E.R.'s and Old Timers' Night. Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, Treasurer of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission, was the principal speaker. Others who addressed the gathering were Supreme Court Justice Sydney A. Syme and District Deputy James A. Gunn.

Thirty-four candidates were initiated by P.E.R.'s Lee W. Rivers, Ranson Caygill, T. Vincent Ehrbar, Victor D. Levitt, Jr., Fred T. Head, Frank H. Wells, Louis P. Camisa, T. Frank Gallagher and Ralph H. Mazziotta. On behalf of New York Lodge No. 1, P.D.D. Judge Charles H. Garrison presented a set of antlers to Mount Vernon Lodge. P.E.R. David A. Scarpino welcomed the crowd, among whom was Thomas Moore, who has been a member of the Order since 1901.

1 A recent meeting of Southern Pines, N. C., Lodge was attended by D.D. J. Max Rawlins, center, who initiated a class of candidates that evening, acting in the capacity of all Chair Officers in conducting the Ritual. At left is P.E.R. John E. Cline, and, at right, Exalted Ruler Jack F. Carter.

2 Area Army and Navy recruiting officers presented Victory Medals to 81 Port Jervis, N. Y., Elks recently. Left to right: M/Sgt. John H. Banks pins a Medal to P.E.R. Mayor John F. Schoonmaker's lapel while E.R. Chas. E. Bierlein receives his award from Chief Boatswain's Mate Michael Lisi.

3 Concordia, Kans., Lodge sponsored a Minstrel Show for the March of Dimes and raised \$3,000 for this worthy cause, using all local talent and directors. Rolland Hood, a member of the lodge, is pictured with his partner during their part of the entertainment.

4 This handsome float was entered by Albuquerque, N. M., Lodge in the city's fine "Freedom Train" parade.

5 Baraboo, Wis., Lodge's officers, left to right, Chaplain Wm. Luck, Esq. C. N. Compton, Est. Loyal Knight Wm. P. Morey, E.R. F. V. Racher, new member Addison Jessop, Inner Guard John Turner, Est. Lead. Knight Ben Meyer and Est. Lect. Knight L. T. DeLand, winners of the State's South Central District Ritualistic Contest.

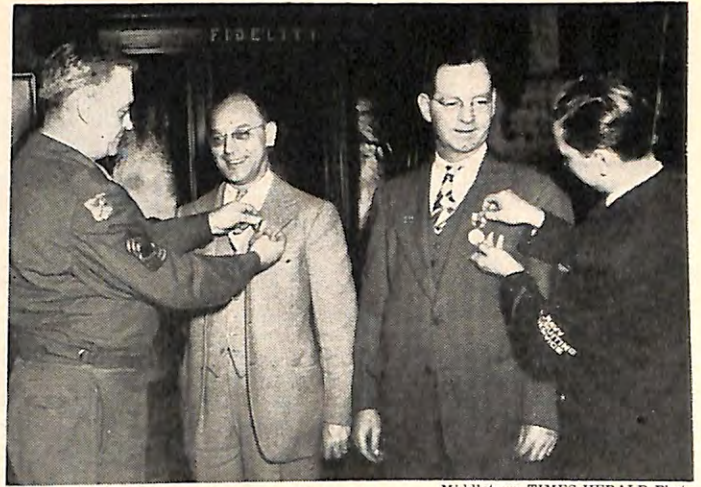
6 The members of Las Cruces, N. M., Lodge's Ritualistic Team are, bottom row, left to right: Est. Lect. Knight Frank Carnahan, Esq. Glen Panlener, Inner Guard Carlos Salas; center row: Secy. James A. Baird, Est. Lead. Knight H. P. Snow, Est. Loyal Knight R. E. Boney, Chaplain Rev. Father Kirgan; at top, E.R. John J. France.

7 Past State Presidents Stephen A. Compas and R. Leonard Bush, D.D. Vincent Grocott, E.R. M. McFarlane, P.D.D. Fred Lake, Est. Lead. Knight Louis Dalesandro and P.E.R. Al Tatti are pictured during Mr. Grocott's visit to Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge.

8 Watervliet, N. Y., Civic Chest Fund receives a \$1,000 check from the local Elks lodge, the largest contributor to the Fund. Pictured, left to right, are E.R. Eugene G. Hess, Treas. Alfred C. Meneely of the Drive, James F. Connell, Civic Chest Chairman, Mrs. C. Cavanaugh, Secy. of the Civic Chest, Treas. Peter H. Pryor of the lodge and E. J. Bulger, Chairman of lodge's Community Welfare Committee.

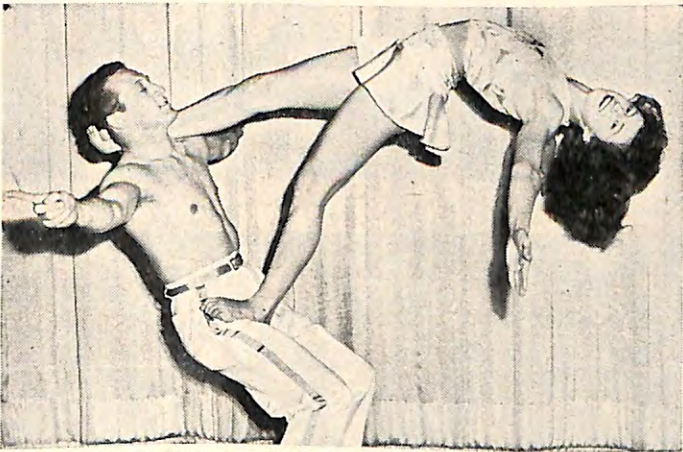


1. SOUTHERN PINES, N. C.



2. PORT JERVIS, N. Y.

Middletown TIMES HERALD Photo



3. CONCORDIA, KANS.



4. ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.



5. BARABOO, WIS.



6. LAS CRUCES, N. M.



7. HUNTINGTON PARK, CALIF.



8. WATERVLIET, N. Y.

1 Dudley H. Moore, Vice-Pres., Mich., East District, and P.E.R.'s of Flint, Mich., Lodge are pictured with the lodge's officers and candidates initiated by the Past Exalted Rulers in honor of Mr. Moore's official visit.

2 Waukegan, Ill., Lodge's Glee Club, organized in 1945, which has given programs at Downey's Veterans Hospital at Great Lakes Naval Station, and for other lodge activities. Its annual concert was a marked success.

3 Present at the visit of D.D. Walter A. Kropp to McMinnville, Ore., Lodge were front row, left to right, Past Grand Esq. F. T. Garesche, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Loneragan, D.D. Kropp, E.R. L. H. Cline and Harold Muller. Others include P.D.D.'s Arley G. Walker, R. H. Windishar and Frank Wortman and other lodge officials, with a group of members who were initiated at that meeting.

4 At the welcome home dinner given by Newburgh, N. Y., Lodge to Miss Mary Lynch, who finished fifth in the National Speed Skating Championships, were, left to right, front row: Robert Jamieson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lynch, Mary Lynch, James Lynch, James Waters, Irving Jaffe, World's Champion Olympic Speed Skater, and P.E.R. Robert R. Grahame. Back row, P.E.R. Daniel Becker, Joseph P. Monihan, Harry Cohen, P.E.R. Judge Raphael A. Egan, Chief of Police John J. Mullarkey, P.E.R. Donald H. McCann and Chairman of the Committee for the affair H. F. Parrott.

5 When Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge honored Jimmy Durante, present were, left to right: E.R. Arthur De Nisi, the "Great Gildersleeve" Hal Peary, Sheriff Eugene Biscailuz, comedian Durante and Chairman Sanford J. Mosk.

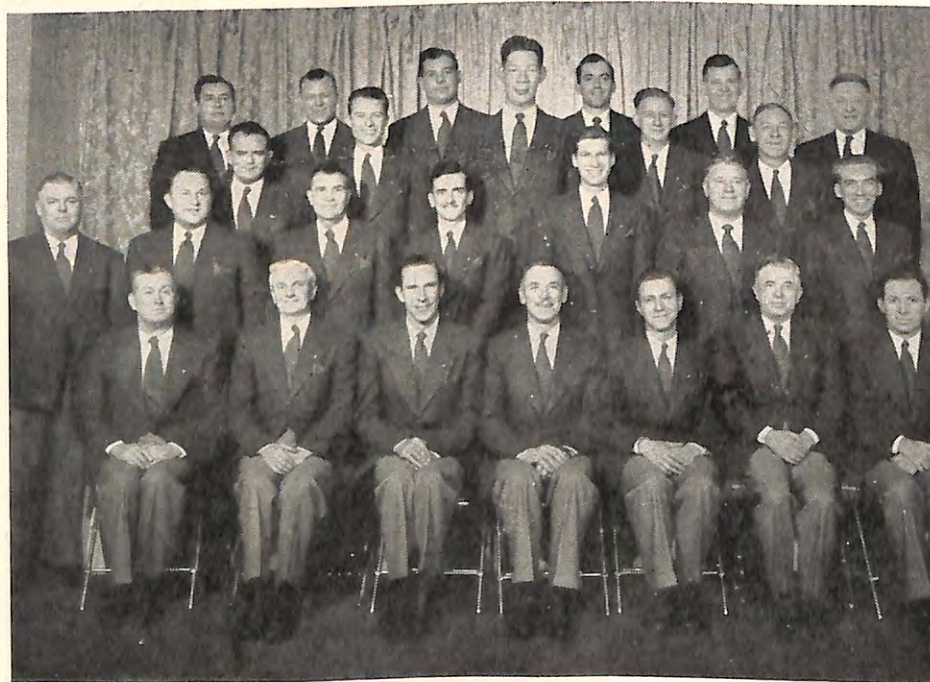
6 Former leaders of Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge are pictured with the 79 candidates they initiated on Past Exalted Rulers' Night for their own lodge, one each for East Chicago and Gary, Ind., and Lowell, Mass., Lodges.

7 At the 48th Anniversary Dinner of Rutherford, N. J., Lodge were, left to right, Secy. Claude R. Pooler, Walter P. Schwabe, the surviving Charter Member, and E.R. Arnold G. Pavcsik.

8 These boys are the newly organized Senior Boy Scout Troop which is sponsored by Yankton, S. D., Lodge.



1. FLINT, MICH.



2. WAUKEGAN, ILL.



3. McMINNVILLE, ORE.



4. NEWBURGH, N. Y.



5. SANTA MONICA, CALIF.



6. TERRE HAUTE, IND.



7. RUTHERFORD, N. J.



8. YANKTON, S. D.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

GREYBULL, WYO., Lodge, No. 1431, celebrated its annual P.E.R.'s Night with a stag oyster feed served to a large crowd. Eleven candidates were initiated, with P.D.D. Lachlan McLean, a member of No. 1431, acting as Exalted Ruler.

The lodge's Anniversary banquet and dance was a terrific success with one of the largest groups of members ever assembled at one time enjoying themselves to the fullest.

Greybull is again preparing for the annual "Days of '49" rodeo and night shows, which promises to be one of the best affairs of its kind. Last year the Elks' float won first prize in the parade and they expect to do even better in 1948.

The local Elks led the city's fund drive for the new Youth Center by subscribing \$300 to the Youth Association, and a few days after making this appropriation, a committee was appointed by E.R. W. A. Clifton to discuss the

possibility of sponsoring one of the city's Boy Scout Troops. One of the outstanding yearly acts of the lodge is the awarding of two scholarships to students in schools within the lodge's jurisdiction. A student of the Greybull schools receives one of the awards, and the other is rotated from each year in other high schools in the community.

AMSTERDAM, N. Y., Lodge, No. 101, welcomed the Red Cross Mobile Unit to its home recently, and members of the lodge donated blood to the bank of Montgomery County Chapter.

The civilian Blood Bank is made possible by the Chapter in cooperation with the County Laboratory. Blood of all types is available to residents of the county, without charge, except for a nominal fee to the physician administering the life-giving liquid. The Elks are cooperating wholeheartedly in the campaign to make this valuable "medicine" available to all citizens.

CHARLEROI, PA., LODGE PRESENTS GRAND SECRETARY MASTERS FOR REELECTION

CHARLEROI, PA., LODGE, NO. 474, has announced once again the candidacy of its Past Exalted Ruler, J. Edgar Masters, for election to the office of Grand Secretary.

Mr. Masters has been an extremely active Elk since 1903, when he first became affiliated with the Order. In 1908 he acted as Exalted Ruler of his lodge and in 1911 he was appointed Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee. From that time on, he has served on various other Grand Lodge Committees, among them the Committee on Social and Community Welfare.

Prior to his election as Grand Exalted Ruler in 1922, Mr. Masters was Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees for three years, and from 1923 until he first became Grand Secretary in 1927, he was a member of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission.

Mr. Masters, who has efficiently and devotedly served the Order as Grand Secretary since 1927, was Treasurer of Washington County, Pa., for four years and also acted as President of the Southwestern Pennsylvania State Normal School Board.

Knowing how efficiently Mr. Masters has performed the duties of each office to which he has been called, it is with exceptional pride that Charleroi Lodge presents the Grand Secretary to succeed himself, and offers the delegates to the 1948 Grand Lodge Convention in Philadelphia the opportunity to reelect him once more.

1

Gov. John Hall, E.R. Claude M. Snow and Mayor Earl Riley have their blood typed as part of Portland, Ore., Lodge's blood-typing program. The lodge hopes to have each member's blood typed so that, in an emergency, the member will be ready to give or receive blood without delay. Governor Hall was initiated as a member of Portland Lodge the same evening.

2

Officials of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., Lodge are pictured on P.E.R.'s and Old Timers' Night when Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, third from right, second row, was the principal speaker.

3

When Willimantic, Conn., Lodge welcomed D.D. Arthur J. Roy on his homecoming visit, these dignitaries were present: first row, left to right, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Past State Pres. Lester Shea, D.D. Roy, and Past Grand Exalted Rulers Raymond F. Benjamin and James R. Nicholson; second row, Judge Martin F. Cunningham, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, Past Grand Treasurer John F. Burke, D.D. Cornelius H. McGuinness, Edward A. Spry, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, and Clinton L. Chapin, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; third row, Past State Pres. George Hickey and Aubrey H. Brown, Pres. of the P.E.R.'s Assn. of Connecticut.

4

Cordele, Ga., Lodge donates a "Maico" Audiometer to city and county schools. Left to right are Secy. J. R. Reese, Mrs. Carolyn Gettys, Committee Chairman Jim Pierce, Supt. of City Schools D. H. Standard, Spencer Worthy, E.R. Jesse T. Westbrook Jr., Fred Gordon, P.E.R. Russell C. Harris and Mrs. Ruth Coile.

5

The officers of Toledo, Ohio, Lodge who won the Northwest District Ritualistic Contest at Findlay Lodge are, left to right: Esquire Al Laskey, Est. Loyal Knight V. Fischer, Inner Guard R. Esser, E.R. William Fox, Est. Lect. Knight John Daniels, Chaplain Rev. Harold Davis and Esteemed Leading Knight Judge Frank Wiley.

6

At a joint meeting of the VFW, Spanish-American War veterans and the local chapter of the Gold Star Mothers, Oconto, Wis., Lodge presented an American Flag to the Mothers. E.R. Al Felix of Oconto Lodge, left, presented the Flag to his wife who is President of the Gold Star Mothers. Others shown are R. E. Burton, Dr. B. A. Holyoke, George Bake, Norman LeMense and Cmdr. William Murphy of the local VFW Post and Chaplain of the lodge, and, seated, John Bjorge, Supt. of Schools.



1. PORTLAND, ORE.



2. MT. VERNON, N. Y.



3. WILLIMANTIC, CONN.



4. CORDELE, GA.



5. TOLEDO, OHIO



6. OCONTO, WIS.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

COLUMBUS, OHIO, Lodge, No. 37, has been cooperating for some time with the Juvenile Court of the county in providing material, tools and equipment for its workshop. The members of No. 37 also furnished the Court's day nursery with tables, chairs, rocking horses and toys to take care of 40 children whose parents were evicted from their homes and no other place could be found for them.

CALIF. SO. CENT. LODGES. Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge No. 99, played host to the six Monday Night Lodges of its district recently. These lodges, Monrovia, Oxnard, Long Beach, Glendale, Alhambra and San Pedro, have a total membership of over 10,000. At this meeting, the first of its kind in over eight years, many Grand Lodge State and District officers were present and State Assn. Pres. Earl H. Williams was the principal speaker.

WEST PALM BEACH, FLA., Lodge, No. 1352, entertained 400 Elks on Baseball Night, when "Mr. Baseball" himself, in the person of Connie Mack, was the guest of honor. Other distinguished guests were Ira Thomas, scout for the Philadelphia Athletics, and several of their star players, as well as Bill McGowan, Dean of Umpires, who has established an umpire's school in West Palm Beach during the training season. James Hamilton, Manager of the West Palm Beach Indians, Lucius P. Ordway, owner, and Marshall Heminway, former vice-president, were also present.

1

The All-Star Ritualistic Team of the Calif. So. Cent. District chosen by E.R. Harland K. Hogue for the initiation of a class for Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge on the occasion of the visit of State Vice-Pres. Robert P. Mohrbacker, center. They are, left to right: Earl Foremaster, Compton; A. T. Leavell, San Pedro; Mr. Mohrbacker; Richard T. Marvin, Glendale; Maurice Williams, Pomona, and Vern Huck, Los Angeles. Robert Laird of Inglewood Lodge, another participant, was not present for this picture.

2

Members of the Ritualistic Committee of the Northern District of the N. J. State Elks Assn. at their annual dinner. Seated, left to right: P.D.D. Charles P. McGovern, D.D. Harry Smith, State Pres. Russell Williams, Vice-Pres. Robert I. Bennett and Chairman Joseph Miscia; standing: James P. Dolan, Past Vice-Pres. P. Robinson, Dr. Louis Hubner, John Graziano, Past Vice-Pres. Irving Baum, John Byrne, George Adie and John Skelly.

3

This is the Ladies Bowling Team sponsored by Excelsior Springs, Mo., Lodge, winner of the tournament of the past two bowling seasons. Standing, left to right, Mrs. Monroe Evert, Mrs. Frank B. Henderson and Mrs. Raymond L. Dickey. Sitting, Mrs. A. A. Cantrell and Mrs. Paul V. Stuart.

4

Lew Stein, Sam M. King, Henry E. Longley and I. W. Solomon are shown burning the deed of trust to Wilmington, N. C., Lodge's former home, thus signaling the payment of the lodge's last debt and the inauguration of a debt-free occupancy of its beautiful new home. Mr. Stein, an Elk for 62 years, has served 42 years as Chairman of the lodge's Board of Trustees.

5

Est. Loyal Knight Ray M. Linscheid, center, presents San Diego, Calif., Lodge's \$1,272.78 check to Ernest Davis, County Chairman of the Society for Crippled Children, while E.R. Harry H. Pundt looks on. The check represents the lodge's total collections during the March of Dimes.

6

Present at West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge's "Baseball Night" were, left to right, E.R. W. E. Poland, Jr., Connie Mack and Secy. E. F. Stumpf.

7

On Mrs. Louise Alexander's 100th Birthday not long ago, Idaho Springs, Colo., Lodge presented to her a basket of 100 American Beauty Roses, one for each year. Shown with her here are, left to right, P.D.D. W. J. Woodward, Frank Conroy, Chairman of the Community Welfare Committee, and E.R. Wilbur C. Wambaugh.

8

Est. Loyal Knight A. W. McGrath, left, presents to Carroll Phelps, Superintendent of St. Luke's Sanatorium, Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge's gift of two vitally-needed hot-food conveyors.

9

Here are some of the Ligonier, Ind., Elks who took care of the booths at the Raffle sponsored by the local lodge for the Indiana Elks Assn.'s Cancer Fund. They are E.R. Charles Moore, Edwin Biddle, Herbert Wolfe, P.E.R. Walter Schrock and Robert Fisher.

10

Here is Iron Mountain, Mich., Lodge's Dartball Team. Their obvious pleasure is derived from the fact that they have just won the first-half championship in the Fraternal Dartball League.



1. CALIF. SO. CENT. DISTRICT



2. NEW JERSEY NO. DISTRICT



3. EXCELSIOR SPRINGS, MO.



4. WILMINGTON, N. C.



5. SAN DIEGO, CALIF.



6. WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.



7. IDAHO SPRINGS, COLO.



8. PHOENIX, ARIZ.



9. LIGONIER, IND.



10. IRON MOUNTAIN, MICH.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

SANTA MONICA, CALIF., Lodge, No. 906, never lets a good deed go unrewarded, so, on March 11th, radio and screen actor Jimmy Durante received recognition for his cooperation with the local Elks on many occasions.

Before a crowd of 600 members, including such notables as Hal ("Great Gildersleeve") Peary, Superior Court Judge William S. Baird, a member of Los Angeles Lodge, and the popular Sheriff Eugene Biscailluz, P.E.R., the members of No. 906 presented to the comedian a framed, signed resolution thanking him for his prompt and willing assistance in raising charity funds for distribution by the lodge. On three separate occasions, Mr. Durante gave freely of his valuable time and fabulous talent. In 1933, 1937 and 1940 Mr. Durante appeared in benefit shows sponsored by Santa Monica Lodge. Each of these was so successful that hundreds of families were taken care of through distribution of the proceeds. The Santa Monica Elks know most of the success of these shows lies directly on Jimmy Durante's shoulders.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Lodge, No. 211, honored seven of its members on their 50-year affiliation with the lodge at a dinner which also marked the Order's 80th Anniversary and the annual gathering of the lodge's Past Exalted Rulers. These gentlemen were given emblematic pins and Life Membership cards. Fifteen Jersey City men who have been Elks for 25 years were given quarter-century pins.

SANFORD, N. C., Lodge, No. 1679, believes in encouraging athletics among the young people of its community. They sponsor annually a Basketball Tournament in the town of Sanford for high school teams of nearby counties. This tourney is sponsored for the purpose of raising funds to send boys to the Elks Boys Camp at Hendersonville. The 1948 contest was attended by several thousand enthusiasts and was won by the high school team of Chapel Hill. The handsome trophy was presented to Capt. Cheek of the Chapel Hill team by J. C. Pittman, Chairman of the Tournament Committee of the lodge.

MAYNARD, MASS., Lodge, No. 1568, entertained over 200 future Elks on Fathers and Sons Night. A two-hour movie showing baseball, football, fishing and the Louis-Walcott fight, and refreshments made up the program supervised by Stanley Bondelevitch.

MASS. NORTHEAST. The Junior Elks Baseball League of Mass. Northeast held its first meeting of the year at the home of Salem Lodge and great things were planned for the season. The past year was most successful, with the biggest event the All-Star game, the proceeds of which went to a Malden, Mass., lad, 15-year-old Robert J. Barry, who was crippled in an accident and is still hospitalized.

The fame of this movement in Massachusetts has spread all over the country. Through correspondence with Carl V. Riley, Chairman of the Juvenile Service Commission for the Iowa State Elks Assn., following a write-up in the St. Louis, Mo., *Sporting News*, which was secured by Publicity Director Ellis C. Jeffrey of the Mass. League, it is hoped that a Junior Elks Baseball Program will be established in Iowa, and, perhaps, eventually it will become a national activity.

The League, which specifies that all members must be 17 years old, had seven teams competing in 1947 and expects a greater number this year. After the last season's activities were completed, the boys were entertained at a sports night when they received jackets from the Elks.

PHOENIX, ARIZ., Lodge, No. 335, is one of the most active branches of our great Order. Each month a fine class is initiated and thoroughly indoctrinated in the aims and principles of the Order. The members of No. 335 make many trips to and from other branches of the Order in chartered planes, the favorite Arizona means of conveyance. State Pres. H. E. Williams visited the lodge not long ago, and among those present were Past District Deputies Alex W. Crane and Dr. W. V. Ammons.

Teen-agers out there are often favored by the Elks with dances and parties, and the lodge recently turned over a \$2,000 check for the purchase of 17,000 booklets for distribution among local school children when the Freedom Train paid a visit to that part of the country.

Phoenix Lodge's recent generosity was not confined to young people, however. Two food conveyors were given to St. Luke's Sanitorium not long ago.

An item of interest was the recent recognition of Past Exalted Ruler Clyde Timberlake by the Phoenix Rotary Club, as a leader in the community's activities on behalf of needy and underprivileged children.

1
The officers of Cristobal, Panama Canal Zone, Lodge are pictured with the latest group of new Cristobal Elks.

2
Weehawken, N. J., Lodge, closing its 25th Anniversary Celebration, held a final initiation at which the visiting officers of Lyndhurst, N. J., Lodge, pictured here, performed the Ritual.

3
Elk dignitaries are pictured at the dinner held by Union City, N. J., Lodge in honor of D.D. Harry H. Smith, an Elk for 25 years, pictured, standing second from left, shaking hands with Past District Deputy Andrew C. McCarthy of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, who was one of the speakers.

4
Earl J. Williams, Pres. of the Calif. Elks Assn., is escorted to the rostrum of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge by Est. Lect. Knight Vern Huck, during his visit there. The lodge's White Squadron Drill Team stands at the rear.

5
Left to right are Earl F. Hughes, Director, Mrs. Ella Bolander, Supt. of Arts and Crafts, and Fred H. Hertel, Welfare Director of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge, in the Juvenile Court Workshop, with Elk-donated material.

6
Police Chief David F. Allyn, P.E.R., center, accepts a modern resuscitator for the Police Dept. from Holyoke, Mass., Lodge. E.R. Theodore C. Kedzierski, left, and Patrick J. Cadigan, Trustee, right, made the presentation. A similar gift was made to the Fire Department about a year ago.

7
William J. McCormack, Past Pres. of the N. J. State Elks Assn., left, draws the ticket of the lucky winner at the Paraplegic Fund-Raising Party given by Orange, N. J., Lodge. Waldron Smith, a member of the lodge's Paraplegic Committee, looks on. Orange Lodge, with the assistance of its Ladies Committee, raised \$1,600 for the New Jersey State Paraplegic Fund.

8
Joseph Bader, Chairman of the N. J. Elks Paraplegic Fund, left, accepts Ridgewood, N. J., Lodge's \$1,000 check from P.D.D. Edward W. Ladd. Looking on is E.R. Raymond B. Grignon and Fred Stevens, a paraplegic victim of World War II, who was initiated into the lodge that evening.



1. CRISTOBAL, PANAMA CANAL ZONE



2. WEEHAWKEN, N. J.



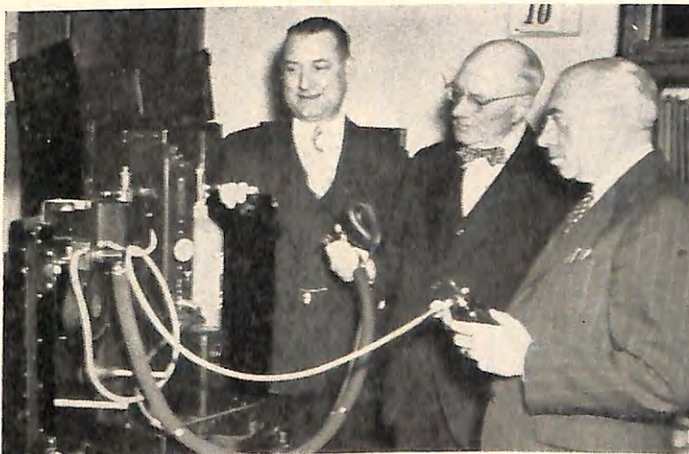
3. UNION CITY, N. J.



4. LOS ANGELES, CALIF.



5. COLUMBUS, OHIO



6. HOLYOKE, MASS.



7. ORANGE, N. J.



8. RIDGEWOOD, N. J.

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S VISITS

A SOCIAL HIGHLIGHT for **GAINESVILLE, FLA., LODGE, NO. 990**, was the luncheon visit on January 28th of Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis who was received by over 300 members. Accompanied from Tallahassee by Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz and E.R. Samuel W. Getzen of Gainesville Lodge, Mr. Lewis was met at the city gates by a large delegation of local Elks. Prior to his lodge visit, he was taken on a tour of the 1,500-acre University of Florida campus where he met University officials and students. Dr. Walter J. Matherly, prominent Florida Elk official and Dean of the College of Business Administration, conducted the tour.

A luncheon prepared by the Anna Miller Circle, ladies of No. 990, was served to guests who included Elk dignitaries from all over the State, representing the lodges of Tallahassee, Jacksonville, Palatka, Daytona Beach, Tampa, Clearwater, Sanford and DeLand. Prominent officials included former Governor Sholtz, State Assn. Pres. Cullen Talton and officers of the lodges.

February visits included that to **LYNBROOK, N. Y., LODGE, NO. 1515**, the home lodge of George I. Hall, Secretary and Vice-Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, and a candidate for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler. P.E.R. Albert E. Bellows was Chairman on this occasion when Mr. Lewis presented to the lodge's Board of Officers the Ritualistic Championship Cup, won the second year in succession in competition among the 13 lodges in the Southeast District of the State.

Those who were privileged to hear the Grand Exalted Ruler at the dinner given in his honor by the **RHODE ISLAND STATE ELKS ASSOCIATION** at the Sheraton-Biltmore Hotel on February 17th, returned to their homes, happy in the thought that they had heard one of the finest speakers ever to appear before a body of Rhode Island Elks.

As the principal speaker of the evening, L. A. Lewis kept approximately 350 persons enthralled as he spoke on the Order's aims and principles, and on the dangers of Communism.

P.E.R. James F. Duffy, Jr., was Toastmaster for the evening, and seated at the head table were many notables, including John E. Mullen, Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, who

has been appointed to the Superior Court Bench for the State of Rhode Island; Judge John P. Hartigan, P.E.R.; Past Grand Exalted Rulers E. Mark Sullivan and John F. Malley, former Grand Lodge Treasurer John F. Burke; Edward A. Spry, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, and Special Deputy Bert A. Thompson. Henry F. McLaughlin, a member of the lodge, represented Mayor Dennis J. Roberts on this occasion, which had P.E.R. James F. Doherty as Chairman. Exalted Rulers and other officers of most of the Rhode Island lodges were present, as were State Assn. Pres. Howard Goodwin and D.D. H. Edgar Walton who, on behalf of the Association, presented to Mr. Lewis a chest of silver.

In Ohio, the members of **TOLEDO LODGE NO. 53** were honored by a visit from the Grand Exalted Ruler and reciprocated by initiating 27 candidates at that time. The day of the visit, Feb. 21, was also the lodge's Annual Washington's Birthday Round-Up and the party this year was one of the largest in the lodge's history, with over 1,000 Elks on hand. The affair was well handled by General Chairman Karl Rumpf.

Another Ohio Lodge, **LIMA NO. 54**, was visited on the 23rd, when D.D. Ivan R. Hesson was on hand to confer with the Order's leader. The lodge gave Mr. and Mrs. Lewis a Maytag Deep-Freeze, and two specially manufactured pairs of blankets, products of Lima industry.

The dinner held for the Grand Exalted Ruler and his wife was attended by more than 800 Elks and their wives, and Mr. Lewis' speech was heard over Station WLOK by thousands of people.

At the home of **BELLEVILLE, ILL., LODGE, NO. 481**, on Feb. 25th, the Grand Exalted Ruler had the pleasure of witnessing the presentation of a \$500 check for the Illinois Elks Crippled Children's Commission. This sum represented the proceeds of a recent charity ball held by the lodge, and was added to previous donations made by No. 481. That evening the Grand Exalted Ruler was guest of honor at a stag dinner, when he delivered one of his splendid addresses. At the same time, Mrs. Lewis was entertained by the wives of several Belleville Elks at a dinner which was followed by a stage play.

Present at the Belleville meeting were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, State Assn. Pres. Dr. N. H. Feder, D.D. A. Rudy Green and E.R. Armin J. Gantner, among others.

A reception for L. A. Lewis was held at the home of **ST. LOUIS, MO., LODGE, NO. 9** on Feb. 26th, and a dinner later on was attended by about 375 members and their wives. A check for \$500 was presented to Merle D. Shippey, assistant Scout executive of the St. Louis Council of the Boy Scouts of America, to send 50 boys to camp for a week this summer. Among those present besides State Assn. officers and officials of the local lodge on this occasion were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell and Grand Est. Lect. Knight H. H. Russell.

1
George I. Hall, Secretary and Vice-Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, E.R. E. A. Haug, L. A. Lewis and P.E.R. Albert E. Bellows, left to right, are pictured when Mr. Lewis paid his visit to Lynbrook, N.Y., Lodge.

2
At Dixon, Ill., Lodge were, left to right, District Deputy Victor Eichler, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis and Exalted Ruler Lloyd Phelps.

3
Mr. Lewis and Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, right, visit the "chuck wagon" at the real Western affair held for the Grand Exalted Ruler by Sterling, Colo., Lodge. They were joined by E.R. Kenneth Lawrence.

4
At a brief visit to Findlay, Ohio, Lodge the Grand Exalted Ruler was pictured with local members. Left to right: Mayor Clifford Glatthart, D.D. Ivan R. Hesson, E.R. William Kirkwood, Jr., and O. D. Donnell, President of the Ohio Oil Company.

5
When Mr. and Mrs. Lewis visited Hendersonville, N.C., Lodge they dined with Past State Pres. and Mrs. B. A. Whitmire, left, and Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Hugh B. Bowden.



1. LYNBROOK, N. Y.



2. DIXON, ILL.



3. STERLING, COLO.



4. FINDLAY, OHIO



5. HENDERSONVILLE, N. C.

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S VISITS

ASHLAND, KY., LODGE, NO. 350, entertained the Order's leader on the 27th with a dinner at the Henry Clay Hotel when more than 500 Elks from the State and outlying districts heard his forceful address. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner came from Wheeling, W. Va., to be present at this event. Mrs. Lewis was entertained by the wives of officers and P.E.R.'s, and later the visitors enjoyed a concert and ballet at a local theater.

CHICAGO, ILL., LODGE, NO. 4, was host to the distinguished visitors on March 3rd when 1,000 members and ladies from the Chicago area gathered to hear him speak at the Congress Hotel. Mayor Martin H. Kennelly was one of the speakers, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Campbell was the Master of Ceremonies. At a meeting later in the evening a large class from the entire district was initiated.

March 4th found Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis in Rockford, Ill., where he spoke over the radio, and received a challenging brochure from the Blackhawk Area Council of the Boy Scouts of America. The brochure carried the project, signed by members of the Order, for development and completion of Camp Lowden. It received the unqualified approval of the Grand Exalted Ruler, who departed for Omaha, Neb., after being honored at a dinner at the home of **ROCKFORD LODGE NO. 54**, which was attended by more than 400 members and their wives. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner accompanied Mr. Lewis and introduced him to the guests at the banquet. A reception had been held in the afternoon, to which all officers of lodges in the Northwest District were invited.

At the banquet, E.R. Francis E. Hickey presented a \$500 check to the Grand Exalted Ruler for the Elks National Foundation. Dr. Charles Parker Connolly, retiring Chaplain, was also honored at this affair.

On the 5th, the Grand Exalted Ruler visited **OMAHA, NEB., LODGE, NO. 39**, with Mrs. Lewis and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner. He was met at Union Station by a committee consisting of J. C. Travis, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, E.R. L. T. McDonald, James M. Fitzgerald, Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, D.D. M. E. Wilson, State Vice-Pres. Cliff N. Ogden and Secy. Penn. P. Fodrea.

Mr. Lewis was escorted to the Elks Hotel, and after the usual formalities he began his inspections and conferences for the day. At luncheon he was entertained by the reception committee while Mrs. Lewis was entertained by the Elk ladies. In the afternoon the Grand Exalted Ruler delivered an address over radio station KBON and at six that evening Mr. Lewis and Mr. Warner were guests of honor at a dinner in the Antler Grill Room of the lodge home, at which about 150 members were present. A class of 22 candidates were initiated in Mr. Lewis' honor at the meeting that evening when the Omaha Elks Glee Club entertained. Mrs. Lewis enjoyed a special dinner in her honor.

Over 400 Elks, their wives and visiting guests attended the opening of the new clubhouse of **MCCOOK, NEB., LODGE, NO. 1434**, when the Grand Exalted Ruler headlined the program. State officials on hand included Secy. H. P.

1

Officers of Portland, Ore., Lodge and District officials welcomed Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis when he paid his first official visit there since his election. In the front row are Est. Loyal Knight Walter Schwedler, D.D. Walter A. Kropp, former Grand Esquire F. T. Garesche, Mr. Lewis, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan, of Portland Lodge, and E.R. Claude Snow.

2

Mr. Lewis is pictured with Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, standing ninth and eighth from left respectively, during their visit to Idaho Springs, Colo., Lodge. The other men are officers and members of the lodge.

3

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Coen and Mr. Lewis, seated fourth and fifth from left, are pictured with the officers of Longmont, Colo., Lodge.

4

At Gainesville, Fla., Lodge's reception to Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis were many prominent Elk officials, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler Sholtz and State Pres. Cullen Talton.

5

At Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge's dinner for Mr. Lewis were, seated left to right: Inner Guard Albert Lent, D.D. Thomas Shankey, P.D.D. James Dempsey, Mayor John Schneider, P.E.R., E.R. T. W. Austin, Jr., Mr. Lewis, Past Grand Tiler Michael Gilday, Est. Lead. Knight Peter Anzovino, Est. Loyal Knight Peter Kuney, Est. Lect. Knight Samuel L. Smith, Past State Vice-Pres. A. J. Dyer; standing, Esq. Edward F. Logue, Organist, Harry Jacoby, D.D. James A. Gunn, Trustee Edward LaDue, Treas. Edward J. Donnelly, State Vice-Pres. Ernest L. Donnelly, State Vice-Pres. E. L. Tinkelpaugh, and Trustee Foster Banker.



1. PORTLAND, ORE.



2. IDAHO SPRINGS, COLO.



3. LONGMONT, COLO.



4. GAINESVILLE, FLA.



5. PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S VISITS

Zieg, and Vice-Presidents L. H. Murrin and B. M. Diers. Out-of-towners included Senior P.E.R. and Mrs. W. C. Bullard of Denver, Colo.

The guests were entertained at a dance revue following the dinner which was arranged by the Elk ladies.

STERLING, COLO., LODGE, NO. 1336, was host to the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Lewis as well as Past Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. John R. Coen on March 7th and 8th. A whirlwind of colorful activities marked the visit, including a reception at the Nebraska-Colorado Line, Sunday afternoon, a dinner party for P.E.R.'s, officers and their ladies, with Fort Morgan Lodge represented; an informal reception the following day, and a chuck-wagon luncheon at Memorial Auditorium. At the luncheon, members of Boy Scout Troop No. 20, sponsored by the Sterling Elks, gave him a silver-mounted saddle, inscribed with his name and the name of the lodge. The Scouts also gave him a hand-tooled metal ashtray.

The Grand Exalted Ruler and his party visited **LONGMONT, COLO., LODGE, NO. 1055**, that evening. Appreciation of the fact that this was the first time in 44 years the lodge was so honored was evidenced by the fact that over 1,500 Elks were on hand to hear his address at the Roosevelt Park Auditorium. Besides the Lewises and Mr. Coen, other Elk dignitaries included Gov. Lee Knous, State Pres. M. B. Chase, District Deputies and Exalted Rulers from Colorado and Wyoming lodges. Scholarship awards were made to four students by former Grand Tiler Jacob L. Sherman of Denver. They were the Misses Violet A. McConnel, Phyllis Landis and Grace Scherdegger and William Simansky. These students will be entered in the State contest, and, if successful, in the Elks National Foundation Scholarship Contest.

Gifts were presented to Mr. Lewis and Mr. Chase by Louis Weisberg, General Chairman for the occasion, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Coen received a citation from Longmont Lodge in recognition of his outstanding achievements in Elkdom. Following the ceremonies a buffet supper was served, where the Jolly Corks, singing members of Denver Lodge, entertained. The official party left that afternoon for Idaho Springs, Aspen and Grand Junction.

ASPEN, COLO., LODGE, NO. 224, held a dinner meeting in honor of the Order's leader when Past Grand Exalted Ruler Coen, State Pres. M. B. C. Chase, State Secy. Frank Buskirk and D.D. George Casey, were at the speakers' table. Prior to the meeting, the Grand Exalted Ruler's party witnessed a skiers "Torchlight Parade" from the top of Aspen mountain to the Main Street of the town. After the meeting, all the Elks and their wives enjoyed open house at the lodge home, followed by a dance at the Armory Hall.

GRAND JUNCTION LODGE NO. 575 entertained the Grand Exalted Ruler at a gala meeting on March 10th at the Mesa College auditorium. Among those present were leading State dignitaries who were guests at a dinner in the Legion Hall. Over 650 Elks from western Colorado and Utah were present, including Mr. Coen, Mr. Chase, Grand Est. Lead. Knight Douglas E. Lambourne, State Secy, Frank H. Buskirk, D.D. George L. Nuckolls, former Grand Chaplain, D.D. Byron D. Jones, Colo. State Vice-Pres. Donald L. Johnson and Utah State Elks Assn. Pres. D. J. McMurphy. At five o'clock that afternoon the Order's leader spoke over Radio Station KFXJ.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's brief visit to **PRICE, UTAH, LODGE, NO. 1550**, on March 11th was marked by a luncheon at the Carbon Country Club. Mrs. Lewis was entertained at luncheon by Elk ladies at the home of E.R. and Mrs. A. D. Keller.

Royally entertained by enthusiastic members of **SALT LAKE CITY LODGE NO. 85**, the evening of March 11th, Mr. Lewis addressed a huge crowd of Elks at an elaborate reception at the Hotel Utah. After the banquet, Mr. Lewis attended a meeting at the lodge home.

On Mar. 12th, the Grand Exalted Ruler enjoyed a very fine roast beef dinner with members of **ELKO, NEV., LODGE, NO. 1472**, when State Assn. Pres. Stephen W. Comish was on hand.

Other lodges visited by Mr. Lewis during the end of February and the beginning of March were: Peekskill, N. Y., New Castle, Pa., Louisville, Ky. and Reno, Nev.



1
The Grand Exalted Ruler's visit to the Colorado West District took place at Grand Junction Lodge. Left to right are E.R. Edward A. Martin, Mr. Lewis, Senator Walter Walker and Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen.

2
At Rockford, Ill., are, left to right: Scout Robert McCarthy, E.R. Francis Hickey, Mr. Lewis and Clifford A. Pedderson, Vice-Pres. of the Blackhawk Area Council of the Boy Scouts.

3
At the Price, Utah, Elks' luncheon for Mr. Lewis were, left to right, E.R. A. D. Keller, Grand Est. Lead. Knight Douglas Lambourne, the Grand Exalted Ruler, former State Association President Byron Jones and State President D. J. McMurphy.

4
At Ashland, Ky., a smiling L. A. Lewis is flanked by, left, D.D. Dr. G. P. Salyer and, right, E.R. J. P. Ratcliffe.

5
Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis is welcomed to Dublin, Ga., Lodge by E.R. A. D. Hadden, Judge of the Superior Court R. Earl Camp and others, including Mayor C. Flannery Pope of Dublin, Mayor Edward A. Dutton of Savannah Beach, former member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, and W. H. Lovett of Dublin Lodge.

6
At Toledo, Ohio, Lodge's dinner to welcome the Order's leader were, left to right, State Assn. Treas. Col. C. W. Wallace; Fred L. Bohn, a member of the Grand Lodge State Assns. Committee; E.R. Walter Beer of Lima; D.D. Ivan Hesson; John C. Cochrane, a member of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee; Karl Rumpf, General Chairman for the occasion; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick; Mr. Lewis; Frank Milyzok, Leader of the lodge's Boy Scout Troop; E.R. William Fox; Chaplain Rev. Harold Davis; Past Exalted Ruler Judge Chas. E. Chittenden; Judge John McCabe, former member of the Grand Forum, and Joseph W. Fitzgerald, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee.

7
Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis is photographed with officials of Lima, Ohio, Lodge and the Scout Masters of the Elk-sponsored Boy Scout Troop.



1. GRAND JUNCTION, COLO.



2. ROCKFORD, ILL.



3. PRICE, UTAH



4. ASHLAND, KY.



5. DUBLIN, GA.



6. TOLEDO, OHIO



7. LIMA, OHIO

editorial

WORLD CRISIS



IT WOULD SEEM THAT the present world crisis must have been in the mind of Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis when, taking office in Portland last July, he made the emphatic pledge that he would devote time and strength to acquainting the American people with the dangers to their liberties offered by the rampant activities of a fifth column, well entrenched and at work within the borders of our nation.

As the end of his term approaches, members of the Order may well be proud of the manner in which Brother Lewis redeemed his pledge, of the logic of his warnings of threats to our free enterprise, his eloquent exposition of a sound doctrine of individual liberty, and his exhortation to every American to be on the alert to protect and insure the individual freedom found here in our own land.

Long an eye-witness of the work of communist termites, the Grand Exalted Ruler spoke with authority of the attempts to find weak spots in our Government and bore into its foundations. He has seen the attempts of subversive elements to spread disaffection and discord, and then, with an effrontery that would, in Russia, bring them face to face with a firing squad, demand protection of the Constitution it was their primary object to destroy.

Since last July the methods described by Brother Lewis, plus infiltration and terrorism, have spread* communism throughout Europe. With every success abroad fifth column activity has increased here. Swift-moving world events warn that the time for temporizing is past. Our precious liberties must be held in jeopardy no longer, the communist "fronts" should be smoked out, and their organizers expelled.

It is time to ignore the hue and cry of "fascism" raised by communists whenever an attempt is made to bring their activities to book. No man is deprived of his constitutional rights because he is asked by a duly constituted agency of government to state whether or not he is a communist, or a member of any subversive organization, nor does such a question indicate that America has become a "police state". Government has the right to protect its own rights as well as safeguard the interests of the individual, and no honest citizen need fear investigation by any arm of the government.

"Wars and rumors of wars" have created an international situation so tense and explosive that a spark may set the world aflame. It is time for clear thinking, faith in our country, and unswerving loyalty to American ideals. Our country leads the fight to save democracy. We are fighting, along diplomatic lines, the "cold war". Only a fully-armed America can prevent a foe who respects neither commitments nor treaty obligations from turning from the field of diplomacy to the battlefield.

Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis kept his pledge to inform America, so far as he could do so in a full year of travel. As a result of his time, eloquence and efforts, more communities than ever before have a clearer understanding of the com-

munist menace. And it is equally certain that every Elk has accepted his challenge to "throw the weight of a million members behind every proper move designed to protect and defend American ideals and the American way of life."

MEMORIAL DAY



SOME EIGHTY YEARS AGO the thirtieth of May was set apart as a day to bring the fresh young blooms of Spring and plant them on our soldiers' graves. "Decoration Day" it was called then. Since the day was established the solid blue ranks of the Grand Army of the Republic have marched into the mists of time, and those who wore the opposing gray are with them.

Now the day is more fittingly called "Memorial Day", and the American people pause to pay tribute to those who gave their blood to build and preserve our Nation.

Memorial Day symbolizes the valor of the veterans of the Spanish War, whose ranks are growing thin indeed, the men of World War I, who go "in the full strength of years", and their sons of World War II who march, with young and buoyant step, by their side.

No one great victory, no one great commander, no single act of valor is honored by Memorial Day. It is a tribute to the plain citizen, the man who, when his country called, dropped his daily tasks, left his home and loved ones to fight and die to preserve the liberties which America holds dear.

Memorial Day will dawn upon an ominous world outlook, for the efforts for the peace has not yet been won. The destruction of one ruthless dictator has served only to place in power another, equally ruthless, and with the same dreams of world conquest, dreams that will lead we know not where.

Memorial Day is devoted to the memory of our sacred dead; in its reverent atmosphere let all people devote an hour of prayer to the God of our fathers, whatever our faith may be, that justice will at last prevail, and that the blood of the grandsons of this generation will never be spilled upon foreign soil.

PEACE AND SECURITY



SECURITY, A STABLE ECONOMY, is the best guarantee of peace. In order to contribute to the security of our Nation, the Treasury Department, on April 15, began an intensive drive for the sale of Security Bonds to the general public, and solicits the aid of all patriots in putting this drive over in a big way.

The Order of Elks has been specifically invited to join in this "Security Bond" drive. It has the hearty endorsement of the Grand Exalted Ruler, and in *The Elks Magazine* for April, he urges lodges and members to respond.

The objective of this drive is to inculcate thrift by way of a safe and sure investment in America, and to tell the world that American cash, as well as American manpower stands squarely behind our Government, come what may.

The "Security Bond" drive will continue until June 30th, and when results are counted, our Grand Exalted Ruler is sure that the Elks, as always, will be well out in front as contributors to a drive that will convince the world that the American people are ready to "buy American" at all times.



He gave Nature 100,000 New Ideas

Most of the fruits, flowers, grains, vegetables and nuts that come to your table today are superior to those that grew before Luther Burbank's time. Most people know of his fame, but few know that his genius in cross-breeding plants produced more than a hundred thousand new varieties. His California home was a mecca for Nature lovers and each mail brought him letters and rare specimens of plants and flowers from admirers the world over.

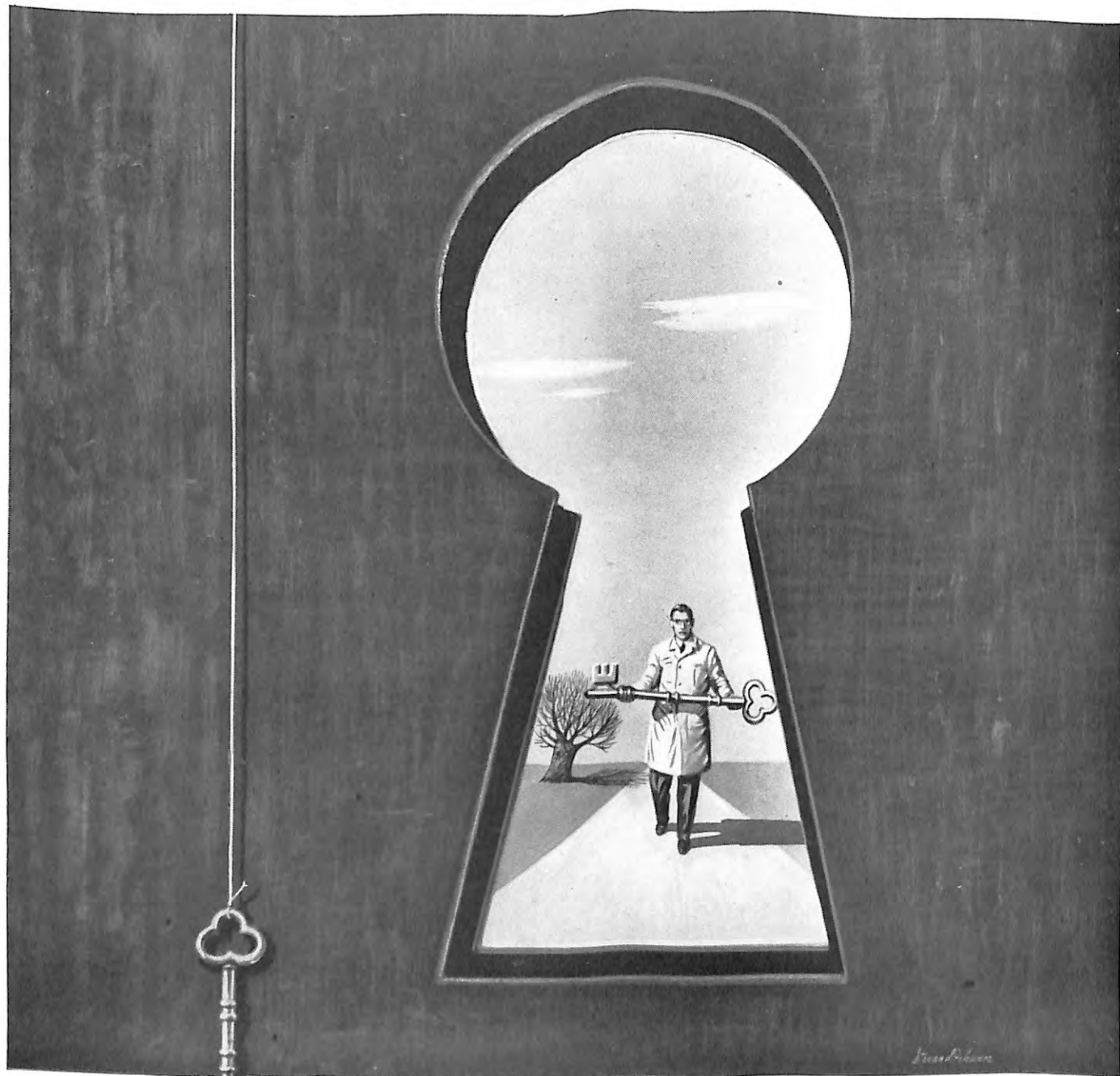
But before Burbank, Anheuser-Busch in 1876 had made a great contribution to the American table—the distinctive taste of Budweiser. It quickly won national and then international fame as a complement to fine food and a compliment to good company.



Budweiser

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

ANHEUSER-BUSCH
SAINT LOUIS



CONTRIBUTED TO THE AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY BY STEVAN DOHANS

You can help lock the door against cancer

This is a story about a door and two keys. The story will have more point if, first, we state three facts:

- *Every 3 minutes an American dies of cancer.*
- *25% of those who die could have been saved.*
- *Many cancers can be cured — if detected in time.*

Now here is the story. A door can be built to repel this deadly killer, but the door locks only

if two keys are turned. Science holds one key. Your money can provide the other.

Your dollars support cancer research which some day may find the causes and cure of the disease. Your money supports an education program that teaches men and women how to recognize cancer in its early stages, when immediate treatment can save their lives.

Won't you help us lock the door? Give as generously as you can. Give more than before. Give to guard those you love.

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY, INC.