

THE MAGAZINE

Elks



- e. c. bent

In this issue: **FEBRUARY 1949**
**AIR TRAFFIC JAM
OVER THE ATLANTIC**
By Stanley Frank



Harlequin great Dane, "Major Ives of Diamond Lane"—owned by the popular ballad singer and "Wayfaring Stranger," Burl Ives—posed on the terrace of his master's California home.

"Heard Burl Ives' latest? He's switched to Calvert!"

You hear it all over America—"I've switched to Calvert because it's smoother" . . . "I switched because it's lighter" . . . "Calvert really tastes better" . . . Right! Because no other distiller has Calvert's experience in blending *better* whiskey. If you've yet to try Calvert Reserve, tonight's *your* night to switch to Calvert—for keeps!

Switch to
Calvert Reserve

Smoother, Mellow—Tastes Better

A message from

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER

The Grand Exalted Ruler makes a strong appeal to the individual Elk to see that each member's dues are kept paid, up to date.



IN MY January message, I endeavored to impress upon you the importance of increasing our membership, stressing our Order's outstanding service to our Government, to the members of the Armed Forces now receiving treatment in our Veterans Hospitals and to humanity in general, as a result of which I feel I can confidently report that our Order of Elks is enjoying the greatest prestige since its founding.

That record of progress will reach its heights if we will all put our shoulders to the wheel and immediately conduct an intensified campaign among our members in the hope that the lapsation this year will be the smallest in our history. No stone should be left unturned by our subordinate lodges in an effort to report on April 1, 1949, that the dues of all of their Brothers are paid to date—for it is the failure to pay dues that causes lapsation.

I am therefore appealing to each of my

Brothers through this message, asking that he make lighter the work of the officers of his lodge by immediately remitting his payment to his Secretary.

I feel it is equally as important to retain our present membership as it is to secure new members, for it will avail nothing to a lodge if it drops from its rolls a number of Brothers equal to the number of candidates they initiate.

Every Elk should be proud of his membership and our Order desires to retain those whom we have educated in the principles of our Order and who have worked so zealously with us to make this year the biggest and best in our history.

George I. Hall
GEORGE I. HALL
GRAND EXALTED RULER



THIS IS HARD



BUT THIS IS EASY



AND THIS IS
MIGHTY WONDERFUL

SURE, you believe in saving. But it's mighty hard to make yourself take cash out of your pocket, and time out of your day, to do it *regularly*.

The sure way, the *easy* way to do your saving is to get started on an *automatic* savings plan with U. S. Savings Bonds. Like this . . .

1. If you're on a Payroll, sign up in the Payroll Savings Plan, then forget it. From then on the money saves itself—so much per week, or so much per month.

2. If you are not on a payroll, sign up at your bank for the Bond-A-Month Plan. Equally easy. You decide how much you want to put into bonds every month, your bank does the rest.

In just ten years after you start buying bonds, your money starts coming back to you—well-fattened! Every \$3 you invest today brings you back \$4 to make possible all the wonderful things you dream of doing.

And remember—any time you need your money for emergencies, you can get it back *in minutes* without losing interest.

Automatic saving is sure saving
—U.S. Savings Bonds

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FEBRUARY, CONTENTS

THE **Elks** MAGAZINE

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Postmasters are asked to send Form 3578 notices complete with the key number which is imprinted at upper left-hand corner of mailing address, to The Elks Magazine, 50 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Members are asked, in changing address, to send this information (1) Name; (2) Lodge number; (3) Membership number; (4) New address; (5) Old address. Please allow 30 days for a change of address to be effected. THE ELKS MAGAZINE, Volume 27, No. 2, February, 1949, published monthly at McCall Street, Dayton Ohio, by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America. Entered as second-class matter November 2, 1910, at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio, under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 20, 1922. Printed in Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A. Single copy price, 20 cents. Subscription price in the United States and its Possessions, for Elks, \$1.00 a year; for non-Elks, \$2.00 a year; for Canadian postage, add 50 cents a year; for foreign postage, add \$1.00 a year. Subscriptions are payable in advance. Manuscripts must be typewritten and accompanied by sufficient postage for their return via first class mail. They will be handled with care, but this Magazine assumes no responsibility for their safety. Copyright, 1949, by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America.

**SCHOOL OFFICIALS
APPROVE ORDER'S
ESSAY CONTEST**

THE Contest Committee of the National Association of Secondary-School Principals, a department of the National Education Association, has approved our Order's National Essay Contest on "Why Democracy Works". The approval came following a conference with the Committee at Chicago on December 18.

School officials throughout the country are cooperating cordially with lodges and State Associations to bring the Contest to the attention of high school students and to enlist the active participation of teaching staffs. Official approval of the Contest by the National Association of Secondary-School Principals is welcomed by the Order and will be of material assistance to any lodges which have found school officials reluctant to cooperate in the absence of such approval.

The Contest has stirred greater interest throughout the Order all over the country than any other such activity in recent years, and it is growing steadily. William J. Jernick, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, announced that as of December 30 the prizes established by subordinate lodges, district organizations and State Associations totalled \$27,000, exclusive of the \$2,000 in national awards.

The March 1 deadline for submission of essays to subordinate lodges is just a month away. Every high school student in America should be given an opportunity to take part in this Contest, an opportunity that will be denied them unless each subordinate lodge sponsors the Contest in its jurisdiction. Whether a lodge establishes local awards or not, it should conduct the Contest in its area in order to make effective Grand Exalted Ruler Hall's appeal to all Elks to Make Democracy Work.



A Toast to you with

The Champagne of Bottle Beer



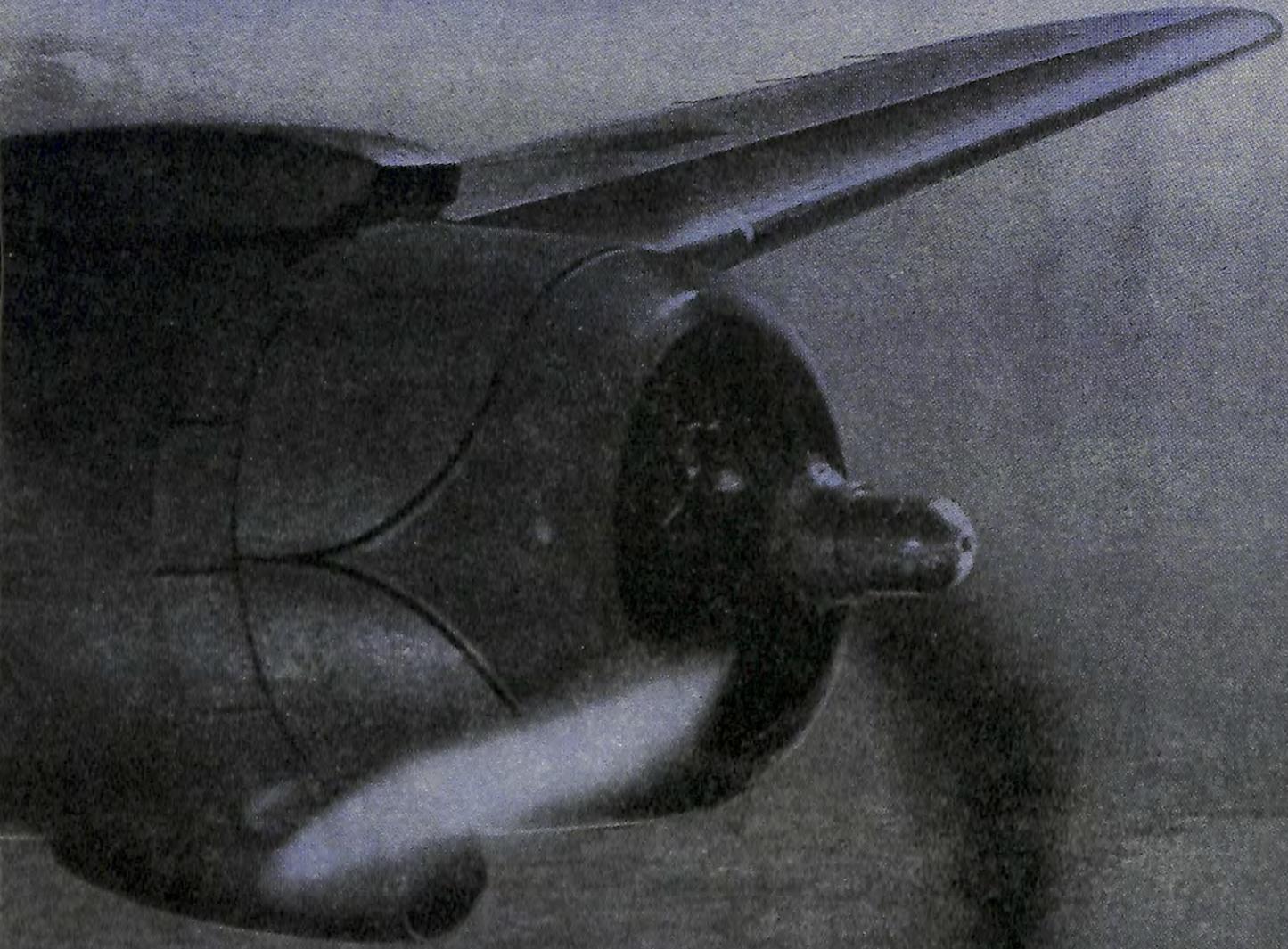
Burning the Mortgage — a memorable event in the typical American home. The toast — with MILLER HIGH LIFE, of course.



Hold up *your* tall glass of clear, sparkling MILLER HIGH LIFE. Watch those cheerful, effervescent bubbles rise to the top. Test that inviting bouquet. Now drink . . . and enjoy the flavor of a *truly fine* beer. Drink your toast with the Champagne of Bottle Beer, MILLER HIGH LIFE. Brewed and bottled only by the MILLER BREWING COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

ENJOY LIFE WITH MILLER HIGH LIFE

Luncheon



in London

There's a traffic jam over the Atlantic.

SOME TIME last summer the 100,000th crossing of the North Atlantic was made by a commercial airplane, a milestone in transportation that provoked less attention and furore than the extension of a local bus run. Once upon a time, and not so long ago, flying the ocean was a great adventure, but today it is as prosaic as a sleeper jump by train from New York to Chicago—and almost as safe. A good deal safer, at any rate, than a domestic flight over land in the United States. A plane operated by a major American air line on a regularly scheduled flight never has fallen, or made a forced landing, in the water for two reasons: There are no mountains or emergency landing fields in the ocean.

This explanation is not as foolish nor facetious as it appears. Mountains are the chief cause of aviation accidents. In addition to looming as obstacles for planes flying at low altitudes in fog and storms, mountains produce tricky air currents which lead to trouble. (Did you know the various crops in a field throw off different air currents which, on occasion, are responsible for bumpy flights?) Weather conditions over the ocean always are much more stable than they are over land. Transoceanic planes have cracked up, to be sure, landing or taking off, but exactly one has been lost in the North Atlantic by a company maintaining regular schedules. That was the British-South American Airways' plane that disappeared near Bermuda on January 30, 1948, with 32 persons en route from London.

The *Bermuda Sky Queen*, which made a crash landing 800 miles off

Newfoundland in October, 1947, was a charter plane run by a fly-by-night-and-all-weather outfit that flouted regulations laid down by the Civil Aeronautics Administration. An adequate supply of gas was sacrificed on the flying boat, of a type generally discarded several years ago, to jam 69 people aboard. When Pan American Airways flew the same plane, it carried only 30 passengers.

PERHAPS the most important factor in the magnificent safety record established by trans-Atlantic Aviation is the identical hazard that disturbs many people—the absence of landing fields on the broad and not-so-benign bosom of the sea. A plane flying over the United States or Europe seldom is more than fifteen minutes from an airport in the event a forced landing must be made, but what happens if a couple of engines conk out and you're a thousand miles from nowhere in the middle of the ocean? The answer to that one is as simple as it is obvious. Serious mechanical difficulty rarely develops on overseas flights because the plane gets maintenance and inspections which, as we shall see presently, make security measures for a public appearance by Mr. Stalin positively slipshod by comparison. Before a plane is cleared from its home base, it must be airworthy for 8,000 miles, the equivalent of a round trip with a comfortable margin of safety to spare.

Passengers climbing up the ramp to a two-story-high Constellation are vaguely aware that prodigies of engineering skill and design keep the great ship aloft, that navigational

BY STANLEY FRANK

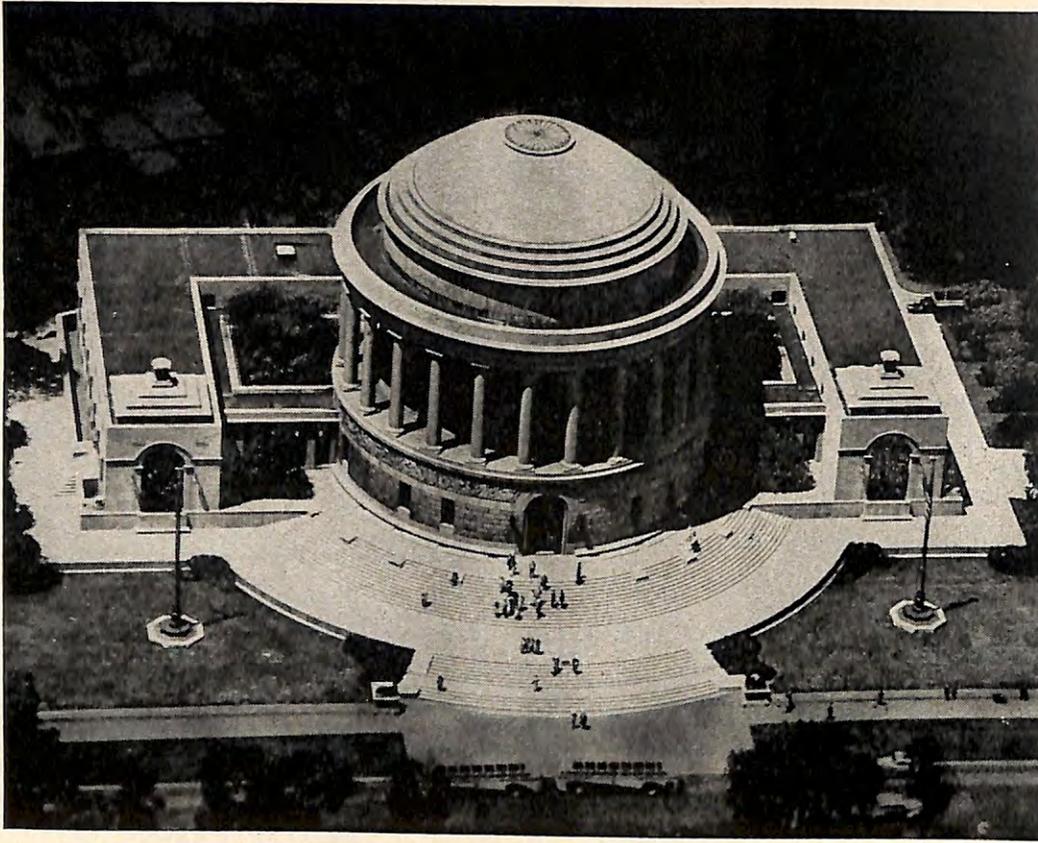
aids continually are being devised to lead the pilot unerringly to his destination. Maybe one customer in 500 has the technical training or the soaring imagination to appreciate the nature of that achievement. Crew members and executives, to whom the whole thing is an old, familiar story, constantly are fascinated by the human element of the trade—the people who pay to fly with them.

It is customary to think of overseas air travelers as wealthy, sophisticated globe-trotters, diplomats hurrying to put out a fire or businessmen who must be there tomorrow regardless of the cost. Actually, the typical international passenger comes from the lower middle-class. Any given plane's payload is comprised, in the main, of the same people you see sitting up all night in coach trains to save the cost of Pullman accommodations. Black Homburgs and mink coats are heavily outnumbered by cloth caps and shawls; for every set of matched, custom-made luggage there are five cardboard suitcases. A plane seldom takes off on either side of the Atlantic without two or three infants in arms and several other small children. The average person on the eastbound passage is a farmer or worker going back to see the folks in the old country with the entire family in tow, or a wife joining her husband who has an obscure military or civilian job with our armed forces in Europe. There is not nearly enough space on westbound flights for all the families who have decided to pull up stakes and make a fresh start in America. It is strange, too, that a large proportion of the passengers never have flown before, but that does not deter them from making their first experience in the air a 3,000-mile hop.

Pilots and stewardesses, coming into closer personal contact with

(Continued on page 52)





The Elks National Memorial Building viewed from the air

"A FAMOUS SIGHT IN CHICAGO"

Dedicated to the memory of those Elks who died in the two World Wars

As the first in a series of articles on places of beauty and interest in and around its city, the Chicago Tribune chose the beautiful Elks National Memorial Building, devoting part of its lead page in a recent issue to a word picture of the Memorial, ably executed by Miss Rita Fitzpatrick. The description, augmented with photographs of this handsome edifice, was so well done that we felt all our readers should have the opportunity to see it.

Therefore, with the gracious permission of the Tribune and Miss Fitzpatrick, in this month marking the birthday of the Order, we give you the most recent of the many stories on the finest memorial ever erected.

CHICAGO was chosen from all the nation as the site of the Elks National Memorial Building, but in the broadest sense, it does not belong to Chicago. It belongs to the world as things of great beauty always do.

The Memorial overlooking the greensward of Lincoln Park and the blue swell of Lake Michigan at Diversey Parkway, has been considered for more than two decades one of the truly magnificent architectural wonders of our times. It is said to

be more beautiful than the Roman Pantheon, as classic as the temples of Greece, and yet as American as a county courthouse or the Capitol itself.

"I might say it is classic and more Roman than Greek," replied its famous architect, the late Egerton Swartwout, one time when questioned. "I would prefer to say it is modern, and that it is American. It is certainly modern in conception and while it is classic, it is not archaeological. It follows the lines of that adaptation of the classic which got such a noble start in this country just after the Revolution, the style used in the Capitol and other buildings in Washington. It is our national heritage."

Our national heritage? Perhaps it is. Certainly this exquisite immobility is the symbol of it, representing the finest artistic talent and artisan's excellence in America. It is beauty frozen in marble, molded in bronze, chiseled in stone and brushed in glowing colors.

An edifice designed for the ages and likely to remain so unless catastrophe interferes, it is fitting that this is a War Memorial, a Memorial to the thousands of fraternal Brothers who fought and died in World War I and II because they were fra-

ternal in the vast democratic sense.

Seven of the nation's finest architects competed to design it. Swartwout's won on many counts. His had magnificence and at the same time was functional, being designed both as a temple and as the national headquarters of almost one million Elks.

Ground was broken for this vision in 1924. Two years later it was completed at untold cost and dedicated as a symbol of perpetual peace. Chisel and brush had worked well. Its majestic columns and noble dome, its broad curving stairway and majestic, bronze elks reclining in front, speak of strength, majesty, grace and assurance, the virtues of peace.

"On this spot that we all hold dear, where the blue of the great inland sea blends with the azure of the western sky, stands this imposing dome, rigid and immovable by day," declaimed Rush L. Holland, Past Grand Exalted Ruler of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, as dedication speaker on July 14, 1926.

"But in the night, when the stars sing together, it bows as it faces towards the graves at Arlington and the poppy fields of France."

With the same deep sincerity, the building was rededicated in 1946 by the Elks in memory of their Brothers who gave their lives in World War II.



At left are a few of the thousands of visitors who tour the Memorial Building each year. This group is viewing the mural, "Armistice", one of the many majestic paintings executed by the noted artist, Eugene Savage. Below is the rotunda. Viewed from the east corridor, it is a towering vista of glistening, multicolored marble.

Chicago Tribune photo

As one walks through the marble halls, marble which was searched for in the quarries of the world, and one hears the echo of one's steps, there is the knowledge that reverence is here with a mighty purpose.

The first impression of this pre-eminence comes on first seeing the Elks National Memorial from an open path in Lincoln Park. You approach it almost unexpectedly and then suddenly it dominates the scene, a great beehive of beauty, its colonnades and frieze-embroidered dome walled with wings. In these wings goes on the business of the Elks lodges throughout the country, but so quietly as not to disturb the deepened calmness of the Memorial.

The two beautiful, bronze elks reclining with elegant ease before the building do much to create an air of freedom. These giant, soothing beasts were sculptured by Laura Gardin Fraser, considered America's foremost artist in animal sculpture.

It is not, however, until you pass the towering, bronze-based flagpoles with their waving American flags, and ascend the broad curving stairs, that you sense the insistence of the building's message.

On either side in niches of the wings stand majestic groups of bronze figures, one symbolizing "Patriotism", and the other "Fraternity", by the eminent sculptor, Adolph A. Weinman. Your eyes are caught in the immobile strength of the statues until the sun, hitting the bronze frieze around the central sec-

(Continued on page 48)





Illustrated by EARL BLOSSOM

The Hick

BY DAVID DODGE



Earl Blossom

The hick from upstate New York had fifty dollars for the weekend in his pocket. Hold that pocket!

MORT had come down from Buffalo to see a girl who lived in Macdougall Alley. He was killing time in a joint on Fourth Street with the bartender's newspaper and a glass of beer, waiting for eight o'clock to roll around—the girl was expecting him to take her out to dinner at eight—and feeling pretty good because he had the weekend ahead of him and fifty dollars in his pocket. There was really only forty-five in his pocket, but the change from a five lay on the bar in front of him. He had held himself down to one beer, so far. Fifty dollars wasn't too much to finance a weekend in the Big Town, and besides the girl never liked it when he showed up whiffed.

The joint was one of those clean little neighborhood places where the bartender owns a piece of the business and is strict about the rules: no rough stuff, no credit. There was a big juke box in the corner behind the door, one of those remote-control gadgets where you drop your nickel in the slot and then talk with the girl whose voice says, "Selection, please," over a microphone. A sailor with a handful of nickels was leaning over the juke box trying to kid the girl in the mike into a date. He wasn't getting anywhere, but he kept at it. Two regulars were talking horses with the bartender, and Mort read the funnies. Everything was peaceful until somebody came in and shut the street-door behind him. When the bartender looked up, his face froze.

Mort didn't know that anything was happening until a hand reached over his shoulder and scooped up the change on the bar. At first he thought that somebody who knew him had come into the place and was being funny. When he turned around and saw a kid in a dirty shirt stuffing the money into his pocket, he said, "Hey, what gives?" and started to climb off his stool.

"Shut up!" the kid said, jabbing him with a gun.

The jab hurt. It made Mort double over, but he wasn't scared until he saw the kid's eyes. They had a hot, mean look, like the eyes of a man he had known once who used to get nasty drunk and haul off and smack people for no reason at all. Mort stopped worrying about his money and began thinking about how he would look with a nice big hole in

his middle. When the kid shoved him away from the bar over toward the wall, he didn't argue.

Three men were on the job: the kid, an old fellow with a sharp, ugly face covered with gray stubble, and a tubby man. They all had guns. While the kid went around behind the bar to clean out the cash register, Ugly and Tubby herded everybody else over against the wall, out of sight from the street windows. They didn't talk much, but from the way they kept jumping around, jerking the guns and watching the door every minute, it was easy to see that they were strung up tight. Mort squeezed back against the wall behind one of the horse players and was careful not to make any sudden movements.

The sailor was the only one dumb enough to be reckless. He didn't get any attention right away, because he was already near the wall, hanging over the juke box, but still he took a big chance. He had just dropped another nickel in the slot and the girl had come back with, "Your selection, please", when the gunmen came in. As soon as he saw the artillery, he turned his head away and stuck his face right up into the mike. "Call the cops, sister," he said, low and easy. "There's a stick-up here."

"Your selection, please." The girl sounded as tired as ever. She wasn't hearing anything unless it was a number off the list of records posted underneath the mike that she was supposed to put on the turntable at a nickel a twirl, no charge for wisecracks.

"Call the cops," the sailor whispered again. "The joint's being knocked over."

Tubby pushed him away from the juke box before he could say any more. Mort thought the sailor was going to get knocked on the head, but Tubby hadn't heard anything out of line. He just wanted the sailor to shove over with the rest of them in a hurry and take off his pants.

The voice from the mike had more life in it when it came back again.

"What was the selection, please?"

"Buttons and Bows," Tubby snapped back over his shoulder. The girl didn't say any more. After a minute the juke box began to play *Buttons and Bows*.

They worked fast. They had everybody's pants off, the pockets turned

(Continued on page 42)

Three men were on the job; the kid, an old fellow with an ugly face, and a tubby man.

"Some criminals commit suicide; others fool with the Border Patrol."

IT WAS a period during which the population of the United States was growing by leaps and bounds. And that is no figure of speech. The leaping and bounding was taking place very illegally across the Mexican border. Unlike most crime cases, there wasn't much mystery here. Sleuths of the Immigration Border Patrol knew where to place the blame—upon the wily head of Yung Ham. This Chinese smuggler of aliens was doing far more than his share to populate the United States.

What perplexed the Border Patrolmen wasn't the identity of the culprit but the problem of how to catch him in the act; catch him red-handed so that he could be arrested and weighed on the scales of justice.

Now the Border Patrol can be very rugged on occasion and is experienced in the methods of direct action. There was a ten-year period during which Chief W. F. Kelly's men averaged one gunfight every twelve days. And they didn't come out second-best, as was indicated by the saying:

"Some criminals commit suicide; others fool with the Border Patrol."

But Yung Ham wasn't a gunman. It required brains to fight him—not bullets.

In the files of the Border Patrol there is nothing that can compare to the case of Yung Ham, who set up business on the Mexican side of the border and started firing alien Chinese across from Nogales, Sonora, to Nogales, Arizona.

How many contraband humans he handled may never be known. But by 1931, the Border Patrol knew this much: it had caught and deported back to the Orient a total of 3,687 Chinese whose story was, "Yung Ham sent me." Uncle Sam had spent the sizable sum of \$467,901 to transport them back to China.

From the aliens it caught, and from other information it picked up, the Border Patrol knew its troubles would cease if it could throw into jail this pudgy and near-sighted Chinese with the shell-rimmed spectacles whose base of operations was in Mexico where Washington's agents

had no legal right to pounce on him.

Yung Ham knew all this, too. He couldn't be tricked into setting foot on American soil. He found it more practical to stick close to his hotel, called the Pacifico, and cater there to Chinese guests. Arriving from the Orient, they would rent rooms for \$100 apiece. This high cost was not due to any housing shortage, but because the rooms were rented on what might be called the "Yung Ham Plan". The cost included room, meals and a surreptitious trip across the border.

The Border Patrolmen tried lying in ambush along various points of the frontier, in hopes of pouncing on Yung Ham and his cargo. But in vain. The aliens flitted across at the wrong places. Yung Ham himself kept his feet solidly, and safely, on Mexican soil.

To make things more tantalizing, he knew that the Border Patrol knew, and made great sport of it. He would often stand just across the boundary and fling taunts at the Border Patrolmen—sometimes in Mexican, sometimes in Chinese, sometimes in pigeon English and always in what the officers recognized as insulting and profane language.

Still worse, when he finally set foot on American soil one day in 1932, he couldn't be touched. His visit was the result of another smuggling case in which Yung Ham's testimony was badly needed and he refused to come over to be a Government witness unless he had immunity. There was no choice, and his demand had to be granted.

Testifying on the witness stand, he blandly told of his career as a wholesale smuggler. Then the Border Patrolmen had to stand grimly aside, gnashing their teeth, while he crossed safely back to Mexico.

It was getting so the immigration inspectors talked incessantly about Yung Ham at their meals and dreamed bad dreams about him. More than anything else in the world, they wanted to lay hands on this Number-One enemy.

Another year of mental anguish followed, and Yung Ham's aliens con-

tinued coming across the U.S. border.

It was in December, 1933, that Senior Inspector Nick Bercich received undercover information concerning the *modus operandi* used by Yung Ham.

On smuggling nights, a half-dozen or so of his customers would drift out of his hotel singly, to avert suspicion. They would rendezvous outside of Nogales, Sonora. Then Yung Ham would come along in a car, pick them up and drive them down the border to a section of old cattle fence which happened to be right smack along the international line.

Here, in the darkness, using the fence as his marker, Yung Ham would receive his pay and send the aliens scrambling across.

With this information, Bercich saw how he could nab the human contraband as it came over. But that still left the problem—how to get Ham to cross the line, too? As long as his feet remained on Mexican soil, he was snug as a bug in a rug and immune to arrest by American officers.

Bercich and Inspector Leo Poberville discussed the situation at considerable length. Then, after some preliminaries, they went driving on the dark night of December 28th.

They were waiting when Ham drove up with darkened headlights. He groped around until he had his hands on the cattle fence, then ordered his customers to go over into Arizona.

At that moment, the two American officers pounced out of the darkness and grabbed Senor Ham.

He giggled. "This fence—I'm on the Mexican side. So you can't arrest me."

"That's what *you* think," Bercich retorted.

He produced proof that the fence, as it stood that night, was three feet inside Arizona: proof which Ham couldn't deny when he was brought into Federal Court shortly afterward. As for proof of smuggling, there was plenty, and he went to prison pronto.

But the fence—what about the fence? Somebody had shifted its position, moving it three feet into the United States. Guess who?

A BORDERLINE

BY WILLIAM GILMAN



Illustrated by JAMES MEESE

CASE

Here, in the darkness, using the fence as his marker, Yung Ham would receive his pay and send the aliens scrambling across.

Meese

THE FREE-LOADING IS OVER



"Say anything you like about me, but say it."

BY DICKSON HARTWELL



RIGHT about now, this world's businessmen are beginning to wonder how to make a dollar without perspiring. Eight years of more or less free-loading are unhappily over, it seems, and the prospects of

some uphill pulling for awhile are very bright.

There are various ways of going after business, of course, just as there are numerous techniques, some effective, for dating a Hollywood starlet, curing hiccups or handling a hangover. There is the staid approach of the conventional lawyer, the hearty just-call-me-Al greeting of the chamber of commerce, the I'm-bored-but-I'll-see-what-I-can-do mien of the hi-priced specialty shop, and the eager-beaver service-with-a-smile manner of the successful, in-business-for-himself tradesman.

But all of them have one common denominator. Each wants to get himself talked about. Every man who seeks business—and if he doesn't do it he's either communist or senile—instinctively tries to get other people to discuss him and his wares. This may be mostly subconscious, although in some startlingly successful instances, to be noted in a moment, it is carefully calculated.

The corporation lawyer, for ex-

ample, would be horrified if prospective clients thought he wanted people to talk about him. Yet unless they do, he'll not get another dollar's worth of new business. So he makes elaborate preparations to insure their talking, and favorably. He is meticulous about his dress—for him to walk hatless to lunch on a bright spring day would be tantamount to professional suicide. He joins the right church, the right clubs, supports the right charities and refrains from relaxing with the right people. When his name is spoken he wants everyone automatically to think of synonyms for success, dependability, intelligence and restrained energy.

Men in other fields, also unconsciously, seek in different ways to build up and reinforce the general illusion of infectious optimism, Olympian grandeur, unflinching service, and unsullied, 18-Karat qualities. The thought for this month is that less and less are the smart ones depending on the subconscious to carry this important business ball. Those who get ahead fast and stay there are making certain that they get talked about. The right kind of talk, of course, and one man's right kind is another man's poison.

THE impish impressario, Billy Rose, is a prime example of what talk can do. Among other enterprises Rose operates a New York night club with an overhead the size of the Empire State Building. To make a

dime Rose has to get plenty of patrons. He cooked up a series of advertisements designed to remind the public that being knocked off for a \$50 drink-and-dance tab in his palace of joy didn't hurt so bad as when they were taken by the competition. Rose's ads were different. They told anecdotes, stories and stuff, and people began quoting them. So pretty soon, instead of Rose's paying the papers, the papers were paying him. Billy became a columnist. Though not previously beset by poverty, Rose made a good thing out of newspaper syndication. More important, more people talked about him more than ever.

It's a nice trick and you don't have to be Billy Rose to pull it. Out in tiny Le Grande, Oregon, septuagenarian Claude Fallwell operates the Half-Way Market, which is much like any grocery store except Fallwell wants: to get more people talking about it. He began putting ads in the local paper. In them he told tales of the Old West; in effect he was writing his action-packed autobiography. Now and then he'd mention that he had fresh strawberries or was opening a new barrel of crackers. People started clipping the ads and saving them, the paper's circulation jumped, the Associated Press carried a nationwide story about him and the *Reader's Digest* paid him \$1,500 for the magazine rights to republish, enough for an entire year of ad costs. But most important of

(Continued on page 45)

MAKING DEMOCRACY WORK

The activities of the Order of Elks have warranted frequent editorial comment in America's newspapers; the greatest compliment this country's free press can give. Here are a few recent examples.

Mile o' Dimes

HOUSTON lodge No. 151, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, is staging its eleventh annual Mile o' Dimes.

Under an awning erected along the curb at Texas and Main volunteer workers collect funds from the public for this worthy philanthropy. They hope to raise \$47,250.

Of this sum, \$30,000 will be used to combat juvenile delinquency, building higher standards of citizenship among the city's less fortunate children.

The remaining \$17,250 will be used to aid crippled youngsters, particularly polio victims.

In the past 10 years, through money raised in the Mile o' Dimes campaigns, Elks have helped 25,000 Houston children remain in school and get an education by providing them with proper food and clothing.

There are no paid workers in the Mile o' Dimes drive, Arthur Manson, director, points out: "Every person is giving his time, his energy, his money and his heart without stint, and without reward, except in the satisfaction of doing wonderful work for a wonderful cause."

Thus the small beneficiaries receive a full dollar's worth of value for every dollar contributed. In sponsoring their annual charity, Houston Elks are making the lives of thousands of little ones brighter. They deserve cordial support.

Houston, Tex., Post, Nov. 30, 1948

ELKS GIVE GENEROUSLY

The Elk lodges over this country and outlying territories can justifiably point with pride to the expenditure of more than five and a half million dollars during their last fiscal year for charitable and welfare purposes.

The lodge members in Iowa rated fourth among all the states for the amount given. They gave \$238,775. Only New York, California and Pennsylvania gave more.

The thousands of heartaches this money relieved, the amount of happiness it brought can not be figured. A half million alone went to crippled children. More than that, \$606,889, went to the relief of members, their widows, orphans and dependents—and all the rest (above this \$606,889) of the more than five million went to outside agencies.

Hospitals received more than half a million, nearly \$281,000 went for playground work, \$400,000 was given the Red Cross, Salvation Army and such organizations. Innumerable homes were made happy at holiday times with \$41,000 spent for Thanksgiving baskets, \$561,000 for Christmas baskets. On and on could go this innumeration, but the above will serve as a sample to show the fine work being done by the Elk lodge of which Spencer has a large and active member organization.

These individual acts of charity are done quietly and without fanfare . . . one seldom learns of them unless the recipient tells about the gift. Put them all together in a national report from which we took the above figures and you get an accurate picture of the wonderful work being done.

Spencer, Ia., Times, Sept. 16, 1948

Educate American Youth To Keep Democracy Alive

By HARRY H. SCHLACHT

Let us build in our children the highest
Regard for their birthright and the deepest
Desires to preserve our American dream intact.

TODAY WE SALUTE—
The one million Americans who comprise
The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

Duty to country is its Godfather.
Love of country is its Godmother.

It is an all-American institution.
Its structure has been reared by Americans.
Its foundation is solid.

Its glorious tradition is based—on a firm belief and trust
in God, on a true allegiance to the U. S. A.

THE BPOE IS SEEKING TO encourage the youth of our
land to study democracy's achievements.
It is conducting a nation-wide essay contest.
It is offering thousands of dollars in prizes.
It has chosen as its theme: "Why Democracy Works."

Speaking for the BPOE, Mr. George I. Hall, Grand Exalted
Ruler, declared:

*"We seek to instill in the minds of the youth of our
nation a sincere belief in, and a deep appreciation for,
our American traditions and way of life.*

*"We feel that the Communists will never be successful
here in America and that our youth will be unshakable
champions of democracy if they learn for themselves
that democracy works because it respects the dignity of
the individual; because it jealously guards his freedom
to think, to speak, to criticize, to practice his religion
and to elect his representatives in government freely and
without fear of reprisal."*

Former Governor David Sholtz of Florida, one time Com-
mander-in-Chief of the Military Order of the World
Wars and a Past Grand Exalted Ruler, warmly com-
mended the Hearst Newspapers for spearheading the
national movement urging the study of American history
in our schools and colleges. He said:

*"All honor and glory is due the Hearst Newspapers
for sponsoring this commendable crusade which means
so much to the future security of our nation. We must
awaken in the hearts of our young people a deep and
abiding love for the American ideal and an undying faith
in its future."*

THE DESTINY OF OUR DEMOCRACY is in the keeping
of our American youth.

* * *
Our democracy was raised upon the foundation of God's
teachings.

It is the only way of life for the American people.
It means the only way of life for a people who believe in the
responsibilities of all citizens.

It means that the spirit shall always be present among the
lowliest to aspire to the highest things.

* * *
"The propagation of the American philosophy," stressed
New York Supreme Court Justice James T. Hallinan,
also a Past Grand Exalted Ruler, "must be one of main
fundamental objectives of our educational system; the
successful operation of democracy our continuing goal
and determination."

* * *
We are living in epic times.
The choice, not of the future but of the present, is between
Democracy and Communism.
The choice is filled with destiny.

* * *
OUR YOUTH SHOULD KNOW THE STORY of our Repub-
lic—resplendent in beauty, grace and power; free
religiously, free civilly and free politically; which has
made our bravery famous throughout the world and
which will cause it to blaze in splendor forever in the
highest constellation of human achievements.

* * *
As history goes, we are a young nation, but there are events
in the glory of the story of our growth which exceed in
its proud record the evolution of the ages.

* * *
Indeed, the imagination sinks beneath the weight of its in-
conceivable grandeur.

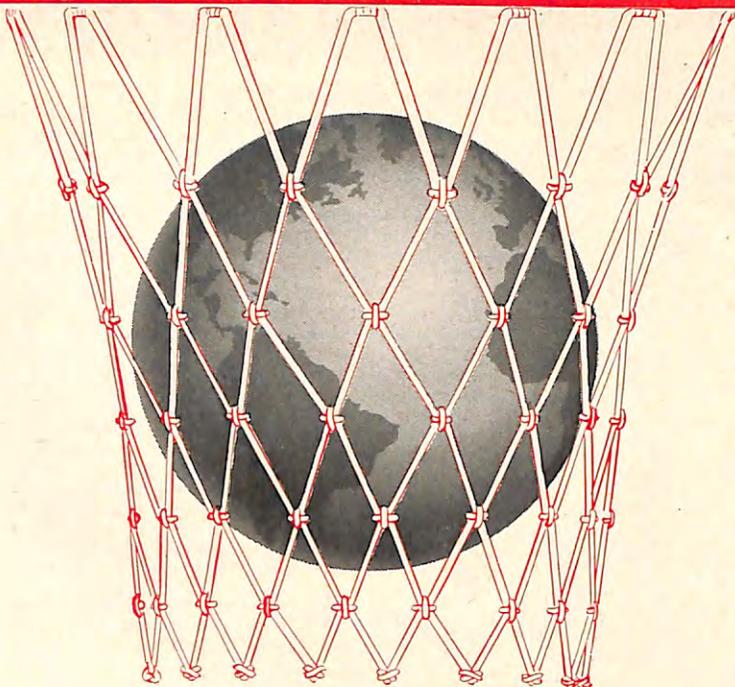
* * *
The hope of the world lies in democracy, in the revitalization
of democracy's character, in the rededication of the spirit
to the high purposes of liberty, justice and equality.

* * *
We must protect our democracy.
We must have citizens strong in will and soldierly deter-
mination to preserve it.

* * *
LET EVERY AMERICAN CHILD learn from the cradle
that his first and last duty is to his country.

* * *
Let us resolve that our children shall have cause to bless the
memory of their fathers as we have cause to bless the
memory of our fathers.

* * *
Let us keep ourselves constantly conscious of the realization
that our security as a nation is assured so long as we
stand together united under the bond of
"One nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."



International

**United States missionary work
for basketball is taking
effect, as proved by Olympics.**

BY LOU WILKE

As told to Chet Nelson

FEW of us interested in the sport would even jokingly suggest that amateur basketball take over for the State Department in the field of international relations. However, we do feel that the sport is rising in popularity so fast all over the world that in years to come it will be a major agency in the promotion of good will among nations.

Yes, the time is not far off when European quintets will make barnstorming tours through the United States, Canada and South and Central America with teams from those regions reciprocating.

Ned Irish, executive vice-president of Madison Square Garden, backs me up in this prediction by estimating that such tours are but three years off. The shrewd Garden promoter views the trend with joy after watching the enthusiastic reception given by New Yorkers to teams from Havana, Puerto Rico and Hawaii. But on the good-will theme alone I cheer the prospect of basketball's going international. I recall that it was apparent last summer at the XIV Olympic games in London that there's something of respect and understanding that brushes off on one when he competes fairly and to the best of his ability against another in a sporting endeavour.

As Olympic team manager, I was indoctrinated with this spirit of sympathetic good fellowship just as were the 14 players under my care. I know that none of us will ever forget the experience or the friends we made of foreign players whom we encountered in London, on our tour into Scotland and our visit to France. I still remember how members of the French basketball team greeted us at the Paris station and how they

made our visit the more enjoyable by their guidance—even to the point of waiting in the lobby of our hotel every morning for us to rise and start another day of sightseeing.

The trend to make international basketball competition something for every year rather than every Olympiad has been given further impetus by the recently concluded tour of the Orient by the Oakland Bittners AAU team. As a post-war pioneering effort, it was a marked success.

It would seem that the United States has fulfilled its duty well as a missionary for basketball. Now at hand is the era of spirited competition pitting our teams against more than capable aggregations from other nations.

We found in the Olympic games that South and Central American teams are worthy challengers. We also noted that the GI's in the last war helped along our cause by "selling" the sport throughout Europe.

To understand better the worldwide state of the game, perhaps we should comment briefly on the situation as revealed by the Olympic competition.

The South and Central American teams are terrific ball-handlers, spirited and determined in their play. In addition they are coming up with elongated centers to break up what has been almost a U. S. monopoly. Bois Furlong, a six-foot, three-inch center from Argentina, for instance, almost ruined our Olympic bid by scoring 19 points in a 59-to-57 game that was the closest of the eight victories posted by our team in London.

It was in this game that the Olympic rule that only ten men could represent a nation in a single game almost stopped us. Coach Omar (Bud)

Browning and his aide, Kentucky's Adolph Rupp, were using a rotating system in which all players took turns sitting out the individual games. Two players from each of the Kentucky and Phillips units, including Bob Kurland and Ralph Beard, were sidelined for the Argentina game, and how we missed them.

Our neighbors to the south presented a style of play that differed from ours in that they didn't drive under the basket quite as hard and that they tended to use the zone defense over which our boys struck with bewildering accuracy. The lack of drive shouldn't be interpreted as stemming from a lack of courage but, rather, a lack of coaching on the advances in technique of play as developed in our country.

European basketball suffers, as you might imagine, from a lack of material resources—yet it is better than it was, and by the next Olympiad Europe will be well represented. Nations like France and Italy love this game which can be played rain or shine, indoors or out and which requires a minimum of expensive equipment.

FROM what we could find out, the nation most likely to succeed in fielding a top-flight basketball team is Russia. The Hammer and Sickle boys are taking their time about entering Olympic competition but it would appear that it is because they are determined to make a good showing when they do come in—probably in time for the next Olympic free-for-all. Russia has a wealth of material to draw from and should be better off than most European nations in facilities and coaches. Russia, you know, last year captured the Euro-

Courts

pean championship by beating the same Czechoslovakia team which we defeated in the Olympics by a score of 53 to 28.

We attempted to extend the influence of the game by touring Scotland for a series of exhibition games shortly after arriving in London for the Olympics. Many people there were seeing basketball for the first time and had it confused with a girls' game called "Net Ball". Our tour included Paisley, Perth and Kirkcaldy before ending with a clinic witnessed by 20,000 spectators in the gigantic Princess Street Gardens in Edinburgh. We were well received everywhere and I found myself doubling as team manager and official inter-

preter. After we returned to London and the games opened in the Harringay Arena I wished I could really fulfill that latter position. They say that some things are the same in all languages—well, basketball isn't.

FIRST of all, our boys had trouble adjusting to the 1936 international rules under which the games were played, as they were familiar only with the 1948 American rules. This resulted in much whistle blowing which led to more trouble since chances were that neither team could understand the language of the officials who probably couldn't understand each other. Of course, the men
(Continued on page 40)



LOUIS G. (LOU) WILKE is well-versed in basketball, having participated as player and coach in collegiate and amateur activities. He was manager of the U. S. Olympic team in the 1948 Games and served two years as National Basketball Chairman of the A.A.U. **CHET NELSON** is sports editor of the Rocky Mountain News, Denver, and a member of Denver Lodge.



The U. S. Olympic Basketball team a moment after winning final game against France.

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S

Visits

Fighting Communism across the Country



Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton, left, and E.R. Frank A. Riedel appreciate a point made by Grand Exalted Ruler Hall at Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge.



The Grand Exalted Ruler receives the Keys to the City on his visit to Baltimore, Md. Left to right: Est. Loyal Knight Anselm Sodaro, D.D. D. E. Sullivan, Mr. Hall, Est. Lect. Knight J. H. Pumpian, Mayor Thomas D'Alessandro, Jr., E.R. D. H. Goldman, Est. Lead. Knight J. R. Schueler and Tri-State Assn. Pres. Harry Stegmaier.

THE "SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS" carried Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. George I. Hall to Indiana where they arrived on November 3rd to be greeted by Grand Treasurer Joseph B. Kyle, State Pres. Simpson Stoner, State Secy. C. L. Shideler, officers of **GREENCASTLE LODGE NO. 1077** and their wives. A mixed group of nearly 200 persons welcomed the first Grand Exalted Ruler ever to visit there, and heard one of his stirring speeches at a luncheon, after which the State dignitaries and their ladies drove the visitors to Gary. That evening the Halls and their party were entertained at dinner by **EAST CHICAGO, IND., LODGE, NO. 981**, when they were joined by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and his assistant, F. J. Schrader, as well as D.D. David Rosenthal. Later on, the Order's leader and his wife were welcomed by the Boy Scouts in the lodge room of the home. One of the "Cub" Scouts presented a bouquet of roses to the First Lady of the Order, and a Scout penknife, a sample of their handicraft, to Mr. Hall. The Grand Exalted Ruler responded with a moving speech of appreciation, after which he spoke before a large audience of Elks and their guests, which reached hundreds of listeners over a radio hook-up. The party motored to **GARY LODGE NO. 1152**, where the Grand Exalted Ruler made another stirring address, prior to the buffet supper held in his honor.

The 4th found the New Yorkers under State Trooper escort on a motor trip to visit with the members of **BEDFORD LODGE NO. 826**. On the outskirts of town, the high school band welcomed the party, which paraded through Bedford to the Elks lodge home—once again the first incumbent Grand Exalted Ruler to be welcomed there. On



this visit, the Order's leader had the pleasure of addressing a group of about 250 men representing various fraternal groups—Kiwanis, Rotary, Lions, Junior Chamber of Commerce and, of course, the Elks—while the ladies were entertained at luncheon by the officers' wives. At 2:30 the party visited the General Motors plant, and the Indiana Limestone Quarry. That evening, at a banquet attended by more than 500, Mr. Hall again delivered one of his typical forthright addresses, and later was the recipient of a likeness of himself carved out of limestone. The famous "Chanters" of Terre Haute Lodge offered a fine musical program during this affair.

At the outskirts of Kokomo on the following day, Mr. and Mrs. Hall and their companions were met by a sheriff's and police escort, which, together with D.D. Richard T. Degler and local lodge officers, accompanied the party to the lodge home. Mr. Hall was entertained at luncheon by officials of the Haynes Stellite Co. Present were the heads of about 30 local industries, each of whom is an Elk. Later in the afternoon the Grand Exalted Ruler, assisted by D.D. Degler, E.R. Herb Beitz, the American Legion Color Guard and the local high school band, unveiled a plaque at the lodge home, dedicated to the memory of five members of **KOKOMO LODGE NO. 190** who gave their lives in World War II. That evening a banquet was served in the lodge home to about 200 Elks. The visiting ladies were guests of the officers' wives at a luncheon and bridge party and again at dinner in the evening at the Kokomo Country Club.

Directly after presenting his message to the attentive crowd, Mr. Hall and his party drove to Indianapolis. Here he addressed a large group of new Elks at



At the Cumberland, Md., Lodge banquet left to right: Mrs. George I. Hall, P.D.D. John H. Mosner, Toastmaster, the Grand Exalted Ruler and E.R. R. B. Walker.

a meeting of **INDIANAPOLIS LODGE NO. 13** which was celebrating its 67th Anniversary. Mrs. Hall and the wives of the other visitors were entertained by the Indianapolis Elks ladies, after which a mixed group enjoyed open house at the lodge home.

On the 6th, Mr. and Mrs. Hall arrived at the home of **BLOOMINGTON LODGE NO. 446** where they were entertained at a luncheon, following which the party witnessed a football game between the University of Indiana and the Notre Dame teams. The host lodge held open house after the game, prior to a delightful banquet which climaxed the celebration of this lodge's 50th Anniversary. At the speakers' table were Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Grand Treasurer and Mrs.

Kyle, Grand Esquire and Mrs. Cyril Kremser, State Pres. and Mrs. Stoner, State Secy. and Mrs. Shideler, D.D. Dr. A. A. Spears, State Vice-Pres. and Mrs. Robert DeHority, and E.R. and Mrs. Norman Neely. On return to Indianapolis, Mr. Hall addressed another group in the Ballroom of the Antlers Hotel.

Early on the morning of the 7th, Mr. Hall was taken to the studio of Station WFBM for a brief radio interview, before attending meetings of the five districts of the State at the Association's Fall Conference. At noon, the officers of **LAFAYETTE LODGE NO. 143** and their wives visited the Easterners in their suite, prior to the Grand Exalted Ruler's attendance at the State Association Dinner. Out-of-State Elk dignitaries at
(Continued on page 34)



Part of the huge crowd which attended Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge's banquet in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler.



The chancel and sanctuary of the Cathedral of Our Merciful Saviour, photographed during the beautiful Memorial Services of Faribault, Minn., Lodge. Pictured are the lodge officers, choir, soloists, acolytes and the principal speaker, the Rev. A. L. Rustad.

"To Our Absent Brothers..."

THE FIRST Sunday in each December is devoted by the subordinate lodges to the holding of the most moving ritual of the Order. Since 1870, the lodges have chosen that day in particular to honor those Brothers who passed away during the year. Although the ritual is the same, the exemplification of it varies.

This year the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, realizing that this Service, held publicly, is the best opportunity to prove that "an Elk is never forgotten", conducted a Memorial Service contest among the subordinate lodges. That the lodges responded nobly is evidenced in the splendid response as well as in the calibre of this year's Services.

The decisions of the Committee were contingent upon certain circumstances, and the three winners chosen are not to be considered as first, second and third but rather the first in each of three groups: I—lodges of more than 1,000 members;

II—lodges of between 500 and 1,000 members, and III—lodges of less than 500 members.

There were many salient factors which entered into judging of this contest. First and foremost was the program itself: its dignity, solemnity and impressiveness, the principal speaker, the type of music played, and the attractiveness of the setting. The care and thought devoted to the preparation were of prime consideration, as was the publicity concerning the Services, with an emphasis on the quality rather than the quantity of the newspaper announcements released prior to the event. It was also regarded as important that the ceremony be held in a suitable place with facilities for the public.

As the winner in Group I, Nashville, Tenn., Lodge, No. 72, found a special significance this year, the Golden Anniversary of its Memorial Services, held in the Auditorium of the War Memorial Building. Each

member received with a letter, four tickets of admission to the Services, with the invitation to present them to their interested friends. Although the weather was bad, No. 72 reports the largest attendance in many years at these Services which had Tennessee Supreme Court Justice Alan M. Prewitt, a member of Jackson Lodge, as its principal speaker. A newly formed choral group of 35 voices, "The Gregorians", as well as the Elks Chanters, sang several beautiful numbers. At the start of the Roll Call, all Stage lights were extinguished with the exception of that of the clock. As the name of each departed member was called, his picture was shown on a screen at the left of the stage. Simultaneously, two children placed a lily in each of the eighteen vases which represented the number of Nashville Elks who had passed away during the year.

Top honors for Group II went to Butler, Pa., Lodge, No. 170, whose

Services were held in the lodge room, before an attentive audience of approximately 500 persons. The altar display was attractively and tastefully arranged, and the musical part of the program was most moving, with several duet and quartette numbers. A member of Butler Lodge, the Rev. Father Ralph W. Young, delivered the memorial address in words both moving and sincere.

Perhaps the most noteworthy of all, were the Services of the winning lodge in Group III—Faribault, Minn., No. 1166. This lodge comes just under the line for that group, with 499 members, but it went 'way over the line in every way in the preparation, presentation and follow-up of the Services. Their invitational publicity was well thought-out and executed, and their choice of a setting for these ceremonies could not be improved upon: the oldest American Episcopal cathedral in the United States, the Cathedral of Our Merciful Saviour. The service, simple and very religious in tone, was most impressive, and in spite of freezing rain, icy streets, snow and high winds, a record of attendance of over 200 Elks and their friends was recorded. The principal speaker, the Rev. A. L. Rustad of the First English Lutheran Church, the former National Chaplain of the American Legion, not only delivered a most appropriate and inspiring Memorial Address, he also sounded a plea for international brotherhood as a basis for world peace. Mayor Emil Peterson, Chaplain for Faribault Lodge, pronounced the final benediction. Three acolytes led the processional and the Faribault High School's vested choir of 60 voices rendered several beautiful choral pieces. There were a few fine solos with organ accompaniment.

These services were pronounced by all as the finest the lodge had ever accomplished. But all this was not planned within a few short weeks. The committee had been named last spring; in the fall, the chairman drew up an outline of pro-

cedure as a guide; the publicity consisted of four succinct news stories in the *Faribault Daily News*, a dignified announcement in the same paper, a radio announcement over KDHL, a special notice in the lodge bulletin and a personal postcard to every member. Special mention was made from the floor at two previous lodge meetings. A personal letter of invitation was mailed to every clergyman in the city, urging him to invite his congregation. Good public relations is the keynote of Faribault Lodge's success, with the distribution of the altar flowers to the families of the deceased members after the Services, letters of appreciation to all who gave their services, a personal visit by Committee Chairman Leonard Mabbott to thank the school choir and its director for its splendid work.

Every lodge in the Order would do well to follow the example set by this lodge which should be heartily congratulated on planning and completing this exemplary ceremony.

There are many other lodges whose services deserve honorable mention, and these are listed here:

Group I—

Denver, Colo., 17
 Minot, N. D., 1089
 Astoria, Ore., 180
 Cheyenne, Wyo., 660
 Minneapolis, Minn., 44
 Fort Wayne, Ind., 155
 Albany, N. Y., 49
 Binghamton, N. Y., 852
 Pueblo, Colo., 90
 Canton, Ohio, 68

Group II—

Augusta, Ga., 205
 Compton, Cal., 1570
 Marshfield, Wis., 665
 Dallas, Texas, 71

Group III—

Las Cruces, N. Mex., 1119
 Delta, Colo., 1235
 Van Wert, O., 1197
 Ridgewood, N. J., 1455
 Texarkana, Ark., 399
 Athens, O., 973
 East Stroudsburg, Pa., 319
 Mt. Carmel, Ill., 715
 Martinsville, Va., 1752



Rev. Fr. R. W. Young and the officers of Butler, Pa., Lodge seated before the altar arranged for that lodge's Memorial Services.



Those who took part in the Memorial Services of Nashville, Tenn., Lodge. To the left are the lodge officers, the Memorial Service Committee and the speaker, Justice Alan M. Prewitt. At right are the choral group, the "Gregorians".

ACTIVITIES SPONSORED BY THE ELKS



NATIONAL VETERANS SERVICE

R. J. Skinner, third from right, Chairman of Burbank, Calif., Lodge's Veterans Service Commission, presents discarded Remington Electric Shavers for reconditioning by patients, an idea conceived by Elk Paul Brastrup, second from right, at Birmingham VA Hospital. Right is E.R. Jack Oberle. Herbert Remer, Remington Representative, who cooperated in the collection of these shavers, is second from left.



Ashland, Ky., Lodge's Minstrel Show cast, following a performance at the VA Hospital in Huntington, W. Va. Another performance by this group netted \$2,000 for the lodge's tuberculosis fund.

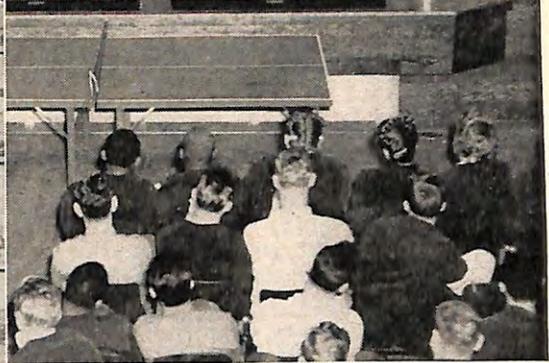


Veterans from the VA Hospital at Bath, N. Y., who were guests of the members of Ithaca Lodge at the Army-Cornell football game.



Paraplegic veterans entertained by Kearny, N. J., Lodge. D.D. Joseph F. Bader, Chairman of the State Assn.'s Paraplegic Committee, and Kearny Lodge officers stand at rear.

COMMISSION



Inaugurating a program for men attached to Fort Richardson and Elmendorf Field, the Servicemen's Activity Committee of Anchorage, Alaska, Lodge sponsored an entertainment at the 183rd General Hospital. Here, a magician fascinates ambulatory and wheelchair patients of the Hospital.

Greeley, Colo., Lodge's Veterans Service Committee cooperated with the Weld County Chapter of the American Red Cross in the Christmas gift distribution program for Camps and Hospitals, having made extensive gift purchases which the Elks delivered with donations of other organizations. Volunteers are pictured with Chairman Leonard Lamb, in Santa Claus suit at right, with a selection of gifts for veterans.



Chairman Peter N. Hall of the Vermont State Elks Hospital Service Committee points out a number for a player as other patients ponder their chances during one of the monthly bingo parties sponsored by Vermont Elks, at the White River Junction, Vt., Veterans Hospital.

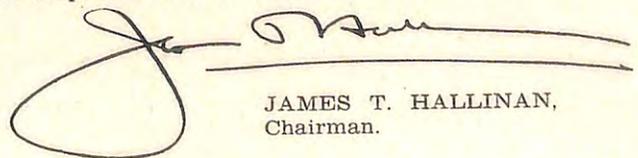
ARMY NEEDS 30,000 ADDITIONAL OFFICERS

In a recent letter addressed to the Elks National Veterans Service Commission, Major General T. J. Hanley, Jr., U. S. Air Force, Chief, Military Personnel Procurement Division, said in part:

"One of the pressing problems facing the expanding Army and U. S. Air Force today is obtaining a sufficient number of officers, particularly in the junior grades. The procurement of qualified officers is a challenging task. For how well the two Services carry out their occupation duties and help to preserve the peace depends, to a considerable degree, on the ability and leadership of the Officers' Corps. Expansion of the Army and Air Force has created many openings for reserve officers and former World War II officers who volunteer for active duty. There are opportunities also for qualified civilians and veterans who want to become officers. There are now more ways to earn commissions in the Army and Air Force than ever before.

"It is my hope that you will find it fitting to notify your members of this important need. Your support, already so generously given in behalf of voluntary enlistments, will contribute immeasurably to the successful building of our Army and Air Force."

We are happy to continue our cooperation with General Hanley and pass this information on to the members of our Order with the request that they exert their best efforts in helping the U. S. Army and U. S. Air Force to secure the number of officers necessary at this time. They will find the Army Recruiting officers in their various territories eager and willing to cooperate with their local Committees.


 JAMES T. HALLINAN,
 Chairman.

Rod and Gun

For action, try hooking
a tarpon on a bass fly.

BY TED TRUEBLOOD



RAY HOLLAND and I were gliding along in a skiff about 20 yards from the wall of mangroves that fringed one of the Ten Thousand Islands on Florida's lower west coast. We were bait casting for tarpon, and the little outboard, idled down to the last notch, kept the boat barely moving. In the water, under the overhanging trees were countless holes and pockets, and into them we dropped

our floating bass plugs in search of willing fish.

There had been no action for several hours. Finally, Ray shot his lure through an opening about the size of a barn door that extended back for a distance of seven or eight feet. He let it rest an instant. Then he jerked the rod and the plug said, "Blurp," and something came up under it. A blue and black and silver form batted that plug a yard into the air, then arched back in a welter of foam and bubbles and seething water.

Ray reached down and cut the motor, and as he did he said, "That was a tarpon. Cast in there!"

Now, according to my own modest estimation, I am at least a fair-to-middling bait-caster. Sending my plug through an opening five feet wide at a distance of 60 feet ordinarily would not be difficult. I aimed at the patch of foam and let drive. The lure shot ten feet to the right, and I stopped it just before it hung up in the trees. I reeled in quickly, while Ray waited, and tried again. This time my plug went equally far to the left.

Ray laughed. "Buck fever," he said. Thereupon he cast, and his lure, instead of sailing neatly through the opening as his first had done when he didn't know a tarpon was there, flew fully 20 feet above the target and hung up in the mangroves.

We went in and disengaged it and then, since the tarpon undoubtedly had been frightened by our salvage operations, we started the motor and went on. We had no difficulty casting through smaller openings as we continued down the shore, and after a while we grinned and said, "Tarpon sure get you."

THIS statement actually was an exaggeration in the negative. It was like saying that the Empire State Building is fairly tall or the Mississippi River is pretty big. A tarpon can tie your vitals into knots, freeze your spine and leave you utterly incoherent in a matter of seconds. It is the only fish I have tangled with that, after hooking and playing him for a few minutes, I wished would get off my line and leave me alone. It has happened.

Ray and I were out that time, too. We had fished up a narrow creek, no wider between the overhanging mangroves than the length of our skiff, when I hooked a tarpon in the 50-60 pound class. He was about 60 feet away when he struck, and his first jump was toward the boat. He came down about 45 feet away. Then he leaped again, and this time he was closer. When he hit the water after his third jump—which was so high and close that I could look up and see the individual scales on his belly—he was no more than 20 feet away.

Then the line grew slack. I reeled quickly and to my great discomfort discovered that it pointed straight down from the rod tip. That tarpon was under our boat! Only that morning, Allan Ellis, from whom we had rented the skiff, had told us about a tarpon jumping

into an angler's lap. It broke his leg before he could get overboard and then systematically slapped the craft to pieces. Fortunately, his companions were fishing nearby in another boat and they picked him up.

Now, Ray and I didn't have any rescuers handy and, besides, I never have wanted to get my leg broken if I could help it. I looked at him and he looked at me, and I said, "What shall I do?"

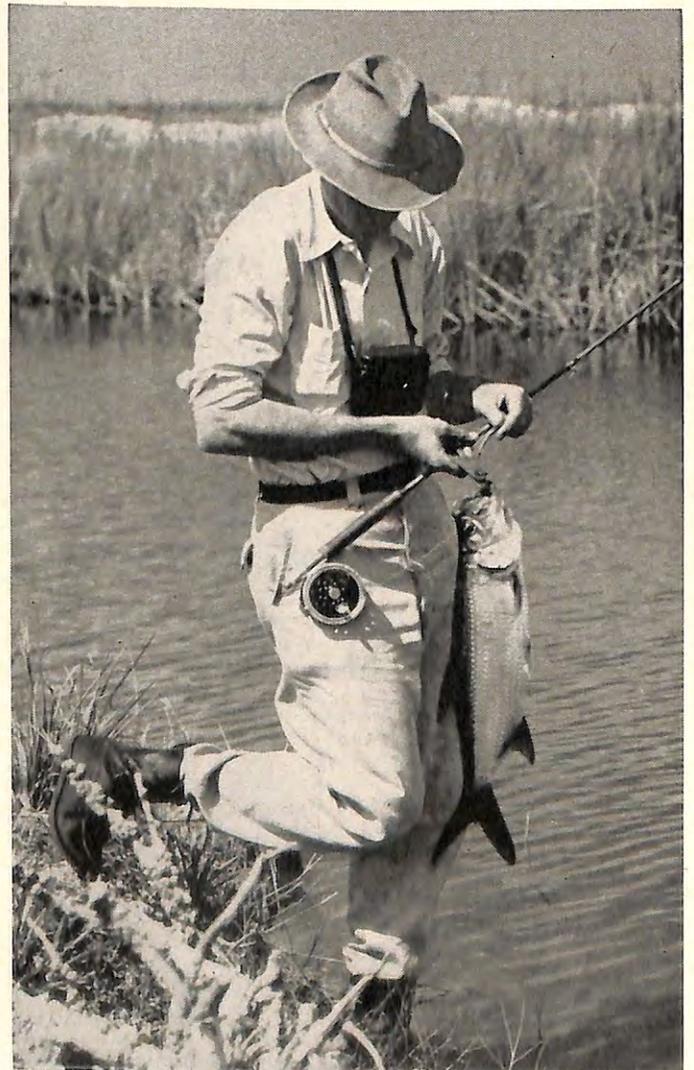
"Don't ask me what to do. It's your fish!"

The tarpon stayed put. I took all the tension off and hoped the hooks would come out of his mouth but, of course, they didn't. We waited and the fish waited, and I'd have tried pushing on the line if I thought it would have done any good.

Finally, Ray said, "Hold your hat," and started the motor. It worked. My fish jumped a fraction of a second later, but he was 50 feet away and going strong and we were safe—at least for the time being.

Somebody might wonder why a person would fish for the critters with bass tackle. There isn't any answer. You have to try it once to find out what it's

(Continued on page 50)



Tarpon like this one are tops for the fly fisherman.



in *The Doghouse*

**The way some breeders act,
it shouldn't happen to a dog**

NOT long ago a friend of the family living in a nearby town drove up in a brand new, shining car to show us a brand new but not so shining puppy. The pup was far too young to have been taken from its mother and I could not help but think that the breeder-owner of the mother either didn't have much affection for dogs or, perhaps, was badly pinched in the pocketbook. Nobody who truly liked dogs, even if he was shy of folding money, would have sold a dog as young as that pup.

If the first were true then that breeder should be sentenced to a couple of weeks in a concrete mixer. If lack of money caused the pup to be sold so young, then the breeder should have stayed out of dog breeding until financially able to carry on. The pup was just a few weeks old, a mere baby and pretty helpless. What makes the situation worse is the fact that said friend is the mother of three of the orneriest kids that ever breathed. In view of the pup's age, or lack of it, and the dispositions of the youngsters, mutual friends are making book on how long that pup is going to last. Prevailing odds at this writing are three-to-one against the pup.

No breeder, unless forced by sheer necessity, will dispose of a pup until it is at least six weeks to three months old and most good breeders will have an eye as to the kind of homes their puppies will occupy. The pup about which I write has one thing in its favor and that is the fact that the gal who bought him paid all of \$50 for him and she's a doll who is not noted for tossing her money around. To protect her investment she may guard the pup from too much mauling on the part of her youngsters. But it's a long chance and the odds still stand at three-to-one. The lady's pride of owner-

ship was heightened by the price she paid and in her conversation there was a suggestion that the kennel owner was a lineal descendant of Jesse James.

Having been around dogs for more years than I like to remember and having bred and exhibited them in a modest way, I tried to assure our friend that fifty bucks for a pedigree pup was not at all too much to pay, particularly these days. Any breeder of good dogs will bear me out in this. Note that I say "pedigree". This means at least three generations of pure-bred ancestors for both sire and dam. Otherwise the dog cannot be registered with the American Kennel Club. It further means that the parent stock was not mongrel cast-offs but dogs that had a definite monetary value to their owners. As such, their upkeep would be much more than is expended upon the average dog of mixed breed. If that puppy had been one of the larger or rarer breeds \$100 wouldn't have been an exorbitant price. It costs a heck

of a lot more to maintain the larger dogs and breeds that are rare command better prices both because they *are* rare and because being so there is less public acceptance of them, breeders therefore making fewer sales. If you think my picture is overdrawn, suppose we take a look-see at what actually goes on in the business of dog breeding. What follows is taken from my own experience, but in checking with breeders of dogs of the same size as mine I find that my figures closely follow the average.

To begin with, we go shopping for the future mother of our puppies. If we want to breed good dogs, and we'd be mentally feeble if we didn't, this may take quite a bit of time and money visiting various dog shows and kennels. We won't attempt to buy the lady right off the show bench because at that particular time every exhibitor considers his dogs as so many flawless diamonds. The show-going is largely to see dogs of the breed

(Continued on page 47)



German Shepherd Etching by Marguerite Kirmse Cole

News of the Lodges



Over 400 honored "Billy" Southworth, manager of the Boston Braves, at Kenton, Ohio, Lodge. They included Mike Clabaugh, Marty New, Pat Donahue who discovered Bob Feller, baseball scout Marty Purtell, "Billy" Southworth, M.C. Frank Schindewolf, "Vic" Dorris and Robert Ruffing,

coaches of the local high school football team, Jess Haines, Nick Cullop, Milwaukee team manager, Cy Young, one of baseball's greatest pitchers, John Quinn, general manager of the Braves, Lou Perini, owner of the Braves, Ad Thatcher, fight promoter, and Hank Gowdy, Braves catcher in 1914.



The attractive home of Easton, Md., Lodge

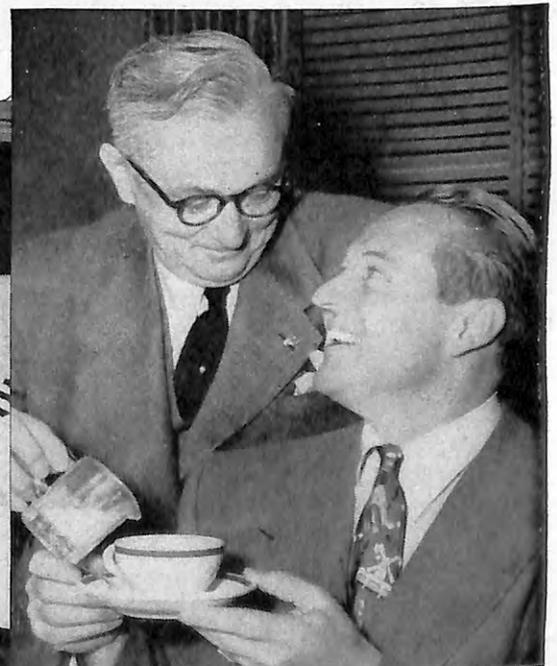
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, Lodge, No. 85, celebrated its 60th Anniversary in a gala two-day series of events. Friendship and good fellowship were the keynotes of the observance which included a banquet at which Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis was the principal speaker. Others who spoke included Grand Trustee Douglas E. Lambourne, D.D. R. T. Mitchell and State Pres. J. Louis Fisher. Approximately 350 Elks and their ladies were on hand for this dinner, which was followed by a floor show. Elks from four neighboring States and from lodges throughout Utah were among the well-wishers who helped the members of Salt Lake City Lodge make this a most memorable occasion.

A fraternal session and a cabaret dance at the lodge home the following day marked the end of this celebration.

GLENDALE, CALIF., Lodge, No. 1289, welcomed D.D. John P. Martin, Jr., and his aide, Roy Gordon, recently. The occasion was marked by the initiation of a class of candidates by E.R. Walter L. Sisson and his fellow officers. Among those who became affiliated with the Order that evening was Mayor Robert C. Wian, who, No. 1289 claims, is probably the youngest civic head in the country.



Gallup, N. M., Lodge presents a blood bank refrigerator to St. Mary's Hospital. Left to right: Past Exalted Ruler's Frank J. Burke, Dominic Rollie and John Brentari, Trustees, Sister Amadia and Sister Claritas, Secy. W. A. Hagberg, E.R. Samuel Teitelbaum and State Assn. Pres. Guido Zecca.



E.R. Horace C. Beck of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge is the perfect host to radio luminary Art Linkletter who presented a series of his famous audience-participation programs for the benefit of the Elks' charities.

E.R. Frank R. Peabody, left, presents Newport, R.I., Lodge's gift of an emergency ambulance to Fire Chief Abel S. Eldridge, as Deputy Chief Wm. Connerton witnesses the transaction.

News of the Lodges

VALLEJO, CALIF., Lodge, No. 559, has been very busy lately. "Sports Night" this season turned out to be the biggest event of its kind in the history of the organization, with more than 800 Elks and their guests enjoying a special venison dinner and an entertainment program. Top sports figures were on hand, including Bill Posedel, former major league hurler and now a scout for Pittsburgh, Denny Carroll, former Detroit Tigers trainer, and many others. Elks from near and far turned out for this event. They included State Vice-Pres. William Burgess and Louis Brown, former Vice-Pres. of the Calif. Bay District.

Five of the sports stars paid a visit to Billy Pieper, a nine-year-old polio victim at Permanente Hospital. They made him very happy with the presentation of a baseball autographed by the championship Oakland Oaks team.

The Vallejo Elks themselves are actively interested in making life easier for handicapped persons. They recently delivered two lightweight folding wheel chairs to the Carol Vista Spastic School, and two pairs of steel, elbow-type crutches were given to disabled veterans at Mare Island Naval Hospital. One pair went to a Navajo Indian veteran of World War II and the other to a double amputee veteran of the Spanish-American War.

The Scouts came in for Vallejo Elk interest too, with Troop 13 rechartered under the sponsorship of No. 559. E.R. William Kilburn received the charter from Scout Commissioner Roy Howington.

LARAMIE, WYO., Lodge, No. 582, was host to Elks from all over the Rocky Mountain area not long ago at festivities commemorating the reconstruction of the lodge's new home, valued at more than \$300,000.

The two-day celebration included entertainment and a dinner for Elks and their ladies, with a large group of visiting dignitaries on hand. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen was the principal speaker at the rededication ceremonies. Past Grand Inner Guard Hollis Brewer of Casper Lodge presented an American Flag to No. 582 on behalf of his own lodge. Other officials on hand were Grand Est. Lect. Knight O. J. Fisher, Elmer H. Polly, Pres. of the Wyoming State Assn., Frank C. Holitza, Pres. of the Colorado State Elks Assn., D.D.'s Ed Haefeli and Harry J. Cashman, Pres. of the P.E.R.'s Assn., Carl F. Eberhart and Gov. Lester C. Hunt.

Laramie Lodge had been housed in its former home since 1911, and in 1945 fire completely destroyed that building. Fortunately, the lodge was in good financial condition and construction was begun on the new home which is fireproofed throughout and contains many handsome features, including a game room and lounge. The furniture for the entire home was especially made, most of it in Cody, Wyoming. The ceiling of the main lodge room is in itself a work of art, with about 3,500 acoustical coated tiles in the three bays of the room. Each tile is in four colors to give the appearance of a rug pattern. The effect is very striking.

LODGE NOTES



PUEBLO, COLO., Lodge and its officers got a well-earned pat on the back when D.D. Glen R. Lamberg made his official visit there. A class of 15 was initiated in the presence of State Pres. Frank C. Holitza, State Trustee Clarence J. Williams, and Past Pres. M. P. Chase . . . Our December "Lodge Notes" carried an item concerning Torrington, Conn., Lodge and its plans to make its headquarters in what was originally the community's hospital. The information was all very true, except that it is **TORRINGTON, WYOMING,** Lodge that is making this step. Since this Western branch of the Order was only instituted in May, 1947, the great strides those members are making are most commendable. We have heard from E.R. L. M. Loy that although the lodge has purchased the North Platte Valley Hospital building, it will not take possession for another year, when the new Memorial Hospital will be completed.



Eagle Scouts of the Watsonville, Calif., Lodge receive awards. The Scouts and their mothers, left to right: Bill Armstrong, Mrs. Armstrong, Bill Floodberg, Mrs. Floodberg, Don Mosegaard, Mrs. Mosegaard, Jack Smith, Mrs. Smith, Bob

Bridges, Mrs. Bridges, Don Barr, Mrs. Barr, Scoutmaster Cecil L. Shank, District Attorney John McCarthy and Assistant Scoutmaster Clyde Mitchell. This troop has received the coveted Red Star award for the past two years.



Fifty-two new members of Kansas City, Mo., Lodge, pictured with, seated left to right foreground: P.E.R.'s John M. Cosgrove, James E. King and James A. Stewart, Grand Treasurer Joseph B. Kyle and P.E.R.'s Joseph N. Miniace, A. A. Brown and Dr. W. M. Stivison.



Walter Heintze presents a \$7,500 ambulance to Mayor H. A. Eielson, a gift of Springfield, Ill., Lodge, it is equipped to accommodate three persons. Pictured are Secy. Earl Schryver, Est. Lect. Knight Bruce Perkins, Est. Lead. Knight Gregory Luthy, Est. Loyal Knight Kenneth Lee, Mr. Heintze, Mayor Eielson, Commissioner F. H. Lock, George Doyle, John Hunter and L. B. Smith.



Climaxing a drive for \$7,500 to reuniform and equip the Tamaqua, Pa., High School Girls Bugle Corps, P.E.R. Harry J. Lauer, a lodge officer for 42 years, presented seventeen silk flags to the Corps at public ceremonies.

News of the Lodges

NO. CAR. STATE ELKS ASSN. The Fall meeting of this Association took place at Winston-Salem with the following officers present: Pres., D. Staton Inscoc, Raleigh; Vice-Pres., E., T. J. Mitchell, III, New Bern; Trustees J. Fred Richardson, Winston-Salem; Thad Eure, Raleigh; Boyce A. Whitmire, Hendersonville; and Secy. A. A. Ruffin, Wilson. Delegates from 23 lodges were registered, totaling 74 persons. Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz was present at the meeting, during which he addressed the delegates. The matter of the North Carolina Elks Boys Camp was discussed at length and a decision was made to erect a new dining room at the Camp.

E.R. John Stockberger of the host lodge welcomed the delegates to this conference, pointing out that the event occurred coincidentally with the 50th Anniversary of Winston-Salem Lodge. The program for the meeting was handsomely bound in a gold cover, and was filled with photographs of many of the Order's dignitaries.



P.E.R. A.W. Crane hands Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge's gift of an American Flag to Donna Colletti of Girl Scout Troop No. 39.

E.R. J. A. Gaffney snips the ribbon at the ceremony marking the presentation of the Elks Memorial Blood Bank at Backus Hospital, Norwich, Conn., Lodge provided this lasting gift in memory of its departed Brothers, appropriating \$10,000 for construction of the blood bank. Left to right are P.E.R. James V. Pedace, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, P.E.R. Thomas F. Dorsey, Hospital Trustee P. A. Johnson, Mr. Gaffney, Hospital Supt. Emery H. Davis, P.E.R. Joseph Longo and Dr. Glenn R. Urquhart.

IDAHO STATE ELKS ASSN. A flag-raising ceremony and a tour of the wonderful Elks Convalescent Home for Crippled Children at Boise highlighted the midwinter meeting of the State Assn. The new cedar flagpole at the polio center was donated by Past State Pres. Beecher Hitchcock, and the presentation was made on his behalf by E.R. L. L. White. P.E.R. W. W. Bolles of Moscow presented the new Flag for the pole, having the honor of raising the Flag for the first time. Ed D. Baird, member of the State Crippled Children's Commission, addressed the gathering of about 80 delegates, who had decided at their earlier meeting that the 1949 Convention would take place in Burley on June 10th and 11th.

N. J. STATE ELKS ASSN., with the assistance of the New Jersey lodges, continues its program of providing entertainment at the military hospitals in the State. Particular attention is being given to the Station Hospitals, although shows are also being provided by the Association and the lodges at VA hospitals, under the direction of Chairman Wm. J. McCormack of the Veterans Servicemen's Committee. Orange and Lyndhurst Lodges recently entertained at Camp Kilmer and on both occasions men who had seen service on foreign soil were in the audience. The Paraplegic Committee, headed by D.D. Joseph Bader, continues its outstanding work.

ELKS NATIONAL HOME. The Home Lodge in Bedford, Va., observed its annual Memorial Services on December 5th in the Fred Harper Memorial Auditorium, with a large attendance, including officials from Lynchburg Lodge No. 321. During the past year 39 members of the Home Lodge passed away.

Grand Treasurer Joseph B. Kyle delivered the address on this occasion, and P.E.R. Daniel F. Edgington of the Home Lodge, a former resident of Wichita, Kans., introduced the speaker. The ritualistic work was ably taken care of by officers of the Home Lodge, led by E.R. Edward E. Otten, of Allegheny, Pa.

The Bedford Church Choir took care of the musical part of the program, making a contribution to the occasion which was deeply appreciated by both the residents of the Home and their visitors.

WARREN, OHIO, Lodge, No. 295, honored the football squads of Harding and St. Mary's High School at a dinner recently. Ohio State University backfield coach, Carroll C. Widdoes was the principal speaker, with other football luminaries on the speaking program. These included Jim Brutz, erstwhile Notre Dame gridder and once with the Chicago Rockets of the All-America Conference, and other local gridiron names. After dinner the players and guests enjoyed movies of various games.

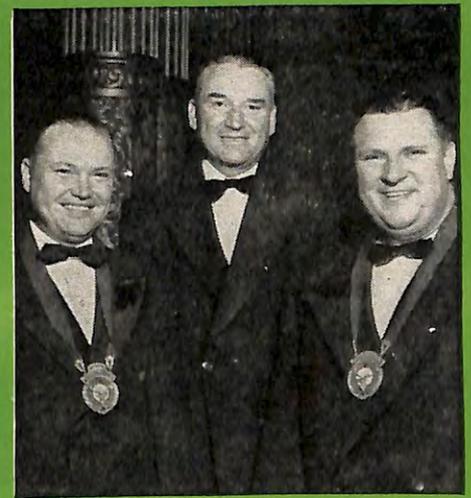
Warren Lodge helped make the new music service at the local public library an accomplished fact, with the donation of a choice collection of fine music in honor of one of its members, P.E.R. Lewis L. Guarnieri. The donation makes it possible for the Warren citizenry to borrow records in the same manner in which books are taken from the library.



Officers of Sitka, Alaska, Lodge pictured with D.D. J. P. Valentine, when he paid his official visit to that branch of the Order. Seated are, left to right, Est. Loyal Knight Carl Nelson, Trustee E. M. Goddard, D.D. Valentine, E.R. Joel Campbell, P.D.D. H. C. Bradshaw and Est. Lecturing Knight William Knight.



Pictured with officers of Portsmouth, Ohio, Lodge, second largest in the State, is a class of twenty candidates initiated in honor of District Deputy Leslie G. Scrimger, second row, fourth from left.



Above: Sacramento, Calif., Lodge welcomes D.D. Larry Hope. Left to right: Est. Lead. Knight Howard I. Lidster, Mr. Hope and E.R. Nicholas G. Culjis.



At Laramie, Wyoming, Lodge's rededication were, left to right, first row: Wyo. State Pres. Elmer H. Polly, Colo. State Pres. Frank C. Holitza, Grand Est. Lect. Knight O. J. Fisher, Past Grand Inner Guard Hollis Brewer, D.D. Harry J. Cashman, D.D. Ed Haefeli, P.E.R.'s Assn. Pres. C. F. Eberhart, and P.E.R. F. J. Coolican. Second row, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, Exalted Ruler Blake Fanning, Gov. Lester C. Hunt and M.C. Al Pence.

Oneonta, N. Y., Lodge's Degree Team, Clown Band and other members who visited Binghamton Lodge to put on a Second Degree and an entertaining show.



News of the Lodges



Presentation of a complete set of neurosurgical instruments to the City Hospital by Lakewood, Ohio, Lodge. Left to right: Est. Loyal Knight Dr. J. F. Hattenbach, Dr. Charles Elkins, Hospital Supt. Dr. Russell Crawford, Est. Lead. Knight Wm. C. Brookes, Chairman of the Social Community Welfare Committee, and Est. Lect. Knight H. E. Rice. Grand Treasurer Joseph B. Kyle spoke during the presentation ceremonies.



Officers of Boulder City, Nev., Lodge with seven new Elks initiated for Kingman, Ariz., Lodge at a meeting of California, Arizona and Nevada Elks at the unfinished Davis Dam at the junction of the three States.



E.R. W. R. Shine presents a deep freeze to Lee Harder, Board Chairman for Jones Memorial Hospital, the gift of Wellsville, N. Y., Lodge. Left to right: Secy. R. B. Dye, Chairman M. J. Tarantine of the Entertainment Committee, Mr. Shine, Mr. Harder and Russell Brokaw, Hospital mgr.

DODGE CITY, KANS., Lodge, No. 1406, proudly announces the receipt of monthly letters of appreciation from the American National Red Cross, in recognition of the repeated gifts that branch of the Order makes to VA hospitals. An item of particular interest concerns the sending of used playing cards by the lodge to Fitzsimmons Hospital in Denver, Colo. It might be a good play to have other lodges follow suit.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF., Lodge, No. 99, has been very active lately, as usual. The Band played and the pom-poms waved the night this lodge was host to the University of Southern California and the UCLA students on their annual "Football Rally Night". The Trojan Band was on hand to lend musical spirit to the program, and cheer leaders from both sides stirred up the Elk cheering section.

Not long ago, Los Angeles Lodge's Drill Team presented to Jeanne and Sally Badham, daughters of William Badham, a member of the lodge, a television set so that they could see those sports events they like so well. Despite Jeanne's attack of polio which prevents her attendance at games, and Sally's spinal tumor, both girls have retained their enthusiasm and good cheer. The Elks of No. 99 thought such good spirits should be rewarded.

CHARLEROI, PA., Lodge, No. 494, sent a large group of members to the home of Donora Lodge recently to witness the initiation of a class of candidates and to pay tribute to D.D. William M. Lytle. Eighteen lodges were represented, as well as a large number of dignitaries from the Southwest District.

LAFAYETTE, IND., Lodge, No. 143, deserves a pat on the back for the fine way it has cooperated in the Cancer Control Program of the State. Its two-year effort netted \$10,043.91 toward the control of this dread disease. This year's donations topped last year's record by more than \$1,100. Assistance of the ladies of the lodge brought the sum of \$1,155.55 to this fund.

Notice Regarding Application 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.



This class of 24 candidates was initiated into Billings, Mont., Lodge in honor of District Deputy Dallas J. Smith, who is seated fifth from left, with Billings Lodge officers.



Officers and new members of Jacksonville, Ill., Lodge, with District Deputy Frank J. Horn on his official visit there.



Festus-Crystal City, Mo., Lodge officials, with the class initiated in honor of State Pres. H. H. Russell. Included in the picture are Mr. Russell, James C. Kirkpatrick, D.D. Anthony Beckmann, and E.R. Roy Nicholson.



Port Huron, Mich., Lodge officers and the members of the class which they initiated in honor of D.D. Austin D. Esler.

NEWS OF THE

Lodges

ALASKA ELKS. What is considered a good start toward the formation of a Territorial Elks Assn. was made at Cordova during last autumn, when more than 100 Alaska Elks gathered to formulate plans for an all-Alaska organization. The occasion was the second annual jurisdictional convention, sponsored by Cordova Lodge, and the results are regarded as most encouraging. More than 50 Elks made the flight from Anchorage, a large delegation attended from Fairbanks and there were also many from Kodiak, including six candidates who were initiated for Anchorage Lodge.

D.D. Eugene C. Smith presided as Chairman at the proceedings in which four former Deputies, Howard C. Bradshaw, W. H. Chase, Frank Bayer and R. W. Korn took an active part.

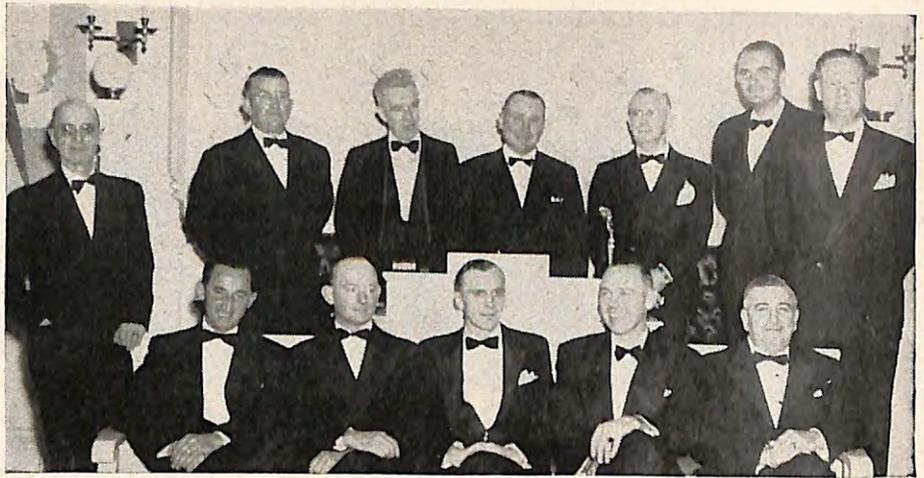
There were clam feeds, dances, hunting trips, sight-seeing and many other forms of entertainment to keep the visiting Elks and ladies busy and happy during their stay.

DeKALB, ILL., Lodge, No. 765, opened the winter season with a special affair known as the "Gus Anderson Party". In fitting tribute to the guest of honor, 500 members and visitors from other lodges were on hand. At ceremonies held shortly after dinner, E.R. Ralph Ball and Secy. Wm. F. Roche presented to Mr. Anderson the coveted Honorary Life Membership in recognition of his outstanding service to the lodge.

Mr. Anderson has been a member since 1921, and has served on numerous committees. He was the instigator of the first Elks' picnic held 13 years ago, which only 28 people attended. This year, with Mr. Anderson as chairman of the event, over 1,500 members, guests and their families were on hand.

MANITOWOC, WIS., Lodge, No. 687, honors its "Old Timers" each year. The most recent program found more than 125 Elks whose membership dated back 25 years or more. After a pleasant dinner, a class of 14 candidates was initiated, followed by a short speaking program. The 30-voice chorus of Fond du Lac Lodge entertained all during the program, at which many former leaders of the lodge were on hand.

Manitowoc Lodge's membership of 531, the largest in its history, includes two of the Charter Members, J. A. Rummele and Charles J. Bouril.



San Jose, Calif., Lodge officers are pictured on the visit of D.D. John B. Morey, standing center, with Past District Deputies Roy P. Emerson and George Smith who appear standing second and third from left.



E.R. Jack P. Kelly, right, presents the handsome trophy won by Iowa City, Ia., Lodge's Golf Team in the Iowa State Elks Golf Tournament.



Six Old Timers whose years in Elkdom total 311, pictured with E.R. Eugene J. Corbett when San Francisco, Calif., Lodge paid them tribute. Standing, left to right: P.E.R. Percy V. Long, Dean, Mr. Corbett and Charles S. Derham; seated, H. S. Keller, A. L. Belotti, A. E. Kroenke and Jos. B. Keenan. At the banquet were 169 Elks of 25 or more years.



DeLand, Fla., Lodge entertains D.D. Hubert E. Griggs.

LODGE

NOTES



ANCHORAGE, ALASKA, Lodge welcomed D.D. Eugene C. Smith on his official homecoming visit not long ago, after he had called on Cordova and Fairbanks Lodges. A class of 14 was initiated . . . **HARTFORD CITY, IND.,** Lodge continues to keep the welfare of the children of the community close to its heart. It has voted to assume the expense of the milk-diet program in the schools there, an amount exceeding \$1,600 . . . **GRAND JUNCTION, COLO.,** Lodge played host to D.D. Donald Johnson at a very enjoyable meeting which included a fine dinner and an initiation of several new members. Short talks were given by several other Elk visitors, including State Assn. Secy. Frank Buskirk . . . **PROVIDENCE, R. I.,** keggers are tops in that area with four straight victories in as many starts . . . Mayor Oscar Holcombe opened the 11th annual Mile o' Dimes sponsored by **HOUSTON, TEX.,** Lodge which has set a goal of \$47,250 this year for the benefit of underprivileged youngsters . . . When D.D. G. A. Fraser paid his official call on **JAMESTOWN, N. D.,** Lodge, he got together with two other Spanish-American War veterans. Port Eddy, an Elk for 40 years, was a captain in that conflict, fulfilling and acting as a major; Bert Proctor was a lieutenant and D.D. Fraser a general. His homecoming visit to **GRAND FORKS** marked the initiation of 25 new Elks . . . It is good to hear from **WAUKEGAN, ILL.,** Lodge that "Hello Again", the show staged for the benefit of the Elks Crippled Children's Fund, played to capacity houses every evening . . . Approximately 200 local and out-of-town Elks were present to hear D.D. Victor D. Levitt, Jr., and State Vice-Pres. David Condon at **PEEKSKILL, N. Y.,** Lodge recently.



Vallejo, California, Lodge's Flying Billiard Team which met with the team from San Jose Lodge in the final annual round-robin of the Tournament's third season, sponsored by ten of the northern California lodges.



Bristol, Tenn., Lodge's newly organized Boy Scout Troop sees E.R. G. M. Conn, left, accept its National Charter from Chairman R. L. Edwards of the Boy Scouts for that District at a recent lodge meeting.



Rockville, Conn., Lodge destroys the mortgage on the mansion and grounds of its home in less than three years. Left to right: Charter Members Wm. J. Reeves and A. M. Burke, Trustees G. J. Coleman, H. C. Dowding and John F. Dailey, 27-year Treas. R. E. Hunt, E.R. E. H. Carrigan, State Pres. Thos. J. Clark, J. J. Yaskulka, 28-year Secy. M. J. Cosgrove, P.D.D. G. H. Williams, Charter Member J. N. Keeney, Trustee S. W. Gamble and Charter Member J. A. Drayton, P.E.R.



Upper Sandusky, Ohio, Lodge backs the campaign to raise funds for the Wyandot Memorial Hospital with a \$4,000 contribution. Chairman John H. Neate of the Finance Committee for the Drive, left center, accepts the check from E.R. Joseph Bringman, as other Elk dignitaries look on.

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S

Visits

(Continued from page 17)



The youthful leader of the Order poses proudly with his grandchildren, Christopher, Courtney and young George, at the twins' christening late in November.



The Grand Exalted Ruler helps Bayonne, N. J., Lodge celebrate its 50th Anniversary. Left to right: Mr. Hall, Charter Members Dr. L. F. Donohoe and James W. Shannon, Past Exalted Ruler, and E.R. John J. Devlin.



At Greencastle, Ind.; left to right: State Secy. C. L. Shideler, State Pres. Simpson Stoner, Mr. Hall, Grand Treas. Kyle, and E.R. Gifford Black. Seated: Mrs. Shideler, Mrs. Kyle, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Black and Mrs. Stoner.

this important conference included the following: from Kentucky, Grand Trustee Arnold Westermann, State Pres. George Rock and State Secy. Joseph Kraemer; from Illinois, State Pres. Floyd Cheney and State Vice-Pres.-at-Large W. G. Maltby; from Virginia, Supt. Robert A. Scott of the Elks National Home.

The Indianapolis Elks' ladies matched the men's hospitality and graciousness. Mrs. Hall and her companions enjoyed luncheon and a fashion show which were followed by the general "open house" entertainment in the evening.

The 10th of November found the Grand Exalted Ruler back in his own bailiwick, on a visit to the home of **BAYONNE, N. J., LODGE NO. 434**, which was celebrating its 50th Anniversary under the honorary chairmanship of Charter Member James W. Shannon, P.E.R., General Chairman Jules Menell, P.E.R., and a capable committee. An old-fashioned beefsteak dinner had been held on the 9th, at which Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles S. Hart was the principal speaker. As part of his duties on this visit, Mr. Hall had the pleasure of presenting golden emblems to the three surviving Charter Members, Mr. Shannon, Dr. L. F. Donohoe and William F. Tiff, and the 31 members who had given active service to the lodge for the past 40 years or more. The following day saw the close of this celebration with a grand ball at the lodge home.

Chairman H. Earl Pitzer of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Hall at Harrisburg, Pa., and then drove them to **WILLIAMSPORT LODGE NO. 173** for a banquet, followed by open house in the newly remodeled grill room.

The following day, Secy. Howard R. Davis of the Board of Grand Trustees, accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Hall to Rochester, N. Y., where a police escort preceded them into town. Mr. Hall was taken to the radio station for a broadcast, and he later addressed about 300 Elks and their ladies at a dinner given by the members of **ROCHESTER LODGE NO. 24**. A large delegation of Elk dignitaries were on hand, including State Pres. John Sweeney, and Past State Pres. Harry Darling.

LYONS, N. Y., LODGE NO. 869, rolled out the welcome mat for the distinguished party at a luncheon meeting, prior to the institution of **WOLCOTT LODGE NO. 1763** when 145 men became affiliated with the Order. Mr. Hall addressed these neophyte Elks, as well as several hundred men and women at a public meeting in the high school auditorium.

On the 14th, P.D.D. and Mrs. Frederick T. Boeheim motored to Buffalo with Mr. and Mrs. Hall where a reception and dinner were held in the home

(Continued on page 36)



High officials in Elksdom with officers of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, and a class initiated in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler on the 67th Anniversary of the lodge. Seated, left to right: State Pres. Floyd Cheney of Ill., D.D. Fred C. Luecking, Grand Esquire Cyril A. Kremser, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, George I. Hall, E.R. Dr. E. J. Soland, Grand Treasurer Joseph B. Kyle, U.S. Senator Homer S. Capehart, D.D.'s David T. Rosenthal and A. A. Spears.



The official reception line at the dinner Bloomington, Ind., Lodge gave for the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party. Included in the picture are Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Grand Secretary Masters, State Pres. and Mrs. Simpson Stoner, Mrs. Joseph B. Kyle and E.R. Norman Neely of the host lodge.



Left to right, at top, are D.D. Oskar O. Lympus, Grand Exalted Ruler Hall, E.R. Phillip J. Lovell, John E. Drumme, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, and Frank R. Venable, Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight, pictured with officers and P.E.R.'s of Dillon, Mont., Lodge.



THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S

Visits

(Continued from page 34)

of **BUFFALO LODGE NO. 23** for about 1800 people who were visibly stirred by Mr. Hall's forceful address.

On Nov. 16th, **BLOOMFIELD, N. J., LODGE, NO. 788** welcomed Mr. Hall, the first leader of the Order to visit there in 25 years, who was accompanied by his Secretary, William J. McGee. Mr. Hall addressed about 350 Elks in the lodge home after dinner which was held at the Glen Ridge Country Club.

Mr. McGee and Mr. Hall visited **ELIZABETH, N. J., LODGE, NO. 289**, the next day, when the Grand Exalted Ruler delivered a moving speech to a troop of Boy Scouts, as well as representatives of the 17 lodges of the Dis-

trict. Sharing the spotlight with the Order's leader on this occasion was **George L. Hirtzel**, Trustee of both his lodge and State Association, and an Elk for 50 years. State Pres. Charles P. McGovern joined Mr. Hall in paying tribute to Mr. Hirtzel who has served the Order so long and so well. Chairman William Jernick of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee was also present.

Mr. Hall and his secretary visited **LYNDHURST, N. J., LODGE, NO. 1505**, on the 18th, addressing about 250 members, including D.D. Joseph Bader, Chairman of the N. J. State Elks Paraplegic Committee, State Pres. McGovern, Mayor Horace Bogle, and many others. During this visit Mr. Hall inspected the home of a paraplegic veteran, which is specially constructed to make life easier for such victims and is the fifth in the state to be erected through the assistance of the Elks of New Jersey.

Arriving in Cumberland, Md., on the 19th, Mr. and Mrs. Hall were welcomed by State Pres. Harry Stegmaier, P.D.D.

John Mosner and E.R. Robert B. Walker and other officers of **CUMBERLAND LODGE NO. 63** who escorted them to the lodge home for a luncheon meeting. Dinner at the Shrine Country Club was attended by about 300 persons and was followed by open house at the lodge home.

D.D. Daniel Sullivan and P.D.D. Charles G. Hawthorne, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council, accompanied the Halls to Baltimore on the 20th. They were escorted by State Troopers and a large Elk delegation to the City Hall where Mayor Thomas D'Alesandro, Jr., presented the Key to the City to the Order's leader. Almost 400 persons heard Mr. Hall's dynamic address at a dinner at the home of **BALTIMORE LODGE NO. 7** that evening. Mrs. Hall was entertained by the Elks' ladies at dinner, and later she enjoyed the performance of Charles Boyer in a stage production of "Red Gloves".

SOUTHAMPTON, N. Y., LODGE, NO. 1574, turned out in full force to entertain the Grand Exalted Ruler on the 22nd, when about 300 members attended a dinner in his honor.

On the 27th, the Grand Exalted Ruler was royally entertained by the members of his own lodge, **LYNBROOK NO. 1515**, after attending the christening of his new twin grandsons. A capacity crowd filled the lodge rooms, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, D.D. Franklin J. Fitzpatrick, Mayor Fred Greis, and many other high Elk officials.

Arriving in Milwaukee, Wis., on the 29th, the Halls were greeted by William I. O'Neill, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, and E.R. Frank Riedel, who were joined by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton. The stag banquet honoring Mr. Hall was served to about 350 candidates and members of **MILWAUKEE LODGE NO. 46**, and later 50 men joined the Order in Mr. Hall's honor. The famous Elks Plugs escorted Mr. Hall into the meeting, putting on a marvelous exhibition drill. Later the Grand Exalted Ruler presented a beautiful trophy to the Plugs who had won third place in the tournament held at the Grand Lodge Convention. Large delegations from other Wisconsin lodges were present, swelling the crowd to about 800. Dignitaries present included Mr. Broughton, Mr. O'Neill, D.D.'s Leo Schmalz, L. W. Webster and Charles F. Schuetze, and the following State Officers: Pres. Wm. J. Eulberg, Treas. Wm. H. Otto, Sgt.-at-Arms Fred E. Theilacker and Trustees Arthur J. Geniesse, Frank W. Fisher, and Elmer Reese. The lodge officers were there in full force, as well as many Past State Presidents.

On Dec. 1st the members of **WINONA, MINN., LODGE, NO. 327**, held a reception for the Grand Exalted Ruler and his wife, which was followed by a dinner, when Mr. Hall addressed about 500 people.

The next day found the Halls in Red Wing, Minn., where Mr. Hall addressed a large group of high school students, and later spoke to a gathering of Elks of **RED WING LODGE NO. 845**. Mrs. Hall was entertained by the officers' wives

(Continued on page 38)



Part of the crowd who welcomed Mr. Hall to Minneapolis, Minn.



Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall receives a gift certificate from E.R. Norman F. Lent on his homecoming visit to Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge. Looking on is D.D. Franklin J. Fitzpatrick.



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THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S

Visits

(Continued from page 36)

at a luncheon, after which the party left for St. Paul, where E.R. William Davini escorted the visitors to the offices of several civic officials, and then they were joined by J. Ford Zietlow, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees. A reception and dinner followed at the home of **ST. PAUL LODGE NO. 59**. The Grand Exalted Ruler was interviewed over Station WMIN.

After a luncheon at the Minnesota Athletic Club on the 3rd, P.E.R. J. L. Shiely accompanied the visitors to Minneapolis where from the city line, with

a police escort, Past Grand Tiler Emory Hughes and E.R. L. J. Pomerleau drove the party to town. Joined by Past Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Henry C. Warner, the party arrived at the home of **MINNEAPOLIS LODGE NO. 44** where Mr. Hall greeted the members in their newly acquired lodge rooms. At a stag banquet that evening, two Boy Scouts, representing the 400 Troops sponsored by Elks lodges, thanked the Grand Exalted Ruler for Elkdom's interest in the Scout organization. A large check was given to Mr. Warner for the Elks National Veterans Service Commission. In the meanwhile, Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Warner were entertained at dinner and a style show.

Back East on the 8th, the members of **RUTHERFORD, N. J., LODGE, NO. 547**, entertained the Grand Exalted Ruler at a banquet at the Montclair Country Club following a reception at the home of E.R. William H. J. Ely, Jr.

The following day, accompanied by Pa. State Pres. John Gross, the Halls arrived in Lewistown, Pa., where they were greeted by lodge officers, a troop of Boy Scouts and Grand Trustee Howard Davis, Chairman, Earl Pitzer of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, and a police escort, who accompanied them to the home of **LEWISTOWN LODGE NO. 663**, another lodge marking its first reception for a Grand Exalted Ruler. Before entering the lodge home, the Scouts were addressed by Mr. Hall who gave each of them an American Flag. A reception and dinner followed. After the Eleven O'Clock Toast, the visitors were driven to Williamsport by D.D. Gilbert Summerson and Mr. Davis.

The 10th found them in Sayre, Pa., where they visited the \$35,000 swimming pool contributed to the community's children by the members of **SAYRE LODGE NO. 1148** who entertained the Order's leader at a banquet later.

Escorted by E.R. Norman Lent of Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge, Mr. Hall attended a testimonial dinner to Police Commissioner Edward Hickey, given by **NEW LONDON, CONN., LODGE, NO. 360**, on Dec. 11th. Among those on hand to pay tribute to this Elk were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Raymond Benjamin and James R. Nicholson.

At Bennington, Vt., left to right, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, State Pres. Earl H. Weeks, Grand Exalted Ruler Hall, Toastmaster Asa S. Bloomer, member of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee, Governor Ernest W. Gibson, E.R. Terrence J. Lanigan and Past Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan. Past Grand Est. Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers was also present.

At Kokomo, Ind., Lodge, the officers welcomed the official party and posed for this photograph.



GRAND LODGE CONVENTION BULLETIN

PLANS already are well under way for the Grand Lodge Convention at Cleveland in July, with Cleveland and Lakewood Lodges as the hosts. A general policy was agreed upon at an October meeting, participated in by:

- Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall
- Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters
- Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick
- Grand Trustees Hugh W. Hicks, Sam Stern, Howard R. Davis and Arnold Westermann
- District Deputies George W. Kingdom and George Dye, Past Chairman Joseph Fitzgerald of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, and representatives of the host lodges.

The execution of the program will be under the direction of the newly formed Elks 1949 Cleveland Convention Co., Inc.—

- Dr. Edward J. McCormick, Honorary Chairman
- Lawrence A. McKenna, Executive Director
- Nelson E. W. Stuart, Secretary
- Fred Greber, Treasurer
- Cyril A. Kremser, Grand Esquire.

The entertainment program will be highlighted by outstanding evening events:

- Monday evening—Program at Lakewood Elks Field
- Tuesday evening—Grand Lodge Parade
- Wednesday evening—Exhibition baseball game—Cleveland Indians and another major league team.

At the opening services in the Cleveland Public Auditorium, Sunday night, July 10th, it is expected that many thousands will attend. The public is to be invited, particularly school children.

Grand Lodge Sessions will be held only in the mornings, Monday through Thursday, with probable adjournment Thursday noon. No afternoon sessions will be held unless there is found an actual necessity therefor.

The Memorial Services will be Tuesday morning.

A Convention office with a secretarial force has been established.

The Ohio State Elks Association is to give fullest possible cooperation. Every effort possible will be made to hold prices in Cleveland at normal rates during the Convention.

Committees have been created for all activities coming within the responsibility of the Convention Organization.

Later issues of *The Elks Magazine* will carry details of further developments.

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The ingenious Loose Leaf Device enables you to show 10 or more passes, membership cards, photos, etc. Also has Card and Ticket Pocket besides large currency compartment at back. Made of high grade, smooth, black GENUINE CALFSKIN specially tanned for the HALVORFOLD. Tough, durable and has that beautiful added beauty. Size 3 1/4 x 4 3/4, closed. Just right for the hip pocket. (Flattens to only 1/2" thickness). Backbone of Loose Leaf Device prevents breaking down. You simply can't wear out your HALVORFOLD. 23K Gold Name, Address and Emblem FREE. This would ordinarily cost you \$1.00 to \$1.50 extra. An ideal Gift with your friend's Name. And now for a short time I am making the extraordinary offer of giving FREE TO ELKS my genuine Calfskin Key Case (Illustrated at right) merely for the privilege of showing you the HALVORFOLD—No-no strings.

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This Genuine Calfskin Key-case with your name in Gold for the privilege of showing you t h e H A L V O R F O L D Handiest thing you ever saw for car or latchkeys. Keeps 4 keys on strong steel hooks.

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AGENTS. We have a few territories still open for representatives. Lodge Secretaries find this a source of quick, easy profit. Ask for our Special Agents Offer.

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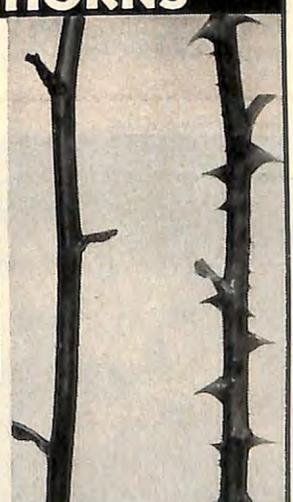
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At left a section of stem of "Festival," the Thornless Rose, with leaf stems left on. At right a section of stem of regular Rose. "If thorns prick your hands, it isn't 'Festival.'"

KRIDER NURSERIES
BOX 22, MIDDLEBURY, INDIANA

International Courts

(Continued from page 15)

at the scoring table often could understand none of the parties involved—which made things even more confusing.

The officiating was fair but a bit different from what we were used to. For instance, it was a technical foul to shout or wave a hand in front of the face of a player who was shooting a set shot. The captain could not talk to the officials without first getting permission by raising his hand. A player could not leave the court until he had reported to an official. The coaches were not permitted to go to the scorers' table during the game.

Nevertheless, we won the gold medals and returned home anxious to do all in our power to advance this sport to the place of a true world-wide major sport.

IT WAS interesting to note the reaction of the fans to the American style of play. They almost swooned when they saw seven-foot-tall Bob Kurland stalk onto the court. Unfair practice charges were rampant and Bob took more than his share of abuse until, by stellar play, he earned the respect of the fans.

Coaches Browning and Rupp, who did a masterful job with the team, permitted no "goal tending", where Kurland's height would enable him to block shots from the floor before they could settle into the basket. This gave the fans less chance to accuse Kurland of "dirty pool" and helped relations considerably.

However, unlimited height of players was a point of issue in the meeting of the International Amateur Basketball Federation rules session and it likely will remain a touchy point. A proposal, which found favor, divided the competition into

two classes—one for teams with players of unlimited height and the other for teams whose players are under 1.90 meters (about six-feet, three-inches) in height. This condition may or may not be imposed for the next Olympics.

We had a four-day session with the F.I.B.A. rules group explaining the differences between the present American rules and the 1936 international rules. After demonstrating each and every change, all U. S. rules were adopted with but two exceptions. The New International rules still allow but four fouls, and the free-throw lane markings have been altered to widen the space under the basket and thus prevent a tall player from tipping in missed charity tosses.

Looking back on the progress between Olympic games, one can appreciate the rule changes made in our amateur basketball play. They have certainly made it a more enjoyable game for the spectators and at the same time improved it as a sport.

In international competition it appears that the United States has been endowed with a natural advantage in an endless stream of "tall timber" centers. It was indeed fortunate from the good-will angle that Kurland, former Oklahoma A. & M. star who has led the Phillips "66" team to a succession of AAU titles, was smart enough to humor the foreign fans at the Olympics by passing off to teammates rather than running up a huge individual-point total for himself.

WE AS a nation must be as careful as Kurland was an individual to make sure that foreign teams coming to the U. S. on tour are not over-matched to the point of ridicule.

Equality of matchmaking is im-

perative if the international contests are to serve to ignite the interest and enthusiasm of the nations involved. Sports respectability means much to all nations, as we can well understand with our rich background of athletic competition. I'll never forget the spirit those teams showed in the Olympics and how they glowed with a crusade-like fire as they proudly represented their respective nations.

Yes, the Olympic games were something to remember, and, for that matter, so were the practice games here in the U. S. before our team sailed. That game in Kansas City, for instance, will make conversation for years to come whenever basketball followers get together. This was the game that has been listed by Coach Rupp as "my greatest basketball thrill". It pitted the two units of our U. S. team—the five Phillips "66" players and alternates and the five Kentucky U. players and alternates—in the second of three exhibition games to help raise funds for the trip to London.

The game ended in a 61-to-61 tie and the first overtime period saw the two teams deadlocked, 66 to 66. In the second overtime Phillips took a 69-to-68 lead and tried to freeze the ball. But Kentucky's Joe Holland stole the ball with six seconds left and started basketward. Then it was that some fan set off a firecracker and everybody thought the game was over. Holland half-heartedly tossed the ball and it swished the net with what proved to be the winning points of a 70-to-69 thriller.

Those boys who made up the U. S. team were true all-stars, every man an expert. From the Phillips team came R. C. Pitts, Jesse (Cab) Renick, Bob Kurland, Gordon (Shorty) Carpenter and Lew Beck. Rupp's Kentucky champs were represented by Ralph Beard, Alex Groza, Wallace Jones, K. H. Rollins and C. E. Barker. Don Barksdale, great Negro center, was added from the Oakland Bittners with Vince Boryla from the Denver Nuggets, R. J. (Jackie) Robinson from Baylor and Ray Lumpp from New York University.

I'm convinced it was as great a collection of stars as one could want. When the Phillips or Kentucky teams played as units they were superb, but when they were mixed, the team lost its timing and finesse to such a degree that I'm certain that future teams should be picked on a unit basis. Such a team would have six men from each of the finalists in an Olympic basketball tournament, with the remaining two players on the team picked from other teams in the tourney.

There are those who will argue that it is desirable to include on an All-Star team representatives from all sections of the nation, as well as college and AAU groups. But the

Keystone Pictures, Inc.



Action in the Olympic game in which the U. S. defeated Egypt 66-28.

confusion, even after a month's practice, that resulted in the Olympic team when the units were broken into a quintet of stars is my most powerful argument. Coalitions just don't work in this situation.

I believe that a superb team that has played together for a season or more will defeat any collection of stars no matter how individually talented they may be. As I said before, I think that amateur basketball has made great strides in the United States. It has certainly been turned into a high-scoring affair with a definite emphasis on the offense. In fact, I'm fairly sure that the defense has failed to keep up in the basketball warfare.

Our youngsters are shooting more accurately these days—probably because they start playing the game almost as soon as they start school.

A big change is the fact that now a good player is ambidextrous. Gone are the days when you could set a defense for a player depending on his reputation as a "right-hander" or a "left-hander".

Over the years we've seen a host of great players and I shudder at the thought of trying to select the "best" players of history. Of course, members of the Olympic team of 1948 certainly would be worthy, every one of them, of places on any all-star AAU team. But other than those stars, there have been many who rate mention and with the help of Chet Nelson, Sports Editor of the *Denver Rocky Mountain News*, I'll name those greats who have paraded across the court as stars among stars.

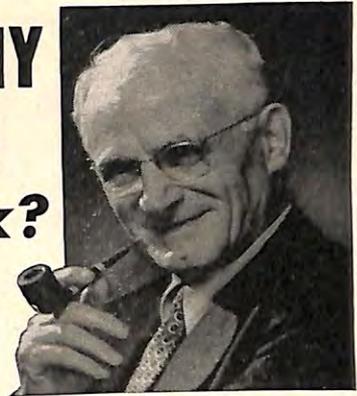
Back in the late '20s and early '30s we heralded such stars as "Chief" Starbuck, Buck Weaver, Tom Pickell, Forrest (Red) Di Bernardi, Buzz Thompson, Milt Singer, John Callahan, Barry Dunham, Bart Carlton, "Moon" Mullins and Mel Miller. Yes sir, they'd make anybody's team.

Then came a period which produced such greats as Frank Lubin,
(Continued on page 42)

WILL YOU SMOKE MY NEW KIND OF PIPE 30 Days at My Risk?

By E. A. CAREY

All I want is your name so I can write and tell you why I'm willing to send you my pipe for 30 days smoking without a cent of risk on your part.



My new pipe is not a new model, not a new style, not a new gadget, not an improvement on old style pipes. It is the first pipe in the world to use an ENTIRELY NEW PRINCIPLE for giving unadulterated pleasure to pipe smokers.

I've been a pipe smoker for 30 years—always looking for the ideal pipe—buying all the disappointing gadgets—never finding a single, solitary pipe that would smoke hour after hour, day after day, without bitterness, bite, or sludge.

With considerable doubt, I decided to work out something for myself. After months of experimenting and scores of disappointments, suddenly, almost by accident, I discovered how to harness four great natural laws to give me everything I wanted in a pipe. It didn't require any "breaking in". From the first puff it smoked cool—it smoked mild. It smoked right down to the last bit of tobacco without bite. It never has to be "rested". AND it never has to be cleaned! Yet it is utterly impossible for goo or sludge to reach your tongue, because my invention dissipates the goo as it forms!

You might expect all this to require a complicated mechanical gadget, but when you see it, the most surprising thing will be that I've done all this in a pipe that looks like any of the finest conventional pipes.

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I almost put Bob (Ace) Gruenig

in that group but with his refusal to quit playing I'll have to list him with those who are still in action, some in pro ball after years of AAU play. Along with Gruenig we find Andy Duncan, Jim Pollard, Jules Rivlin, "Bud" Orr, Fred Scolari and Laddie Gale—tough men all to leave off any list.

There they are and if you want the list broken down any more, say to an all-time five, well, you'll just have to do it by yourself.

We've seen the best in this AAU ball and I'm confident that to the list we will be able to add many, many more names as new stars arise to take the places of the old.

The Hick

(Continued from page 9)

inside out, and the pants wadded up and tossed out the back window before the record stopped playing. The sailor was the only one who put up an argument. He had twice as many buttons to worry about as anybody else, and everybody knew that a sailor's pants didn't have pockets in them anyway. But Ugly and Tubby both jabbed with their guns and swore at him until he took them off. After that everybody stood around with gooseflesh on their legs, looking silly.

It was Tubby who dropped the pants through the window after they had been cleaned out. While he was getting the window open, the kid with the dirty shirt went around behind the bar to take a big snort out of one of the bottles, the biggest snort Mort had ever seen anybody get down without stopping for breath. Ugly was right behind him. Mort saw Ugly's hand shake as he reached for the bottle. Both of Ugly's hands were shaking, including the one that still pointed a gun at the crowd lined up against the wall, and Mort was as anxious for him to get a snort to fix his nerves as Ugly was himself. But before Ugly could wrap his mouth around the bottle, Tubby turned around and saw him.

"Cut it!" he said, starting for the door. "Let's go."

"I need a drink bad," Ugly said, still holding the bottle.

"I said cut it! Wait till we get out of here!"

Ugly hesitated for just a minute, and then started out from behind the bar with the bottle still in his hand. Tubby snarled, "Leave it, you rummy! Do you want to get us picked up on the street?"

Ugly put the bottle down on the bar like a mother leaving her babe on the orphanage steps, except that the bottle jumped around a lot more before he let go of it than any baby would. The three of them backed out the door and beat it. Nobody went after them, partly because nobody wanted to run down Fourth Street without his pants on and partly because it would have been plain dam' foolishness; with or without pants.

THE cops got there sooner than anybody had a right to expect. The girl in the juke box had thought it was just another gag, at first, but she had kept the switch open to make sure and had heard the sailor arguing about his britches. She got

right on the phone after that. A prowler car zoomed up in front of the place while they were still sorting out their clothes.

It didn't make any difference to Mort that the cops were on the job. He was sore. His money was gone, he didn't like having to peel off his pants at the say-so of a bunch of rummies, and his belly still hurt where he had been poked. Besides, he was beginning to feel big and tough, now what it was all over.

HE SAID to the cops, "If you flat-foot didn't stop to eat your lunch every time you got an emergency call, you'd do a lot better. In Buffalo they'd have nailed those guys going out the door."

"You can shuffle off to Buffalo any time you feel like it, Jack," one of the two cops said, looking around for the laugh. He was a rookie, still with the nap on his uniform.

The other cop, an old man with hash-marks on his sleeve, said, "Just take it easy, son," to Mort and went on putting things down in his notebook; names and addresses and how much money had been stolen. The bartender checked his cash-register and said they had taken him for sixty-two eighty-seven. The sailor was out about twenty-five, which

sounded reasonable enough, but the two regulars who had been talking horses hemmed and hawed around and then said they had lost a little over two hundred apiece. The old cop put it down without cracking a smile. It made Mort sorer than ever, because he knew there never were two horse-players who could raise four hundred dollars between them on a note endorsed by the Chase National, and they were making him look cheap. When the cop got around to him, he said, "Forty-nine seventy-five. If I told you eight thousand I bet you'd put that down, too."

"I put down what people tell me," the old cop said. "What are you sore about, son? We're doing all we can."

"You aren't getting my money back standing around here writing fairy tales. Why don't you get out and get after the guys before they spend it?"

"Listen at him," the rookie said to the bartender. "Ten million people in the city, and he wants us to pick three of them out of a hat."

The bartender wagged his head automatically. He was used to agreeing with people. But the old cop said, "We've got to have a description, and something to go on. What did they look like?"

He was still talking to Mort. Mort



"Thank goodness. Here comes a correction, Wilson".

gave him a pretty good description of the three men, with the other customers putting their oars in every once in a while to help. The old cop wrote it all down in his notebook.

ABOUT that time the bartender, who wasn't a fast thinker, woke up to the fact that the sixty-two eighty-seven from the cash register was his own money and not somebody else's, which it would have been if he hadn't just socked his life savings into the business two weeks before. He began to scream like an eagle. To pay him off for agreeing with the rookie's wisecrack, Mort said, "What's the difference which bartender has the dough, anyway? They took it out of this joint, they'll put it right back in the next."

The old cop looked up from his book.

"What makes you say that?"

"I know rummies when I see them. Those guys were so jumpy for a drink they couldn't wait to get out of here."

"Hm," the old cop said, and closed his notebook. "Hm. Did they get away in a car or on foot?"

"I didn't hear a car."

"They lammed up the street on foot," the sailor put in. "I saw them through the window. If they had a car, it must have been parked around the corner."

"It wouldn't be," the cop said.

He looked the place over carefully after that, still taking his time, and asked a few more questions. The two regulars who had claimed to be worth two hundred apiece faded as soon as he said there wasn't any need for them to hang around if they didn't feel like it. Mort was ready to fade, too, not having anything better to do, when the old cop took him by the arm and steered him toward the door. The rookie followed along behind.

It was the kind of an arm they put on you when it's a pinch. Mort said, "What did I do?"

"Why, nothing," the cop said. "You said you'd recognize them if you saw them again, didn't you?"

"Sure, but—"

"You want your money back, don't you?"

"Sure, but—"

"Then we'd better pick them up before they spend it."

"But I got a date to take my girl out to dinner at eight o'clock. It's almost eight now."

"What are you going to use for money?"

Mort couldn't think of an answer to that one. By then the cop had him in the back seat of the prowl car, and the rookie was behind the wheel. The old cop said, "Drift over Fourth, Sam. No hurry."

They started off.

"This is nutty," Mort said, after they had gone a couple of blocks while the old cop sat there, thinking.

"Why?"

"How are you going to find three men in a city the size of New York?" Mort had forgotten that it was only five minutes since he had been telling

the cops to get going and do something.

"Easy," the old cop said.

Mort looked at him.

"I know rummies, too," the old cop said. "If they were as twitchy as you say they were, they'll need a couple of shots right away to steady their nerves. They didn't have a car for the getaway, so they can't go far, and they aren't known in this neighborhood or they wouldn't have pulled the job here, so they don't have to go far. They'll travel five or six blocks, just enough to get out of sight, and then duck into the nearest joint where they can get a drink. They'll have four or five drinks. By that time the jumps will have worn off and they'll be feeling safe, so they'll sit there spending your money and telling each other what smart guys they are until we walk in on them—in a place like that one up ahead, for example." He pointed at the neon lights of a jump-joint on the corner. "How does it sound?"

"Well, pretty good, I guess," Mort said. The old cop had a bean on him, he had to admit that.

"Let's take a look. Pull over, Sam."

The rookie pulled over to the curb.

"You go first," the old cop said to Mort, easing him out of the prowl car. Mort swallowed, thinking of the guns, but he went first into the jump-joint.

HE WAS still going first an hour later, his knees ready to buckle from the way the cop hustled him in and out of joints, up stairs, down alleys, and around to the next place. They worked their way across the Village to Washington Square, back down Bleecker, up Sullivan, quartered the avenues, and went into more holes-in-the-wall than Mort knew there were in all of New York State. The cop didn't bother with the big places. He gave Mort just enough to get a good look around each dive before he yanked him out and hurried him on to the next. The rookie trailed along with the prowl care on whatever street they happened to be working. Once the cop gave Mort a nickel and time out to phone his girl, but by then he was an hour late and she thought he was trying to stand her up. Explaining that it was all the fault of the cops only made it sound like drunk-and-disorderly. She hung up while he was still talking.

The old cop was waiting for him when he came out of the phone booth. Mort said, "Look, this is all nuts. I give up. I—"

"Step on it, son," the cop said, getting him by the arm again. "We've got a lot of places to cover yet."

They went at it again. Half an hour later, when Mort was just about ready to sit down on the sidewalk and say, "Haul me off to the cooler or leave me be," he found them.

They were sitting at a table in a joint like any one of fifty others he had been into, the three of them together, higher than kites and laugh-

(Continued on page 44)

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ing about something when he and the cop walked in. Mort forgot about the guns the minute he saw them. He wanted to rush over and bust the nearest man in the nose just for giving him so much trouble. But the cop knew he had seen something. He put the clamp on Mort's arm and pulled him back into the doorway.

"Where are they?"
 "Over there by the wall. The punk in the dirty shirt and the two others with him."
 "You're sure?"
 "Sure I'm sure."
 "Good. Let's go."
 Mort had hoped that the cop would give him a chance to pay the kid in the dirty shirt for the poke in the belly. But the cop took him out to the prowl car and told him to wait there while he and the rookie went back inside.

They came out again in about five minutes. The rookie, who was twice as big as a horse, had Tubby and Ugly under control, and the old cop was having no trouble with the kid. They had sobered up quick. The kid's teeth chattered so hard on the way to the precinct station-house that Mort began to feel sorry for him. Tubby and Ugly tried to get off a story about being two other guys, but gave it up when nobody paid any attention.

THE guns weren't on them when the cops shook them down. It didn't matter. They had about a hundred and eighty dollars among them, and a lot of it was in coins, more than anybody would be carrying in his pocket unless he had just cleaned out a cash register. The coins had been split around in equal thirds. It was enough evidence for the cops, with Mort's story.

Tubby had nearly seventy dollars more than either of the others. When the sergeant who was frisking him pulled a wad of bills out of his pocket-book, Tubby put up his first honest squawk.

"That's my dough," he yelped.
 "Leave it alone!"
 "You mean the rest of it isn't your dough?" the sergeant asked him. Tubby shut up then, but he looked like he wanted to cry.

The rookie went back to Fourth Street in the prowl car to bring the bartender. When the bartender got there, the cops put nine men in the shadow box and Mort and the bartender picked the gunmen out one-two-three for the record. Mort happened to be standing near the door when they were taken away. Tubby gave him a stiff elbow in the ribs as he passed, just to show him there were no hard feelings.

While Mort was still looking after Tubby and talking to himself, the old cop said to him, "That's all, son. You can go now. Thanks for cooperating."

"What about my dough?"
 "You'll have to come back Monday. Sunday is a holiday, and—"
 "The hell with that," Mort said.
 "I need it now. You make me stand

up my girl so she won't even talk to me on the phone, I've got the rest of the weekend coming, and Monday morning I have to be back in Buffalo. What do you think I ran myself ragged all over town with you for—the ride? I want my money!"

The cop took out his notebook. "Look here," he said patiently. "You lose forty-nine seventy-five. Sixty-three from the cash register, twenty-five from the sailor, two hundred each from the other two fellows—say five-forty all together. They had a hundred and eighty on them. How can I give you your forty-nine seventy-five before anybody else gets a cut?"

"Because I need it. Anyway, you know as well as I do that those two horse players probably lost ten dollars apiece, if it was that much. They wouldn't see four hundred dollars between them in four hundred years."

"Maybe not. But how do I know you ever saw forty-nine seventy-five?"

"I wouldn't come down from Buffalo for a weekend with only cigarette money, would I?"

"How do I know you came down from Buffalo?"

That was easy. Mort pulled out his driver's license, an old draft card, and a bunch of other stuff, including his return train ticket. The cop looked them over without saying anything.

"Be reasonable, will you?" Mort said. "I won't be here Monday. I'm just out the money if I don't get it now."

The cop weakened. "Well, it isn't official, but I'll see what I can do," he said. "Wait here while I talk to the clerk."

He gave Mort his papers and went away. When he came back he had forty-nine dollars and seventy-five cents in cash and a receipt for Mort to sign. Mort didn't even bother to read the receipt. He signed it, pumped the cop's arm half off, and ran out of the station house with the money in his hand to find a taxi before somebody changed somebody's mind.

HE DIDN'T expect his girl to be waiting for him, but he went to her place anyway, just on the off chance. She was there, buzzing like a hornet in a box. He got his foot inside the door before she could slam it and made her smell his breath. With only one beer under his belt, and that one two hours old, he didn't have any trouble proving that he was strictly white-ribbon. She was so surprised that she let him in. After that it took only time, a lot of cross-my-heart-and-hope-to-die's, and the clincher that if it wasn't all in the papers the next day she could go down to the joint on Fourth Street and talk to the bartender. He even had her thinking he was a hero before he finished.

But it was ten o'clock by the time he got her talked around to where it looked like the evening might not be a complete frost after all, and he was

as hungry as a wolf. He said, "Come on, baby. Climb into your hat and we'll go uptown and tie into a steak."

"Uptown?" the girl said. "Steak?" His usual offer was spaghetti and red ink in the Village, with a movie for dessert. Spaghetti and red ink was all right with her, because she was a working girl herself and knew how hard you had to slam the old time-clock to get the price of a meal out of it. She said, "What did you do, rob a bank while you were riding around with the police?"

"I just want to get rid of this happy cabbage before some city slicker nicks me for it for keeps. A country boy's money isn't safe in this town."

Mort was still holding the bills the cop had given him at the station house, which he had been waving under the girl's nose all the time he was alibi-ing himself. Now he folded them into a tight little wad and

jammed the wad down into the small watch-pocket under his belt where he always carried his money. It didn't jam very far. There was another wad underneath it.

Mort took the second wad out of the watch pocket and unfolded it. Four tens and a five smiled Hello, papa.

"Well, I'll be damned," he said.

The girl was fixing her face at the mirror. She said, "Now what?"

"They missed it."

"Missed what?"

"My dough. They never took it at all." Mort looked blankly at the bills in his hands. "Imagine anybody dopey enough not to look in a watch-pocket."

The girl started to say something, then shook her head and went to get her hat.

"You country boys shouldn't be allowed in the big city," she said. "It isn't fair to the home talent."

The Free-Loading Is Over

(Continued from page 12)

all, business at the Half-Way Market has tripled. That is the pay-off from people talking about Claude Fallwell.

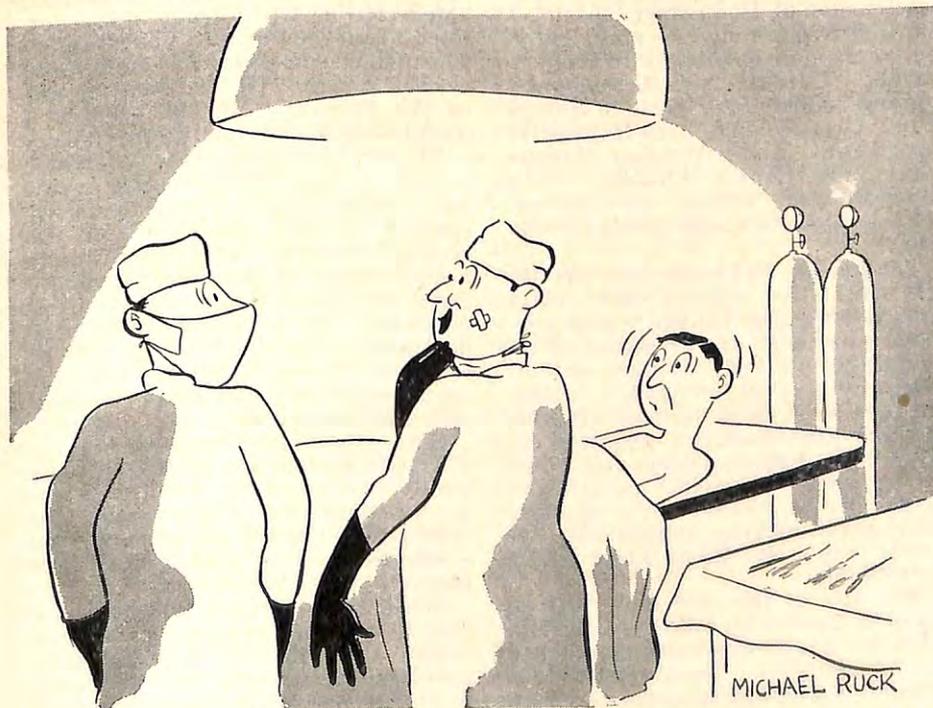
Even department stores do it. Not just fabulous institutions like Macy's and Gimbels, which get featured in movies like "Miracle on 34th Street". But down in El Paso where Joe Rector runs one of the most successful stores in the Southwest, it also pays to start tongues wagging. About this time every year The White House runs a White Elephant Sale and features merchandise customers have spurned for the previous six months described with the most deprecating advertising copy since Brutus' post-mortem talk on Caesar. In full-page ads the store says the sale is an "unorthodox, unethical, unheard of bit

of storekeeping skulduggery" with merchandise that is "horrible, unsalable, beat-up, goony-looking, queer and wilted". About shirts: "The collars choke and the sleeves bind. We don't want 'em, you don't want 'em but we hope you'll buy 'em against your better judgment."

The sale is a twice-a-year whopping success. It has done more to get The White House talked about than anything the store has done.

But the biggest, most persistent and probably most successful get-them-to-talk-about-us effort has been waged by the monstrous Farmer's Market in Hollywood, where the wacky advertising copy of word-master Fred Beck has startled and

(Continued on page 46)



"I nicked myself shaving this morning!"



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Dept. 135, 909 Broadway, Cincinnati 2, Ohio
Please send me your new FREE 1949 Catalog.

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RUPTURE-EASER

A strong, form fitting, washable support. Back lacing adjustable. Snaps up in front. Adjustable leg strap. Soft, flat groin pad. No steel or leather bands. Unexcelled for comfort. Also used as after operation support. For men or women. Mail orders give measure around the lowest part of the abdomen. Specify right or left side or double.



Right or left Side \$3.95
Double...4.95

PIPER BRACE CO.

308 East 12th, Dept. EK-2, Kansas City 6, Mo.

When you patronize the advertisers in your ELKS MAGAZINE you are not only helping your magazine but are helping it to render greater service to the Grand Lodge of our Order.

amused the natives for 15 years. For each inch of advertising space used, the Farmer's Market gets more free talk than any other enterprise in California except the climate. This copy mushroomed market-founder Roger Dahlhjelm's original capital of a borrowed \$10 into a \$6,000,000 a year business.

The Farmer's Market ad, in the form of a daily signed column, probably gets more readers proportionately than any other newspaper advertisement in the world. In fact, a survey showed that even among the paid columnists of the Los Angeles Times only one gets more readers. It outrates such nationally syndicated biggies as Westbrook Pegler and Henry McLemore. Even top-ranking movie columnist Hedda Hopper, right in the movie capital, couldn't get more readers.

Beck's ad is simply informal chatter and fanciful discourse about anything from Mrs. Beck's sore throat to the foibles of fast trotting horses. One column started, "Can a canary stoop? Can it bend down and crawl under things?" Another led off with, "Today what we have decided we will advertise at you is boons. We got 'em." Begins another, "Once upon a time—or yesterday to be exact—Mrs. Beck heard wild screaming from the backyard of the house next door." People glancing at such leads for the first time wonder what gives. They read on and soon the Farmer's Market has them in its hot, vegetable-like fist. Since Beck got on the hit parade with his simple formula he has counted twenty-five imitators of his advertising scheme.

THE Farmer's Market is something of a phenomenon. It is a growed-like-Topsy establishment of clapboard, cement and canvas, and set in a 7½-acre tract fringing the southwest corner of Hollywood. About a hundred tenants operate stalls ranging from a hole in the wall to a super-market. The customers, occasionally topping 30,000 a day, include Harold Lloyd, Greta Garbo, Rita Hayworth, Cary Grant, Monty Woolley, Simone Simon and Charlie Chaplin. Jean Hersholt and Sidney Greenstreet, noted gourmets, come to drool and buy.

The market has a carnival air. On the walks are tables and chairs shaded with gay canvas where customers lunch on the creations of innumerable buffets. You can buy almost anything in the market, including tapa cloth from the South Pacific, Spanish-American art, goggles, exotic birds, haberdashery and home decorations. There are also home-made jellies, home-made candies, home-made pickles, home-made lemonade and, in fact, home-grown everything.

The site of the enterprise was an oil field, owned by oilionaire Earl B. Gilmore, which was being abandoned as unproductive. Dahlhjelm braced Gilmore for an option on the property and Gilmore asked how much he would pay.

"Ten dollars," said the brash Dahlhjelm, "if you'll lend me the ten dollars."

Impressed, Gilmore put up the land and while Beck dreamed up promotion stunts, Dahlhjelm journeyed to the San Fernando Valley farmers, to whip up some enthusiasm for his novel scheme. He met them at night and lectured them in little groups of ten and twenty. He made two stipulations: only the best produce could be sold in his market and nothing would be offered more than 24 hours after it was picked. He would rent them space to sell their produce but if the quality was sub-standard, out they'd go. Eighteen signed up. On opening day Dahlhjelm had to borrow \$50 to make change. The first day's gross rentals of \$11.70 was big money. One of the first customers was broke, unknown Lou Costello who spent his last nickel, he recalls, for a dill pickle.

The Farmer's Market had no gas, no electricity, no telephone and, which was illegal, no restrooms. Correcting this deficiency with characteristic imagination, Dahlhjelm fixed up a broken down Ford, painted "Rest rooms" on the doors, and ran a shuttle service to nearby Gilmore Stadium which had such facilities available.

The problem, then as now, was to get the place talked about. There was no money for advertising or publicity and Beck was expected to conjure up ideas which cost nothing but brought crowds of customers. He succeeded admirably. He hired five actors, dressed them as farmers and provided them with wheelbarrows to push through the streets of Los Angeles, Beverly Hills and Hollywood. Four of the wheelbarrows were loaded with the finest vegetables at the market. These were placarded, "Meet Me at the Farmer's Market. Food From the Farm to Your Table." The fifth wheelbarrow was empty and carried a sign, "They kicked me out of the Farmer's Market because I tried to slip in poor quality products."

The five farmers dressed with false whiskers, linen dusters, big straw hats and pushing their wheelbarrows created a mild sensation on the crowded streets. The police finally ordered them off the main thoroughfares but not without considerable publicity. In normally quiet residential districts they were trailed by a mob of hooting, admiring kids and registered a deep and lasting impression on housewives.

Since that time business at the Farmer's Market has increased practically every month. Dahlhjelm and Beck believe that a key to the success is the fact that people never get a chance to stop talking about the Market.

What these smart-apple businessmen from all walks of life have done, others also can do. With the war-time honeymoon over for business it is the trigger-quick idea man who will survive most happily. It is good to survive happily.

In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 23)

that we fancy and to note the quality of stock produced by its breeders. Furthermore, not being experienced in quality dogs, such visits enable us to learn more of the fine points of the breed. When I started to breed dogs my particular choice was Welsh terriers, not because they are better than other breeds (I hope no Welsh terrier breeder reads this) but just because they had certain characteristics that appealed to me. Besides, I lived in a fairly well built-up suburban area and wouldn't have had the space for any of the bigger breeds. I learned later that I wouldn't have had the money necessary to maintain any of the canine giants. I've forgotten just what it costs to keep a horse but I'm pretty sure that it isn't a whole lot more than it takes to house and feed some of the larger dogs. Maybe I am laying it on a bit but to raise a family of Great Danes takes a lot of that green stuff that comes out of Uncle Sam's mint.

At last we've found the lady dog we want. Unless we have plenty to put on the line, she won't be one with a string of winnings attached to her name. That kind of dog, to repeat, comes plenty high. But we find us a female with good bloodlines in back of her and a reasonable conformation to the standard for her breed. To backtrack, I should add, that while we are searching for our dog we read up on the breed so we'll better know what to look for and what to avoid. Now for a good brood bitch we may have to pay from one hundred dollars up. Nobody seriously thinking of breeding dogs begins with ownership of a male dog. Except as a house pet he doesn't fit into the picture. After our kennel is established and we have done some showing and considerable winning—with one of our male dogs—then the dog of that sex becomes useful as a stud dog, but only after he has proved his worth as a winner. At that time, his services are in demand by other breeders who want his breeding in some of their future litters of pups. The age of our female isn't very important although it's best to get a dog that is about a year or two old. One that has produced puppies before is a good bet, she being termed "proven". Now there's a reason for this. Should we buy an "unproven" dog, there is a possibility that she may turn out to be barren or a difficult breeder or whelper of pups. In the first case we're stuck with a dog that at best is only useful as a house pet. In the second and third instances we'll have a lot of trouble on our hands and the business, or fun, call it what you will, of dog raising is difficult enough without having to play hospital attendant, wet-nurse, etc. Many kennels sell females already bred but it's a good thing to be sure of the sire that was used. Not that the kennel owner may have an undue portion of larceny in his

heart but mistakes can happen in the best regulated enterprises. If the dog we buy has been bred then we'll contact the owner of the sire to make sure that everything was as stated to us by the owner of the dog we buy. But suppose we get an unbred female. All right, when she comes "in season", which usually is every six months, we look around for a suitable mate for her. If our dog is less than a year old we wait until her third period has arrived. Careful kennel owners do not breed from very young dogs, either male or female. Incidentally, a female that is not in season cannot and will not breed. Mating is only possible during the bi-yearly periods of the female.

Now we've located our stud dog. Depending upon the dog's quality and usually very much upon his record in the show ring and as a sire of good pups, we'll have to pay to his owner a stud fee ranging from \$25 to \$150. Say that we strike an average and lay out \$50. Our dog business has now cost us \$150. Mind you, at this stage I'm not calculating the cost of feeding our female until we make the matrimonial arrangements, nor her cost for this, as well as possible medical fees during the time she is manufacturing the pups. We'll come to that later. Nine weeks later, maybe a day longer or a day less, if we're lucky, the stork delivers his bundle of pups. I say "lucky" because sometimes the mating doesn't "take". In this event, the owner of the stud will usually give a second, free service at the next mating period. You'll note that I referred to a bundle of pups. Don't take this literally. Sometimes the entire litter will consist of no more than one pup and, technically, that one pup is termed a litter. Why this is so is largely because even if the dam has only one pup the owner of the stud is no longer obligated.

ALL the while that our female is in the puppy making business she'll need extra care and a bit more food than usually given to her. We carefully have noted the day of the mating and well in advance tell our vet to be ready when the big day comes, should there be any trouble in the whelping. Figure one or two possible visits to the vet prior to the whelping and that's another four to six dollars. If he has to keep our dog under observation then there's a possible board bill to be added. But we won't go into that because it's one of those "ifs". For about six weeks Mama dog can take care of the pups with her own milk but we'll have to be extra generous with her food ration and add plenty of cow's milk to her diet. At about six weeks the puppy teeth have appeared and the youngsters are able to take solid foods in small quantities. Now the bill for breeding begins to climb. Before the days of high prices it was possible to feed

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100 FEET OF \$1 HEDGE for 1

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
 Fast-growing... needs almost no attention. Fills well without gaps—the best background hedging plant you can buy. You get 50 plants (6" to 12"), all well rooted and ready for planting 2 feet apart. SEND NO MONEY—WE SHIP C.O.D. Just pay postman \$1 plus postal charges!
 THE FLOWER SHOP, Department HB144, Italy, Texas

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WRITE FOR SAMPLES

Cheerful Card Co., Dept. AH-1, White Plains, N.Y.

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for every occasion

We specialize in the design and manufacture of every type of solid bronze tablet—Honor Rolls, Memorials, Testimonials, Awards, Building Signs, etc. You will be pleased at our surprisingly low prices. Write for illustrated catalogue.

"Bronze Tablet Headquarters"
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 Dept. E, 570 Broadway, New York 12, N.Y.



IN SOLID BRONZE
HONOR ROLLS
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MEMORIAL
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Distinctive Beauty

Special designs to fit any need. Also stock designs in many styles and sizes. 35 years' experience producing superior quality workmanship. Write for catalog E.

GENERAL BRONZE CORPORATION
 Stewart Ave., Garden City, N. Y.

Save Your Feet

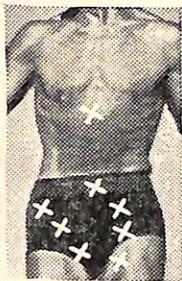
Thousands relieved from pain walk freely with **HEEFNER ARCH SUPPORTS**



Write for free Booklet "FOOT FACTS"

HEEFNER ARCH SUPPORT CO., 37 Logan Bldg., Salem, Virginia

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Try a Brooks Patented Air Cushion appliance. This marvelous invention for most forms of reducible rupture is **GUARANTEED** to bring YOU heavenly comfort and security—day and night—at work and at play—or it costs you **NOTHING!** Thousands happy. Light, neat-fitting. No hard pads or springs. For men, women, and children. Durable, cheap. **Sent on trial to prove it.** Not sold in stores. Beware of imitations. Write for Free Book on Rupture, no-risk trial order plan, and Proof of Results. Ready for you **NOW!**

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LOOSE DENTAL PLATES

RELINED AND TIGHTENED AT HOME \$1.00



NEWLY IMPROVED DENDEX RELINER, a plastic, builds up (refits) loose upper and lower dentures. Really makes them fit as they should without using powder. Easily applied. No heating required. Brush it on and wear your plates while it sets. It adheres to the plates only and makes a comfortable, smooth and durable surface that can be washed and scrubbed. Each application lasts for months. Not a powder or wax. Contains no rubber or gum. Neutral pink color. Sold on **MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.** Not sold in stores. Mail \$1 for generous supply, brush and directions and we pay postage. Charges extra on C.O.D. orders. Proved by 10 years of Consumer Use

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MEN—and Women, too!

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RIDE and ROW THE BATTLE CREEK WAY!

Enjoy most efficient health-building rowing AND riding! Natural **HYDRAULIC** pull of rowing plus benefits of horseback riding—adjusts for mild exercise or strenuous workout as you wish. Rhythmic movement of handles, seat and pedals "symmetrizes" and beautifies entire figure. EXEROW safely normalizes **WEIGHT**—improves **HEALTH** and appearance. Direct factory price. Write for information **TODAY.**

Battle Creek EQUIPMENT COMPANY
 Battle Creek 22, Mich.

pups scrapings of raw beef and it may still be possible for some breeders who don't have to worry too much about expense. We add to the solid food a liberal daily feeding of milk for the pups. How much they'll require depends upon the breed and here is where the smaller breeds are an advantage. If we want to shun the expense of beef, we'll feed a good quality of commercial puppy food to which we may add scrapings of horse meat which is sold by kennel supply firms.

When the pups are about nine weeks old, we begin to look around for customers. This may require an outlay for advertising in one of the dog magazines or a local newspaper. The cost of this, of course, depends entirely upon how large the circulation of the magazine or newspaper may be.

Now let's see what our venture into breeding dogs has cost. There was \$100 for our female (cheap at that); \$50 for stud fee; veterinarian's service \$6 to whatever may be required; inoculation against distemper for our lady dog, which means another ten dollars; feed costs for at least six months before breeding the dog; extra feed during the gestation period and feed costs for the pups from the time they begin to eat solid foods. Eggs for the puppies and mother, these being beaten into the liquids such as milk and vegetable juices. With food costs as they are, we will have spent at least \$50 to \$75 more. All added, we have made an outlay

of close to \$300 and we haven't included the cost of advertising for buyers. This may run to another \$25 to \$30.

Now if we want to establish a real kennel, even though it's one that may produce no more than one litter of pups a year, we'll have to do some showing. Of our litter we try to keep one or two of the most likely-looking specimens and after boarding and housing them for at least six months before we can begin to show them in puppy classes, off to the shows we go. The average entry fee is \$3. We may or may not win first, second or third. If we win first and the class is large enough we may get from \$3 to \$10 as prizes. We may even show the mother, depending upon her quality. If we want to get better prices for our dogs we'll have to bring at least one of them through to a championship which, I can assure you, is no easy or inexpensive enterprise.

In all of the above, I've made no calculation for the seemingly endless time required. That we can't reckon in terms of money. We like dogs, we want to breed them, we want to show them. The last alone demands a lot of time and transportation and other necessary expense. No, the breeding of dogs is no royal road to riches but if you like them enough, have a pocketbook that can stand it and the patience of a poor relation, then you'll be rewarded largely by the pleasure itself. And for the person who truly loves dogs there are few greater pleasures.

"A Famous Sight in Chicago"

(Continued from page 7)

tion of the memorial, flicks them skyward. This frieze, the most extensive work of its kind in the world, also was done by Weinman. A symbol over the etched bronze doorway tells its purpose, "The Triumphs of Peace Endure—The Triumphs of War Perish."

But it is when you reach the cool hollow of the great rotunda of Memorial Hall, that awe descends. One hundred fifteen feet high and 75 feet in diameter, the rotunda is a masterpiece of 25 kinds of warmly tinted marble, gleaming columns, and arches, surging murals by Eugene Francis Savage, foremost muralist, and stalwart statues by James Earle Fraser, a sculptor of note and husband of Laura Gardin Fraser.

HERE have been frozen in grace and captured in subtle symbolism, the four cardinal virtues of the Order of Elks, "Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love, and Fidelity."

Three muted paintings by Edwin H. Blashfield guarding the doorway of the reception hall as you leave the rotunda do not prepare you for royal elegance within. But this is a room fit for kings and designed for Americans.

Magnificent crystal chandeliers glimmer down from the ceiling. Dig-

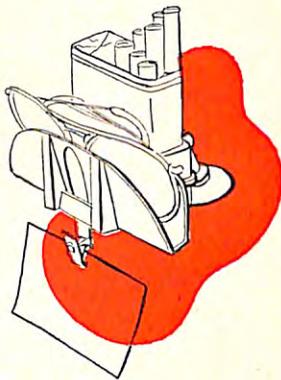
nified giant crystal torches stand sentinel at the archways. Persian rugs whisper underfoot and delicately stained windows make patterns of their own design on the hand-polished English oak paneling of the walls.

Savage rimmed his brush with fire here in the deep, gilt framed panels of the ceiling, and murals of gorgeous, rich colors flame with contrast against the dark oak. Two luminous and looming paintings, "The Paths of Peace" and "Armistice", make a lushness of human harvest against the western wall.

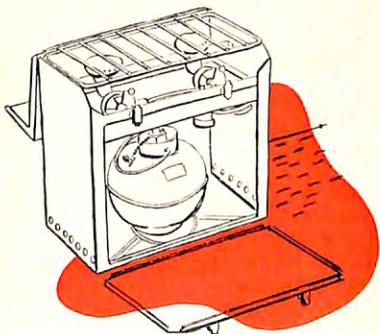
Guides are willing daily to point out all these wonders of the public, and sightseeing buses make this their only stop on the north side. More than one million persons have wandered in its lasting loveliness since the bronze doors were thrown open. Chicago, and the world, recognize that this is something to see now, and for others to see later.

As Ruskin once said, and he might have been talking about this architectural accomplishment and reverent dream: "When we build, let us think that we build forever. Let it not be alone for present delight, nor for present use alone. Let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for."

Gadgets and Gimmicks

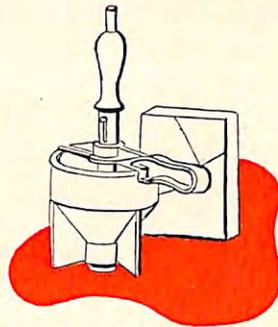


THERE are times in every motorist's life when he feels somewhat helpless at high speeds on the safest of roads. Not the least of these jittery moments is the time when he wants a cigarette, or wants to locate his sun-glasses and must fumble blindly on the seat beside him. This fumbling, it has been proved, sometimes leads to accidents. At best it is uncomfortable. To eliminate these awkward moments here is a new device that will serve you well. It is a plastic container that will hold a package of cigarettes, sun-glasses and a road map, or notes, in a clip at the bottom of the case. There are two ways to mount this case. It can be fastened to the windshield molding with one of the regular molding screws, or it can be fastened to any smooth portion of your dashboard with a really workable suction cup. A universal joint permits easy adjustment of the case after it is mounted and in use.

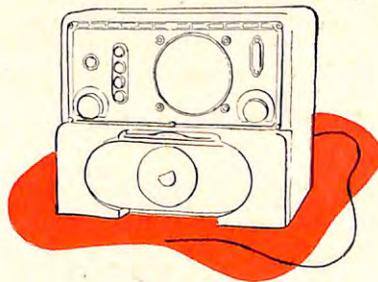


WHEN you are camping in 1949 there is no need to take two sticks along to rub together in order to get a fire going. Here is a new camp stove that will answer all needs as far as firemaking for the woodsman go. It is a new lightweight, self-contained stove which burns Butane or Propane. Being self-contained it is as definite an asset in a stove as it is in anyone else. The stove requires no pumping or priming, will burn for fifteen hours on one small cylinder

of the fuel and will operate efficiently at any altitude where the woodsman does not have to wear an oxygen mask. The whole works, gauge steel with baked enamel finish, arrives on your doorstep unconditionally guaranteed by the manufacturer.



DESPITE the fact that Mother was an excellent cook there was always something lacking in her home-made doughnuts. The machines we see popping them out at a great rate have produced such geometrically perfect doughnuts that home-made ones seem deformed by comparison. Here is a machine to turn out such perfect doughnuts in the home quickly—minus the rolling and cutting that was formerly required. Batter is mixed in the bowl and the plunger is pushed down; then out pops a perfectly formed sinker into the waiting pan of hot grease. It should make this culinary operation pleasant for your wife and eliminate forever the gnarled and twisted hand-formed variety that you've been used to.



THERE always has been danger of slips between a letter-writing boss, and even the most sharp-eared and efficient secretary. With the advent of transcribing machines the danger has been increased because usually when the secretary is typing the correspondence the boss is not available for interpretation. The result sometimes reads like a script for an Arthur Godfrey show. Here is a new dictating system that is designed to cut down the slips between letter-writers and secretaries. It is a high-

(Continued on page 50)

EXCLUSIVE FOR ELKS!



STERLING SILVER \$11.00
CUFF LINKS inc. tax
 Rhodium plated to prevent tarnishing. Handsomely cut B.P.O.E. emblem features baked enamel clock with genuine French Marcasites. Airplane clip. Price, \$11.00 per pair, postpaid.

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More Ability: More Prestige: More Money We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. Degree of LL.B. We furnish all text material, including 14-volume Law Library. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 48-page "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" books FREE. Send NOW.

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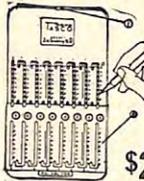


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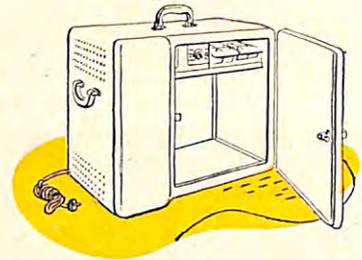
fidelity wire recorder. It is light-weight, simple and eliminates the necessity for handling the wire itself. It also has a built-in timer that locates all items transcribed to the wire spool. It includes many special features such as push-button controls, fast re-wind and a newly developed feather-touch foot pedal. Erasing is done magnetically and new dictation is placed on the wire without any preliminary operations. Most errors from such equipment result from the bad voice reproduction, but this new equipment has reproduction quality that, in testing, has won smiles from ear-straining secretaries, which is a goal worth striving for.



A NEW wrist watch is on the market that should be of interest to every Elk in the land. The watch itself is manufactured by an old, well-established firm of watchmakers who claim the new watch is "luxuriously styled". The timepieces have the emblem of the Order enameled on the dial in the official colors and, if the watch is to be presented as an award of any kind, a suitable inscription also can be placed on the dial. The watches can be used as awards or for individual gift purchase.

MANY a businessman is hampered by a secretary who can't turn out a neat letter to save herself. There are two ways to remedy this state of affairs. One is to convince women that their place is in the home—a difficult if not impossible task. The other, simpler remedy is to have all typewriters outfitted with

this new ribbon that can guarantee an impeccable letter any time of the day or night. The beauty of this ribbon lies in the fact that typing errors can be eradicated with a liquid and a small applicator. No smudges will persist and the copy is crystal clear. It will also help your inefficient secretary to maintain her sense of humor at a day's end. When a change is necessary, a word or a whole sentence can be eradicated by painting away the words with a touch of the magic liquid. The special ribbons are no more expensive than ordinary good typewriter ribbons and are available in black, black and red and blue for all standard makes of typewriters, electric or otherwise.



IN LINE with the pioneer spirit of America, a company has produced a new portable refrigerator that will fit into the car trunk, freeze to nine degrees below zero, work on a six-volt car battery or conventional 110-volt outlets and will carry enough perishable food for two people for six days. It also will carry enough food for six people for two days. It should prove ideal for vacationers in summer cabins or those who go trailering about the countryside in the summer months. When not being so utilized, it can be used in the home as an auxiliary deep freeze, ice cube maker, frozen food locker or separate refrigerator for a bar in the study. What more can be asked of any object whose dimensions do not exceed 22 by 18 by 14 inches?

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 22)

like and then it's a little too late. Of course, the average fresh-water angler who visits Florida is either a bait caster or a fly fisherman, or both. Offshore trolling may not appeal to him—it doesn't to me—and, besides, charter boats are expensive. Anybody can fish for tarpon and its top-flight companion fish, the snook, without spending a lot of money and he can use the tackle with which he is familiar.

While tarpon have been reported as far north as Long Island and from there southward to Brazil, it is in the warmer waters around the coast of Florida and westward to Texas and Mexico that most of them are caught. Southern Florida, with its innumerable islands and keys, probably affords the best fishing during the win-

ter and early spring, and it is there that the vacationing angler is most likely to meet the silver king.

This part of Florida is flatter than a bride's pancake. In order to build roads across it, the engineers first dug canals. Then they laid their highways on the dirt from them. These canals, cuts and ditches are connected with countless streams which empty either into the Gulf or the Atlantic. Thus there is a network of salt water in which the tide rises and falls and into which various salt water fish can pass freely.

In a few hours' fishing in a roadside canal I have caught tarpon, snook, jack crevalle, redfish (channel bass) and several kinds of snappers. All of these fish take ordinary floating or sinking bass plugs, streamer flies

and bass bugs. No license is required to fish salt water in Florida. All the visiting bass fisherman needs is his tackle.

Although an occasional big tarpon wanders inland, most of the fish caught there are small. They run from a foot or so in length up to ten or 15 pounds, and they are the ones that will make a bait caster or fly fisherman swallow his Adam's apple so many times he'll blister it on both sides.

In fishing these canals I noticed that the tarpon usually stay near the middle, in the deepest water. Snook, like bass, seem to prefer the edges, lying near reeds or under the shelter of mangroves and other cover. A fly or plug cast up or down the canal and landing near the center is likely to interest a tarpon. One cast across and dropped close to the opposite shore has a better chance to get a snook.

THE best tackle, in my opinion, is an ordinary medium to stiff casting rod, a regular level-winding, bait-casting reel with a capacity of 100 to 150 yards of 15-pound-test line, and sufficient nylon line of that strength to fill it. Nylon is better than silk because salt water rots the latter. There is no point in using a stronger one: 15-pound test will take all the pressure you can put on it one-handed. Wire leaders about ten inches long are essential.

In the fly fishing division, the same bass-bug outfit that you would use at home is perfect. A nine-foot, six-ounce rod is plenty heavy and, of course, it should be matched with a suitable line. The reel should be single action and big enough to hold 100 yards of backing behind the fly line. Leaders six feet long and made from 15-pound-test nylon are adequate.

After I had fished a while, I discovered that, while both tarpon and snook could be caught on either plugs or flies, the former gave more thrills on flies while snook reacted better

when hooked on plugs. The reason was simple. Tarpon jump equally well no matter what tackle is used, and the fly rod was more fun. Snook sometimes don't jump when they are hooked on a fly, but when they hit a plug and discover that they have a face full of hardware they take to the air.

The best surface plugs seemed to be those with an erratic, darting action, such as the Creek Chub "Darter", and this same motion also got the best results with those that dived beneath the surface. Flies that were consistently good were slender buck-tails and streamers in white, gray or yellow, sizes 2 and 1/0. When we were fly fishing, we sometimes found that popping bass bugs would bring smashing surface strikes when nothing else turned the trick.

Although any bass fisherman, either bait caster or fly man, should take tarpon right from the start, I discovered that giving the plug or fly the right action at the right time always was important.

The first day I fished in Florida with Ray and Dan Holland, I noticed after a short time that they were getting a great many more strikes than I. We were casting in the canal beside the Tamiami Trail and catching both snook and tarpon—at least, they were. We had separated when we began fishing, but I knew we all were using similar plugs. I quit and hurried over to watch Ray and see just what he was doing that I was not.

It didn't take long to notice the difference. I had been fishing my floating plug about like I would for bass. That is, after it struck the water I allowed it to lie motionless for quite a while and then retrieved it in a series of little jerks, with appreciable pauses between. Ray started his retrieve the instant the lure touched the water, and he did it with a hard sweep of the rod that caused the plug to dart rapidly for

(Continued on page 52)

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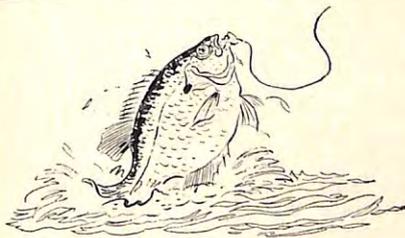
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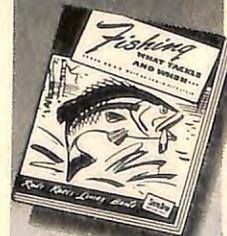
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a yard or so. As soon as he reeled up the slack, he jerked the rod again, and this jerk-reel process was repeated all the way in. I speeded up my retrieves then, and my luck improved. In subsequent fishing I noticed that the lure nearly always had to be worked considerably faster than it would be for bass in order to get the best results.

Of course, there are no hard-and-fast rules in angling. Another day, Dan and I were fly fishing and the going was tough. Although we saw tarpon roll frequently, none of our bugs or flies seemed to interest them, and we tried all the tricks we could think of. After an hour's fruitless effort, I made a cast and then paused to relight my pipe before starting the retrieve. As soon as it was going satisfactorily, I raised my rod to draw the slack out of my line—and it was nearly torn away from me. A baby tarpon that would go about six pounds exploded from the water with my fly in his jaw and immediately set about trying to take the place apart.

As soon as I had subdued him and

turned him loose (tarpon aren't good to eat) I made another cast and let the fly sink for 30 seconds before starting to work it in. The first attempt didn't get a strike but the second one did. What they wanted that day was a fly worked deep with slow pulls and pauses.

One mighty bad idea to take to Florida is that you should hook every fish that hits—or even half of them. A tarpon that weighs ten pounds can take your bug right in front of your eyes, chew it up and spit it out before you can strike. One a foot long is ten times as quick as a ten pounder. I've had two or three hits during one retrieve without hooking a single fish. Apparently, if the line is tight and the fish takes it just right, you'll hook him. If not, you won't, and there's no use fretting out it.

Nobody needs a guide to fish the canals, ditches and creeks that cross the inland roads. That simply involves stopping the car and breaking out your tackle. Venturing out into the Ten Thousand Islands in a small boat is something else again. Unless

you have a friend who knows his way around there well—and such friends are rare—you shouldn't try it without a professional along. A compass is no good because you may have to follow a channel that winds south, then west, then east, in order to go north, and all the mangrove-covered islands look very much the same to a newcomer.

This doesn't rule out the possibility of tying into a big tarpon going it alone, however. There are many places where a man can walk the beach and cast while his wife hunts sea shells. I was doing that one day, working on the snook which kept drifting by, when the biggest tarpon I ever saw rolled right in front of me. For all I know, he was the biggest tarpon anybody ever saw. His eye was the size of a grapefruit.

Of course, I cast to him. The only lucky thing about it was that I happened to be using a lure that tarpon never hit. If some other plug had been tied to my line I might have been there yet. As Ray Holland said tarpon get you!

Luncheon in London

(Continued from page 5)

passengers than other employees of the air lines, have asked a great many questions to account for this unexpected preference for planes over ships, and they have come up with interesting answers. First of all, there is the obvious item of cost. One-way air passage from New York to London on American carriers is \$325, tax exempt, and the round-trip fare is \$466.70. First-class accommodations on the *Queen Mary* or *Elizabeth* range from \$365 to \$545, one way. Tips, bar bills and other expenses have the nasty habit of adding up on shipboard, but there are no extras on a plane.

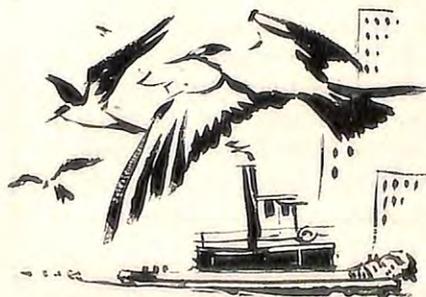
The time element also has a strong appeal for mothers traveling with children. Realizing they are going to be harassed by the children fretting in confinement whether they sail or fly, the mothers want to get the whole thing over and done with quickly. Children, incidentally, are fine junior birdmen. They invariably fall asleep as soon as the plane is airborne and do not awaken until a landing is about to be made. Then, simultaneously with the flashing of the "Fasten Seat Belts—No Smoking" sign, they commence to scream and squawk, but the racket subsides promptly when the plane takes off again. Nobody can explain this phenomenon. Crews speak vaguely of the difference in air pressure on the children's ears and let it go at that.

The chief attraction planes hold for people in low income brackets, however, is a curious by-product of democratic trends. There appears to be a spontaneous, increasing resentment against the class distinctions and sharp contrasts in service, pegged to the prices of tickets, encountered aboard ships. An airliner

is a one-cabin affair in which everyone gets the same meals, the same facilities and the same consideration. Psychologically, it makes a big difference to passengers, and the air lines have been quick to capitalize on it.

Although safety is the watchword on the trans-Atlantic run, a good deal of high-powered thinking is going into showmanship and the little, personalized touches that contribute to the passengers' sense of plush living, if only for a day. Air France has gained priceless publicity by serving a free split of champagne and American Overseas Airlines, Pan American Airways and Trans World Airline are famous for their food—especially among hungry Europeans. It's a funny thing about food; even Americans who have made countless flights still believe they're getting something for nothing when a meal is served in the air. The cost is incorporated in the price of the ticket, of course, but a nice, warming pie-in-the-sky feeling comes when the stewardess delivers the tray.

Appetites flourish so prodigiously in the air that American Overseas



Airlines have an unofficial gag slogan: "Eat your way with AOA". Every Constellation or DC-4 that leaves LaGuardia Airport in New York is loaded with 440 pounds of food, more than enough for the 86 or 68 passengers it will carry on the outbound and return flights without drawing on Europe's meager supplies. Certain plentiful items are picked up in foreign ports, such as cheese and bread in Holland and fish delicacies in Scandinavia. This 440-pound cargo of food does not include the complete, hot meals put aboard just before the plane takes off. Each flight is stocked with 66 separate staples and refreshments—eggs, bacon, canned goods, fresh salad and fruits, baby food, ice cream and the fixings for sandwiches to help passengers keep up their strength between the two meals served en route. Another nice touch greatly appreciated by paying guests are before-dinner cocktails, highballs and sherry. The drinks are on the house, along with toilet and sewing kits, cigarettes, candy, cards, backgammon and checker sets, jigsaw puzzles, late copies of magazines and newspapers and comic books for the children. Europeans enthusiastically embrace native customs observed over the Atlantic by American airliners. Turkey, with all the trimmings, is a "must" on Thanksgiving and Christmas; roast goose is the *pièce de résistance* on New Year's Day, which is ushered in with funny hats, noisemakers and other quaint gadgets.

These services are dispensed by the vice-presidents in charge of glamor—the stewardesses. Contrary to popular belief, the girls are not selected only for their charming

looks, figures or personalities. That is merely the frosting on the cake, and very pretty too, but the stewardesses play a more vital role in helping to overcome the fear of flying which agitates many people. The girls are carefully screened for technical and temperamental qualifications, then given an intensive course that features something more than serving meals—prepared by a male purser—or responding to requests from passengers.

Pan American Airways and Trans World Airline believe people feel more secure when they can speak in their native tongue to a stranger. Therefore, these two companies require their stewardesses to be fluent in at least one foreign language, and the more the better. American Overseas Airlines has a different approach. It hires only registered nurses as stewardesses, convinced that such training is important because it teaches discipline and patience. AOA stewardesses carry a medical and surgical kit that prepares them for any eventuality from indigestion to delivering a baby in the air.

"We almost had a premature birth going from New York to Frankfurt last year," Miss Marilyn Miller, of Apollo, Pa., reports. "We made a scheduled stop at Gander and took the woman off the plane in time to get her to the hospital. I could have delivered her in a bunk in the crew galley without any trouble, but I don't know what would've happened to the pilot. I thought he'd go out of his mind before we got that woman on the ground. You know, every airline is dying to have a baby born on one of its planes, just for the publicity it would get, but it probably would mean the loss of a pilot. Every time a man hears a baby is about to be born near him, his first impulse is to get out and run—even when he's ten thousand feet up in the air."

Like most of her colleagues, Miss Miller was an Army nurse—four years in Europe—before joining AOA. Then she went to training school for a month to learn about the operation of a plane, local customs of foreign countries and passenger psychology. Although stewardesses are restricted to 85 hours of work each month, including twelve-hour layovers between flights—which means they can meet their quotas on two round trips—it is by no means a soft job. With time on the ground at both ends for briefings and filing reports, a stewardess is on duty for eighteen consecutive hours on the New York-London run. As soon as the plane takes off, her primary concern is the first riders, whom ticket agents try to spot in advance. After talking to them until their apprehension disappears, she settles into her routine. She serves meals, helps mothers soothe babies and change diapers, circulates coffee and reading material, provides pillows for naps, answers silly questions and makes bright conversation

with passengers to pass the hours.

Miss Miller admits there are drawbacks to the job. She never knows where or for how long she's going when she is alerted to report for duty, a serious deterrent to her social life. She can be stranded for days in Gander, Newfoundland; Keflavik, Iceland, or Shannon, Ireland; there are, inevitably, long periods of boredom. But there are compensations for these disadvantages. All people who follow aviation as a profession are nuts about flying. They meet different people, see strange places and develop a strong crew camaraderie that is a substitute for the absence of family and friends.

Then, every flight and passenger list is different. Miss Frances Dunn, an AOA stewardess from Goshen, N. Y., had to call upon all her resourcefulness two years ago on Operation Reunion, when wives and dependents of Army personnel were flown to Germany. On one trip she had 26 infants and one, lone male passenger aboard. What happened?

"I gave the poor man a secondol as soon as we left LaGuardia," she says, "and he didn't wake up until we landed at Frankfurt."

To Miss Dunn, the most interesting aspect of her job is analyzing people and anticipating their requests. Americans and Swedes demand a lot of attention and Britishers always complain that the cabins are overheated. The British, though, are overwhelmed by the food. "It breaks you up inside," she comments, "to see their eyes pop out when you serve them a fried egg." Miss Dunn finds out that airsickness is disappearing rapidly with greater public acceptance of aviation. (Statistics indicate the incidence of airsickness to seasickness is about ten times less.) She believes it is largely psychological, anyway. When she was an Army flight nurse in the CBI during the war, she frequently carried planeloads of Chinese evacuated from danger areas. The poor, bewildered Chinese huddled together motionless, grinning politely, while the plane was aloft, but as soon as it touched the ground they immediately took sick.

One more—the inevitable—question! Are flying wolves much of a problem?

"Not among the passengers," Miss Dunn says firmly, "but those guys in the crews . . . brother!"

Miss Dunn hastens to explain, somewhat superfluously, such activities are confined strictly to the ground. The crew of a Constellation is much too preoccupied with technical details to permit distractions from the intense concentration required of them. Before the plane takes off, exactly 89 items must be checked. Once they are airborne, the captain and his two co-pilots are kept busy sending hourly position and weather reports. They must check constantly with the navigator, the two flight engineers who watch an instrument panel only slightly

(Continued on page 54)

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smaller—and infinitely more complicated—than the telephone company's master switchboard, and adjust the course from information received by the radio operator.

Pilots holding the rank of captain on trans-Atlantic planes are the aristocrats of organized labor. Their base pay for 85 hours a month ranges from \$1,100 to \$1,350, depending on length of service, but achieving that eminence takes a lot of doing. Before getting command of a million-dollar Constellation or a DC-4 costing \$600,000—to make no mention of the incalculable human cargo—a man must have a minimum of 3,000 flying hours, CAA qualifications as a navigator and at least two winters as a co-pilot on the North Atlantic run. Cameron T. Robertson, AOA's chief pilot, has 14,000 hours behind him, the equivalent of seven full working years in the air on a 40-hour week, 50-weeks-a-year basis. In addition, every captain must take rigorous physical and psychological tests annually. Men more than forty-five rarely pass them.

The precautions taken to avert man-failure, though, are as nothing compared to the enormously detailed pre-flight preparations to combat mechanical deficiency. This is the real story behind commercial aviation's incredible safety record since Pan American Airways inaugurated overseas passenger service to Bermuda on October 28, 1927. It is a story the public knows only through performance but never sees in execution. Deadpan statistics are woefully inadequate to indicate the sweat and strain that keeps suspended the bridge of planes over the ocean.

Before a DC-4 takes off from New York to Frankfurt, let us say, it is given what is called a No. 1 Inspection. This involves checking the grand total of 201 items and assemblies that require 320.5 man hours of work. At Gander, the first stop five hours later, eight employees swarm aboard the plane to refuel it, inspect the flight log for any telltale evidence of trouble, make minor operational repairs and clean the cabin. The same procedure is followed at Shannon for the final run to Frankfurt. There the plane lays over for 28 hours while it gets another No. 1 once-over. Back at LaGuardia, the plane goes into the shop for 24 hours for a No. 2 Inspection, a process that takes 389 man hours. That is only part of the constant probing and prodding for defects.

At every 150 to 200 flying hours, the same DC-4 gets a No. 3 Inspection—about twice as detailed as the No. 1—at 400 hours a No. 4 and at 800 hours the "big check". Besides all this, certain parts are replaced automatically regardless of their airworthiness. Each of the four engines on a Constellation is changed for a new one every 800 hours; spark plugs are discarded after 144 hours; brake and wheel assemblies are taken off after 1000 hours; new automatic pilots and landing gears are installed at 8000 hours.

Still the story is not complete. It does not begin to suggest the precautions taken to give the pilot the safest, smoothest and fastest route while he is in transit. Mr. Euclid would be astonished to discover that a straight line is not always the shortest distance between two points in the air. There are such complications as high and low pressure areas that determine the Best Time Track, or the most efficient route between airports. High and low pressure areas are winds that shift constantly and swirl over the ocean in huge circles, and if you will bear with us for a few, painless moments we will attempt to explain their importance in words of one syllable.

IN A high pressure area, the winds travel clockwise. Assume you are flying from west to east, from Gander to Shannon. If the southerly, or lower, half of a high pressure area is directly in your path, you will be bucking head winds all the way. A 50-mile head wind means exactly what it implies; it will reduce your air speed 50 miles an hour. The pilot can turn this high pressure area to his advantage, however, by flying perhaps a thousand miles north off Iceland, where he catches the wind coming around the sweep of the circle and picks up a 50-mile boost all the way across the Atlantic. A low pressure area works in reverse; the winds travel counter-clockwise. Take the same plane and pilot flying east across the ocean but confronted now with a low pressure area. He may have to go far south again until he gets a tail wind, but the diversion will save time—and precious gas.

That last item merely keeps the plane up in the air and involves a little matter of cost which will interest everyone who drives an automobile. A Constellation makes only *seven-tenths* of a mile *per gallon* with all four engines drinking gas like crazy and a DC-4 gets 1.36 miles per gallon. Since Gander to Shannon is a jump of 1,982 miles across open water, only a catch-as-catch-can knowledge of mathematics is required to appreciate the fuel load a plane must carry to leapfrog the ocean and satisfy the CAA's demand for an extra supply of three hours, just in case of a tie. (A Constellation is filled up to 4,690 gallons at every stop.) Gas is heavy; it cuts down a plane's payload if adverse conditions reduce its speed.

Information on wind and weather is supplied by three sources. Ground stations are in constant communication with the planes, either by radio or Morse code. Pilots en route check in every hour with complete reports on changing conditions for the benefit of the next fellow coming across. And then there are the sturdy little weather ships that keep lonesome vigil in the Atlantic, compiling and relaying data which safeguards surface and air craft. The U. S. Coast Guard provides three ships and the British and Dutch one each. It was the *USS Bibb* that made the spec-

tacular rescue of 69 people aboard the *Bermuda Sky Queen*.

The men on the weather ships rank high among the pilots' favorite people and they're always dreaming up gags and stunts to relieve the tedium of the 21-day hitches at sea. When Bob Hope returned from Princess Elizabeth's wedding in November, the pilot of his plane got him to put on a spontaneous half-hour broadcast for the boys down below. Last summer Captain Robertson, after checking with the weather ship off Newfoundland, began to talk of this and that with the Coast Guardsmen and asked whether there was any particular bit of news or gossip they wanted to know. There was. It seemed the crew had been listening to a play-by-play broadcast of a crucial Dodger-Cardinal ball game that afternoon when, with the score tied in the ninth inning and Pete Reiser tearing for home on a squeeze play, the game went off the air suddenly. The guys had been unable to pick up the program again and they were going daffy wondering whether Reiser had scored the winning run. Well, sir, it so happened that Robertson had been at the game and he proceeded to give the crew a pitch-by-pitch report. (P. S. The Dodgers won.) In 1946 an AOA plane dropped a Christmas tree in a burlap bag, with a signal flare attached, for a weather ship. The bombardier's aim was poor and the tree fell so wide of the target that it never was retrieved, but it was a nice gesture.

Flying the ocean today is such a dry run—pilot slang for an uneventful assignment—that the air lines are toying with all sorts of bright ideas to break up the monotony of the trip. Motion pictures already have been shown experimentally in commercial planes and the latest products from Hollywood will be standard equipment soon. A reasonable facsimile of the airliner of the future was put in regular operation last fall when the new, super-elegant Boeing Stratocruiser appeared on the trans-Atlantic run.

The Stratocruiser is an 80-passenger job that tools along at 300 miles an hour and will fly non-stop from New York to London in ten hours, reducing former schedules by four hours (for Constellations) to seven hours (for DC-4's). The Stratocruiser's chief attraction for passengers, however, is its double-deck construction. On the lower level there is a cocktail lounge and a space large enough for dancing. In time, a floor show featuring a line of chorus girls—the Flying Rockettes, what else?—undoubtedly will be added to the plane's permanent personnel by popular demand.

When that day arrives, the chap who boasts of dining in New York and lurching in London will have become as old hat as the stagedoor johnny. If a fellow plays his cards right, he will be able to compare the third blondes from the right in two chorus lines the same night. What will they think of next?

editorial



OUR FIRST LINE OF SERVICE

The establishment of Elks Fraternal Centers in the vicinity of Army camps and Naval stations for the use of military personnel is again under way.

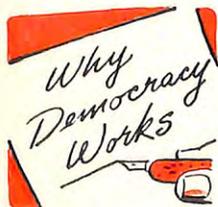
This action follows the recommendation submitted at the last session of the Grand Lodge by the Elks National Veterans Service Commission, which, with the cooperation of our lodges, has served our Order so commendably in our program of providing comfort and entertainment for veterans hospitalized since the war.

Our members will recall the important role of the Elks Fraternal Centers operated by our lodges under the leadership of the Elks War Commission in the years when our American families were separated by the demands of the recent war. The entertainment, conveniences and friendly hospitality which the Centers offered to young men removed from families, sweethearts and friends proved a significant contribution to the maintenance of morale, not only of the boys themselves, but also of the parents and friends on the home front who read the appreciative reports of those who enjoyed the Centers' comforts.

In these troubled days, our country's realistic measures of preparedness for grave eventualities again call young men from their homes to the strange training field. Our members will be quick to perceive the impact of that dislocation and to welcome these young men into Fraternal Centers where brotherly love will fill the void between hearth and camp.

We can visualize once more the cheerfully lighted building, hear the music and sounds of merriment, see the wives and daughters of our members graciously work to recreate for the boys in uniform the values of the home.

It is natural for us to envision that picture for we know from Elk tradition that it is the heritage of our members to impart cheer to their fellow men. That they will now act to make the new Centers a success is a foregone conclusion. For the history of our Order, the Elks first line of service is with the boy in uniform.



MAKE DEMOCRACY WORK

Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall's vigorous appeal to each member of the Order of Elks, wherever he goes throughout the country to make democ-

cracy work, directs our attention to a profound truth that too often is overlooked. Democracy is not an automatic process. It must be made to work. The Order's national essay contest on "Why Democracy Works" will serve a very useful purpose if it impresses this fact upon our high school students.

Democracy is the rule of the people. It naturally follows that, being sovereign, the people must be informed on public affairs—local, state, national and international. They must take a personal interest in shaping policies and in guiding the decisions of their elected servants. They must be observant of conditions that need attention and that, going unattended, or inadequately attended, will threaten society's safety and the general welfare. The people must vote. These are some of the routine, day to day democratic chores required of a sovereign people, in order to make democracy work.

The preamble to the Federal Constitution states that, among others, the purpose of that immortal document is "... to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity. ..." Yet those who wrote the Constitution knew full well that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty". They knew that liberty, like money, can be inherited, and like any other heritage, liberty can be frittered away.

When a free people neglect the burdensome responsibilities of democratic citizenship and accept only its benefits, when they become too indifferent to think and to act, when they fail to perform even that elementary act of democracy—marking a piece of paper—then democracy is in danger. It is the opportunity for "strong men", and they will always be available, to relieve the people of the burdens of self-rule. Their services come too dear.

The more that the people work at the job of self-rule, the stronger is democracy and the greater its achievements. Let every member of our Order heed the wise counsel of our Grand Exalted Ruler.



FEBRUARY, THE MONTH OF BIRTHDAYS

As months go, February may be short on days, but it is long on birthdays.

February is the month which gave to America two of the greatest figures in modern history. Americans know February 12th, 1809, was the date of birth of Abraham Lincoln, the Great Emancipator, while February 22nd, 1732, was the natal day of George Washington, the Father of his Country. These dates are celebrated by national holidays and are observed with respect and devotion by the American people in the Union.

It is possible, in the times of peril which this Nation has been called upon to face, that some individuals equally as great as Washington or Lincoln would have risen to face the national emergency—to accomplish what Washington achieved during the Revolution and in the troublesome post-Revolutionary period, or that an equally towering figure should have loomed up to guide the Nation through the internicine strife of the War between The States.

It is possible, but not probable.

To the members of the Order of Elks the month of February carries a particular significance above and beyond these anniversaries. On February 16th, 1868, the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks was founded in the City of New York. Since that day the new-born Fraternity has waxed mature and strong, growing greater with each succeeding birthday.

The immense power and influence wielded by the Order of Elks is measured by the true spirit of fraternity which flows through its ranks; it originates in the devotion and loyalty of its members which leads them to worthy endeavors and achievements; from the maintenance of its highest traditions of benevolent service and from expression of the most intense and the most sincere patriotism.

Every February that comes and goes reveals to the eyes of history a Washington and a Lincoln grown ever greater in stature. So does the passage of Februarys add grace and dignity to the Order of Elks.

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