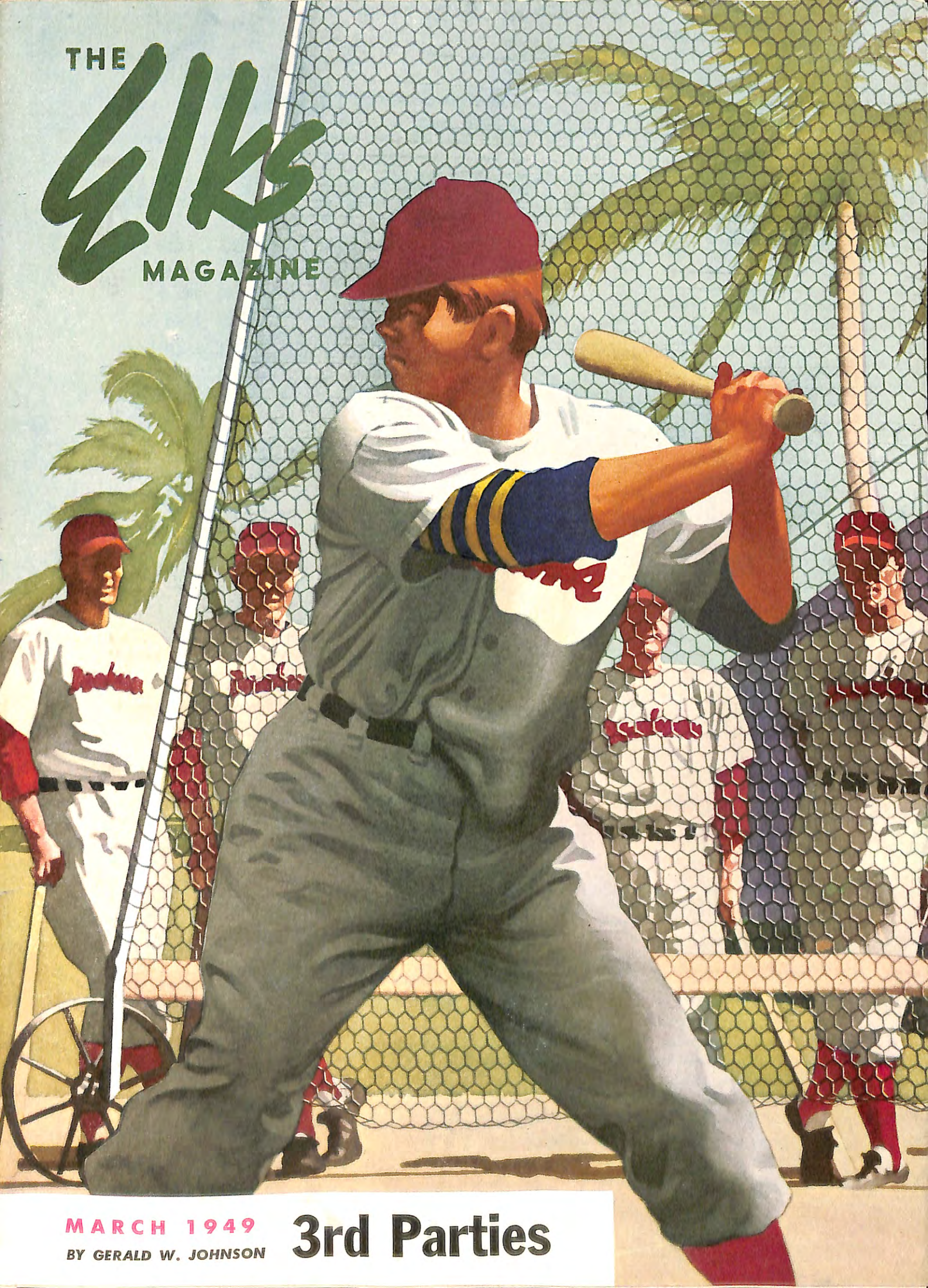


THE  
**ELKS**  
MAGAZINE



**MARCH 1949**  
BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

**3rd Parties**

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# Cleveland

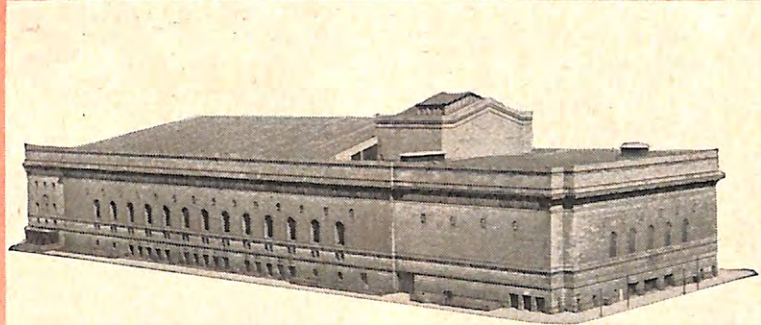
**The Best Location in the Nation**

**T**HIS thriving metropolis of the Buckeye State extends the hand of welcome to the 85th Grand Lodge Convention of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, opening Sunday, July 10th, 1949.

Offering adequate housing facilities, Cleveland, the first city other than New York ever to entertain a Grand Lodge Convention (1890), has made elaborate plans for your pleasure and entertainment.

Whether you come by car over the broad arterial highways, by boat over the water of the Great Lakes, by train over the singrails, or drop down from the skies onto the largest municipal airport in the world, you'll meet with a sincere welcome from the Brothers of Cleveland and Lakewood Lodges, co-hosts to the visiting Elks and their ladies.

And there'll be much to keep you on the go. From the time of your arrival until the point of your departure, we hope to keep you pleasantly busy either transacting the business of Elkdom or availing yourself of the many entertainment features—the famous Metropolitan Park System that circles the county, 90 miles of scenic beauty; the art museum; the public auditorium; the municipal stadium where an exhibition game between the Pittsburgh Pirates and Cleveland Indians will be played under the lights, followed by a gigantic display of pyrotechnics—these and innumerable other attractions will hold your interest. In this, the key city of the Western Reserve, Milady may shop to her heart's content. And when the night parade



**Above: The Public Auditorium**

**Below: The Cleveland Stadium**



**Grand Esquire Kremser**

of floats portraying the Grand Exalted Ruler's slogan, "Make Democracy Work", travels down famous Euclid Avenue, you'll be thrilled by the hearty acclaim of the tens of thousands who will border the line of march.

Yes, Cleveland, the home of 1948 champions—the Cleveland Indians, World's Baseball Champions; the Cleveland Browns, All-America Football Conference Champions; the Cleveland Barons, American Hockey League Champions—goes all-out in extending the hand of good-fellowship to the Champions of Brotherly Love, the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

Plan now to attend the 85th Grand Lodge Convention at Cleveland, July 10th to 14th. Join with your State

Association in organizing bands, uniformed Drill Teams, marching groups, and in the promotion of a State float.

All roads in Elkdom lead to Cleveland, the best location in the nation, where I shall anticipate the pleasure of greeting you personally.

**CYRIL A. KREMSEK,**  
Grand Esquire

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

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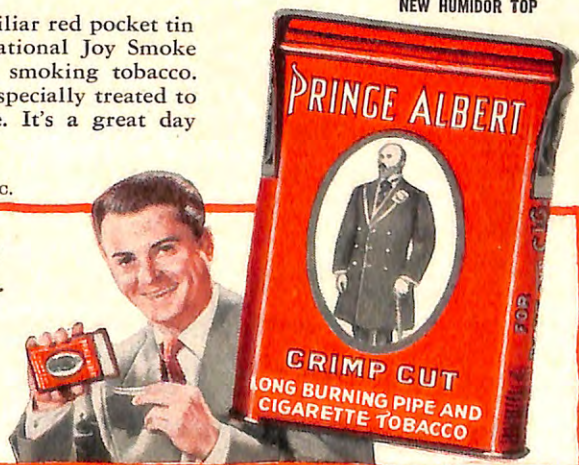
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P.A. means Prince Albert*

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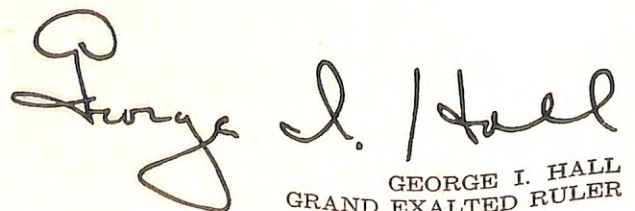
## A message from **THE GRAND EXALTED RULER**

**T**HROUGHOUT my visits I have stressed my program to "Make Democracy Work", emphasizing the important role that the education of our youth plays in that program. To this appeal our membership has responded most effectively. I recently forwarded a communication to all of the lodges urging our Brothers to cooperate by arranging for the distribution of "Our American Heritage" to the various schools in their jurisdiction. "Our American Heritage" is the title of six film strips for use in schools to bring home to our children the thrilling story of the development of our Democratic Freedoms.

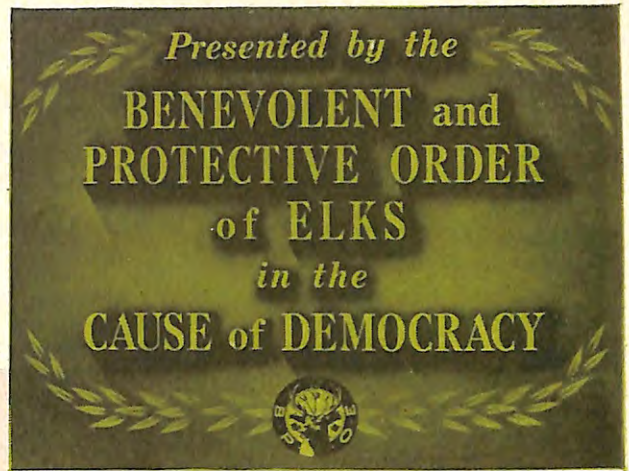
I have been stirred to greater effort on behalf of the spread of my program by the fine response being received from our subordinate lodges, which have made arrangements for the distribution of these films in accordance with my request.

As I have said so often, the youth of today are the leaders of tomorrow, and the more the Order of Elks does to bring home to their minds the true history of the birth and progress of our Nation in our democratic form of government, the better citizens they will become—always on the alert to give their all for the continuance of our American Way of Life.

In closing this message to you, I am making an appeal for an all-out effort by every lodge of our Order to the end that through our support and cooperation, we will have presented "Our American Heritage" in every school in our jurisdiction.

  
GEORGE I. HALL  
GRAND EXALTED RULER

# MAKING DEMOCRACY WORK



*A. L. Cole, left, General Manager of The Reader's Digest, De Witt Wallace, center, Editor of the Digest, and Grand Exalted Ruler Hall discuss the Order's campaign to equip schools throughout the country with "Our American Heritage" filmstrips as part of the program to Make Democracy Work. Mr. Wallace praised the Order of Elks for its efforts to strengthen American youth against subversive influences. The filmstrips were produced by the Digest on a non-profit basis at the request of the National Education Association and the American Heritage Foundation, sponsors of the famed Freedom Train.*

**T**HE Freedom Train exhibit of the Declaration of Independence and other famous documents gave millions of Americans a better understanding of their priceless heritage of freedom. Now, in response to Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall's appeal to Make Democracy Work, Elks lodges are bringing the Freedom Train right into our Nation's schoolrooms.

They are doing it by equipping their hometown schools with sets of "Our American Heritage", filmstrips that were especially prepared for use in junior and senior high schools to teach American youth the meaning of democracy. When this issue of the Magazine went to press, lodges had presented 400 sets of the filmstrips to their schools.

"Our American Heritage" consists of six filmstrips. Together they tell in dramatic, pictorial fashion the story of the birth and development of our freedoms. They make history interesting, and by relating democracy to everyday living they give positive value to the democratic way of life that will strengthen the mind of youth against subversive influences.

When Grand Exalted Ruler Hall saw the filmstrips he decided immediately that putting them to use in schools throughout America was a job that the Order of Elks should undertake. By making it possible for millions of school children to see the films, Elks would strike a powerful blow at the communist strategy to

destroy democracy by corrupting the minds of youth. The films can be circulated among the schools of a community and can be used year after year. Accompanying every set of the filmstrips is a manual showing how to use them to the maximum advantage.

Each of the six filmstrips in every set purchased by a lodge for its schools contains a special frame stating that it was presented by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks in the cause of democracy. Thus, every child who sees the films over the years will know of the practical and patriotic interest which our Order takes in developing good citizens, a knowledge that will be of great value to the Order when the child reaches maturity.

This is an Elk project exclusively and it is a splendid opportunity for every lodge to cooperate with Grand Exalted Ruler Hall's program to Make Democracy Work, and to demonstrate again your lodge's leadership in practical Americanism.

The regular price of "Our American Heritage" is \$19.50 per set, but our lodges can obtain them at a special price of \$11.70 a set by ordering them through the Grand Lodge Activities Committee. Orders, accompanied by checks payable to the Chairman of the Committee, William J. Jernick, should be mailed to him at 44 Alexander Avenue, Nutley 10, N. J.

# 3rd Parties ...Come and Go

ONCE more in an American political campaign a third-part movement has arisen, flourished prodigiously awhile, scared the daylights out of the political pundits, and gone phf-f-ft! on Election Day. That is to say, it has followed the normal course of American third-party movements.

The unusual feature of the 1948 affair—unusual, but not unique—is that it was double-pronged. In general, a third-party movement consists of a revolt by one wing, sometimes the right but more often the left, of an existing major party; but in this case both wings revolted simultaneously. Mr. Wallace's Progressives decided that they were being suppressed and oppressed because the Democratic party had grown too conservative; Mr. Thurmond's States Rights party, popularly known as the Dixiecrats, decided that it was, on the contrary, they who were being suppressed and oppressed because the Democratic party had grown too radical.

The country, as the event of November 2 proved, took no stock in either theory. Fully 95 per cent of the vote was divided, as usual, between the Republican and the Democratic parties, with the Democrats getting the larger share. Yet by reason of the concentration of its vote, the smaller of the revolting parties broke into the electoral college and Governor Thurmond became entitled to 38 electoral votes, the largest number given any third-party candidate since Theodore Roosevelt took 88 in 1912.

There are always minor parties in the field, but only about once in a quarter of a century does one capture any votes in the electoral college. In 1924 LaFollette got 12; in 1912 Roosevelt (Theodore—only Dutchess County, New York, had heard of FDR up to that time) got 88; and in 1892 Weaver, the Populist candidate, got 22. Those are the only occasions on which the electoral vote has been split three ways since 1860; four time in 88 years or, on the average, once every 22 years.

Prior to the Civil War, however, a three-way split was the normal result and twice the division was so even that the election had to be decided by Congress. One of these was an accident. In 1800 the Democratic-Republican party (now the Demo-

cratic) was intent on electing Jefferson President. To that end it pledged all its electors in advance to vote for him and for his running-mate, Burr, for Vice-President. They overlooked the fact that under the law as it stood then electors had to vote for two men, the one with the largest number of votes to be President, the one with the next largest number to be Vice-President. All the pledged electors duly voted for Jefferson, and all voted for Burr, with the disconcerting result that each

had exactly the same number of votes and neither was elected. That threw the election into the House of Representatives, where only the influence of Alexander Hamilton prevented Burr from becoming President. It also exposed a weakness in the Constitution which was corrected by the Twelfth Amendment, which makes electors now designate one man for President and another for Vice-President.

But in 1828 there were four candidates, all serious contenders for

For to Catch a Whale





the Presidency and all given some electoral votes, none having a majority. Under the law then existing—and which still exists—the low man, Henry Clay, was eliminated. Nature, not the law, eliminated the third man, William H. Crawford, for he had had a stroke shortly before the election. That left the two highest, Andrew Jackson leading, with John Quincy Adams close behind him. Clay, holding the balance of power, threw his strength to Adams and was promptly named Secretary of State, giving rise to the cry of "bargain and corruption" that kept the country in turmoil for the next four years.

On one other occasion Congress has intervened in an election, but that was not the result of a third-party movement. It was in 1876, when there was no question as to who had the majority of the electoral votes. On the face of the return Tilden had them. The question was, how should the votes of Louisiana, Florida, Oregon and South Carolina be counted? A special electoral commission, a body unknown to the Constitution, decided by a strict

party vote that they were so tainted with fraud that the returns should be disregarded and they should be considered Republican. That gave the Presidency to Hayes by an eight to seven decision. It also gave rise to an evil smell that has hung about that election ever since.

Thus every intervention by Congress in the choice of a President has been followed by trouble. The first forced an amendment of the Constitution. The second and third gave rise to an abiding suspicion that the will of the voters had been defeated by trickery and shook the faith of the people in their system of Government.

The existence of a powerful third party as a permanent factor in American politics would almost certainly result in throwing every Presidential election into the House of Representatives. Abolition of the electoral college, or splitting the votes of each State according to the principle of proportional representation, would not prevent this outcome—if anything it would tend to assure it unless, as Senator Lodge proposes, a President might be elected by a plurality, not a majority of the electoral

**BY GERALD W. JOHNSON**



*GERALD W. JOHNSON began his career as a journalist and for several years was an editorial writer for the Baltimore Sun. He also is the author of several books dealing with American political figures, including Andrew Jackson and John Randolph.*

votes. So there is good reason for the man in the street to be keenly interested and somewhat perturbed whenever a third party succeeds in breaking into the electoral vote. If that became common it would mean a radical alteration of our system and one that has produced unhappy results on the three occasions on which it has been tried. Our political thinking, as well as our political practice, is geared to the two-party system; to abandon it would involve many complex readjustments.

**A** REALISTIC examination of the history of third-party movements in this country does not seem  
(Continued on page 48)

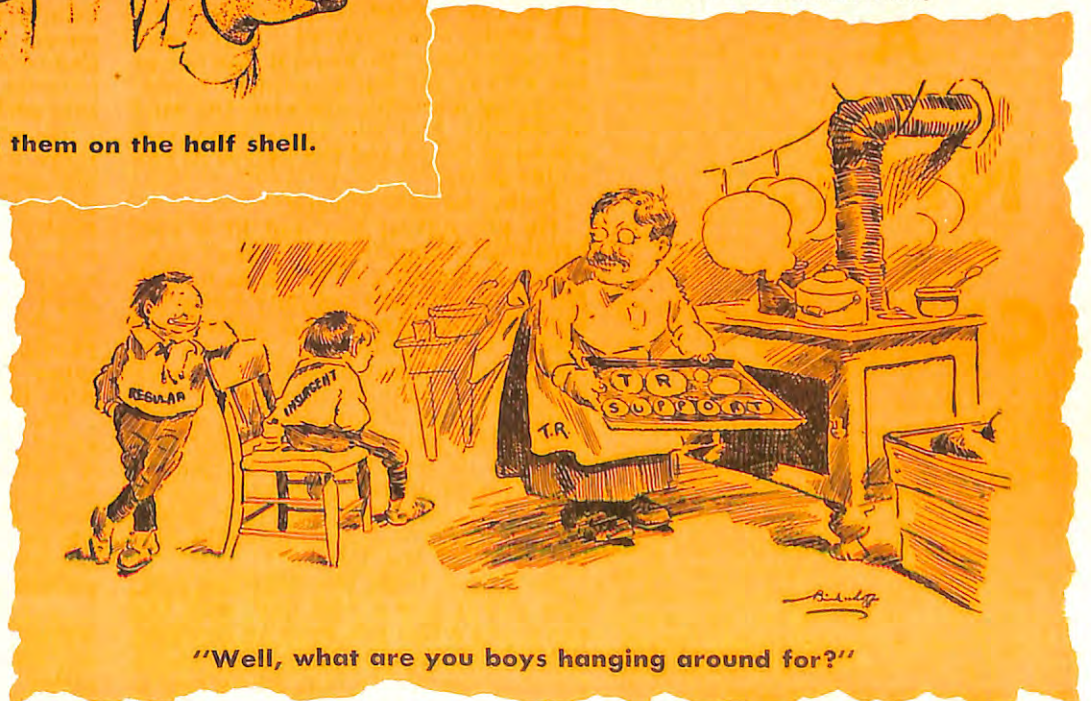
Cartoons from New York Public Library



**Honest Abe taking them on the half shell.**

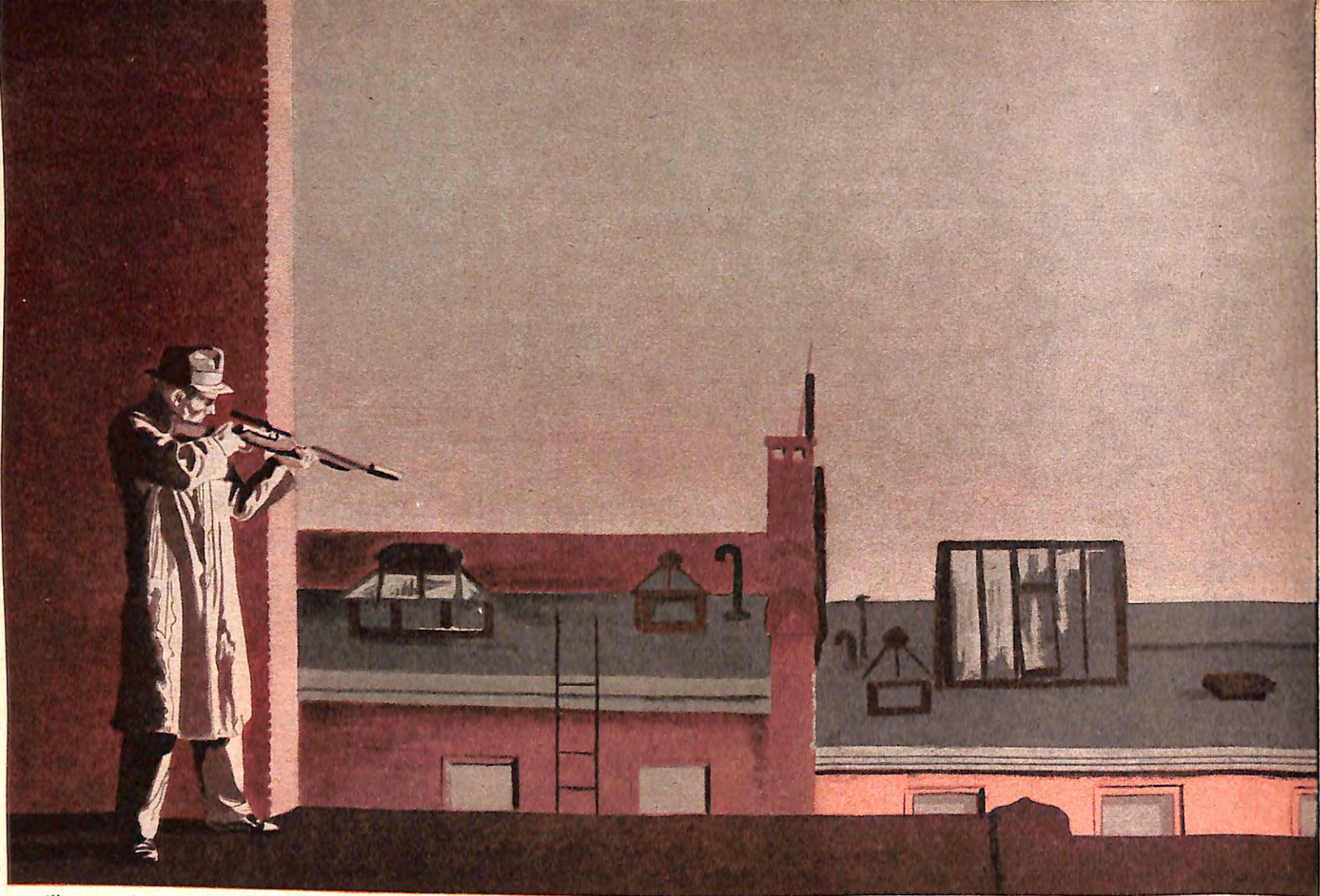
The Lincoln cartoon above appeared during the campaign of 1860 and refers to the three-way battle for votes between Lincoln, Douglas and Breckinridge. At that time Douglas and his supporters were known as the "Soft Shells" and Douglas is held on the half-shell in Lincoln's right hand. In Lincoln's left hand Breckinridge ("Hard Shells" candidate) is held.

The cartoon at right refers to the split in the Republican party, with the Regulars and the Insurgents seeking to enlist the support of Theodore Roosevelt.



**"Well, what are you boys hanging around for?"**

Cleveland Leader



Illustrated by JOHN HYDE PHILLIPS

**The neighbors hated Devlin for a good reason.**

# A NICE, CLEAN JOB

BY WILLIAM FAY

DEVLIN waited, listening, until the sound was repeated. And it was all right then. He knew it was one of the kids in the big apartment house, dragging a scooter upstairs, the kind of scooter you can make with two pieces of board and the halves of one roller skate.

Relax, he told himself.

He got out of bed and lit a pre-breakfast cigarette. It wasn't easy to relax, knowing as much as he did. He was a cop who not only knew too much but was aware that others suspected his knowledge. Close to his bed, on a straight-backed chair, was his wallet, crinkled and worn, containing seven dollars in cash and a detective's shield. Closer still was his .38. It was a Friday in May—seven-thirty in the morning, and he had slept less well and for fewer hours than are the supposedly fair allotment of the just.

He gazed from the bedroom window and it was a nice day, with the sun doing a fine job, even on daylight time. It seemed to get up there above the rooftops pretty fast, like a bright balloon, and in another month, or

even less, it would be frying the paved streets and the courtyards, and cooking to a par-boil the durable citizens, good and bad, who lived in this section of Brooklyn.

He shaved and dressed, knowing there was a shine across the seat of his second-best pants. But Devlin was not, like Rocco Savarese, or Benny "Boo-Boo" Weiss, or other celebrated gentlemen within the neighborhood, a fancy dresser. Cops don't make enough money for personal grandeur, and, besides that, Devlin didn't care. He was fancy at other things. Too fancy, perhaps. And, likely, too ambitious.

He put his small coffee pot on the stove in the kitchen. He could hear a baby crying somewhere in the building, and the sounds of kids, already in the littered courtyard, playing ball; all the sounds of a city coming alive were there, plus a mother shouting, "Irwin! Irwin! don't *do* it . . . . Irwin, you little stinker. I warned you, Irwin!" and the B.M.T. on its elevated structure, roaring along. This was home to Devlin. He had always lived in the neighbor-



A rifle spoke from a rooftop across the street.

hood, as a boy, and now as a man.  
 "Hello, Oliver," he said.

He was talking to a cat, named after Oliver Wendell Holmes, which slept, when at home, in the crate in which Devlin's law books, purchased four years before, had arrived. There had been another cat, named Marshall, but Devlin had given him to a delicatessen man downstairs. Devlin, a big man, and thirty years old, was somewhat afraid of mice.

"Psssst!"

He took a can of food from the small refrigerator and spooned some of it onto wax paper for the cat. The coffee began to smell good. He waited impatiently for it to brew. He found a half stale piece of coffee cake in his breadbox. He had no desire this morning for his usual pair of eggs. The phone rang.

He went into the bedroom and picked it up.

"Hello," he said ". . . Yes? . . . Well, don't worry about me, Inspector, I'm still alive . . . Yes, sir; I know it's my responsibility . . . Leave you out on a limb, sir? . . . Well, I hope not. Not me . . . And I'll be careful, of course . . . Thanks, sir," and he put the phone down.

It was a quarter past eight now and Oliver, in the kitchen, had cleaned the wax paper, which Devlin rolled up and then tossed into the garbage.

It was his convenient custom to put the cat out by means of the fire-escape that climbed past the kitchen window. Once placed beyond the window, on the fourth floor level, Oliver, an independent creature, could decide itself whether to ascend or descend to the day's events.

Devlin picked up the cat with one hand and with the other tossed the window open wide. Leaning forward, he reached out above a geranium plant that bloomed in a box and was a gift to him from the lady next door. He could hear the kids now, loud and combative over the question of a baseball having landed fair or foul. And he could hear the B.M.T., full-volumed in the out-of-doors. But he heard no more than a whisper from a rifle that spoke from a rooftop, somewhere.

He sprawled back into the kitchen with clumsy haste, managing to keep below the level of the sill. He swore, and he felt the hot pain in his arm—a burning, really, the slug having grazed the meat of his left bicep.

It bled, but not too freely. In the bathroom he poured peroxide over the wound and was able to stem the bleeding without much trouble. He bound the wound and put on another shirt. There was as yet no incapacity; only the pain in his arm. Back in the kitchen, with a knife and

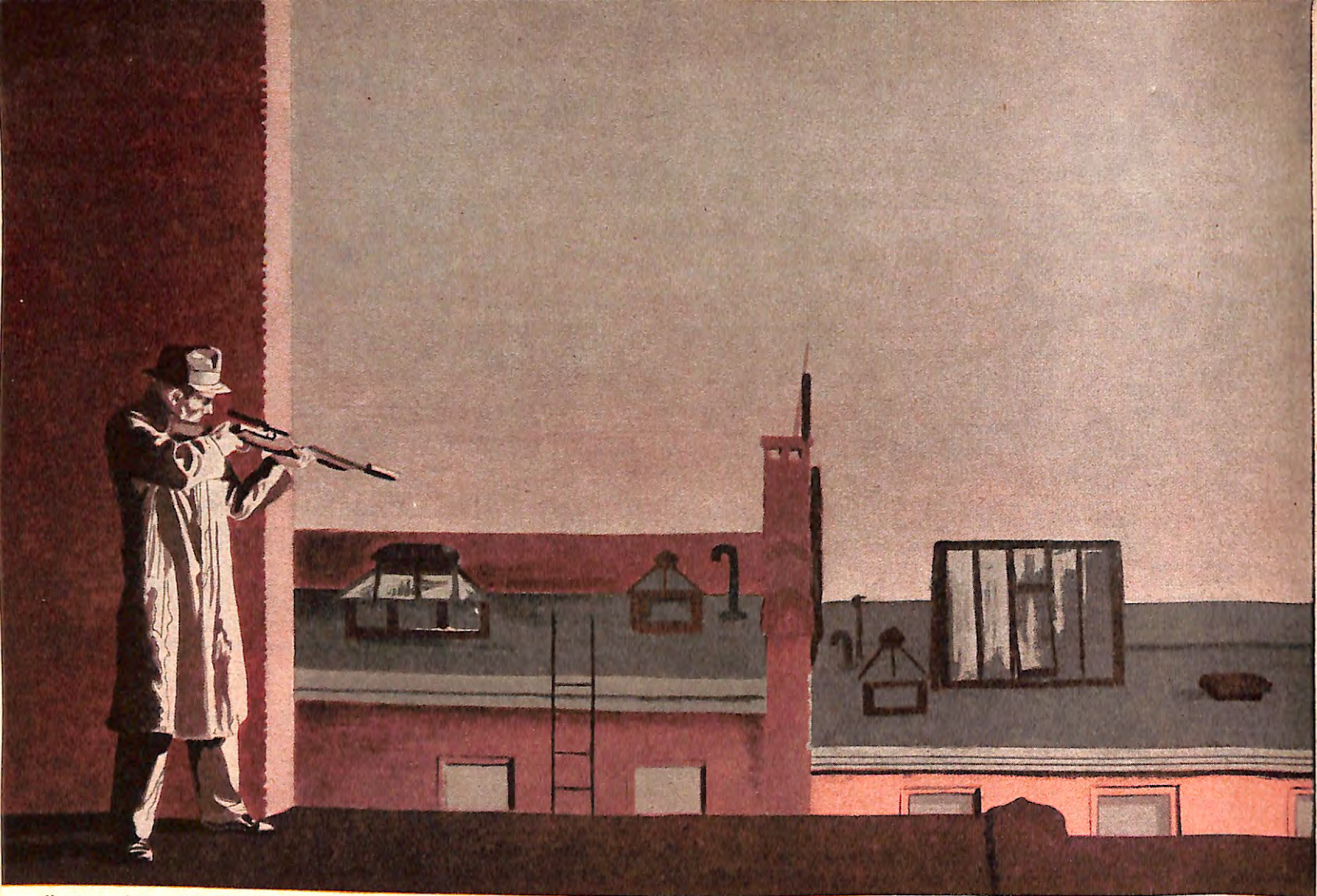
pliers, he was able to extract the small slug from the woodwork—a .22, fired from a high-velocity rifle at considerable range, and with a silencer's assistance, he was sure. No local boy had done this, Devlin thought. It would be a professional, a gonsel bought and paid for and delivered—an import (that was the custom these days), from Chicago, maybe, or St. Louis. Nice to have around, because nobody knew them, and they could be flown in overnight.

"I'll be careful," he could recall having said to the Inspector.

He put the slug in his pocket. He went back into the bedroom and picked up the telephone.

**S**TANDING on the front steps of the house, before descending to the street, the hatred of his neighbors for Devlin was evident. And especially among the children. It was clearest with them, his offense against them being stark and uncolored by any mitigation of the fact, as they understood it:

Yesterday afternoon he had shot and killed Ruby Jerome, their friend, and, less easily forgiven from their point of view, his own. A guy he grew up with—Ruby. A classy, flashy, open-handed, dollar-dripping benefactor—a wonderful guy like  
*(Continued on page 42)*



Illustrated by JOHN HYDE PHILLIPS

**The neighbors hated Devlin for a good reason.**

# A NICE, CLEAN JOB

BY WILLIAM FAY

DEVLIN waited, listening, until the sound was repeated. And it was all right then. He knew it was one of the kids in the big apartment house, dragging a scooter upstairs, the kind of scooter you can make with two pieces of board and the halves of one roller skate.

Relax, he told himself.

He got out of bed and lit a pre-breakfast cigarette. It wasn't easy to relax, knowing as much as he did. He was a cop who not only knew too much but was aware that others suspected his knowledge. Close to his bed, on a straight-backed chair, was his wallet, crinkled and worn, containing seven dollars in cash and a detective's shield. Closer still was his .38. It was a Friday in May—seven-thirty in the morning, and he had slept less well and for fewer hours than are the supposedly fair allotment of the just.

He gazed from the bedroom window and it was a nice day, with the sun doing a fine job, even on daylight time. It seemed to get up there above the rooftops pretty fast, like a bright balloon, and in another month, or

even less, it would be frying the paved streets and the courtyards, and cooking to a par-boil the durable citizens, good and bad, who lived in this section of Brooklyn.

He shaved and dressed, knowing there was a shine across the seat of his second-best pants. But Devlin was not, like Rocco Savarese, or Benny "Boo-Boo" Weiss, or other celebrated gentlemen within the neighborhood, a fancy dresser. Cops don't make enough money for personal grandeur, and, besides that, Devlin didn't care. He was fancy at other things. Too fancy, perhaps. And, likely, too ambitious.

He put his small coffee pot on the stove in the kitchen. He could hear a baby crying somewhere in the building, and the sounds of kids, already in the littered courtyard, playing ball; all the sounds of a city coming alive were there, plus a mother shouting, "Irwin! Irwin! don't do it . . . . Irwin, you little stinker. I warned you, Irwin!" and the B.M.T. on its elevated structure, roaring along. This was home to Devlin. He had always lived in the neighbor-



A rifle spoke from a rooftop across the street.

hood, as a boy, and now as a man.  
 "Hello, Oliver," he said.

He was talking to a cat, named after Oliver Wendell Holmes, which slept, when at home, in the crate in which Devlin's law books, purchased four years before, had arrived. There had been another cat, named Marshall, but Devlin had given him to a delicatessen man downstairs. Devlin, a big man, and thirty years old, was somewhat afraid of mice.

"Psssst!"

He took a can of food from the small refrigerator and spooned some of it onto wax paper for the cat. The coffee began to smell good. He waited impatiently for it to brew. He found a half stale piece of coffee cake in his breadbox. He had no desire this morning for his usual pair of eggs. The phone rang.

He went into the bedroom and picked it up.

"Hello," he said ". . . Yes? . . . Well, don't worry about me, Inspector, I'm still alive . . . Yes, sir; I know it's my responsibility . . . Leave you out on a limb, sir? . . . Well, I hope not. Not me . . . And I'll be careful, of course . . . Thanks, sir," and he put the phone down.

It was a quarter past eight now and Oliver, in the kitchen, had cleaned the wax paper, which Devlin rolled up and then tossed into the garbage.

It was his convenient custom to put the cat out by means of the fire-escape that climbed past the kitchen window. Once placed beyond the window, on the fourth floor level, Oliver, an independent creature, could decide itself whether to ascend or descend to the day's events.

Devlin picked up the cat with one hand and with the other tossed the window open wide. Leaning forward, he reached out above a geranium plant that bloomed in a box and was a gift to him from the lady next door. He could hear the kids now, loud and combative over the question of a baseball having landed fair or foul. And he could hear the B.M.T., full-volumed in the out-of-doors. But he heard no more than a whisper from a rifle that spoke from a rooftop, somewhere.

He sprawled back into the kitchen with clumsy haste, managing to keep below the level of the sill. He swore, and he felt the hot pain in his arm—a burning, really, the slug having grazed the meat of his left bicep.

It bled, but not too freely. In the bathroom he poured peroxide over the wound and was able to stem the bleeding without much trouble. He bound the wound and put on another shirt. There was as yet no incapacity; only the pain in his arm. Back in the kitchen, with a knife and

pliers, he was able to extract the small slug from the woodwork—a .22, fired from a high-velocity rifle at considerable range, and with a silencer's assistance, he was sure. No local boy had done this, Devlin thought. It would be a professional, a gonsel bought and paid for and delivered—an import (that was the custom these days), from Chicago, maybe, or St. Louis. Nice to have around, because nobody knew them, and they could be flown in overnight.

"I'll be careful," he could recall having said to the Inspector.

He put the slug in his pocket. He went back into the bedroom and picked up the telephone.

**S**TANDING on the front steps of the house, before descending to the street, the hatred of his neighbors for Devlin was evident. And especially among the children. It was clearest with them, his offense against them being stark and uncolored by any mitigation of the fact, as they understood it:

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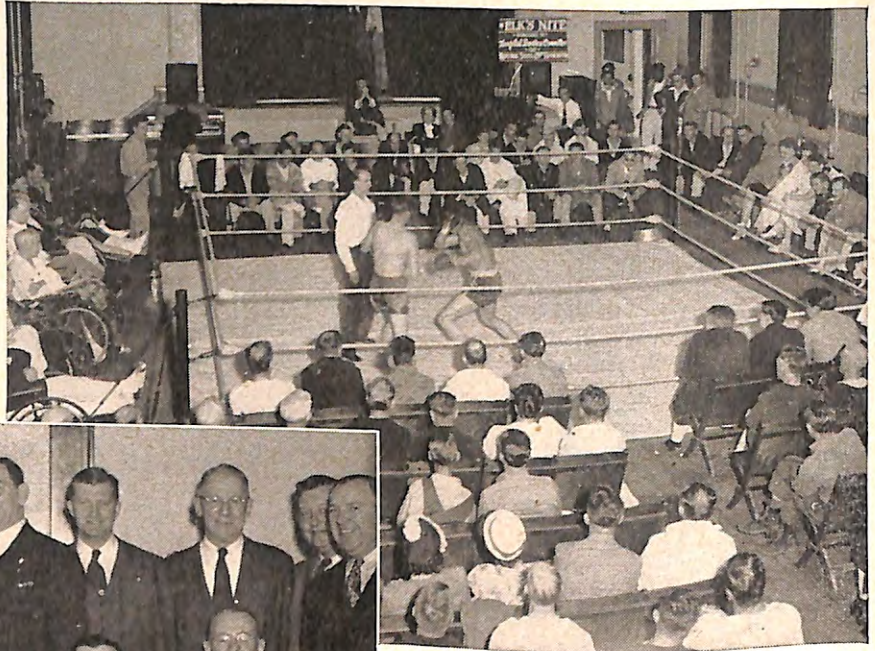
(Continued on page 42)

# ACTIVITIES SPONSORED BY THE ELKS



# NATIONAL VETERANS SERVICE

*Right: Boxing matches sponsored by Butte, Mont., Lodge for the entertainment of patients at Fort Harrison Hospital drew an attentive group of spectators to the ringside.*



*Left: Members of Norwood, Mass., Lodge with patients of the VA hospital at West Roxbury, during the entertainment sponsored by Norwood Lodge in conjunction with the Mass. Elks Assn.'s Hospital Committee Program.*

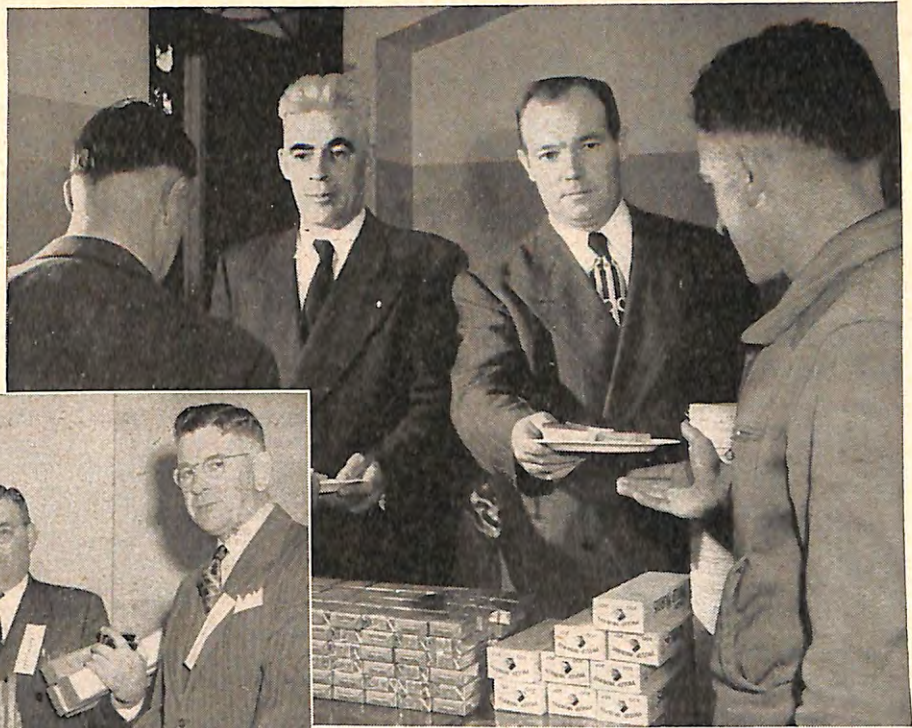
*Right: Anchorage, Alaska, Elks play Santa Claus to the 200 patients at the 183rd General Hospital. A similar visit was made to the 10th Rescue Squadron headquarters in appreciation of the fine service being rendered by that group to marooned servicemen and civilians in that area. Heading the group was P.D.D. Frank Bayer.*



*Left: At the Will Rogers Memorial Veterans Hospital is Monty Hale, movie star, who, together with the KOMA Oklahoma Round-Up Orchestra, entertained ward patients under the auspices of Oklahoma City, Okla., Lodge. Chairman Kenneth L. Aldrich of the lodge's Veterans Service Commission can be seen in the background.*

# COMMISSION

Right: John Waddell, left, and Bill Meyer of Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge distribute refreshments and cigarettes to Kings Park Hospital patients when Elks and their wives visited there. Over 600 veterans enjoyed an Elks sponsored show.



Left: Arthur Wollman, a VA patient, with, left to right, John A. Radik, Jr., E.R. J. J. Cariotto, Wm. Wagner and Committee Chairman F. J. Cassidy, P.E.R., when Lincoln, Neb., Lodge distributed four radio-phonograph combinations and individual gifts to the 320 patients.

Right: La Junta, Colo., Lodge made Christmas pleasant for the 800 patients at Fort Lyon Veterans Hospital. Three carloads of gifts found their way there, with a huge tree for each of the 50 wards. Left to right: Joseph Green, the lodge's Hospital Committee Chairman, Secy. H. G. Brosius, Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Note, hospital librarians, Commanding Officer Doctor Mount Ford and Special Officer Hickey.



Left: Five lodges of the Calif. South District, Brawley, Calexico, El Centro, Escondido and San Diego, provided funds through which patients in the US Naval Hospital at San Diego received Christmas gifts. A Christmas tree was given each of the 40 wards of the Hospital. E.R. Carmine Adesso of San Diego Lodge, left, and Est. Lead. Knight E. G. Fegan, background, help hospital patients carry out Operation Tree-trimming.

# The Course That Bobby Built

BY O. B. KEELER



*In the last 30 years, as a golf writer, O. B. Keeler covered 66 major tournaments in this country and Great Britain, including all 13 of Bobby Jones' major victories. He is a golf writer for the Atlanta Journal and president of the Golf Writers Association. Mr. Keeler is a member of Atlanta Lodge No. 78.*

**At the Augusta National, Bobby Jones has created a great course—if you can't break 100, you may score well; if you can break 70, you may not.**

IN THE spring the attention of the golfing fans of the Nation naturally turns toward Augusta, Georgia, where the annual Masters Tournament at the Augusta National Golf Club is played every April. This year the schedule is one round a day, as before, April 7, 8, 9 and 10, winding up on Sunday—also as usual. This plan, you might say, collaborates delightfully with some of the largest and most enthusiastically popeyed galleries that ever have taken the field in the U.S.A. Just for example, the assembly last April watching Claude Harmon click off his final 70 for the 1948 championship was reported by the Pinkertons at the entrance gates as 11,185. "And we promptly released the figures," reports Clifford Roberts, bashfully, "with the explanation that they included everybody—club members, competitors, press and radio, employes and wounded soldiers."

That was for Sunday and, of course, a lot of the fans were watching golf celebrities besides the Winged Foot-Seminole expert, who that day was tying the Masters record of 279 and would have cut a stroke off it except for a slight calamity at the 150-yard twelfth hole. We will consider this shot later in conjunction with a really colossal explosion by Ralph Guldahl, in 1937, who two years later established the record of 279 which Harmon was trying to bust.

The reader must forgive an old golf writer for barging offhand into the fascinating gossip of this unique tournament, which has been producing classic situations, sensational strokes and startling climaxes since 1934—the year Horton Smith, remembered as the Joplin Pine, won the inaugural tournament with a score of 284 by canning a 20-foot putt at the 17th green of the last round for a birdie 3. That type of Merriwell finish is typical of the play in the Masters Tournament, but before we look back on the great golf that has been played through the years, lets consider briefly the layout and locale of the course and how this unique club was formed.

NEARLY a century ago, in 1853, one Dennis Redmond purchased 315 acres of land along the Washington Road, originally an Indian trail from the Atlantic seaboard to the Great Smoky Mountains. The property was named "Fruitlands", and Redmond built the cement residence in 1854 which now serves as the clubhouse—with some palatial wings that have been added. In 1857 a

Belgian Baron, L. E. M. Berckmans, purchased a half interest in the property and 50 acres adjoining, and in 1858 his son, P. J. Berckmans, purchased the entire works and started the first nursery in the South, thus providing a basic setting with the advantage of many years of development.

By 1930, when Bobby Jones retired from tournament golf after his Grand Slam victory in the U.S. and British Open and Amateur, the old Baron's land was available at depression prices and Bob realized that the 365 acres were ideally suited for the type of unconventional golf course that he had dreamed about and planned for many years. There was good soil, a mildly rolling terrain, a brook, tall pines and, equally important, a great variety of beautiful shrubs and flowering plants and trees unique to the property because it originally was a nursery. Bob always had liked Augusta, although Atlanta was his home. He had a host of friends there and some of whom joined with him in buying the property and improving it for golf. To remove the project from commercial influences, a private club was formed, with a membership drawn from several states. In fact, all of the members of Augusta National belong to at least one other club and over 80 per cent of the membership resides outside of Georgia. After the club was formed, the world-famed Scotch architect, Dr. Alister MacKenzie, was engaged to design the course and construction began in 1931. So much for the organization of the Augusta National.

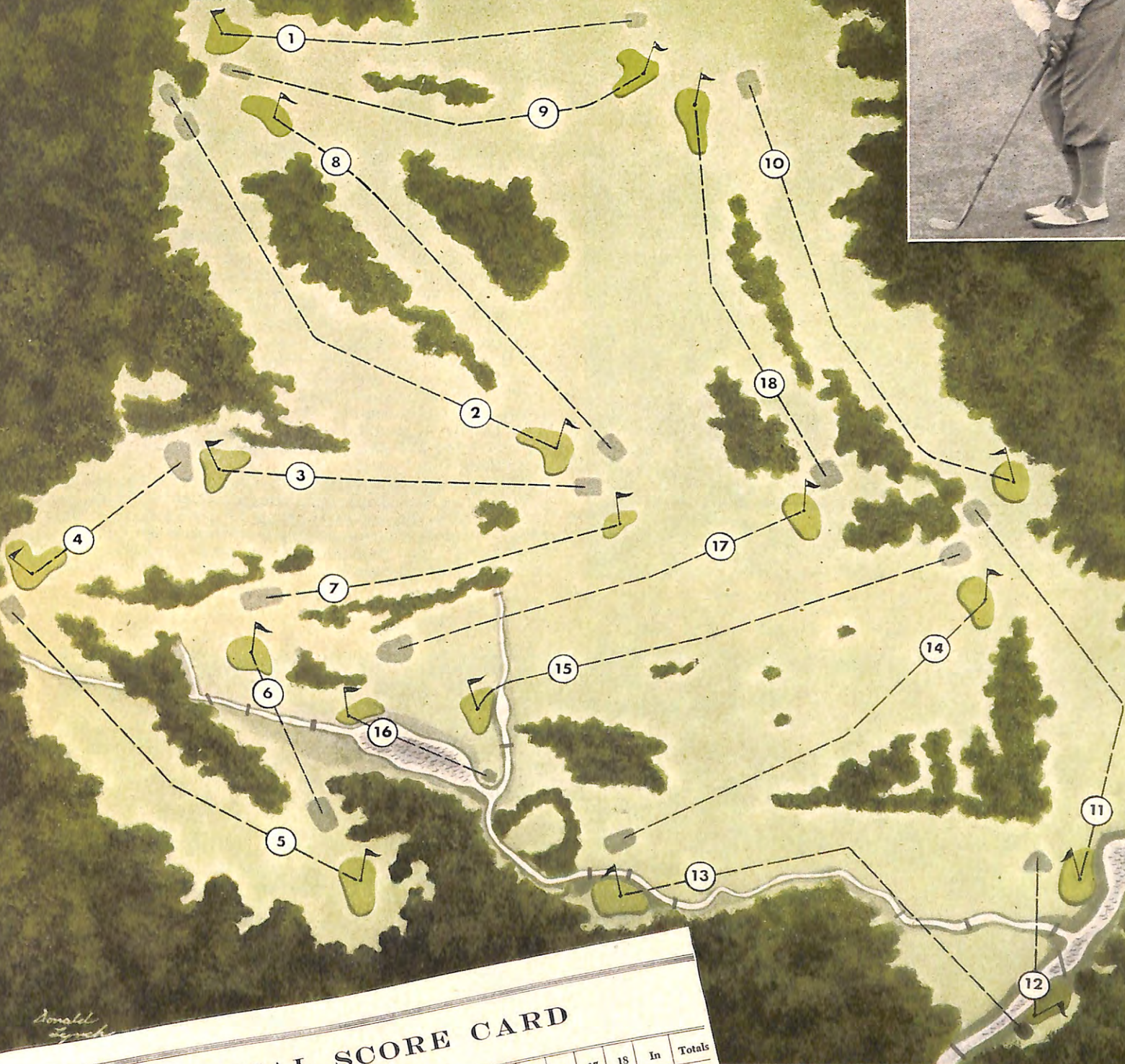
I am now quoting the late Dr. Alister MacKenzie: "In this effort to build the ideal golf course, I want to emphasize the importance of the part played by Bobby Jones in working out the plans. Bobby is not only the President of the Club, but is the active leader in all matters pertaining to design, construction and organization, and if, as I firmly believe, the Augusta National becomes the world's ideal inland golf course, it will be largely due to the original ideas contributed by Bob Jones."

Dr. MacKenzie modestly refrained from naming himself as the designer and builder of the world's most beautiful seaside layout, the Cypress Point Club, at Pebble Beach, California, but he went all out for the design of the inland Augusta National, adding:

"I don't suppose the old Baron suspected that golf would some day become America's most popular individual sport, and his property used

*(Continued on page 35)*





# OFFICIAL SCORE CARD

HOLE	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Out	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	In	Totals
YARDAGE	400	535	350	220	440	185	370	520	430	3450	465	415	155	450	425	485	190	400	435	3450	6900
PAR	4	5	4	3	4	3	4	5	4	36	4	4	3	5	4	5	3	4	4	36	72
PLAYER	4	4	3	3	4	3	4	4	3	32	5	4	2	4	4	4	3	3	3	32	64
Player Signature	<i>Lloyd Mangrum</i>																				

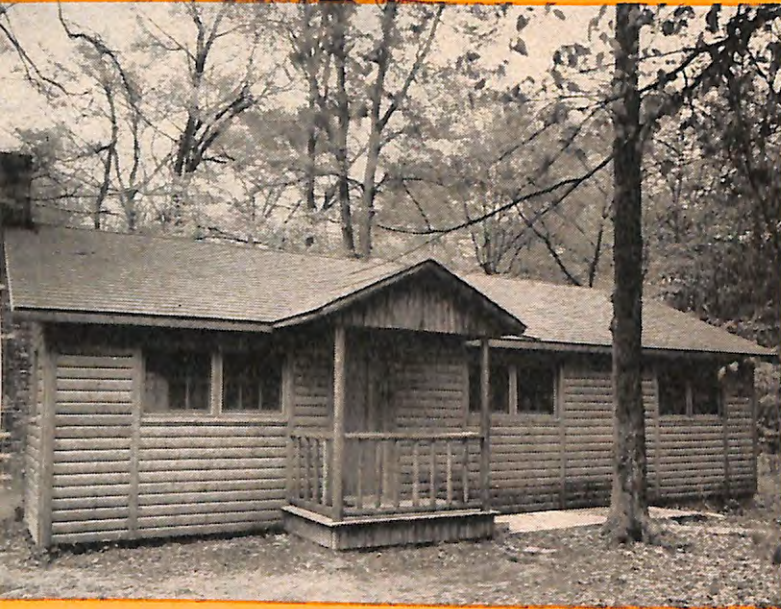
Illustrated by DONALD LYNCH

Augusta National Golf Club layout, with score card showing par and yardage. In the inset, Bobby Jones is putting. Marked on the score card is Lloyd Mangrum's round of 64 in the 1940 Masters Tournament.



# A GOOD TURN

## for the Men of Tomorrow



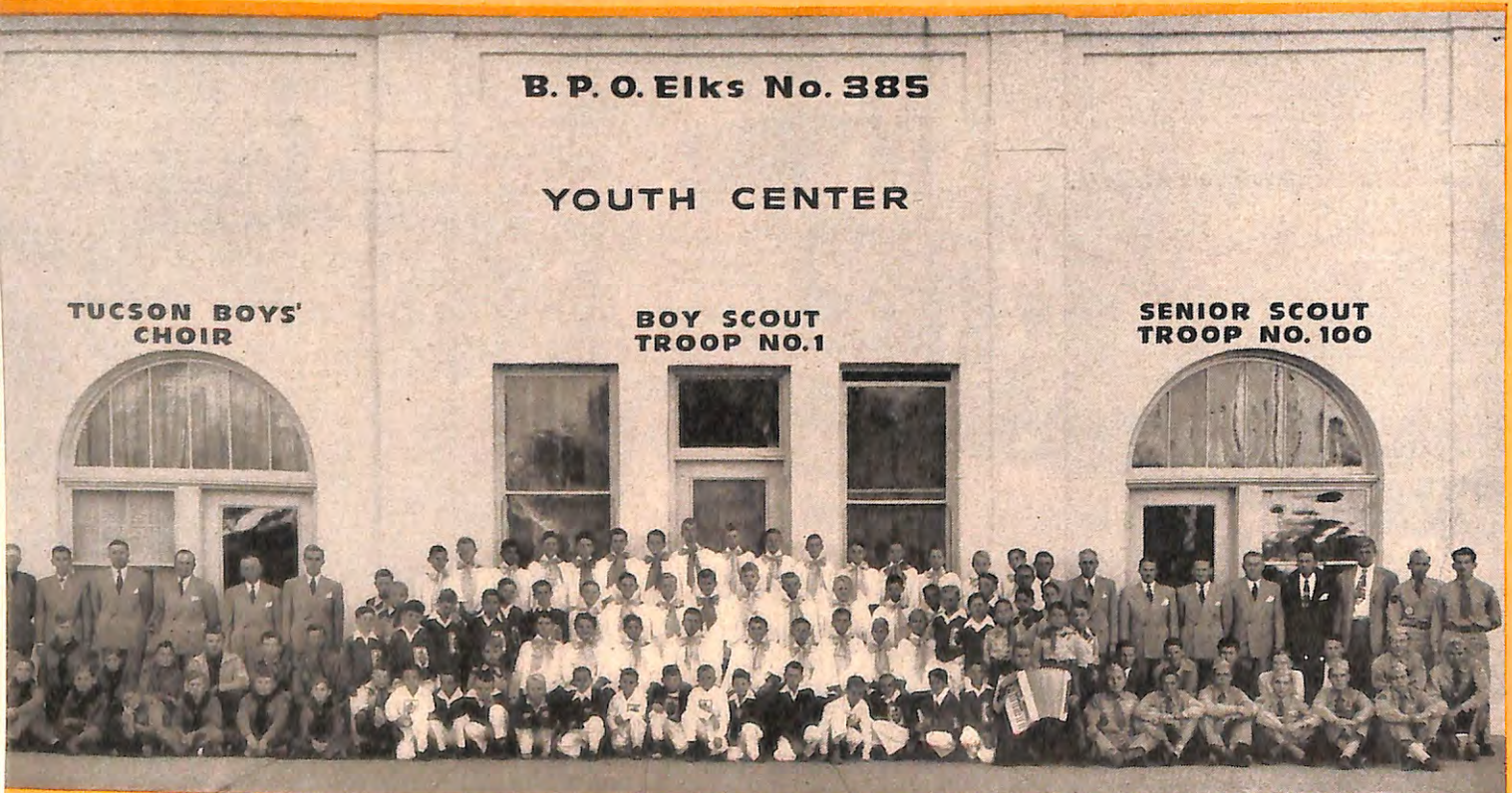
*This \$3,000 Scouters' Lodge was made available to the Scouts of the Put-Han-Sen Area Council by the civic-minded members of Findlay, Ohio, Lodge.*

**R**ECOGNIZING youth's need of a strong and experienced hand to guide it, the Order of Elks has taken to its heart one of the most vital links between American youth and American manhood—the Boy Scout organization.

A large percentage of the men who make up the Elks membership were themselves Boy Scouts, and their past experience, as well as their deep understanding of the problems of youth, are invaluable.

Admiral Chester A. Nimitz suggested some time ago that the Order establish more firmly its stewardship of the Boy Scout movement. The suggestion was taken up immediately, with the result that today, in communities where no Scout activity had been known before, the organization is flourishing. With the aid of the Order of Elks the Scout principles, following so closely the principles of the B.P.O.E., are the tenets of thousands of our young men.

The activities of the lodges in connection with the Boy Scouts have been reported many times in these pages. In this story, we are attempting to give a few typical examples of this incomparable cooperation with the organization which has merited the respect and admiration of the entire country. (Story continued on page 54)



*This photo of the Youth Center, opened by Tucson, Ariz., Elks for the three groups sponsored by the lodge, explains*

*itself. At the left are Elk officials, including Grand Est. Lead. Knight M. H. Starkweather and D.D. E. S. Edmonson.*

All decked out in handsome and authentic Indian costumes for the presentation of the Pine Tree, the Eagle and the Green Corn dances, the Boy Scouts who have been aided by Aurora, Ill., Lodge pose with Elk officials for a photograph on the lodge's Scout Night.



**WELCOME!**  
**GRAND**  
**EXALTED**  
**RULER**



Young William Cook of Troop #4 addresses the dinner meeting honoring Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall at Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge. Left to right are Mr. Hall, former Grand Tiler Emory Hughes, E.R. L. J. Pomerleau and Chaplain A. B. Spielman. Partly hidden by the Scout is Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner.

Douglas, Ariz., Elk dignitaries, with young men who participated in the program marking the activating of an Air Scout Patrol. Back row, left to right: P.E.R. Andrew R. Meloy, Art Karger, Frank Noble, Squadron Pilot Tom Schetter, E.R. Stanley G. Sleeman, Charles McDonnough and Glen E. Wilson, Cochise Scout executive. Seated, right foreground, is William Wood, another Douglas Elk.



Elk luminaries present at the investiture of Boy Scout Troop #300 at Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge were, rear left, standing, Harry Zack, Asst. Scoutmaster; rear right, standing, Walter Alber, Asst. Scoutmaster; seated, second row, left, John F. Scileppi, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; 2nd row right, E.R. Walton S. Gagel; first row, left, William Fitzgerald, Chairman of the Troop Committee, and, first row, right, Scoutmaster Dominick Paduano.



# NEWSLETTER

WASHINGTON

**BUSINESS CENSUS**—With the business of establishing 310 field offices now virtually completed, some 3,000,000 retail, wholesale and service establishments will hear from the Bureau of the Census. This is the year of the first national census of business since 1940 and it will cover the operation of all business establishments during 1948.

In preparation for the census, administrative conferences already have been held at nine area field offices, and technical training schools for enumerators have been conducted at San Francisco, Houston, St. Louis and Philadelphia.

**GOVERNMENT EXPERTS** now believe that continuance of the postwar investment boom will depend heavily on the capital expenditures of established companies. The rush of new money into new enterprises apparently is coming to a halt. At its peak, it contributed some \$7 billion in new capital to the national economy in just two years. Of this, \$2.5 billion went into new plant and equipment. Now all signs say that the business population has reached a state of comparative equilibrium.

While the number of new businesses is falling, discontinuances are rising steadily, although remaining comparatively low. The number of business deaths already is exceeding the number of business births in some industries, however.

**HOW EFFECTIVE** is our blockade of Russia and her satellites? Department of Commerce reports seem to indicate it is doing its job. Exports to the "R Group" countries continue to decline. As 1948 drew to a close they were running just a little over \$6,300,000 a month as compared to \$26.3 million in the first months of the year. Imports from these countries also are falling off.

**EARLY RETURNS** indicate that predictions of a record year for one industry in 1949 will be borne out. New construction is now expected to hit \$1,875 billion in 1949, a figure

which, if realized, will constitute a record for dollar volume in the construction industry. A 24 per cent gain in new public construction is anticipated, while increases are also indicated in all types of private construction, except residential. The biggest expected gain is in the field of private educational buildings, churches, hospitals and social and recreational centers, which are expected to exceed the 1948 total by 34 per cent.

**FOREIGN TRAVEL**—Indicative of our changing position in the economic world is the increasing emphasis being put on foreign travel. In contrast to the "See America First" days, the Government is continuing to put more and more weight behind the travel-abroad-this-summer theme. Commerce Secretary Charles Sawyer is constantly urging business groups to go abroad this year. A travel advisory committee has been established here in Washington and this spring will see redoubled efforts to stimulate the wanderlust. The object, of course, is to pump more dollars into Europe. Simultaneously, Marshall Plan countries are being urged to eliminate port and landing taxes in order to encourage more Americans to visit their countries.

**TO STIMULATE FOREIGN TRAVEL** by American electrical goods, rather than American tourists, a new study, "World Electrical Current Characteristics", has been issued by the Office of International Trade. Describing the kinds of current used in more than 1,600 cities and towns around the world, it is offered to American electrical equipment manufacturers and exporters as a handy reference.

**AIR CONDITIONING**—Development of a new and relatively inexpensive air conditioning system has been announced by the Department of Commerce just in time to permit installation by those who cannot look forward to summer without pain. Perfected under a Federal research grant by the Bureau of Engineering Research



of the University of Texas, the unit combines ice, evaporation and ventilation to provide comfort cooling for four or five-room houses, or the equivalent space, under all conditions of temperature and humidity. Operating and initial costs are both said to be low.

**IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN MARKETS**, the Department of Commerce has just issued a new survey of employment and payrolls covering 34,494,168 workers and \$20,607,734,000 in income. Firms are grouped by State and county under 157 industry classifications for 415 counties and nine major classifications for all counties. The survey is designed to assist marketing executives, sales managers and advertising officials in planning geographical market potentials, sales quotas and advertising expenditures by pointing out important areas of business and industrial concentration.

**THE VETERANS ADMINISTRATION** is reminding all veterans enrolled under the G. I. Bill in on-the-job training courses or in schools below the college level who desire leave of absence, that they should apply for it at their training establishment or school, and not at the VA. Leave is accumulated at the rate of two-and-one-half days a month throughout training, but advance leave is permitted only in cases of emergency.

# Rod and Gun

Crows have only one useful purpose—to afford sport with a shotgun

BY DAN HOLLAND



THE crow is possibly the most numerous and certainly the biggest nuisance among the birds of America. He consumes tons of grain and millions of song-bird eggs each year. Hunters, in an attempt to control this costly predator, have discovered his one useful purpose, and that is to afford sport with a shotgun. In this category he would be hard to beat.

It can be humiliating, learning about crows. They have a way of deflating a shooter's ego and his ammunition supply at the same time. But it's fun, too, and if a man's patience and shells hold out long enough he'll find that this is one of the surest ways of solving a few of the mysteries of wing shooting.

March was the month I first found out about crows. It was between seasons in New Hampshire. There was neither any hunting nor any fishing to keep a fellow's mind off work. But almost as soon as the ice went out of the river and the first patches of brown and green began to show through the blanket of snow, huge flocks of crows arrived in the Connecticut River Valley. Another optimist and myself, for lack of anything better to do, decided we would ease down one day and reduce this early-spring crow population. There were so many of them it looked easy. We acquired a couple of so-called crow calls, and that would make it even easier. We had a lot to learn. The only thing our crow calls attracted was an infuriated chickadee.

Crow-call making was pretty new in those days, and we discovered we could do as well with our mouths alone as with these particular inventions. Then we located a duck-call maker in the Midwest—Turpin, I believe his name was—who was turning out a walnut crow call that sounded like the real thing. After a bit of practice with these we began to bring in an occasional bird, but our average was still so poor that this business came to be a real challenge.

Good cover is scarce in early spring, and it didn't take long to discover how important that was. A crow has good eyes, and he's nobody's fool. He's as smart as a steel trap. A caller must be well hidden if he's to bring a crow within shooting distance.

But even with good calls and an idea of how to use them, we couldn't do anything with the huge flocks that we had started out so confidently to murder. They would answer and show mild interest, but they wouldn't move. We concluded that the efforts of two of us were too meager for such company, so we began to gather recruits. That was the final step. What we did to those crow flocks after that was something to behold.

Our technique was anything but subtle. Six or seven of us would sneak into a stand of evergreens above the flock and get set. Then one or two of us would start talking crow in an innocent and friendly fashion, and as we developed the tempo others of the party would join in until we were going full blast. We would blow until we were as pop-eyed as a crab. After we were in full uproar, it didn't seem to make much difference what kind of a noise came out of the calls just so there was plenty of it. There's no telling what the crows thought of such a bedlam, but at least the flock decided it was a situation that required immediate attention. They came piling in like a black cloud.

At that point the din was a thing to admire. The six or seven of us continued our incessant blowing, several



**You don't blow into the mouthpiece of the call—you "caw". Then, if you miss the leaves, you get a crow.**

hundred milling crows added a fair chorus of their own, and the shotguns blasted away on all sides like a young war. One fellow used an early-vintage 10-gauge with hammers on it that stood up like the ears on a jack-rabbit. He called it Malicious Matilda, and I must say that it had an enviable roar when he touched it off. Another of the gang could empty a five-shot pump gun almost as though it were one continuous shot. We rocked the countryside. Luckily, in those days 12-gauge shotgun shells cost only 85 cents a box, but we found no trouble in getting rid of a box or two apiece in a day's shooting.

Early spring is really not the best time for calling crows. It's fine for the man who builds a blind and sets  
*(Continued on page 39)*

## THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S

# Visits



*Little Louise, representing all the young patients at Aidmore, the hospital for crippled children maintained by the Georgia Elks, hands a bouquet of flowers to Mrs. George I. Hall, as the Grand Exalted Ruler watches.*

**A**FTER spending the Holiday Season in New York, Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall visited the members of **PORT JERVIS, N. Y., LODGE, NO. 645**, and **MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., LODGE, NO. 1097**, in Port Jervis at a joint meeting on January 7th. A banquet at the Minisink Hotel was attended by about 450 members of the two lodges who were deeply impressed by Mr. Hall's words that evening.

On the 12th, the Halls boarded the "Crescent" train of the Southern Railway for Atlanta, Ga., arriving there early the morning of the 13th. Welcomed at the station by P.D.D. Roderick McDuffie and E.R. L. D. Burns, Jr., his officers and their wives, Mr. and Mrs. Hall met little Louise, one of the patients at Aidmore, the Crippled Children's Hospital maintained by the Georgia Elks, who was accompanied by her nurse and Past State Pres. J. Clayton Burke. Louise presented a lovely bouquet of lilies and roses to Mrs. Hall, as a gift of all the Aidmore children.

The visitors were driven to Birmingham, Ala., by Mr. and Mrs. McDuffie where, late that afternoon, a reception was given for the Order's leader at the home of **BIRMINGHAM LODGE NO. 79**. Later, the Grand Exalted Ruler made a radio broadcast, and at seven that evening a banquet and dance were held in his honor at the Hotel Thomas Jefferson where he addressed a large group of Elks and their wives.

The following day, accompanied by P.E.R. John F. Antwine and Mr. McDuffie, a visit was paid to the Downtown Club in the Tutwiler Hotel in



*At Sayre, Pa., Lodge, left to right: Secy. E. A. Friess, Chaplain J. L. Potter, Esq. H. F. Merrill, Grand Trustee Davis,*

*Mr. Hall, E.R. J. J. Mullins, Dr. H. S. Fish, D.D. Samuel Braybrook, Lead. Knight J. Dugan and Loyal Knight G. B. French.*

Birmingham, where Mayor W. Cooper Green presented Mr. Hall with a solid gold key to the City.

The official party then returned to Georgia to be entertained at luncheon by E.R. Ray H. Witcher and other officers of **EAST POINT LODGE NO. 1617**. The wives of these Elk officials joined Mr. and Mrs. Hall on this occasion.

Continuing on to Atlanta, the Grand Exalted Ruler was later the guest of **ATLANTA LODGE NO. 78** at a banquet at the Hotel Ansley where Mr. Hall addressed 450 Georgia Elks. Prior to the dinner, a class of 80 representative citizens was initiated into the lodge in honor of the Order's leader.

On the 15th, accompanied by D.D. Wellborn R. Ellis, E.R. Burns and Secy. Tom Brisendine, Mr. Hall called on Mayor William B. Hartsfield of Atlanta and then visited the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, where the present Grand Exalted Ruler placed a wreath.

Following this ceremony a visit was made to Grant Park where they enjoyed seeing the Cyclorama of the Battle of Atlanta. The next call was made to "Aidmore", the wonderful children's hospital which is the deep interest of all Georgia Elks. The party then stopped by to see Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland who was recuperating from a recent operation.

The party arrived next at **BUCKHEAD LODGE NO. 1635** where the Grand Exalted Ruler spoke before about 100 members at a luncheon at the lodge home. Later that afternoon, Mr. Hall and his entourage were joined by the Elks ladies and made a brief stop at  
(Continued on page 33)



At a dinner meeting at Rice Lake, Wis., Lodge, left to right: E.R. Arthur J. Field, Mr. Hall, D.D. Lyle W. Webster and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton, a member of Sheboygan, Wis., Lodge, with the huge Wisconsin cheese the lodge presented to their distinguished guest.



With Mr. Hall are officials of Winona, Minn., Lodge. Left to right: Est. Loyal Knight E. L. Hostettler, Secy. E. B. Steele, the Grand Exalted Ruler, Est. Lect. Knight Warren Weigel, E.R. S. J. Kryzsko, Est. Lead. Knight J. K. Peterson, Esquire John Grams, and D.D. Michael Nilan.



Local Elk officers, national and State dignitaries, photographed at Lewistown, Pa., Lodge's dinner in Mr. Hall's honor.



# NO POCKETS IN A TOGA

Moreover they itch like long underwear, come spring.

BY DICKSON HARTWELL



**T**HAT yelp of pain you just heard was me. I've been stabbed. After fighting for two generations, man and boy, to get something done to simplify men's clothing, and getting cooperation from everybody except the

manufacturers, along comes a Mr. Charles Agle to set the Cause back ten years. Mr. Agle apparently thinks if simplifying is good, more simplifying is better. What he wants is that we should all return to wearing a Grecian tunic or a Roman toga or a Hot-tentot whatnot. Moreover, he advocates this treason in the respectable, even august, *New York Times*, a newspaper whose predilection for challenging convention is not notorious.

Before tearing Mr. Agle's toga to shreds it is fair to say that his motives doubtless were commendable. He had discovered the statistically indisputable, but intellectually indefensible, fact that there are 19 distinct units in a man's basic wardrobe. He was properly abashed. The list: (1) shoes, (2) socks, (3) garters, (4-5) underwear, (6) pants, (7) belt, (8) shirt, (9) tie, (10) vest, (11) coat, (12) topcoat, (13) hat, (14) gloves, (15) muffler, (16) rubbers, (17) pajamas, (18) slippers, (19) bathrobe, not to mention two hand-

kerchiefs, one for the breast pocket and one for the nose.

To reduce this staggering inventory to reasonable proportions Mr. Agle ransacked his cluttered closets and threw out everything he could conceivably do without, and thereafter fell exhausted to the floor.

When revived he announced his streamlined wardrobe which included only five items in addition to the toga: (1) shorts, (2) reinforced socks for indoor wear without shoes, (3) boots for outside, (4) gloves, (5) topcoat with a hood. No handkerchief. Thus clothed, your nose stays clean.

I have no comment on going shoeless around the house in reinforced socks for anybody who wants a quick and complete case of flat feet. But take a hasty glance around yourself while wearing that hooded topcoat. If the Post Office ever issues a stamp commemorating the wartime cloak and dagger boys, you could model for the engraving. You're a dead ringer for something that just stepped out of the witches' cauldron of Shakespeare's *Macbeth*. Picture yourself, under that hood, sliding sideways into the regular meeting of the Junior Chamber of Commerce.

**A**S FOR the toga, there is a widespread belief, doubtless circulated by a press agent, that this garment has been the symbol for 2,000 years of dignity and simplicity. But the toga wasn't as simple as some people would have you think. They

were worn because such civilized refinements as buttonholes hadn't been invented. There were buttons then, but nobody had figured out what kind of a hole to push them through. And there wasn't a safety pin in the whole Roman Empire.

One advantage togas had was no pockets. In those days a Roman businessman actually left his house in the morning without carrying a keyring with eight keys, five of which had no remembered lock, a wallet with thirty-two indentifications and credit cards (and a piece of paper with the first name and phone number of a vaguely remembered lady met at some convention or other), a mechanical lighter and two stand-by match packs, a notebook containing inspirational memoranda to himself such as, "Think First, Act First, Be First", an accumulation of letters and bills and a recipe for a Tom and Jerry. He apparently got around town with no watch or pocket comb, no nail file or cigarette case, no handful of loose change and, unless he happened to be an early Christian, no good luck piece. He had no ever-writing fountain pen, no repeater pencil and no list of prospects to be contacted before dusk. All he needed, apparently, were his bare hands and, if he was a senator, his larynx. For him a toga was good. But he wasn't happy in it. Being made of raw wool, togas itched like long underwear, come spring.

But the idea that there was sim-  
(Continued on page 53)



# THE CITRUS CIRCUIT IS NO LEMON

BY MILTON GROSS

*Baseball hopes spring eternal in the spring.*

AMONG the seven hundred-odd athletes who will be feted and sweated from California to Florida by the 16 major league baseball teams for the next seven weeks is a young member of the Red Sox who refuses to believe the snide aside that spring training is a hoax perpetrated by the management to conjure pre-season ballyhoo.

He is Johnny McCall, a left-handed rookie pitcher, who illustrates the hopes and hazards which have developed since Cap Anson herded twelve players known as the Chicago Nationals to Hot Springs, Arkansas, 63 years ago for what was the first, but hardly recognizable, spring training in baseball history.

McCall, a whipcord southpaw, whipsawed the Yankees for the better part of a 16-inning 1-1 tie last year at St. Petersburg, Fla. While considerably disturbed by the manner in which he blunted their bats, the Yankees were equally distressed by the young man's tongue and brashness of his manner. But not enough, apparently, to forget the business at hand.

They immediately tagged him with the nickname of Windy, which stayed with him for the remainder of his short-lived baseball career, and prepared, even as McCall monkeyed with them, to make that career as short as possible.

In March the Yankees were unable to make their bats do what their eyes saw. In late April when, mainly on the strength of his exhibition showing against them, McCall was selected over veteran pitchers to oppose the Yankees in the season's first regular series, it was a different matter. The Yanks drove him to cover and back for more farming. They had employed spring training to blueprint McCall's style and pitching peculiarities for use when the shooting began in earnest. They also had recaptured the skills a winter of idleness had dulled.

McCall is back with the Red Sox again. This time he probably will stay up. This time, too, he'll be prepared to say that spring training is like that.

The yearly sojourn of baseball teams among the pines, palms, orange groves and sunshine of Florida, California and Arizona, while starting purely as a sort of outdoor sweatatorium and developing into a publicity dodge by the magnates to insure sellout crowds on opening day by dragging down free headlines from March 2, is now a ritual as sacred as the fair name of every Chamber of Commerce which bids

for its town as the home training base for a big league team.

Spring training is many things to many people, but for the men who must worry about such things as pennants and the money they bring in at the gate it has a direct bearing on how the major league races will run their courses. General Manager George Weiss of the Yankees still insists that his team wasn't beaten out of the flag during the regular run of 154 games last year, but in training when too many key athletes failed to take their duties seriously.

Aside from the physical aspects of cutting down weight, getting up wind, sharpening the eye and strengthening the muscle, spring training is the place where a tentative "book" is made on the opposition hitters and "giveaways" are first detected not only in your own but also in new enemy pitchers.

Big-league teams learned long ago that the only way to train properly was to arrange games with other big

leaguers rather than undermanned minor league opposition. The American League this spring, for example, has 160 of its full schedule of 241 pre-season exhibition games booked with opposition in its own class.

In this wise will the clubs be able to learn if a pitcher gives away his pitches by some mannerism peculiar to himself but which the opposition most certainly will spot. Only by batting against major-league-calibre pitching can a rookie who has torn apart the minor leagues be properly judged. Too many minor leaguers can murder fast balls but fail against curve ball pitching. The spring book—whether a hitter is weak on a certain type of pitch—certainly will reveal if a rookie has it in him to stay. Many a lemon is discovered on the Citrus Circuit.

Mistakes in judgment, of course, still are being made by managers who watch their spring training phenoms morning glory from another  
*(Continued on page 52)*

## WHERE THE MAJOR LEAGUE TEAMS TRAIN



- 1—Senators
- 2—Tigers
- 3—Reds
- 4—Phillies
- 5—Yankees and Cardinals
- 6—Braves
- 7—Red Sox
- 8—Dodgers
- 9—Athletics

- 1—Browns
- 2—Cubs
- 3—White Sox
- 4—Pirates
- 5—Giants
- 6—Indians



# News of the Lodges

**The lodges' activities  
share attention with several  
important announcements**



**This building houses Port Huron, Mich., Lodge**



**HUNTINGTON PARK, CALIF.**, Lodge, No. 1415, paid tribute to Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis not long ago, when more than 400 local and visiting Elks attended a banquet and an unusual program of entertainment.

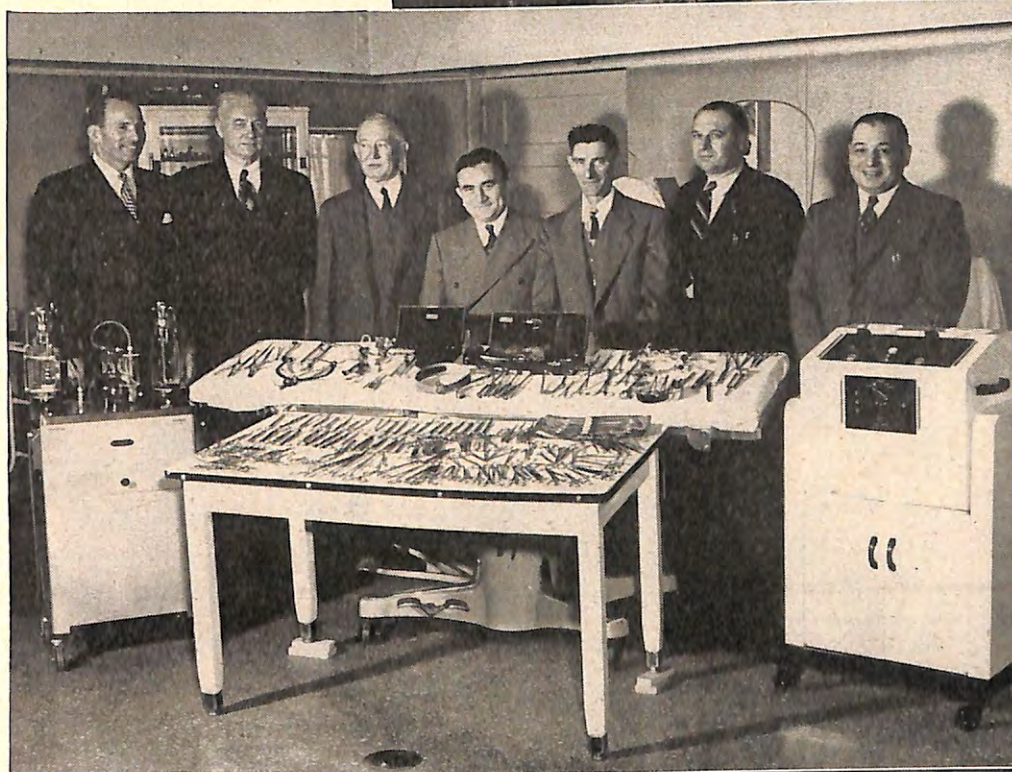
Presented in a series of allegorical tableaux were the various activities of Elkdom that were the particular interests of Mr. Lewis during his term as leader of the Order. Mayor Frank Bonelli, representing all cities in the United States, saluted the lodges for the aid and relief rendered in their communities. Then the Scouts of Troop #17, sponsored by Huntington Park Lodge for the past 24 years, expressed their thanks to the Order for its wholehearted cooperation during the years. The Huntington Park Elks Junior Baseball Team, champions of the District, representing the Nation's youth, saluted the Past Grand Exalted Ruler and the Elks lodges for the interest taken in their activities. A golden baseball, emblematic of their title of "League Champions", was given to each boy.

As an expression of appreciation to the Elks of the land who have shown such marked kindness to those of the Armed Forces, representatives of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps saluted the Order's former leader, after which Ray Davis, a member of the Order and a disabled and rehabilitated war veteran, representing all hospitalized and disabled veterans, thanked the Elks for their never-failing interest. After this, two guests of the Rancho Los Amigos, representing the elderly people in institutions aided by the Elks, thanked the Fraternity for all the cheer and happiness brought to them. The final tableau was participated in by Jennie Louise Mota, a ten-year-old crippled child, who thanked the Elks through Past Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis for all the aid given by the Elks to the handicapped children of the nation.

After Mr. Lewis delivered one of his splendid addresses, the lodge presented to him a door for his den, inscribed by hundreds of his brother Elks.

*On Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge's "Old Timers' Night", left to right: John W. Storke, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon and Jim Alexander took part in the program. Mr. Storke, an Elk since 1892, and Mr. Alexander received their 50-year pins.*

Lancaster, Pa., Lodge has just distributed the balance of its Rehabilitation Fund, amounting to nearly \$4,000, among four local hospitals, Lancaster General, St. Joseph's, Osteopathic, and Rossmere Sanitarium. Left to right: Exalted Ruler Charles W. Eaby, Jr., Richard Oblander of Lancaster General, Bernard M. Zimmerman of St. Joseph's, Samuel B. Smith of Osteopathic and Elwood Dussinger of Rossmere.



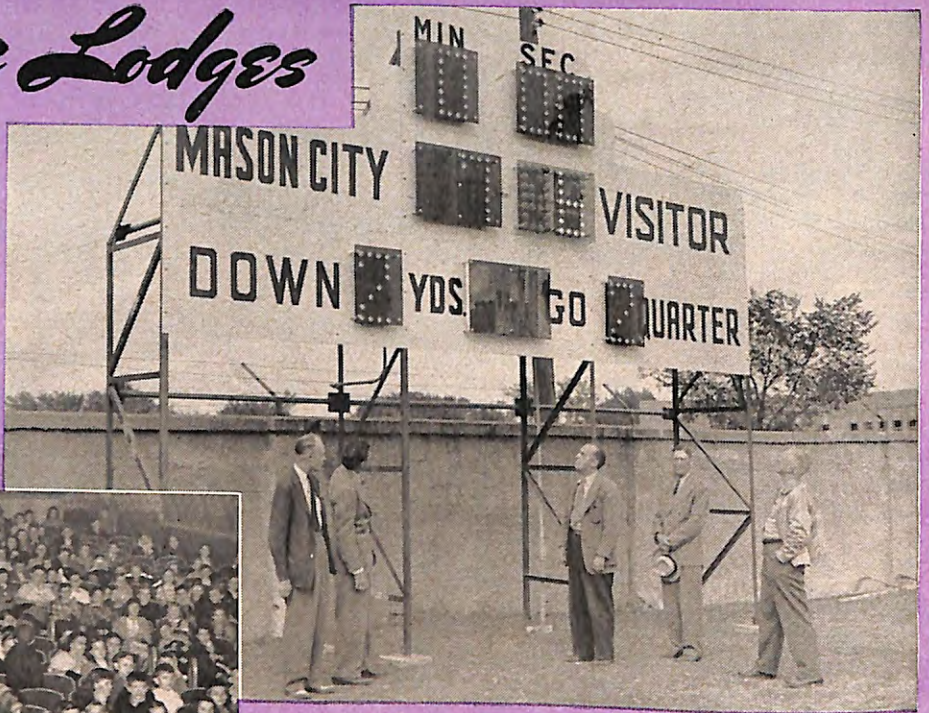
Members of the Noble Hospital staff and the Westfield, Mass., Elks Committee, look over approximately \$4,000 worth of equipment presented to the hospital by the lodge. Left to right: Wm. Wallis, Chairman of Trustees; Dr. A. J. Logie, Chief of Staff; Dr. A. J. Douglas, honorary Chief of Staff, Elk Committee Chairman E. G. Stathis, E.R. C. E. Singleton, Rep. Anthony Parenzo, and P.E.R. C.E.D' Alessio, committeemen.

When San Fernando, Calif., Lodge heard about the plight of the Lawrence family of 13 who were to be evicted from the two tents they had been living in, the members rolled up their sleeves and went to work to build a four-room house for them. Here are a few of the Elks who did the job almost overnight.



# News of the Lodges

A \$1,500 scoreboard was presented to Roosevelt Stadium by Mason City, Ia., Lodge, through profits from the Art Linkletter show and circus. Left to right are Est. Lead. Knight H. J. Hallbeck, Perley Brunsvold, High School Athletic Director, Curtis Amen, representing the school board, Secy. Ralph E. Kelso and Loyal Knight Max Loomer.



Salamanca, N. Y., Lodge entertained 1400 school children at a three-hour show featuring Americanism. The program was Salamanca Lodge's contribution toward the fight against Communism and was highlighted by an address by Mayor Robert Taylor, a member of the lodge.



Sheridan, Wyo., Lodge recently honored two surviving charter members, Wm. H. Edelman and Alf Diefenderfer, who has been the Treasurer of the lodge for the entire 50 years of its existence. He stands at top, fifth from left.



Part of the crowd of 1500 Elks and their families who attended the continuous vaudeville show celebrating Paterson,

N. J., Lodge's 60th Anniversary from early afternoon until nine at night. Door prizes and gifts for children were awarded.



Carlsbad, N. M., Elk officials and members of the Anti-Communism Committee at the high school audi-

torium when they presented American Flags for every public and parochial schoolroom in the city.

## TACOMA, WASH., LODGE PRESENTS A CANDIDATE FOR GRAND EXALTED RULER

**T**ACOMA, Washington, Lodge, No. 174 is proud and honored to present the name of Past Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson for consideration of the Grand Lodge at its next Session to be held in Cleveland, Ohio, in July, 1949, for Grand Exalted Ruler for the year of 1949-1950.

Brother Anderson was born in Tacoma, Washington, January 17, 1890, the same year that Tacoma Lodge was instituted.

Early in his life, he affiliated with the lodge and the men who helped build the new Empire of the Northwest.

While he has been active in almost every worthwhile community activity in Tacoma and its environs, his first love, from his initiation in 1917 to now, has been the Order of Elks. His service to the Order took him from Esquire, through the Chairs, to Exalted Ruler of his lodge in 1927-1928.

In 1929 he was selected as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Washington Southwest. The following year he was elected President of the Washington State Elks Association.

In 1932 he was invited to serve on the Grand Lodge Activities Committee and his enthusiasm and resourcefulness merited a second term.

He also served on the Walter Meier Memorial Committee.

When war clouds gathered, Brother Anderson was appointed to the Elks War Commission. He gave generously of his time and talents and extended the service of our Order to men in uniform all over the Pacific slope, Alaska and Hawaii.

When the members of our Order and their families, who had been prisoners of war in the Philippines and Japan, were released from the prison camps and returned to this country, Brother Anderson organized the committees which so ably met the needs of these repatriates, many arriving without funds or available friends: furnishing food, medicine, clothing, transportation and cash as each case required.

At the close of the war when the Elks War Commission was discharged and the Elks National Veterans Service Commission was created, he was appointed to serve on that Commission.

In 1946 he was unanimously elected to the office of Grand Esteemed Leading Knight.

At the expiration of his term in that office he was reappointed to the Elks National Veterans Service Commission where he continues to serve. His interest and untiring efforts in behalf of the hospitalized servicemen have made this program one of the outstanding activities of our state.

He is the President and Manager of a substantial printing business in Tacoma. His family consists of a charming wife, a son and a daughter, both married, and four grandchildren. His general business experience, his tact and his forthrightness have naturally brought him into contact with many community activities, and he has a splendid record of accomplishments.

Brother Anderson has served as Treasurer of the Tacoma Chamber of Commerce and is presently one of its Directors. He was one of the founders of the Jessie Dyslin Boys' Ranch, former Director of the Salvation Army, four-year Chairman of the Pierce County Christmas Program for Hospitalized Servicemen, and Director of the Tacoma Lions Club. He is a Director of the Tacoma Boys' Club, a Council Member of Mt. Rainier Council, Boy Scouts of America, and was recently appointed by Tacoma's Mayor to head the Freedom Train Committee. He is a Mason and a member of the Shrine and is also a Vestryman of Christ Episcopal Church.

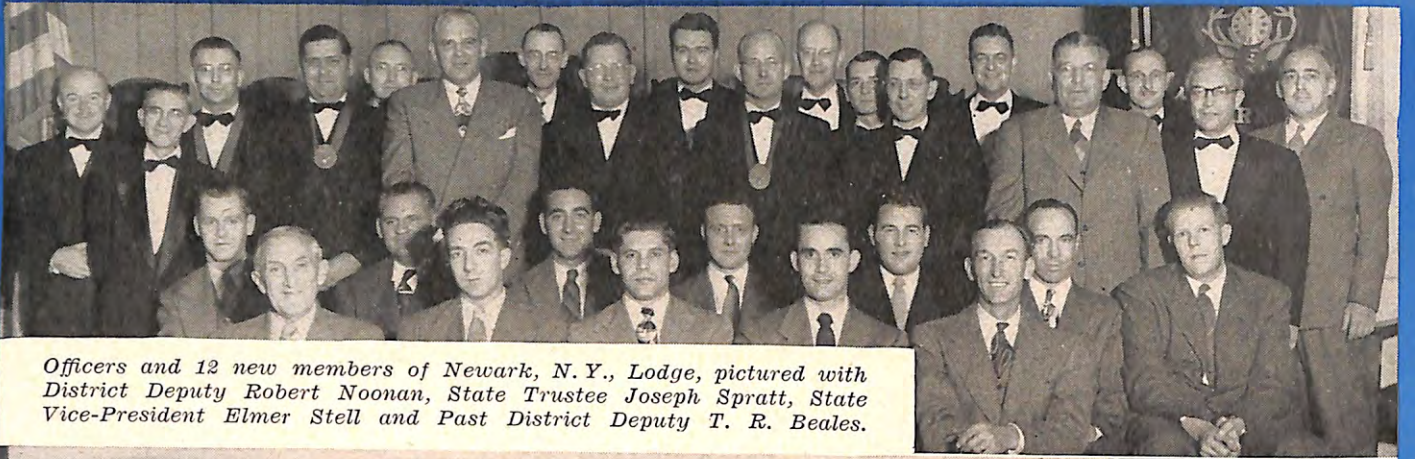
Brother Emmett T. Anderson exemplifies the qualities of leadership that have kept Tacoma Lodge No. 174 among the largest in the Order, and at the same time has made the State of Washington a region of flourishing lodges.

Because of the service he has rendered on a local, state and national level, but more especially because of the inspiring, thoughtful leadership we believe he will bring to the office, by resolution unanimously adopted by Tacoma Lodge No. 174, we submit the name of our Brother, Emmett T. Anderson, as candidate for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler, for your consideration.

For Tacoma Lodge No. 174  
Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks  
CECIL WALRATH      ERLING O. JOHNSON  
Exalted Ruler      Secretary

### PAST EXALTED RULERS

F. H. Marvin	D. T. McDonald
Geo. J. McCarthy	M. S. Erdahl
W. D. Askren	L. L. Hodgert
F. D. Metzger	J. D. Cochran
Bert Cultus	K. M. Kennell
Earl C. Reynolds	C. J. Weller
John B. Cromwell	Harry J. Lynch
W. D. Lyness	Robert S. Temme
Rinaldo Keasal	M. J. La Velle
J. G. Merrill	R. C. Barlow
Bertil E. Johnson	Jerry Geehan
A. R. Bergersen	



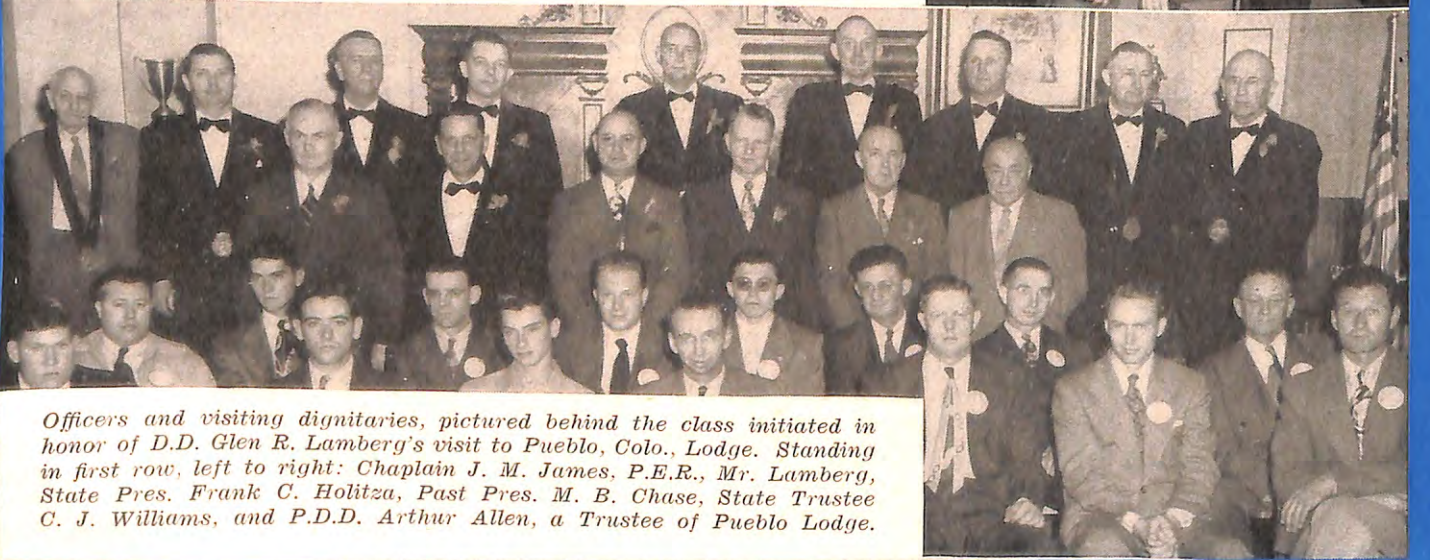
Officers and 12 new members of Newark, N. Y., Lodge, pictured with District Deputy Robert Noonan, State Trustee Joseph Spratt, State Vice-President Elmer Stell and Past District Deputy T. R. Beales.



This photograph gives some idea of the interest shown by the members of Salem, Ore., Lodge in the annual Hobo Night shindig started in 1938.



Rochester, Pa., Lodge recently dedicated a very attractive bronze Memorial Tablet to its 231 deceased members. Erected at a cost of \$3,600, the Tablet can carry 500 names. The first Exalted Ruler of the lodge, James W. Doncaster, delivered the memorial address. Chartered in 1894 with 29 men, Rochester Lodge now has 800 active members on its rolls.



Officers and visiting dignitaries, pictured behind the class initiated in honor of D.D. Glen R. Lamberg's visit to Pueblo, Colo., Lodge. Standing in first row, left to right: Chaplain J. M. James, P.E.R., Mr. Lamberg, State Pres. Frank C. Holitza, Past Pres. M. B. Chase, State Trustee C. J. Williams, and P.D.D. Arthur Allen, a Trustee of Pueblo Lodge.



Raleigh, N. C., Lodge presented a moving picture sound projector and screen to the tubercular patients of the Wake County Sanatorium.



More than 400 Elks were on hand to join Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge in paying tribute to Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis and his program during his term of office. Left, he accepts a door for his den, inscribed with the names of hundreds of his fellow members of the Order.



Past State Pres. H. A. Swartwood, left center, gives D.D. Harold L. Stanton, on his homecoming visit, a Revere 16 mm. movie camera, the gift of Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge, as the lodge officers look on.



Officers and a class initiated in honor of D.D. Emmet E. McWherter, seated center, on the Deputy's official visit to Titusville, Pa., Lodge.

## LODGE NOTES



**SANTA MONICA, CALIF.**, Lodge is undertaking quite a job. E.R. Henry W. Conner and Est. Lead. Knight G. Bob Roberts broke ground not long ago for the lodge's new \$250,000 home. The lodge is determined that the entire building will be paid for in full when completed. Positively no mortgage . . . A rare problem confronted E.R. Wilfred Kunz of **BISMARCK, N. D.**, Lodge. As head of the lodge he was entitled to present a \$16,100 check for improvements on the municipal swimming pool to himself, as President of the City Park Board. Rather than transfer the check from one hand to the other, and whisper a speech of thanks, he got the lodge's Chairman of the Board of Trustees to do the presenting . . . The outstanding work and devotion of several members have been recognized at various lodges. Over 200 **POTTSVILLE, PA.**, Elks turned out to pay tribute to Walter H. Scheipe, whose record on the lodge's Membership Committee is noteworthy; he is directly responsible for the addition of 60 names to the rolls . . . Another Elk who received an Honorary Life Membership is Charles C. Walton of **PASADENA, CALIF.**, Lodge in recognition of the splendid work he has done for the lodge . . . **PRICE, UTAH**, Lodge is mighty proud of the Governor of its State, J. Bracken Lee, who is a Life Member and P.E.R. of the lodge. A dinner given by the lodge in his honor was attended by many Elk luminaries, including Grand Trustee Douglas Lambourne, D.D. R. T. Mitchell, P.D.D. Seth Billings and several others . . . D.D. C. Arno Shoemaker made his official visit to **WALLACE, IDA.**, Lodge and was well pleased with conditions there. He was accompanied by Secy. Reed Huneke of Lewiston Lodge.

# News of the Lodges

**MUSKEGON, MICH.,** Lodge, No. 274, reports great progress on its pet project of the moment—the expansion to its park. Huge machines have been in action for weeks, removing tons of earth and tree stumps. Most of the heavy work is completed, and big surprises are planned for the hundreds of Elks and their families who will be spending pleasant summer days at the park. There will be more tables, more lights, a larger parking area and new playgrounds.

The Muskegon Elks welcomed a group of Benton Harbor boys not long ago, on the first half of a two-way fraternal visit. The officers and Degree Team, headed by E.R. Ray Null, arrived by bus in time to enjoy the regular Friday night dinner before taking over the lodge-room floor for the initiation of eight new Muskegon Elks.

About 35 members of No. 274 made a trip to Grand Haven Lodge in response to an invitation from E.R. Larry Kent. The visiting officers initiated seven candidates for the host lodge at whose institution Muskegon Lodge installed the officers.

**BOULDER, COLO.,** Lodge, No. 566, as its outstanding accomplishment in the field of community welfare for the past year, has made a \$20,000 donation for the enlargement of the local high school grandstand. On the presentation of plans for the proposed enlargement to the membership, No. 566 voted approval of this tremendous donation. The grandstand, seating 2,000 persons, with an adequate press box above the stands, will be known as the Elks Grandstand and will be so designated by a bronze plaque. The official presentation was made by E.R. Perry Frazier at the annual Elks Football Night.

Arrangements have been completed by the lodge's Veterans Service Commission to "adopt" one of the largest wards at Fitzsimons Hospital in Denver. With 109 veteran bed patients, the ward has been too big a job for any other organization interested in such an activity. The Elks aren't at all timid about taking on this gargantuan task, and each month is presenting an entertainment program for their adopted "charges". A Christmas party was given for these servicemen, with a gift for each, and refreshments.

## ELKS PARADE

The Grand Exalted Ruler's slogan, **MAKE DEMOCRACY WORK**, will be the theme of this year's Grand Lodge Convention Parade, and every float will portray one of the many ways in which the Order of Elks has promoted the cause of democracy.

Grand Esquire Cyril A. Kremser has secured the assistance of one of the country's finest float designers, and any lodge or Association wishing counsel in planning its entry may write to Brother Kremser either in care of the Elks 1949 Cleveland Convention Company, Inc., at the Hotel Cleveland, or the Continental Printing Co., 211 Highland Avenue, Cleveland.

The parade this year will be held in the evening, and if planned carefully will prove to be one of the finest panoramas of patriotism ever witnessed.

**SANTA ANA, CALIF.,** Lodge, No. 794, opened its heart and pocketbook to aid the children of Germany in response to a request to one of its members, Capt. William Friend, attached to the U. S. Medical Corps in Frankfurt.

Capt. Friend wrote the lodge telling of his activities in Germany, saying that he had charge of some 100 orphans of from three to six years of age. He reported that there were hundreds more children whose parents were raiding garbage cans of the Medical Corps messhalls in order to exist. Est. Loyal Knight Bernard Mott and Brother Ted Comp were named co-chairmen to solicit merchandise for this cause designated as the "Send to a Friend" Campaign. That they were successful was obvious in that local grocers, clothiers and shoe stores gave material at wholesale prices, and donations of over a ton of old clothing for both young and old found its way to the lodge home. The local churches cooperated too, with the result that over three tons of clothing and food were soon on their way to Capt. Friend.

Santa Ana Lodge is mighty proud of its Double Quartet which has captured many State and national honors over the period of its existence. On the Quartet's 16th anniversary not long ago, the lodge turned out in great numbers to pay them tribute. The occasion was highlighted by an informal address by Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis.

**CRISTOBAL, C. Z.,** Lodge, No. 1542, held its 20th Annual Charity Ball not long ago and reports that it was a huge success. Over 400 persons enjoyed a delightful dinner and the dance which followed.

Just about the same time, D.D. Arno Zeese made his official visit to his home lodge, with a large crowd of Balboa Elks, headed by E.R. Charles E. Ramirez, and a capacity turnout of the Cristobal membership making the occasion a memorable one. The 13 new members initiated that evening were made most welcome.



The officers of Pocatello, Ida., Lodge, National Ritualistic Champions, pictured with the individual walnut and bronze plaques presented to them by the Pocatello membership. Left to right are Board of Trustees Chairman O. R. Baum, who accepted the plaque on behalf of the lodge; P.E.R.

Fred D. Hilliard, Coach; Est. Lect. Knight A. J. Schatz; Inner Guard Jack Henderson; E.R. R. D. Gallajent; Est. Loyal Knight Myron Bullock; Est. Lead. Knight H. H. Zimmerli; Esq. Ben Rowland; Chaplain Byron Downard; Candidate Tom Sahlberg and Secretary-Coach Harold C. Hinckley.

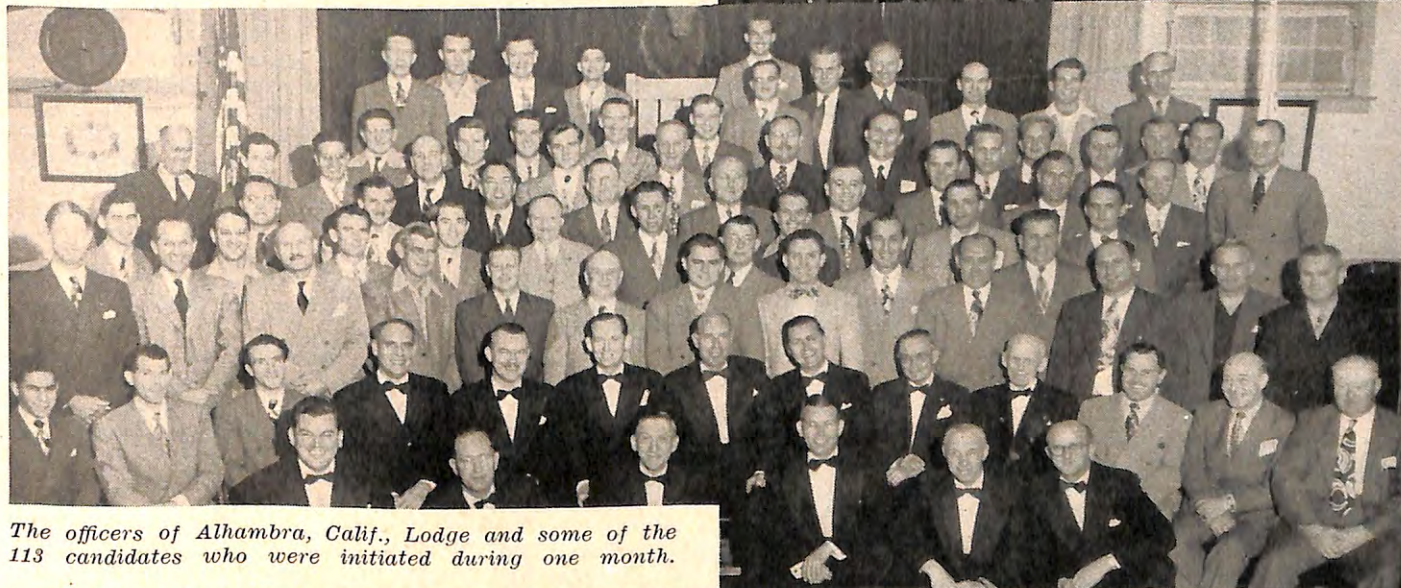




*Officers and the class Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge initiated in honor of D.D. Wm. A. Partain, Jr., seated seventh from left.*



*D.D. Frederick Luecking and P.D.D. John Eckert join New Albany, Ind., Lodge officers and a class of 136 candidates initiated to celebrate the lodge's fifty-fifth anniversary.*



*The officers of Alhambra, Calif., Lodge and some of the 113 candidates who were initiated during one month.*



*The members of the Minstrel and Variety Show Cast who aided Auburn, Calif., Lodge to raise \$700 for its building fund.*

# News of the Lodges



Clearfield, Pa., Lodge's Degree Team. Left to right: Chaplain John Bum-barger, Est. Loyal Knight O. H. Rickenbrode, Est. Lead. Knight R. S. Kepner, E.R. J. P. Frantz, Inner Guard Ai Eckert, Est. Lect. Knight R. L. Hughes and Esq. John Westcott. This team won the 1945 and 1948 State Degree Championships and the 1948 North District Championships.



Harry Stuhldreher, one of Notre Dame's famed "Four Horsemen" and formerly head grid coach at the University of Wisconsin, gets another "horse" to ride on Rock Island, Illinois, Lodge's "Football Night".



The Cops and Paddy Wagon used in Herrin, Ill., Lodge's Homecoming Celebration in which nearly \$1,000 was collected for its Charity Program.

BISMARCK, N. D., Lodge, No. 1199, held its annual Homecoming not long ago. Approximately 1,400 Elks and their ladies participated in the many gala events marking this celebration. Card parties, concerts, and other entertainment were on the program each evening, and special gifts were received by Charter Members, and those of more than 35-year affiliation. The oldest members in attendance were Henry Richholt, 85, and Peter D. Kebsgard, 80. Charter Members on hand were Pat White and M. L. Gallagher.

At a recent meeting, the members of No. 1199 voted to donate \$750 to each hospital in Bismarck to provide a furnished room in each of the new hospital additions as soon as they are completed.

ATTLEBORO, MASS., Lodge, No. 1014, was extremely proud of its officers when they initiated a class of candidates on the evening D.D. William A. Rohman made his official visit there. On behalf of the lodge, P.D.D. Francis J. O'Neil presented a gift to the visitor who was also the recipient of another remembrance forwarded by Pawtucket, R. I., Lodge.

Attleboro Lodge's Sports Night was one of the best in the lodge's history, when these Elks were hosts to about 150 youngsters who participated in baseball last summer under the aegis of the Elks Sports Youth Activity Committee. A great many big names in sports were on hand for the affair which was in the nature of a tribute to Ken Blandin, a member of Attleboro Lodge.

KEWANEE, ILL., Lodge, No. 724, initiated a class of six candidates at a recent meeting. One of the new members was celebrating his 21st birthday that very day. The son of Glenn Hobbs, a member of No. 724, young James Hobbs wasted no time in becoming an Elk as soon as he had reached the proper age. A buffet luncheon was served, and P.E.R. Ralph Dickson addressed the gathering. Several days later a group of 15 men joined Kewanee Lodge.

WASH. ELKS ASSN. Vancouver was the scene of the two-day Midwinter Meeting of the Washington State Elks in January. Delegations were present from lodges all over the State, for this important meeting. There were several fine bowling events, and Tacoma Lodge was the winner of the Ritualistic Contest staged the opening day. Vancouver Lodge sponsored a dance both evenings, in addition to presenting a buffet lunch for the delegates.

## MOTHER'S DAY AND FLAG DAY ANNOUNCEMENT

The Grand Lodge Activities Committee invites the subordinate Lodges to submit report of their observances of Mother's Day, which falls on May 8th this year, and of Flag Day, June 14th. Accounts of those services chosen by the Committee as the most worthy, suitable and effective will be published in *The Elks Magazine*.

Elkdom attaches special significance to these observances: to Mother's Day as an opportunity to pay tribute to the selfless devotion of motherhood; to Flag Day as an occasion when, with others of our community, we may renew our allegiance to the traditions symbolized by our Flag.

Since most of the lodges take special observance of these days, the Magazine could not publish accounts of the ceremonies held by some lodges without giving offense to others.

The Committee believes that this project will develop greater interest in these occasions and result in greater thought and effort in planning ceremonies. The Magazine is glad to cooperate in this plan.

Lodges with 1,000 members or more will be entered in Group I, those with 500 to 1,000 members in Group II and those with less than 500 members in Group III.

Every lodge is invited to participate. Those that wish to be considered should submit complete accounts of their observances including, if possible, copies of printed programs, clippings of newspaper stories and glossy photographs. All entries should be mailed directly to William J. Jernick, Chairman, Grand Lodge Activities Committee, 44 Alexander Avenue, Nutley 10, N. J. Do not forward them to *The Elks Magazine*. Accounts of Mother's Day programs should be in Chairman Jernick's hands not later than May 18 and those for Flag Day not later than June 24.

**NEVADA CITY, CALIF.**, Lodge, No. 518, celebrated its Golden Anniversary with a huge party, starting with a banquet at which 39-year Elk Judge James Snell was Toastmaster, and ending with pleasant entertainment. Fifty-year pins were awarded to P.E.R. James Colley, P.E.R. Phil Scadden and Ralph Gaylord. No. 518 recently donated 100 deer hides to hospitalized veterans of California who use them in their rehabilitation classes.



Ontario, Calif., Lodge presents \$1,000 worth of equipment to the Casa Colina Home for Crippled Children. Left to right: Secy. C. T. Johns, Loyal Knight R. V. Snyder, Executive Secy. Mrs. Eleanor Smith of the Home, Mrs. Ronald Roberds, Mrs. Mary Snyder, P.E.R. P. J. Reifel; back row: E.R. G. B. Dorning, Chief of Police Herbert Swinney, Esq. J. R. Martinez, Lect. Knight Ronald H. Roberds, Lead. Knight J. J. Hesslyn.



Ready to serve the piece de resistance at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Lodge's tenth annual Pig Roast, attended by 175, are, left to right: Stephen J. Tkach, Robert F. Meehan, Hon. W. Alfred Valentine, Hon. Michael F. McDonald, E. C. Marianelli, Edward T. Klett and Theodore Alexander.



Santa Rosa, Calif., Lodge's most successful two-day Charity Carnival drew between 6,000 and 8,000 persons. Here, E.R. William Johansen draws the winning number for the grand prize, surrounded by eager participants.

# LODGE NOTES



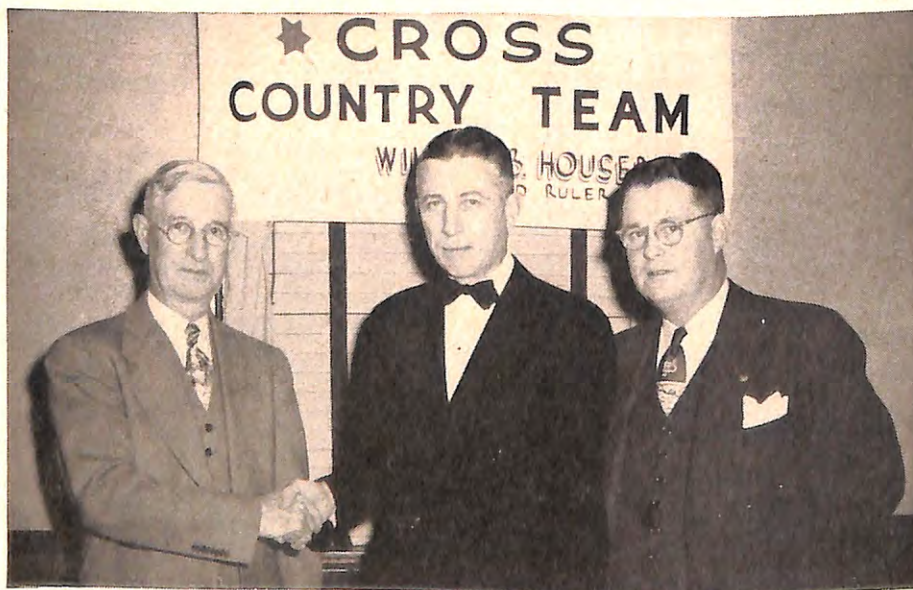
**Haverstraw, N. Y.**, Lodge put on a monster Charity Minstrel and Variety Show with a cast of 75. A tremendous success both financially and socially, the affair had 100 per cent cooperation of Elks and their families . . . Leaders of **MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.**, Elkdom honored P.E.R. William B. Rose at a testimonial dinner recently. Present was D.D. Raymond A. Henry . . . When D.D. Frank L. Claire visited **FRESNO, CALIF.**, Lodge he had a pleasant duty to perform in handing Miss Norma Morrison her \$100 scholarship awarded by the California State Elks Association . . . P.E.R. H. P. Scripture of **MOREHEAD CITY-BEAUFORT, N. C.**, Lodge has his own ideas about jacking up the lodge's relief funds—the old-fashioned box party. The ladies bring boxes of food, with their name inside. The highest bidder gets the box and must open it in order to find out the name of his lunch partner. The boxes averaged about \$3.00 apiece and a tidy sum was realized for charity. Besides, everyone had a grand time . . . **MISSOULA (HELLGATE), MONT.**, Lodge made it possible for Eddie Lucier, County winner of the Western Montana Junior Fat Stock Show, to enter his prize animal in the Chicago International Livestock Exposition. The lodge had the animal shipped and provided all necessary expenses for the young Frenchtown boy . . . **LATROBE, PA.**, Lodge was the instigator of the campaign to have the city recognized as the birthplace of pro-football and made the first contribution of \$1,000 to the fund for the Pro-Football Memorial. Now, still avid football fans, the members have decided to sponsor an annual Elks Day at the stadium of St. Vincent College.



*Cedar City, Utah, Lodge presents to Helen Petty, a handicapped child, a typewriter, plus special equipment and free instructions from the Utah State Rehabilitation Service. Miss Petty lost an arm and leg in an automobile accident. Left to right are Miss Petty, Cedar City Junior High School Principal L. C. Miles and Exalted Ruler Afton Bohn.*



*E.R. H. M. Moul presents Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge's \$750 check to Mrs. Gladys E. Finnegan of St. Vincent's Hospital. Walter Van Nostrand, left, of Staten Island Hospital, and L. W. Widdecombe of Richmond Memorial, await the receipt of checks for their institutions, to be handed to them by Albert W. Blessin, Chairman of the Charity Awards, right.*

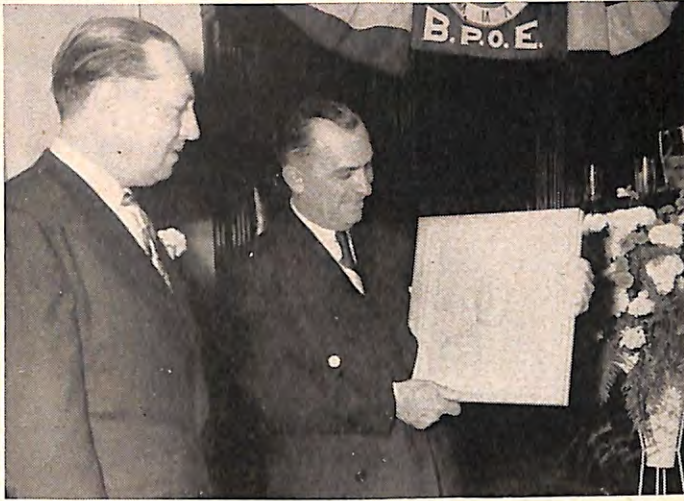


*E.R. William B. Houser, center, shakes hands with veteran coach Wm. T. McCarthy of the Arlington High School Track and Cross Country Teams. Right is Chairman John P. Buckley of Arlington, Mass., Lodge's Athletic Night when the school's team, New England Cross Country Champions, was honored at a dinner. Jackets were distributed to the boys, as well as gold initialed tie holders and pins. After dinner a class was initiated.*

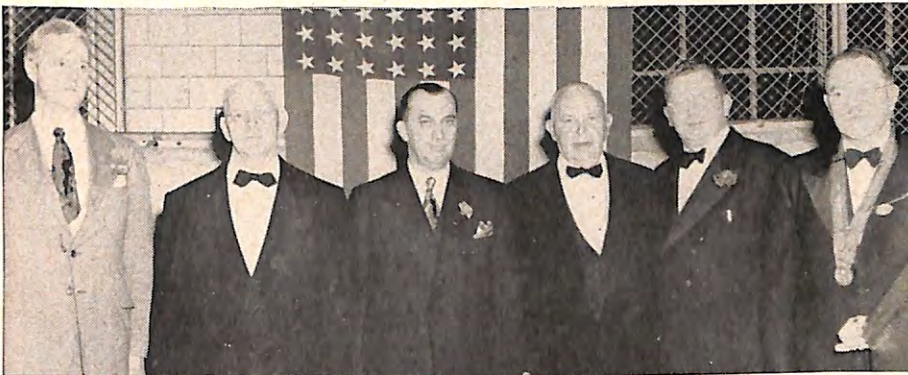
## THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S

# Visits

(Continued from page 19)



Mr. Hall inspects the plaque carved in his likeness from Indiana limestone, the gift of Bedford Lodge. E.R. Charles H. Kramer who presented the plaque, stands at left.



At the institution of Wolcott, N. Y., Lodge were, left to right: State Pres. John J. Sweeney, E.R. George Palmer, Mr. Hall, Past State Pres. Harry R. Darling, D.D. Robert Noonan and E.R. Floyd Fitchpatrick of Lyons Lodge.



At East Chicago, Ind., Lodge, Mr. Hall delivered one of his dynamic addresses. At left is Grand Treasurer Joseph B. Kyle, and at right, E.R. J. Howard Newell and D.D. David T. Rosenthal.



In conversation at a joint meeting at Port Jervis, N.Y., are left to right: E.R. Walter K. Doty of Middletown Lodge, Mr. Hall, D.D. Raymond Henry and E.R. Ross Kleinstuber of the host lodge.

**DECATUR LODGE NO. 1602**, before proceeding to **ATHENS LODGE NO. 790**, whose members entertained the out-of-towners at a banquet at the Georgian Hotel. State Pres. Loomis Taylor introduced the Order's leader to the 250 men and women on hand to pay Mr. Hall tribute. Present were representatives from Chattanooga, Tenn., Florida and South Carolina. Immediately after dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Hall returned to Atlanta to board the train for New York.

Back in the East on the 22nd, the Halls arrived in Newark, N. Y., on the Empire State Express which made a special stop for the leader of the Order who was greeted by P.D.D. T. R. Beales, E.R. William W. Colby, P.E.R. J. B. Keane, lodge officers and their wives. The Grand Exalted Ruler was taken to the home of **GENEVA LODGE NO. 1054** to be welcomed by about 200 members, before returning to the home of **NEWARK LODGE NO. 1249**, to be the first Grand Exalted Ruler to visit there during a term of office. A banquet was held in the lodge home and a public meeting took place in the high school auditorium where Mr. Hall addressed a large crowd of both men and women. D.D. Robert E. Noonan, P.D.D.'s Francis P. Hart and George A. Swalbach and many other State officials were on hand. Open house for members and their families followed at the lodge home.

Escorted by P.D.D. Beales and other Upstate New York Elks, the Halls drove to Oneida, N. Y., where they were guests of **ONEIDA LODGE NO. 767** at dinner in the lodge home, attended by Past State Presidents Ronald Dunn and Stephen A. McGrath, P.D.D. Frederick T. Boehm and 300 other Elks and their ladies.

On the following day, in the company of E.R. James F. Burke of Oneida Lodge and Mr. McGrath, Mr. and Mrs. Hall drove to Ilion, N. Y., when a group of Boy Scouts presented a scroll to Mr. Hall at the home of **ILION LODGE NO. 1444**. In return, the Order's leader gave each Scout an American Flag, after expressing his appreciation to them. Later about 400 Elks attended the banquet held by the lodge in Grand Exalted Ruler Hall's honor.

P.D.D. Thomas Leahy accompanied the Halls to Schenectady on the 25th, when Mr. Hall delivered one of his dynamic addresses to a crowd of 400 Elks after a dinner in the home of **SCHENECTADY LODGE NO. 480**.

# in the Doghouse



**A dog show is like a  
circus to the lay-  
man, but the initiate  
takes it solemnly.**

**I**T WON'T be long now before one of the most interesting of all pastimes connected with dogs will be featured on the sporting pages of most of our newspapers—the outdoor dog shows. While dog showing goes on throughout the entire year, naturally during the cooler months they move indoors and in doing so—in your scribe's opinion—they lose some of the color that attaches to the outdoor show on a sunny, pleasant day. The only exceptions to this are a few of the largest indoor shows, and even these do not provide the same kind of sporting atmosphere found in the outdoor events. The indoor shows are invariably noisy, sometimes overcrowded and, to this oversensitive soul, seem to present more of a commercial atmosphere than the outdoor show. Given a fine day, a wide sweep of lawn—usually that of a private estate or club—and your dog-lover feels pretty much like little Willie at the circus, as he strolls through the aisles lined by the display benches.

When the dogs are trotted out before the judges, there's a zip to the procedure that only a true dog enthusiast fully appreciates. For some reason or other, and here Faust goes completely overboard on his own opinion, dogs always seem to look best outdoors. Of course, I don't hold this to be true of the average house pet; I am talking about the canine aristocrat on parade. Now, it may be that you've never attended



Chow Chow puppies photographed by Ylla.

a dog show, and it is for you that I'm going to tell what happens in the course of a show.

To the uninitiated, a dog show is pretty mysterious. The ring where the dogs are shown is something like a boxing ring, in that it is not circular, but is usually a rectangle or square, roped off with seats on all four sides for the spectators. In the larger exhibits there'll be as many as ten or twelve of these rings set aside for specified breeds. In these the dogs are shown by their handlers who may be the owners of the dogs, or professionals whose business it is to condition and show dogs for other people. Such handlers usually board the dogs for as long as it takes to get them in show condition, or they may be engaged for only a short time prior to the showing. Many of them are exceptionally skillful in maneuvering their charges before the judge and thus, if the judge isn't particularly alert, an inferior dog may be placed over a better specimen. Fortunately, this doesn't happen often.

**T**HE American Kennel Club, governing body for pure-bred dogs, exercises much care in granting licenses to men and women who would be judges. In its rules book apply-

ing to registration and dog shows, it specifies that "any reputable person who is in good standing with the American Kennel Club may apply for leave to judge any breed or breeds of pure-bred dogs". This sounds easy, but wait, the applicants must have had some known experience before applying to judge; that is, known experience with the breed or breeds in which they are interested, and this has to be confirmed by two other people who are also experienced and who will endorse the applicant. Professional handlers of dogs are paid about ten dollars a show by the owners of each dog handled, and the handler likewise is accorded the right to keep all money winnings of the dogs. Judges usually work for the fun of the thing, but there are a few who are paid, their fees being a matter of private arrangement with the show-giving club. Other than the handlers, owners and the judge, only the ring stewards are permitted inside the ring while the judging is going on. The stewards assist the judge, sort and prepare the ribbons the judge awards, but have absolutely nothing to say in the judging and are not supposed to advise the judge at any

(Continued on page 51)

# The Course that Bobby Built

(Continued from page 12)

by the world's greatest player for a golf course. But if he could have foreseen all this, the Baron could not possibly, in my opinion, have devised a beautification program for a setting that would today better serve our purpose."

Well, when you go swinging along through that magnolia avenue to the quaint old clubhouse and out upon the rolling countryside cultivated by the Baronial influence a century ago; when you follow the golfers up the long slope to the first hole, "White Pine", and turn off toward the first par-5, down a gentle bend to the valleyed "Woodbine", you and the gallery are away on a jaunt that pictures some of the world's finest golf in a stretch of settings you'll never believe possible until you've seen them.

Leaving this setting to your imagination for the moment, let us consider the golf course as a test of golf, touching on a few statistics, which is the somewhat unhappy and sometimes annoying trend of modern sportswriting.

**T**HE idea of Bob Jones in the design of this course was to give the usual player, or the plain duffer, a decent and reasonable chance with whatever shots he might produce and, at the same time and from the same tees, confront the par-buster with a series of problems. To this date these problems have kept the record card of the Masters Tournament to 279, while the United States Open record skidded from 281, set in 1937 at Oakland Hills by Ralph Guldahl, to Ben Hogan's 276 at the Riviera last year. Hogan, incidentally, has not won the Masters yet, although he has come mighty close.

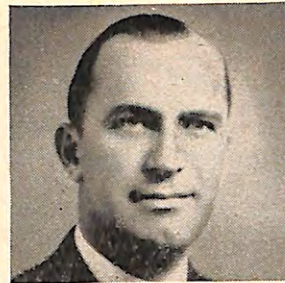
Early in the play of the Augusta National Course, a fine sportsman, age 75, who never had broken 110 on his home layout, a relatively short course near New York, scored 90 and 91, thereby breaking a hundred with vengeance. Now in view of that kind of scoring, why don't the top professionals step on the Augusta course? After all, there is no punishing rough. The greens are large and the fairways are wide for shots to stray. There are only about 30 bunkers, as compared to about 220 at Oakmont, for example, and only one blind hazard of the type found at old St. Andrews. Blind greens have been completely eliminated and there are only three holes with a real water hazard. In fact, at no place is a tee shot of over 150 yards required to reach the fairway. If the course is so kind to duffers, where, then, is the rub for the Hogans, Sneads and Demarets?

There are several answers to that question. For one, the approach shots are exceptionally difficult if the tee shot has not been exactly placed—

(Continued on page 36)



J. Belmont Mossor, President  
Kiwanis International



George I. Hall, Grand Exalted Ruler  
Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks



De Vere Watson, Grand Worthy Pres.  
Fraternal Order of Eagles

## All America backs its All-American Team **U. S. ARMY and U. S. AIR FORCE**

For the splendid work they are doing at home and abroad, the U. S. Army and U. S. Air Force command the admiration and appreciation of every American. As presidents of organizations devoted to affairs of civic interest, we urge you, our members, to cooperate enthusiastically with the Army and Air Force Recruiting Stations in your community.

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U. S. Junior Chamber of Commerce



John E. Swift, Supreme Knight  
Knights of Columbus



Eugene S. Briggs, President  
International Association of Lions Clubs

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*J. Belmont Mossor*  
*George I. Hall*  
*De Vere Watson*  
*Paul D. Bagwell*  
*John E. Swift*  
*Eugene S. Briggs*

a non-existent problem for the duffer, but a real one for the pro. The approach putt, one of the hardest shots in golf, is a real problem on almost every green. Your chronic three-putter won't worry about that either, but par-busters do. The par 5's invite the long hitters to hit home in two shots, but natural hazards are chiefly responsible for extra penalty strokes if the player fails to make two superb shots. This, too, is no particular problem for the player struggling to get on in four. While the bunkers at Augusta are few in number, they are strategically placed to penalize a carry of 210 yards or more, and you know how many golfers are worrying about 210-yard carries. Furthermore, practically every type of golf shot is required at some time during the round, including the runup-approach. This shot has been rather badly neglected in this country since it is required so seldom. Lastly, there is a lot of tension during the Masters, for it is a tournament that the professionals like to win. Horton Smith once summed up the problems nicely when he said:

"To me, the Augusta National Course has character, individuality and personality. It is one of the few courses that really presents two games on almost every hole—a game to reach the greens and another to figure the ever challenging contours after reaching the greens. I feel that contour is the feature of the course—placing tee shots in the best spots to simplify the shots to the greens and figuring the slopes and speed of the large and undulating putting surfaces. It is a course that does not severely penalize the mistake of the average golfer but one which definitely rewards skillful play." Now, with the basic problems of the course in mind, let's see how the top golfers have overcome them, or gallantly failed.

**A**S SUGGESTED earlier, Claude Harmon, defending champion at the Masters, produced the best-balanced stretch of scoring in the history of this competition: 70-70-69-70 for a 279. The break that kept him out of a concluding 69 was a pitch perhaps six inches short of the 12th green. Missing the green, the ball fell into the lower segment of the bank of a purling brook that fringes the green, whence a blasting recovery popped over to the base of the 13th tee. From there a good chip and putt were required for a 4, where a par 3 would have provided another card of 69, and a new record score of 278—some 10 strokes better than Old Man Par.

Harmon's affair at No. 12 recalls the 1937 finish of Messrs. Byron Nelson and Ralph Guldahl, which was settled in Nelson's favor on Nos. 12 and 13 in the final round. On those two holes—I wonder if anybody reported this to Mr. Ripley as a Believe-It-Or-Not—Lord Byron, playing behind the Hon. Guldahl, picked up *six* strokes, turning a four-stroke deficit into a two-stroke lead at the finish.

When you regard Nos. 12 and 13 at the Augusta National, you might want to replay these cards, which, I firmly predict, will never again be matched in a top competition.

Guldahl, playing nearly an hour ahead of Nelson, had scored 209 in his first three rounds, to 213 for Lord Byron. Both reached the turn of the last round in 38, so Nelson still was four strokes down. Each of them scored a birdie 3 at the tough 450-yard 10th hole, and a par 4 at the 11th.

After it was all over, I talked with Ralph Guldahl about what happened. "That short 13th," said Guldahl. "They had the flag placed over near the right-hand corner, where the green is narrowest, the brook cutting at the edge. The safe shot was over at the left, where the green is wider. But I wasn't playing it safe. I was on top of the field, and I was after staying there. I shot for the pin..."

The pitch was a yard short of a spot from which a deuce would have been probable. But the ball bounced back into the drink, causing a penalty lift-stroke, and a 5 for the hole ensued. Then, of course, Ralph Guldahl went after the elbowed "Azalea", the 13th, 480 yards, to the left; a drive and an iron if you hit a sweet, curling drive around the bend.

"I had a fair drive and a downhill lie for my second," said Guldahl. "I went for it again—I knew I had to, now. A full No. 3 iron, for the pin. I wanted that birdie 4!"

And again—a yard short, and in

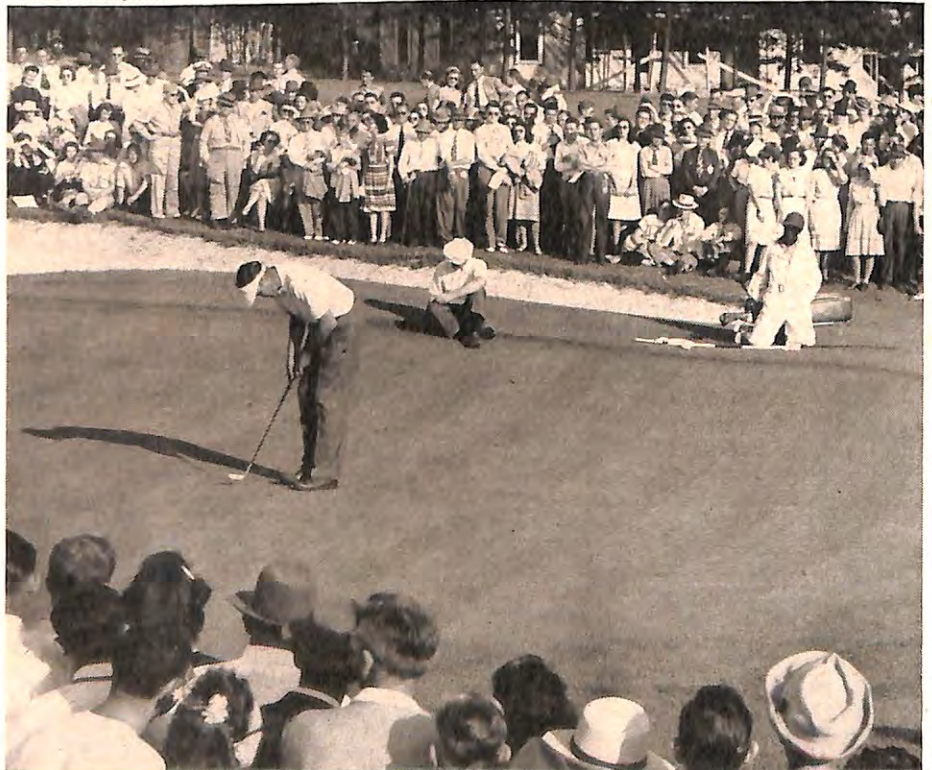
the brook again, and this time, with the penalty-lift, a dreadful 6. Ralph Guldahl had scored 11 strokes on those two holes. And behind him...

Byron Nelson had smacked a pitch two yards from the cup at the short 12th and canned the putt for a deuce. Around the bend on the dangerous 13th, after his big iron second slipped off the green, Lord Byron holed a chip shot for an eagle 3.

Nelson had picked up six strokes in two holes, on Ralph Guldahl, then at the peak of his meteoric career, to top him, 283 to 285, at the Masters—Ralph Guldahl, who was to win the U. S. Open at Oakland Hills that year with a record score of 281, which stood up until last summer at the Riviera. Guldahl went on from there to win the U. S. Open again, in 1938, at Denver's Cherry Hills Club, with a score of 284. The following spring he set the record for the Masters with 279, while Byron Nelson that year won the U. S. Open at Spring Mill, after a tie and two play-offs with Craig Wood and Denny Shute.

**P**RETTY fair showings these Masters at Augusta have demonstrated in the U. S. Open—the Big One. Byron Nelson won the Masters for the second time in 1942, with a score of 280, after a tie with Ben Hogan and a play-off. In fact, Little Ben was runner-up twice in the Masters before he won the U. S. Open last year. The second time was in 1946, when Herman Keiser outfinished him, 282-283.

Wide World photo



The 18th green of the Augusta National is typical of the contours of the putting surfaces. Here Herman Keiser sinks his last putt for a final round of 74 and victory in the 1946 Masters Tournament.



As Damon Runyon's narrator says, a story goes with that tournament; a story involving Walter Hagen, one of the greatest golfing competitors of all time, and winner of 11 major championships. Sir Walter, of course, is eligible to play in the Masters as long as he lives, and if he doesn't bother about playing any more, he can sit around and indulge in words of wisdom and recollection.

The finish between Keiser and Hogan in 1946 really was a finish at the last green, to which Keiser was coming with a par 4 left for a score of 281. The 18th hole, the "Holly", is 435 yards to an uphill finish on a lovely green, sloped modestly to face the shot. Keiser's second shot was six yards past the flag, leaving him a delicately sloping grade for his approach putt, which was struck boldly and then trickled 30 inches past the hole. But he missed, coming back, for his par 4.

Thirty minutes later, Ben Hogan's second shot was on that green, also six yards past the flag. He had two putts left for a par 4, and a tie with Keiser. And a play-off next day.

You guessed it. Hogan went for that long putt and a birdie 3, but the ball slid about 30 inches past and he missed that one, for a tie.

I asked the Haig, "What about it?" His reply was something out of the old days, when he was winning the British Open four times and the U.S.P.G.A. five times.

"Well," he said, "I wasn't exactly what you'd call a timid player in my time. And yet, if I'd been in Ben Hogan's spot on that last green—well, I'd have been just a little bit timid with that first putt. You see," added Sir Walter, "there would have been 18 holes and 18 greens in the play-off. And there was only one, then."

There's another phase of this amazing golf tournament besides the actual golf—the way everybody seems to get together all over the premises. There are four practice or rehearsal days before the four-day competition begins. There are dinner parties and cocktail parties, and sometimes an event of top import emerges, as at the dinner last spring, honoring Fielding Wallace, new president of the United States Golf Association, and Ed Dudley, then president of the P.G.A. You may have heard that the U.S.G.A. and the P.G.A. now are together again on the rules and regulations of the game, including the 14-club limit in competition. Well, as I see it, that dinner turned out to be the settling point. The Club, out of its tournament receipts, presented Mr. Wallace with \$1,000 to be used in connection with the U.S.G.A. Green Section activities, and President Dudley with another \$1,000 for P.G.A. uses, while another substantial check went to George Schneider of the P.G.A. Tournament Bureau for the instructional golf clinics put on at their shows.

Best of all, in my estimation, that  
(Continued on page 38)

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old breach with regard to tournament regulations and rules between the P.G.A. and the U.S.G.A. was healed up, happily—and I can guess, also happily, at the conferences Cliff Roberts and Bob Jones held with the various Association executives.

Plenty to talk about—in the lounges; upstairs in the quaint old Clubhouse; in the press pavilion, occupied by 50 to 60 members of the working press as well as photographers.

Plenty to talk about—how Craig Wood was runner-up twice before he became, in 1941, the only champion to win both the Masters and the U.S. Open the same season. And that play-off with Gene Sarazen... I knew it was coming. You can't keep an eagle down for long. And as for a Double Eagle?

That's the golf shot heard 'round the world and still echoing. There's an inside line about that shot that maybe you've never heard. If you don't believe in predestination—well, let's see about it.

**P**LAYING the final round, Craig Wood was four holes in advance of Sarazen, and two strokes, and he was doing that last nine in 34, and it appeared to be all over. I was back with the gallery following Gene Sarazen, the only competitor with a chance left to collar the big blond stylist. Walter Hagen, his traditional rival in the old days, was Sarazen's fellow competitor and as they drove off the 14th tee there came a roar of applause from the home green.

We could guess what it meant. Craig Wood had canned one for a birdie 3. The trotting grapevine relayed the news to our gallery, as Sarazen and Hagen were reaching their drives. Sarazen's drive was in not too good a spot. That was it. Wood had holed a birdie 3 at the home green. Sarazen was now three strokes down, if he shot the card on the last five holes—tough holes.

"Well, Gene," said Sir Walter, "I guess that's about it!"

On the face of the little bulldog there was a queer sort of grin; not a smile.

"Oh, I don't know," said Gene Sarazen. "They might go in from anywhere!"

Well, that's the line, for my book. Because, following a desperate par 4 at the "Spanish Dagger" and a clean drive of 265 yards from the 15th tee, the next shot, a No. 4 spoon, went in—from 220 yards away, across the lagoon flanking the green. Trickling up to the hole like a perfect putt. For a double-eagle deuce. From a furlong away. From anywhere!

The three-stroke deficit was squared. In the 36-hole play-off the next day, Gene Sarazen set a record for steady scoring. Starting with the 11th hole of the morning round, he shot 24 holes in nothing but par—never under; never over. He was even par for the entire play-off and won by five strokes.

Yes, there's something about the Masters Tournament that brings forth the type of golf implied by its name. In the 12 tournaments to date, not only the winner but also the runner-up have broken the 288-par for the 72 holes. There have been two play-offs and four times the winner and loser were separated by one stroke. As for the individuals, consider these exploits: Horton Smith's 50-foot chip into the cup on the 14th to start a sub-par finish that beat Harry Cooper in 1936; Guldahl's nerve-tingling last nine round of 33 to nose out Sam Snead by a stroke in 1939; Jimmy Demaret's second-nine round of 30 in 1940, equalling the all-time competitive record on a Championship course; Mangrum's first-day round of 64 that same year, generally recognized as the record in a major tournament on a Championship course; Jimmy Demaret's feat last year of scoring a birdie on the 15th hole in all four rounds; Byron Nelson's stretch of golf from the 6th to the 17th holes during the 1942 play-off with Ben Hogan. Nelson considers that stretch the best golf of his career and when Byron uses the word "best" he is covering a lot of great golf. Although Hogan had a 3-stroke lead at the end of five holes, Nelson, beginning with the sixth, gained five strokes on Hogan even though Ben played the eleven holes in one under par. Nelson finished the playoff with a one-stroke lead.

That's it. You never know what you'll see at the Masters Tournament, but you'll see plenty. The best of the moderns are there; and champions of an older school—they're always eligible, and a lot of them check in and shoot golf, or maybe just check in. Sir Walter, now—he's a bit on the plump side. Bob Jones—he's played in every one of the tournaments thus far, and he'll be at this one, but a recent operation probably will keep him from swinging any club—this time. Lord Byron has retired from competitive golf, except for the Masters and the Texas Open.

Sixty or 70 competitors, playing by two and by two, as the Animals entered the Ark... one round a day, preceded by four days of rehearsal and the classic clinic performance by the champions... the tier-upon-tier of gallery at the home green... that last matinee, with the select stretch of the Front Row reserved for wheelchairs and stretchers, and the boys from Oliver General Hospital who aren't walking yet.

Well, there they are, and there it is. Claude Harmon, defending champion. Ben Hogan, U.S. Open champion, would have been there except for his tragic automobile accident. This was the year that many of us thought would be Ben's turn to win and we join with all golfers in hoping that he soon will be able to resume his truly great career. Well, that's it. You'd better do your own guessing, in person. But there's no other golf tournament quite like the Masters. You may be sure of that.

## Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 17)

out decoys and a stuffed owl along a flyway, but not so good for calling. June is the time, just after the young crows have left the nest. The foliage is heavy then and the cover good. The young crows are foolish and the old ones are looking for a fight. The situation is ideal, except for one thing: it's difficult shooting. It requires speed and coordination to get on the birds darting and diving through the small openings among the leaves. Occasionally, when the conditions are right and the calling good, the infuriated birds will burst through the leaves close enough to a man's head to make him duck for safety.

But even though the birds are more responsive this time of year than earlier in the spring, there's still a lot in knowing how to call them. First, in the elementary use of the call, it is not sufficient merely to blow into the mouthpiece. The call gives the tone, and that's all. The rest is up to the caller. To imitate the sharp, raucous call of the crow it is necessary actually to "caw" into the call. Then, too, the crow language consists of quite a variety of calls. For instance, a sentinel crow sitting on top of a tall tree will warn of danger with a series of short, sharp caws. Imitating this abrupt call is consequently the best way to keep crows away rather than to bring them in. To get them mad and make them pour in, drag it out, growl into it, talk low down and mean. It is especially effective to draw out the last of a series of caws. Often it helps to vary the tone by cupping the hand over the end of the call. And, most important, never stop calling, even to shoot. Keep them coming.

In late spring and summer one caller working alone can expect good results, but even at this time of year two or three working together can

do best. One of the group starts things going with a weak, plaintive call, like a young crow. This call alone will often bring them slipping in silently to see what's going on. If it doesn't, the other callers join in and keep increasing the tempo until they make a real fight of it. There's nothing a crow likes better than a good brawl.

As long as the calling is continuous and effective and the shooters well hidden, the sound of the guns alone doesn't seem to frighten them off. Possibly they assume that wherever there are some crows it's safe for others. A crow that's hit and drops into the brush appears to be diving into the fight and this tends to bring the others in closer rather than to scare them away. However, one that's missed and sees the gunner will break up the party. Once they become alarmed and head for the tall timber, there's usually no bringing them back.

AS a matter of principle, I never shoot any sitting bird with a shotgun, and neither does anyone I hunt with—not more than once. The one exception I make to this rule is an occasional wise crow which will put an end to the shoot unless attended to. He's a suspicious one that lands on a tree some fifty yards out instead of flying carelessly into the melee. He has sharp eyes, and the first move the shooter makes is going to tip him off, whereupon he'll fly off to a high tree, sound off with the warning call, and that's that. In order to prevent this and keep others coming in, it's almost essential to make your first move and his last one simultaneous.

This type crow shooting requires a car and country roads. For best results the area hunted should be a

(Continued on page 50)



## As One Angler to Another

GET your net ready to land one of the most interesting, readable folios of fishing news and practical helps ever presented at one time in one magazine. It's the big

Spring Fishing Section of THE ELKS MAGAZINE in next month's—April issue. Packed full of real information for the reel enthusiast. Authoritative writers, illustrations of 10 popular fresh water fish of the United States and many tips for the fresh water fan.

See April issue

## THE ELKS MAGAZINE

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This sensational invention makes rugs EASIER and FASTER than you've ever dreamed possible. Just attach the 3 cone-shaped folders to strips of cloth—and braid. No more seams showing. No folding—no creasing. Just sew strips together with special handy Rug Needle included in set. Amazing Braid-A-Rug braids evenly. Ravel-proof. Rugs can be used on either side as no raw edges or sewing shows. Use any material—old coats, skirts, blankets, dresses, nylons—heavy or thin material. Introductory Offer only \$1.00 includes set of 3 folders, Rug Needle and complete instructions.

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while doing your ironing. Permits you to iron an entire garment without getting off your chair. Release a lever and the top will glide from side to side. Complete folding board with pad and cover. Regular price \$12.95. SPECIAL WITH THIS AD ONLY \$10.95 Prepaid. Send check or money order.

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# Gadgets and Gimmicks



in place. The position you would like to have your pipe assume in the rack can be varied to suit your inclinations and the slant of the surface to which you affix the rack. Now, when two hands are needed for driving at any particular instant, you'll have a place to put a hot pipe so it won't burn or dirty your clothes or the car's upholstery. Happy pipe smoking motoring to all!

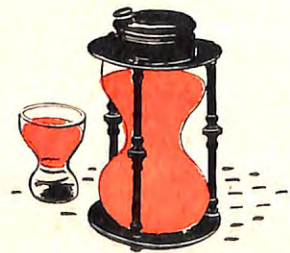
THERE is no particular reason to raise the automobile accident rate in this country. It's high enough already and efforts to bring it down should be looked on favorably. Here's something that will help. It originated in the mind of a doctor who was appalled by the number of highway accidents occurring at night and involving parked cars along the darkened roads. It is a simple lamp seven inches high and weighing one pound. This unique lamp has a new five-way, combination switch which allows combinations of (1) a red flashing light and trouble light for repairs, (2) a steady red light and trouble light, (3) trouble light alone, (4) red flasher alone and (5) steady red light alone. The lamp is made of aluminum and has a fourteen-foot cord which clips to the amp meter of any car or truck and allows a maximum of movement. The light is mounted on an adjustable base which allows easy focusing of the trouble light and at the same time makes the red flasher plainly visible to approaching cars.



WHEN the rains come, as they surely will, there is nothing the average motorist can do about the mud he and his motoring friends drag into the new car (we assume you have the new car by now). The pristine floor covering on a new car is soon a sea of mud, dust, dirt, grime and grease. To keep this from happening, and to raise you above the average motorist, here is a new car floor mat that requires no tape, bolts or other fastening device. It has suction cups to hold it securely in place. Different size mats are made for front or rear floors and the mats are available in fade-proof brown or glossy black. For cleaning, the mat is removed and swept with an ordinary broom after a simple shaking has gotten rid of most of the accumulated dirt. The treads of this mat hold the dirt safely off the factory-installed flooring of the car and are so arranged that a broom sweep in a single direction will do a thorough cleaning job.



AMONG the minority groups in America that suffer simply because they are a minority group are the pipe smokers. Take the motoring pipe smoker for instance. It is next to impossible for him to enjoy a good glowing bowl while hurtling along the highway. Even if he is an expert one-handed driver, it is not common practice to smoke corncobs while driving about. Here is something that will make that possible and elate any honest pipe man. It is a pipe rack made of a springy metal that holds the pipe firmly in place. The metal is covered with a suede finish so the pipe won't be scratched. A suction cup that can be affixed to any smooth surface holds the rack firmly



FOR years manufacturers have been knocking their brains out thinking up new devices to make cocktail hours more humorous, or at least more comfortable. Weird implements appear on the market that are supposed to do everything from opening the bottle to disposing of the corks. Some of these items are sound and

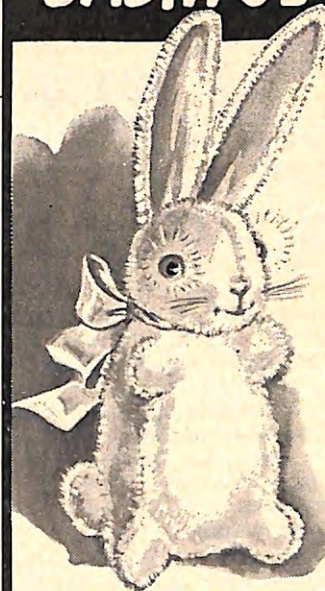
others are pretty awful. To offset the awful ones and prove once again that everything hasn't been done before, here is a new and uniquely designed cocktail shaker. Taking things literally, the designer of this shaker mulled over the phrase, "Time for Cocktails," and then set to work to reproduce that phrase in a shaker. It turned out to be shaped like an hourglass. The hourglass shaker is made to hold 30 ounces of whatever poison you serve. Its metal parts are of highly polished, non-tarnishable chrome. There is also a set of matching cocktail glasses and they are shaped (you guessed it) like an hourglass, too.

**T**HERE is only one thing that worries men unceasingly even in these trying times. The question: will they or will they not lose their hair? There are men who are quite confident that they will lose their hair, but they continue to worry about the actual number of years left before they must feel they are definitely in the category of bald men. Even middle-aged men with a good crop of hair glance nervously in the mirror from time to time. Though there is no known way to prevent baldness, there are several things to be done to delay its approach. One of them is brushing the hair regularly. Since that requires physical labor they now have a new electric automatic hair-brush that moves at the rate of 5,000 strokes a minute. The electric motor is contained in the brush itself and the instrument is plugged into any outlet just as electric razors are.



**F**EW homes today are not marred by glass-stained furniture. The reason is simple. Although both host and hostess may distribute more than enough coasters under and around the glasses of imbibing guests, there is always the character who studiously avoids using one of them. As time goes on, the furniture begins to look more and more like the piston ring division of General Motors. The way to avoid this distressing future is to buy some of these clip-on chrome-plated coasters that are held securely to the bottom of any size glass in the house. A companion piece in this kit is a clip-on handle made of plastic—so a beer can or bottle becomes a stein. The clip-on handles also can be used on sticky syrup bottles, cleanser cans, ketchup bottles and the like.

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## AGENTS! Westinghouse

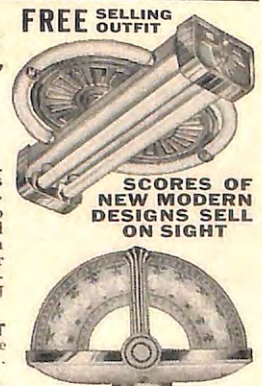
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 29 Eldridge St., Rm. 40 E, New York 2 C.O.D. \$2 plus postage or send \$2 and we pay postage.

## A Nice, Clean Job

(Continued from page 9)

Ruby. Cop or no cop, the neighborhood rule-book said, you never ratted on a friend. Not that way, anyhow, with all the law behind you.

Devlin lit a cigarette.

"Hello, Josie," he said to one of the kids.

"Shaddap!" said Josie, who was nine years old, then turned, in tears, and ran. The others did not. They stood there, watching him, not quite daring to taunt, and yet defying him. On the sidewalk before him, and on the street, they had expressed their sentiments in chalk. They were not very nice, as sentiments, and even where mothers had sought to rub out the bolder obscenities, the outlines of the words were plain enough. Devlin looked at the kids lined up in the street. It would be very hard to tell them now that he loved them, which he did.

He walked down the street a bit and walked into a house where he pushed a first-floor button. There was a smell of cooking throughout the big house and the spoiled dampness of babies, punishingly strong. A girl answered the door.

"Hello, buttercups," Devlin said.

He kissed her and she looked at him impudently. She was a fine girl, blonde and well-made, whose dry eyes not very long before had been damp indeed. But they were all right now; they were interestingly blue, like diluted ink. Her name was Mary Gerski and the Gerskis were several things: Polish, respectable, durable, and almost uniformly beautiful. "Hello, Commissioner," Mary said. Her name for him was a gag, a proud taunt, a slur at what she called his

unholy ambition. "They shoot you yet?"

"Only once," he said, and of course she did not believe him. "I want to see Jake—want to see him alone. How is he?"

"If you don't know," Mary said, "you'll find out."

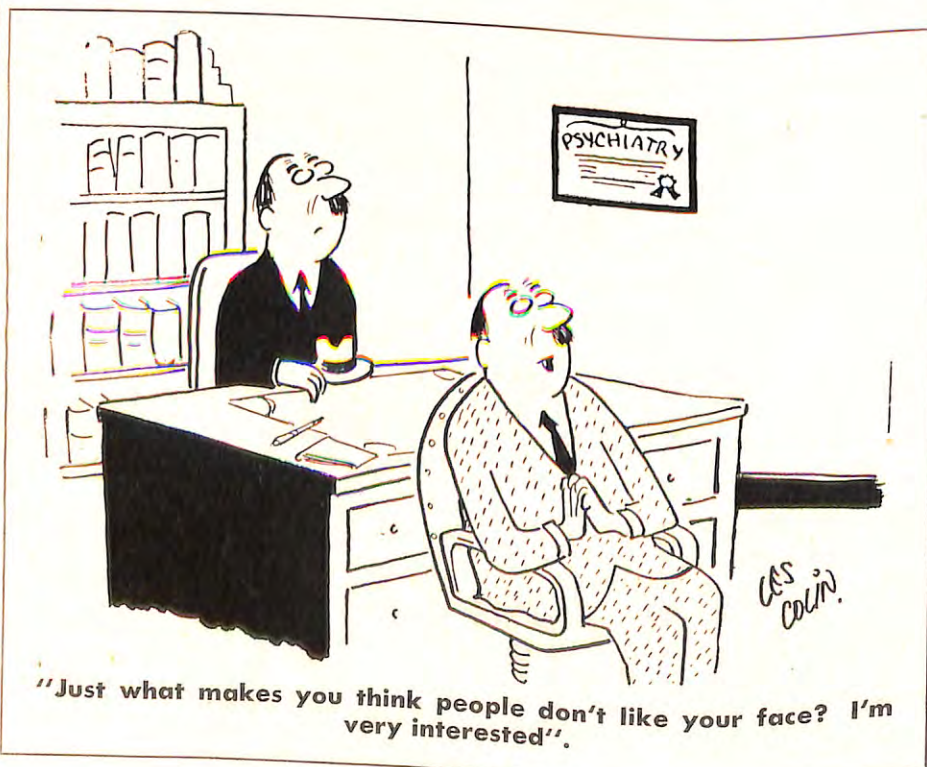
You went through what was once a dining room door to Dr. Jacob Gerski's office. You saw his diploma, from Columbia Medical, big and triumphant on the wall; then Jake, who, like his sister, was good to look at. He was a big Polish-American with hands that would have served a veterinary well. He saw the solvent people in his office for two dollars, the less solvent for one dollar, or for nothing. And like Devlin, for reasons of his own, he had clung to the old neighborhood. He finished examining a child's throat, not looking at Devlin. Then he released the kid who, glancing once at Devlin, ran out of the place like a rabbit.

"I guess I've got that certain leprous quality," Devlin said. "The people's choice. Me, with political ambitions."

"What'd you expect—a shower of roses?"

"Take it easy, Jake," Devlin said.

For Jake and Ruby Jerome and himself, as kids, had run the same streets, robbed the same pushcarts, been chased by the same cops and had once together composed a secret society entitled, "The Pals Till Death Assoc." All that, recalled, and indelibly filed away, was in Jake's pale face at the moment. Devlin took off his jacket and his shirt. "I got winged," he said. "Thought you



should look at it, maybe cauterize the thing."

"This morning?"

"Puttin' the cat out. This is between you and me, Jake. A guy on a rooftop, tryin' me out as a pigeon."

"Savarese's boys?"

Devlin did not say.

"I've got to report a gun wound," Jake said. "Regulations."

"The hell you do. How many little legalities have you overlooked the last few years? And nothing to Mary, understand?"

The big man just looked at the wound and seemed contemptuous of its seriousness. His hands hurt. "Have fun," said Devlin. He watched Jake while his arm was bound.

"Come out of it, Jake. This is me, your old pal."

"I know. That's what I'm thinking." Then pausing, raising his head, he said, "All right, Joe—one thing: when you went up into that apartment after Ruby, were you trigger-happy?"

"No."

"Could you have done anything else?"

"I did what I had to do. If you haven't heard the set-up, you can read it in the papers. Ruby was wanted for murder. He had a gun. He was on the loose, You satisfied?"

"Don't press me, Joe," the big man said. "Don't be aggressive. All I say is that murder wasn't in Ruby's line. Sure, he knew all those hoodlums. After all, I know them, too. We grew up with them. All kinds of grass grew out of the field—me, a doctor, you, a cop with law books, and Ruby? The biggest bookmaker in Brooklyn, and maybe the only honest one. And besides, the dame—well, she wasn't Ruby's kind."

"She made a beautiful corpse," said Devlin.

"I'm not interested."

But a beautiful corpse she had made, nevertheless. A nice, photogenic murder, at 357 Duluth Avenue, the Borough of Brooklyn, the third floor, rear: a beautiful doll named Esther Kovacs, with a dime-sized hole in her head, the bullet entering and departing laterally, and, from the evidence to date, tidily recovered by the assassin. It made Devlin think of the pellet in his pocket which he had picked this morning from the kitchen woodwork.

Esther Kovacs, age 22, had for a while been a showgirl in one of those big Manhattan flesh displays, and a model at other times, though in the last year she was involved in no occupation of record. Death had occurred at approximately 11:30 P.M. Tuesday, the medical examiner said. No untidy violence was evident. Just the handsome remains, reposed, with the hole in the head, nicely neglected and fallen across her own bed, with a moving picture magazine and a box of gumdrops. Indications were that she had seen the murderer, risen from bed and turned away from him, hence the lateral path of the bullet; then, of course, collapsed back onto the bed.

Robbery had not been a motive. Esther's wardrobe was complete and undisturbed in her closets when the body was discovered a little after midnight. A rather astonishing wardrobe to be the property of a young lady, not known to be employed, and living on the third floor, rear, at 357 Duluth. Items on hangers: one mink coat, assessed at \$2800, and one silver fox cape, knee-length, as yet unappraised; other items: shoes and personal effects, high quality and abundant, and a bit mystifying to neighbors who knew Esther's father to be a junk-dealer, rather strongly addicted to whiskey.

"It seems like Esther went to hell awful fast," Jake Gerski said, "once they put her old man out on the island. I didn't know he was such a chronic drunk."

"The stuff gave him trouble," Devlin said, "but he had his virtues. A pious old guy, I used to see him leave his horse and cart outside of church once in a while and go in for a visit. Of course, he could hardly speak English. You had him for a patient, didn't you, Jake?"

"Well, I treated him a few times. Hangovers and such, and some stuff for his nerves. He was worried about Esther a good deal."

"You speak Polish, don't you, Jake?"

"What about it?"

"Nothing," Devlin said. The feeling between them was strained. Jake's nurse came in. "Have you a moment, doctor?"

Devlin, within the office, looked around. The files were close to hand. A deep file drawer responded easily. Under the keys . . . Kirschner . . . Kivkin . . . Kovacs, Elias. He quickly folded the card he withdrew and stuck it into his pocket.

Ruby, he thought.

AS THE man assigned to the neighborhood, Devlin had been on the scene almost immediately after Esther Kovacs' body had been discovered. Ruby Jerome, along with some others, had been subject to a routine examination because he had been seen leaving the house somewhere between eleven o'clock and midnight. He admitted knowing Esther Kovacs, and even admitted having visited her on other occasions for reasons that were nobody's business. He also maintained that for the half-hour he had been at 357 Duluth he had been having coffee and cake with Mrs. Shapiro, an old friend of his departed mother's, on the fifth floor, front. Mrs. Shapiro had confirmed this and said that from her window she had even seen him depart along the street. Others, who had been in the apartment house around that time, including Mr. Benny "Boo-Boo" Weiss, had reasons less easy to support.

But Ruby's difficulty had been that between the time he was first questioned and released, and an hour after daylight, Wednesday morning, Homicide men, with their routine

(Continued on page 44)

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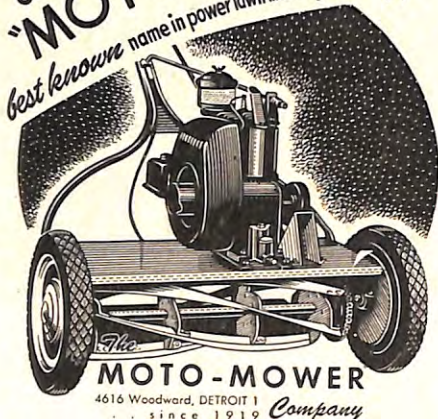
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thoroughness, had discovered a .25 caliber Italian Barretta—a war souvenir that was known to be Ruby's—three-quarters buried in a first-floor flower bed on the alley side of the house. And daylight had also unearthed in the alley, as though accidentally dropped a notebook of Ruby's containing many of his business transactions, including a notation: E.K., \$750. The call was automatic: "Pick up Ruby Jerome and bring him back!"

But Ruby was not easily produced on Wednesday morning, according to reports, and by eleven o'clock, when Kessler Brothers, Furriers, 22nd Street, Manhattan, produced copies of bills-of-sale, made out to Mr. R. Jerome for the cash purchase of one mink coat and a silver fox, Ruby was considered a fugitive. He was discovered in an empty flat at 395 Duluth, about four o'clock Wednesday afternoon. Cops were arriving with sirens screaming and the people of the neighborhood, pale-faced, some of them praying, were gathered in the street. The gun fight, upstairs, had blazed for possibly three minutes—a long time, really, a very long time. And then they saw Devlin carrying Ruby down the steps of the house, slung over his shoulder, limp.

"Dead?" the people asked, for this was Ruby Jerome, the neighborhood's mildest, gayest and most popular citizen.

"Not yet," Devlin had said grimly.

It was two hours later when the report came from the hospital: Ruby Jerome was dead.

Jake Gerski came back into his office and looked at Devlin. "You know, if I were you, Mister, I would get out of this neighborhood fast. Someone'll knock you off for sure. Savarese's boys, most likely. They idolized Ruby, most of them, in their brute, dumb fashion. Bad people liked Ruby even more than the good ones did."

"That so?"

"And Rocco would like you knocked off for personal reasons, wouldn't he?"

"For reasons not sentimental, anyhow," Devlin said.

"How much have you got on Rocco?"

"My business, Jake."

"Your business and your funeral, both. Why don't you go see Healy at your political club? You're his pride and joy and he can probably get you transferred out of the district. You've polished apples enough for Healy, haven't you?"

Devlin didn't say. But when you are ambitious you have to polish some apples. At least in the little things. Going to Fordham Law School, for instance, several nights a week, it was convenient to have somebody pull the strings that would keep you, for the most part, working days.

"I'll see you later, Jake."

"Just one thing more, Joe—do you think Ruby murdered Esther Kovacs?"

"No," said Devlin, "I don't."

He went out into the bright street, not stopping to say goodbye to Mary Gerski. Love was an item Devlin did not carry around with him very lightly. He loved people and things a lot more than he was ever capable of demonstrating to the objects of his love.

The kids, meanwhile, had been decorating the sidewalk in front of the Gerskis' with their chalk. He heard the crash of glass but did not see the rock one of them hurled through the plateglass window of the Boys Club down the street. He had been a founder of the Boys Club, hoping to keep them off the streets and out of troubles himself and Ruby and Jake had known as kids.

They only hated him now. He walked down the street and some of Rocco Savarese's boys drove past in an open car. They drove past him slowly, holding their noses, demonstrating that people can make a holiday and a cause of hate as easily, more easily even, than they can join together in praise. Not only the kids and the good people of the neighborhood, but Rocco's hoodlums, too; if murderers, punks and thieves themselves, they could respond to a sentimental twisting of their odd amorality whereby the knocking off of a cop who was also, in their eyes, a rat, was a public service to which a remarkable variety of people would respond with bland "amens". And on the curbstone, opposite the shattered window of the Boys Club, beholding the damage, stood Rocco Savarese himself, with Benny "Boo-Boo" Weiss. You didn't touch Rocco. No one did. He was a very big man in a very big section of town.

"Hello, Judas," Rocco said.

Devlin punched him square in the mouth.

HE HAD many times climbed the one flight of stairs to the West End Political Club. You had to, really. This was where the legitimate local favors were dispensed: a job in the playground summers, for a worthy and youthful constituent; a speeding ticket fixed, before you were a cop; a basket of food for a lady and her family down the street; a political foothold for a young cop about to become a lawyer. This was the place, of course, and Arthur Healy was the man.

"Siddown, Joe," Healy said. "A warm day?"

"Getting warmer all the time, Arthur."

"You worried?"

"Well, to be honest, yes. Since they heard I shot Ruby everybody looks at me like I'm Jack-the-Ripper with a bloody skull under my coat. And they just heaved a rock through the front window to show me how much they appreciate the Boys Club I started."

"Not helpful to political aspirations, is it?" Healy said. "I thought you were shrewder, Joe. Why didn't you let somebody else go after Ruby?" Healy was a calm and beauti-



fully tailored man in his forties, and he had always been sympathetic to Devlin's ambitions. "You're a cooked goose in this district for the present, Joe. Why not let me help to get you transferred?"

"No thanks," said Devlin. "Tell me, Arthur, did Savarese know Esther Kovacs very well?"

"Couldn't say, Joe. I knew practically nothing about Esther, except that her old man was a lush I tried to help a few times. And I don't know much more about Rocco Savarese. Maybe, to be honest, I just don't want to know. You're a cop and I'm a politician. But let's face it, Joe; you're a little cop and I'm a little politician. Savarese, though, whether you can stomach it or not, is a big man today. He's Louis Lepke in early bloom. Because—well, if he's not, who's running the rackets? Who's getting the dough? Besides, it's very hard to hang anything on a guy who's got more lawyers than you'll ever meet in school."

"Maybe it's not as hard as you think, Arthur. I've got plenty on Rocco, and pretty soon I'll have more."

"Where? In the morgue?" And when Devlin shrugged, Healy said, "If you're wise you'll get that transfer, Joe."

Devlin left the club. He spent a half-hour in a cafeteria with Eddie Lester, the Homicide man they sent out to work with him. He had a Swiss cheese sandwich and a glass of milk and a piece of pie and a few ideas.

He left Eddie Lester in the cafeteria, first borrowing the good man's car. He drove through an annoying amount of traffic to the Canal Street Bridge, then north to 22nd St. and

the building where Kessler Brothers, Furriers, were located.

"What's your name?" said Devlin. "Albert Kessler."

"You sold a mink coat and a silver fox cape to Ruby Jerome for Miss Esther Kovacs?"

"Yes, sir." "You have carbons of the bills-of-sale?"

"How could I have what the police already got?"

"What was the date of purchase?" "October 4, 1947."

"You say it too fast, Mr. Kessler. You actually recite it. Suppose I said you were a liar?"

"In the fur business, believe me, everybody is calling everybody some terrible things. But a liar? Me?"

Devlin did not pursue this business with Albert Kessler. He went back to Eddie Lester's car. He got to Welfare Island at two o'clock. He was ushered into a ward that listed among those occupying the beds a Mr. Elias Kovacs. There was a chart on the case: Place of birth, Warsaw, Poland. Age, 69. Occupation, junk dealer, license No. 3406, et cetera, giving biographical and clinical reports on Elias Kovacs, alcoholic.

He saw a shriveled, sick man, watery-eyed and bald. Not present here was the beard that was once as much a part of Elias Kovacs' general facade as the horse that used to pull his wagon through the crowded Brooklyn streets.

The orderly's name was Hogan. "You got any Polish orderlies around?" Devlin said. "I'd like a little help in talking to Mr. Kovacs."

"We've got a fellow named Danowski and another named Krywicki," the orderly said. "It won't do you

(Continued on page 46)

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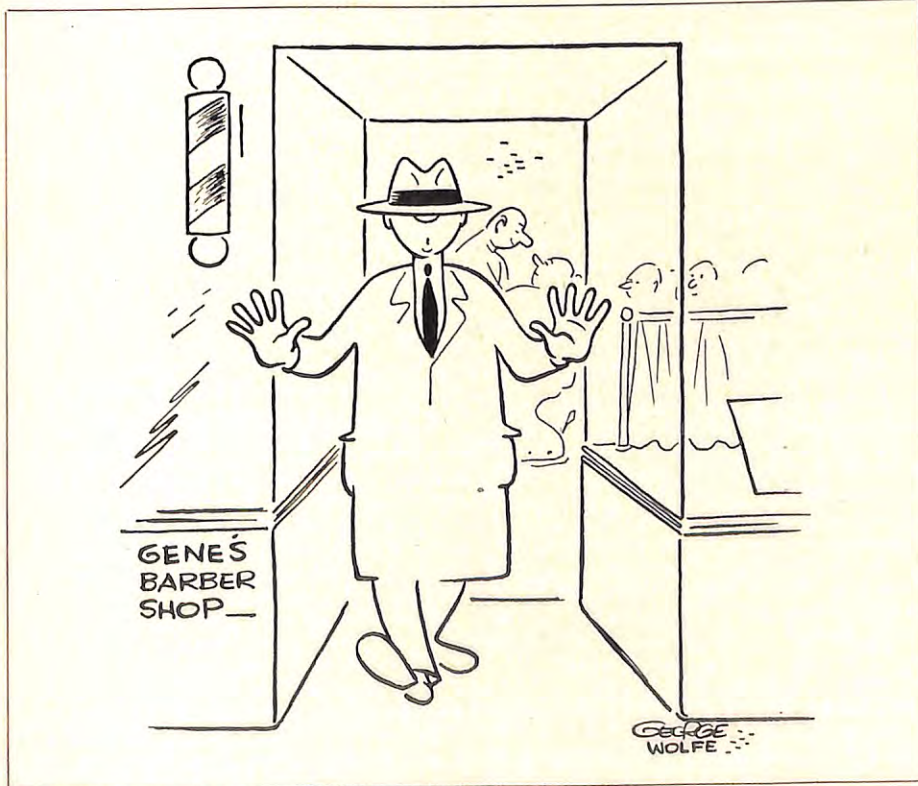
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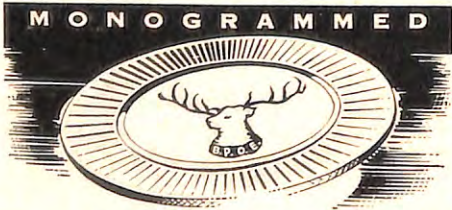
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any good, though. The man's vocal chords are completely shot, an' why the poor devil's lasted this long, I don't know. The cops tried to question him about his daughter—the dame who was knocked off the other night?"

"Well, he couldn't have helped them much, anyhow," Devlin said. "Even if he could talk."

"Why's that?"

"Because I've known Esther Kovacs father for years, but I never saw this man before in my life."

Devlin found a public phone in one of the corridors and made good use of it.

HE GOT back to his section of Brooklyn a bit ahead of time, the traffic being a lot less obstinate on his return trip. Rocco Savarese's boys still loitered along Duluth Avenue. You could feel the pressure, the whole psychological storm. Devlin picked up Eddie Lester, and Lester took over the driving.

"Well, we got the guy who tried to make you a pigeon," Eddie said. "The .22 was gone, but he had the silencer strapped to his leg inside his pants."

"Give you any trouble?"

"No. He was just one of three strange lugs in the neighborhood who couldn't account for themselves. A St. Louis boy, name of Morgan. Your tip was right, though. He was hangin' around for a better shot at you."

"He talk?"

"Not a peep. We managed identification through telephone tracing. Must of cost the city thirty bucks. What else do you know, if anything?"

Devlin was not inclined to say. They drove past the Gerskis' home, where the chalk marks had been scrubbed from the pavement. Mary, no doubt.

"Ever been in love?" he said to Lester.

"You a wise guy?"

"Am I?"

"Well, I've got six kids, an' you should try to feed 'em on my pay today. So don't talk o' love to me."

An aged but traditional Black Maria passed them on the street. "On time," said Devlin. There were no evident occupants; only the driver was visible, and then the cop on the back step, waving to them as they passed.

Lester said, "We're making a collection?"

"A delivery," Devlin said.

"What the hell is this?" Lester complained. "Homicide's got more right to know the answers than a neighborhood gum-shoe. Whatta you wanna be, the Commissioner or J. Edgar Hoover?"

"No," said Devlin. "I want to be mayor. I'm a very ambitious fellow, haven't you heard? Stop the car here, will you, Eddie. I want to talk to my political sponsor."

He knocked on the door of Arthur Healy's office.

"Come in."

He went in. Healy sat behind his desk, lighting a cigarette. "All right, Joe—what tricks am I supposed to do for you now? What kind of help do you need?"

"This time I need you badly, Arthur. The whole damned thing depends on you. We've got a paddy wagon in the neighborhood and we're going to start loading some of the boys aboard."

"Rocco, you mean?"

"Rocco and five or six others. Things are moving pretty good."

"A cigarette?" Healy said. "You must be a bright boy, Joe. I'm proud of you."

"Well, thanks." He lit the cigarette. "You know something, Arthur? I think I know who killed Esther Kovacs."

"That so? Well, who did?"

"You did."

You could hear the water dripping in a sink. You could see the dust rising in the afternoon sunlight that slanted into the room. Healy blanched, staring at him. Then Healy started to laugh.

"Don't laugh too loud or too long, Arthur."

"Are you crazy?"

"I'm not sure. But I was over on the Island today to see Esther's old man. They told me he never had any visitors, except the cops the other day, and Esther once—about a week ago. In bad shape, wasn't he? Poor fellow, his vocal chords gone, and most of his brain gone, too. A funny thing, but you never mentioned to me that you were the one who had him committed."

"I don't know what you're driving at, Devlin. Whether this is a rib or something, but somebody had to have the poor guy committed. Why do people come around to me for services like that? Because that's what I'm here for, to help."

"Well, it was nice of you, Arthur, to find him a comfortable home. He was so sick and incapable of speaking any language, Polish or English, that he couldn't even say he wasn't Esther's father. Looks like him, though, and you should be congratulated for finding such a suitable stiff. If things had gone on just a few more weeks, he would have died and been conveniently, even legally buried. He's got a few long-term degenerative diseases that don't show on Jake Gerski's files. And the hands, Arthur—soft as a girl's. Couldn't you have found another junk man?"

"Don't jump up now, Arthur. Sit still. You were really wrapping up a package, weren't you? You killed old Elias, because, whether the guy liked whiskey or not, he didn't like you fooling around with his daughter, and he would have blabbed so loud that the whole neighborhood, including your dear wife, would have known it. Your explanation to Esther, of course, was that you had the old boy committed, and she was such a sweet little thing, and so fond of being watched over by her father that she wouldn't have cared if you'd

buried him in the back yard. You didn't tell that to Esther, though, and one day, a week ago, she got curious or something and went out to see him on the Island. She knew the answer then, the dear, and your problem was that to keep her mouth shut you would have to buy her all the gumdrops in Macy's and all the minks in Siberia. It was cheaper to kill her, wasn't it, Arthur?"

Healy watched him closely. "You're a madman, Devlin, but you've got a great imagination." "I've got all kinds of gifts," said Devlin, "except a mink coat to wear up and down Duluth Avenue. Well, anyhow, Arthur, you shot her neatly through the back of her head and you were even tidy enough to get back the slug. You used a silencer, while her radio was blaring. Fashionable this year, aren't they, Arthur? Even with the guys you import from St. Louis. You did a nice clean job on Esther and chances were you could have gotten away with it, but you got hungry."

Healy was moving slowly backwards in his chair.

"Don't move, Arthur. A .38 makes even a bigger hole at close range. I said you got hungry. I mean about Ruby Jerome. Ruby happened to be seen at 357 Duluth, and right away you turn from a pro to an amateur. You or one of your boys—they're not really Rocco's boys, Arthur; I've suspected that for some time, and you know I've suspected it—Rocco's a punk, your first lieutenant. Well, you rifled Ruby's house and got that Barretta and a notebook. By morning they're found in the alley.

"That's where you loused it up, Arthur. Any guy who does as neat a job as was done in Esther's bed-

room, doesn't get clumsy enough to drop a notebook and bury his gun in a flower-bed—no matter how scared he is.

"Then those other plants of yours, Arthur. Especially those bills-of-sale the Kessler Brothers phoned for you in their files. They made a serious mistake. Much as you knew that Ruby was an honest guy, trying to help me straighten out the kids in the neighborhood—much as you hated and feared him for his nerve and his popularity, and wanted to be rid of him—you shouldn't have dated those bills October 4, 1947. Why? Because it just happens that on that day Ruby was at the World Series, at Ebbet's Field, with me."

"Who'll believe you, Devlin? Did the newspapers take a picture of you two bums at the ball game? Prove it. Ruby lost his head an' so did you. The guy is dead."

Devlin got up and walked to the door of Healy's office, which he opened.

"Ruby," he said. "Make like Lazarus."

Ruby Jerome, a lanky man, about thirty, walked into Healy's office with the cops.

"A guy can get cramped in that pie-wagon," Ruby said. "Hello, Arthur. Like to make a small bet on the horses? I've got a friend."

"He means," said Devlin, "that he's going to work for a living, but that for old times' sake he will recommend you to an honest bookmaker, because there aren't many of them left."

Healy's pallor did not become him. It clashed with his expensive necktie.

"Ruby and I put on that gunfight for the neighbors," Devlin said. "A

(Continued on page 48)

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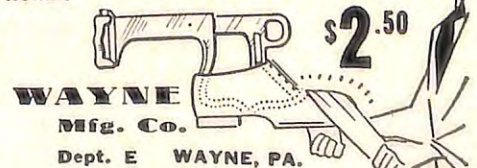
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"You're a cold duck, Joe," Jake Gerski said. "Ambition's all right in its place, but what about people's feelings? What about a guy like me? 'Ruby is dead,' I hear. You mustn't

do things like that to us any more."

"Mary knew," Devlin said. "That's all I cared about. She put on a good act for you, Jake?"

"Very convincing," Jake Gerski said. "Very funny, you bum."

But it was a fine night over Brooklyn, with a moon above the buildings, and from Jake Gerski's office, looking out, you could see Ruby and Mary, sitting close together on the front steps, with all the kids of the

neighborhood gathering about them.

"You love her, don't you?" Jake said sympathetically.

"You can't have everything," Devlin said. "I just don't have the guy's charm."

"You'll be mayor some day, Joe. O'Dwyer was a Brooklyn boy. He started as a cop and studied law."

"Aw, go bury your head," said Devlin.

He got up and walked outside.

## 3rd Parties . . . Come and Go

*(Continued from page 7)*

to afford much ground for apprehension. The truth is, they have rarely, if ever, been genuine third parties. The revolts passing under that name fall practically without exception into one of the two categories—they have either been factional rebellions with a transitory emotional basis, usually love or hate, or they have been determined and successful efforts to force a restoration of the two-party system.

An exception, and the most curious third-party movement in American history, was the one-man party of 1820, which consisted of William Plumer, of New Hampshire. Chosen as an elector, he found that James Monroe was to be reelected without opposition. Plumer had no objection to Monroe, but he did object to seeing any man duplicate the feat of George Washington in being elected to the Presidency unanimously; so he cast his electoral vote for John Quincy Adams, thereby leaving Washington unrivalled.

The earliest instance of an important third party based on hate and fear was that of the Anti-Masons, the party, incidentally, that seems to have invented the national political convention. This movement was based on suspicion that secret societies were about to subvert the republic, and its principal target was the Freemasons, an organization to which George Washington had belonged and of which President Jackson was an eminent member. In the election of 1832 they carried Vermont, giving William Wirt, their candidate, seven electoral votes.

Another example of the same kind was the Know-Nothing movement, which got its remarkable name from that fact that it was itself originally a secret society whose members were pledged to answer all inquiries about it with the words, "I know nothing." The targets this time were Irish and German immigrants, who were coming to this country in great numbers. As the Irish and the Rhineland Germans were for the most part Catholics, the Roman Catholic Church came in for denunciation on the allegation that it was really a political organization aiming at subversion of the republic. In 1856 this outfit carried Maryland and won eight electoral votes for its candidate, Millard Fillmore.

It is to be noted carefully that

both the Know-Nothings and the Anti-Masons professed to be quite satisfied with the existing system. They organized to protect that system against foreigners, Catholics and Freemasons, not to destroy it; and when fear of those elements proved to be exaggerated, the public lost interest in protests against them.

The Populist party of 1892, on the other hand, like the Republican party in 1856 and the Whig party twenty years earlier, was in reality an effort to restore a genuine two-party system, which had come to exist in name only. The Whigs and the Republicans succeeded by taking over the remnants of a former party that had collapsed. The Populists succeeded by driving the Democratic party back to the liberalism it had abandoned during the second administration of Grover Cleveland. Only once, in 1892, did the Populists break into the electoral vote. They never won at the polls, but nevertheless they attained their objective, which was to create a genuine opposition to the dominant conservatism.

This is not hard to understand if one disregards labels and considers what it is that drives men to align themselves in political parties.

**T**O BEGIN with, toward any existing government only two basic attitudes are possible, satisfaction and dissatisfaction. We have always had a dissatisfied party in this country, that is, a party dissatisfied not merely with this policy or that, but with the basic structure of the system. In the early days of the republic, dissatisfaction with the basic system was widespread and frankly proclaimed. The Federalist party was always anti-democratic and after it deposed John Adams from leadership it became largely anti-Republican. The Hartford Convention of 1814 was regarded as a frank attempt to take New England back into the British empire; but what it actually did was to kill the Federalist party. But within the last hundred years only once has a party that wished to change the whole system gained as much as six per cent of the popular vote. That was in 1912 when Debs, the Socialist, got nearly a million votes out of 15 million cast. Normally, as in 1948, the combined Socialist and Communist vote is something less than two per cent.

Again, only two fundamental attitudes are possible among the 95 per cent plus of the voters who are satisfied with the basic structure. They all agree that one main object of government is, as the preamble to the Constitution declares, "to promote the general welfare". But the attitude of one group is that of the man who wishes to see the government, in pursuance of that objective, constantly apply new methods in new fields of activity. The other is the attitude of those who distrust novelty and who consider prudence more desirable than boldness.

Obviously, no really thoughtful man is going to hold either of these attitudes at all times and in all circumstances. Whether boldness is preferable to prudence depends upon a vast number of considerations, most of which are constantly shifting and changing. So we have a tendency of the majority of the electorate to vote for the party of boldness in one election and for the party of prudence in another. That difference of opinion is, as the old saying puts it, "what makes the hoss-race".

At the same time, there is a temperamental difference among men that doesn't change. There are some circumstances that will make everyone—that is, everyone who is rational—agree that prudence is called for, but such circumstances are exceptional. The peril must be very great before everyone will see it. In general, a consideration that will make one man prudent will have no effect on his neighbor; and a consideration that will inspire the second man to call for bold action, will seem of slight importance to the first. The situation that made Wilson accept war did not have such an effect upon Bryan.

This temperamental difference is the real line of division between what we call the liberal and the conservative. Party labels and party programs are at most its effects, not its causes. A true liberal is a Democrat only as long as the Democratic party is liberal; when it turns conservative, as it did under Buchanan and again under Cleveland, the true liberal turns Republican or Populist for the time being. But if the Democratic party turns liberal again, he will return to its fold.

Here is a mystery impenetrable to the average professional politician.

The politician is a man concerned with measures, so it is natural and perhaps inevitable for him to believe that parties consist of men and measures, and of nothing else. Like the fly on the chariot wheel, the politician sincerely believes that it is he, or his kind, that is raising all the dust.

This explains why the professionals so often guess wrong. The election of 1948 furnished an illuminating example. The professionals, Democrats as well as Republicans, got the idea fixed in their heads that the terrific liberal sweep following 1932 was created by and consisted of Franklin D. Roosevelt; or if that were not absolutely true, it was so largely true that with the death of Roosevelt the movement would lose four-fifths of its power.

Doubtless they should not be blamed too severely for the error. The performance of Mr. Roosevelt as a politician was so dazzling that it was easy to attribute to his cleverness the power of which his cleverness merely took advantage. It seems likely that the myth might have persisted indefinitely had not the election of Truman, who, whatever he may be, is certainly no Roosevelt, exploded it completely.

The point is accented and emphasized by the nature of the third-party movements that so excited the pollsters, the politicians, the columnists and the editorial writers but which, as the event proved, did not excite the country in the least. It is true that Mr. Thurmond broke into the electoral vote, which no other third-party candidate had done since LaFollette; but he did it by means that leave the size of his real support open to question. Except by the clumsy method of "writing in" it was impossible to vote for Truman in most of the Thurmond States. His electoral votes therefore are largely void of meaning.

Mr. Wallace's vote is the interesting one. His campaign was based on the theory that the Democratic party under Truman was no longer liberal and was leading the country inevitably into war with Russia. This argument impressed about two per cent of the voters. Because half of the Wallace vote was concentrated there it cost Truman the electoral vote of New York State, and it appears to

have cost him New Jersey and Maryland, for a total of 71 electoral votes; more than that, these votes were not, like Thurmond's, merely deducted from Truman's total, but were added to Dewey's vote. Even so, the Democrats won handily.

From this, two conclusions are inescapable. The first is that the mass of liberals are satisfied that the Democratic is still, on the whole, a liberal party. The second is that they are not as sure as Mr. Wallace professed to be that the Truman policy will inevitably lead to war with Russia. They made it extremely clear that they do not consider that there is any call for a third party at this time; certainly not one that favored aligning our foreign policy with Moscow rather than with London and Paris.

**T**HE Democrats can make no worse mistake than to assume that the mandate was issued to them as Democrats. It was issued to them as exponents of a liberal policy that has, on the whole, worked to the satisfaction of the majority. In 1946 the country was so dissatisfied with the Democratic performance that it gave Congress to the Republicans; whereupon some—not all—Republican leaders seem to have developed the fantastic notion that their victory was a mandate to turn back the clock to the time of W. H. Taft, if not to that of William McKinley. Naturally, Mr. Truman's party profited by that error.

It will be difficult for the Democrats to maintain their position, because it is the nature of whatever party is in power to grow more and more conservative. It has won, argue the professionals, why not let well enough alone?

But let-well-enough-alone is the summation of conservatism. On the other hand, whatever party is out of power is driven to more or less bold experimentation, in the hope of hitting upon an issue popular enough to bring it in again. Thus when a nominally liberal party is in power, the two draw closer and closer together. Politicians on both sides, little concerned with basic attitudes, seek popular policies and presently meet on common ground.

This fate overtook the Democratic party just before the Civil War. By the time James Buchanan was elected, in 1856, the Democrats were a conservative party and the Whigs were simply more of the same. In spite of different names and different organizations, we had only one party.

That is a condition intolerable to Americans and it was corrected by the rise of the Republicans. They appeared originally as a third party, but they were not. The real third party consisted of the disparate elements of the Abolitionists and the Secessionists, who were equally intent on splitting the country—that is, altering the basic structure of the government. The Republicans were satisfied with the basic structure, but they opposed

(Continued on page 50)

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The cartoon caption on page 36 of the January issue of *The ELKS Magazine* referred to home freezer equipment, but used the word deep-freeze as a generic term, which it is not. "Deep-freeze" is the trade-mark of the brand of home freezers manufactured by the Motor Products Corporation and there was no intention in this cartoon to refer specifically to that firm's widely accepted product.

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a do-nothing conservatism; above all, they were dissatisfied with what was in effect a one-party system and in their first election—that of 1856—they became the opposition, the Whig party simply evaporating.

It was in the next election that our only really powerful third party named the winner. But this third party was not the Republicans; it was the Secessionist group that nominated Breckinridge and thereby assured the defeat of the regular Democrat, Douglas, and the election of the Republican, Lincoln.

The likelihood of the reappearance of a party of that kind in the predictable future seems remote. There is manifestly no significant dissatisfaction with the basic structure of our government. Even with as explosive an issue as racism the Dixiecrats could not stir up even a regional revolt. Truman's biggest majority was given him by North Carolina, next door to Thurmond's own State. Even with as terrifying an issue as the threat of war the Wallace Progressives could get nowhere. All they accomplished was to show how ridiculously small is the voting strength of Communists in this country. The widespread dissatisfaction essential to the formation of a true third party simply doesn't exist at this period in our history.

But as to the other sort, a third

party comparable to the Whigs, the Republicans and the Populists, no such confident prediction can be made. It depends on how soon the Republican and Democratic parties show a tendency to coalesce. That the tendency will appear may be regarded as a certainty, if the Democrats remain in power much longer; and if the two major parties do coalesce the appearance of a so-called third party may also be regarded as a certainty.

More than that, it will not only appear, but it will attain its objective, although not necessarily by winning an election. It may do its work as the Populist party did, by driving one of the major parties back to its true function.

For the division between liberal and conservative is real, while the names, Republican and Democrat, are merely conventional. Any other names would serve as well, but they must represent two different attitudes toward the conduct of the government, even though they agree as to its basic structure. Hence if the time comes when they really represent one attitude only, they will be sharply corrected; and men will say that a third party has arisen, whereas what has really happened is that the people have ordered two fighters who have fallen into a clinch to break it up, and start slugging again.

**Rod and Gun**

(Continued from page 39)

mixture of cultivated land and woodlots. As soon as one place is shot, it is time to move because it is useless to try to bring the same crows back a second time. Stop at the next patch of woods, which needn't be more than a quarter of a mile away, to get a new batch of crows. Park the car under an overhanging tree if possible, and even then walk a good gunshot away from it before starting to call. The crows will shy from a conspicuous car, although they do not show it the respect that they will a man standing in the open. Of a choice between two patches of woods, pick the larger. The crows may be suspicious of too small a bit of cover. A stand of woods with some tall trees and heavy undergrowth in which to hide makes an ideal spot.

Above all things, make certain that you are well covered before commencing to call. We were making the rounds in the Catskills one summer day and had found good shooting every place we tried. Then we hit a spot where the crows reacted fine but refused to come closer than a hundred yards or so. We blew ourselves black in the face and called them every name in the crow language. When we finally gave up from sheer lack of wind, we overheard a discussion on the road above us, something to the effect: "I'm telling you, it's boids!" Some hikers in shorts had stopped to see what all the fuss was about, and I hardly

blamed the crows for not coming any closer. When we started crashing up through the brush toward the road and the hikers, they left pronto, apparently not thoroughly convinced that it wasn't bears instead of "boids" they heard.

IT'S surprising what all will come to a crow call. Hikers aren't the only thing. We've killed a number of foxes and a lot of hawks while crow hunting. A crow fight may indicate that the birds are fussing over something to eat, or it may mean that something else has caught a crow and the others are coming to the rescue.

A few years ago I met my original New Hampshire crow-hunting companion for a Virginia turkey hunt. Most turkey hunting requires considerable patience, more than I possess. We had sat in the edge of a patch of laurel on a wooded hillside for about an hour waiting for a turkey to come traipsing by when we heard some crows in the valley below. The same thought struck us immediately and we each produced a crow call as by signal. The crows responded perfectly to our calling and for a few minutes the air was full of feathers. All that calling and shooting ended the turkey hunting, of course, so we started on our way, but I hadn't walked thirty yards when I practically stepped on the tail feathers of a tremendous old gobbler. This is difficult to explain, as anyone will tell you that a turkey

is one of the wisest and wariest creatures in the woods. It is possible that other animals and birds, including the turkey in this instance, realize that a crow is also extremely cautious and that wherever there are crows there are no men. They may depend somewhat on the crow's sharp eyes and heed his warning call, but a good old-fashioned crow fight is nothing to get excited about.

There are other methods of killing crows, some more effective than shooting. For instance, in an effort to keep these grain-eaters and predators under control, a roost is sometimes dynamited. Crows are gregarious and they often roost by the thousands night after night in the same patch of woods. Then one bright day conservation workers wire the roost and decorate it with numerous

surprise packages, each with a core of dynamite surrounded by bird shot. That night when they touch it off they eliminate more of the black marauders in one blast than a shooter will ever point a gun at in a lifetime. But a man fooling around with a call and a shotgun can do some good as he goes along.

Some people get even more out of crow shooting than this. They eat crow, literally. They say it's good, and I suppose it is. A crow that has been living on a diet of corn or, as in the spring, on song-bird eggs, should make good food. But I don't think I'll try it. At one time or another I've eaten most everything, from snail to whale, but I'll skip crow. Maybe it's because the surest place I know to make a killing on crows is in the vicinity of a very dead horse.

## In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 34)

time. Other than a duly licensed judge, no one else may function professionally in that capacity. This goes for anyone employed in and about kennels or by companies that sell dog products—and for dog writers, too. Again quoting from the rules: "A judge shall not exhibit his dogs or take any dog into the ring at any show at which he is officiating."

Now, what confuses most new show-goers is that they'll see a group of dogs (a group may consist of any number from two up) enter the ring, be carefully inspected by the judge, who'll pass on them from hocks to whiskers, examine their teeth, observe their gaits as they are walked and trotted. Then, having selected his first, second, third and even fourth winners (if that class numbers enough dogs), the judge shoos the group out of the ring and lo! another group, looking exactly like the last one, enters to be judged. Well, the fact is that that was just one class that had been passed on.

Let's suppose the dogs interest us to the point where we want to follow the judging clear through to the top dog, or Best of Breed. Here's what happens: The first group very likely is for puppies—dogs no younger than six months, no older than twelve. Dogs at five months cannot be accepted for showing and at a year are considered matured dogs, hence are ineligible for the puppy class. In all there are five classes—the Puppy; a Novice Class for dogs of six months or over that never won a first prize at a show in anything but the Puppy or Winners Classes; the American-bred Class, again for purps six months or more, but restricted to those bred in the United States by reason of a mating which took place here; the Limit Class, for all dogs, six months or over, that have never won six first prizes in this class. Another regular class is known as the Open Class, for any dog, regardless of its previous winnings. There's

a technical modification here that only concerns the dyed-in-the-wool fancier or exhibitor. In each class the ribbons awarded are blue for first, red for second, yellow for third and white for fourth. The winner of the last doesn't usually go around boasting about it. Next there is a Winners Class in which all first prize winners in the aforementioned classes are matched—all the males at one time, all the females at another. In this class there will also be the first, second and third choices. The first male dog and the first female are later matched and at this time the winning dog emerges as Best of Breed. He or she deserves that title, when you consider how many dogs, especially if it is a popular breed, that particular pooch has beaten. So you see, the spectator at his first few shows is quite likely to be a bit unsure of what gives.

Another complication is the entrance of champion dogs into the competition. Such dogs are usually entered in a Specials Class, and seldom compete with other dogs except in the Winners Classes. That is because most of them are champions and it isn't considered sporting to enter them against relatively untried dogs of the other classes, no matter how often the latter may have been entered in shows and no matter how often they have won. That little prefix, Ch., before a dog's name isn't an easy title to win. Such dogs generally are 'way out of the house-pet class and are mostly professionally show dogs. Frequently, however, when their show-going days are over the kennel owner may retire them to the luxury of having the run of the house, but this is by no means a practice because to win its championship a dog has to be campaigned steadily and cannot be kept in condition if he's raised as a house pet. Thus, by the time such a dog wins its title it is so accustomed to kennel life that it is difficult to adapt it as a house-

(Continued on page 52)

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pet. As a rule, it will have spent a year or so in the kennels and will be so matured as to make it hard to housebreak and train for home living.

**N**OW, let's see what makes a champion. At each officially recognized show a certain number of points toward a championship is given to Winners dog of Winners bitch. This is determined by the number of dogs of the breed entered in the show. The more entered, the more points are granted. It requires the winning of fifteen points, and for an outstanding dog you may think this is a cinch, but hold onto your hats: six or more of these points have to be won at two shows granting a rating of three or more points—and each time under a different judge. The balance of the nine points must be won under a still different judge, or judges. Some dogs are campaigned for years and never make their full fifteen points. I've known breeders who have spent well over a thousand dollars in show expenses on one dog, and still have not made that dog a champion. If your dog is a pedigreed purp and its papers show a few champions as ancestors, you can be pretty sure that it is well-bred. Generally speaking, the shows of the West and the South are more

liberal in granting championships. Competition in the East and North is usually a bit stiffer, hence the points are harder to make. "What," I hear you ask, "is a champion worth?" It's a fair question but, honestly, there is no answer. It all depends upon the dog, how sensational have been its winnings, what quality of dogs has it beaten.

Entry fees for the shows range from one dollar to three; the very largest may ask five. Prizes other than ribbons vary according to the number of entries in a class. These range from three dollars to ten, depending upon the size of the show as well as upon the number of entries in the class.

Colors of ribbons in addition to those I've named for the regular classes are: Winners, purple; Reserve Winners (second choice of Winners), purple and white; Best of Winners, blue and white; Best of Breed, purple and gold. Special prizes may be accompanied by a dark green ribbon and there are innumerable cups and trophies for various winnings, donated by the show-giving club or interested outsiders. Some of these at the larger shows are sterling silver. At some of the smaller shows, dog merchandise may be offered.

You have noted that I have often referred to the American Kennel Club as the governing body for pure-bred dogs, and that is exactly what it is. It issues pedigrees, licenses judges and shows, and generally exercises a strong controlling hand in the affairs of the pure-bred as a showman or even house pet, so far as pedigree is concerned. It is not a club of individuals but an association of dog clubs affiliated in one body and in agreement to abide by the rules it establishes for pure-bred dogs—something like a baseball league—a club made up of clubs. Each club has voting power through its delegate to the AKC.

What is the purpose of a dog show, other than the fun the exhibitors get out of it? Well, it has a serious purpose and that is "not merely to capture ribbons and prizes; the real purpose is the sorting of quality specimens from those of mediocre value, so that better dogs may be bred in succeeding generations".

Yes, a dog show is fun for those who like their purps, and if you have a chance to see one in the future you'd better save this article unless you go with an experienced exhibitor. Otherwise you may not get the full enjoyment, and benefit, out of the show, unless you're fully posted.

## The Citrus Circuit Is No Lemon

(Continued from page 21)

Ruth or Matty back into bush-league pumpkins even before the stroke of twelve on opening day. But there are few such fantastic errors these days as were committed when the Pirates twice released Joe Cronin, who became one of baseball's most feared hitters with the Senators and later with Red Sox.

Imagine a manager seeing another Tris Speaker reporting to him and letting him go! It actually happened. Speaker took spring drills with the Red Sox in 1907 and was given his outright release to Little Rock in payment for ground rent. The Giants even sent Christy Mathewson to Norfolk as a bad risk. The Reds drafted him and without bothering to see whether or not he could pitch managed to talk the Giants into taking him back again in trade for Amos Rusie.

Undoubtedly this could be classed as a case of mistaken identity, but even the players have them. A few years back when Lee Grissom was chucking hot rocks for the Reds, he answered the management's question if there were any more at home like him with the reply that he had a brother who could really throw.

Without a second thought or first look, the Reds told Lee to bring the brother to camp. When spring training time arrived Grissom and brother appeared and were duly fitted with uniforms. After a day or so of running, the Reds wanted to see Grissom's brother spin a few.

The ungainly brother had trouble

standing on the rubber, going into his windup and getting the ball over the plate. He was so wild Paul Der-ringer was reminded of Jimmy Foxx's one-time remark that in spring training he didn't mind being struck out by rookie pitchers.

"They're so wild, half of them, that I stand about three inches farther away from the plate than I usually would in order to protect my skull," Foxx said.

Against Grissom's brother, Foxx would have remained in the dugout and adamantly refused to expose his pate.

### Elks Magazine Sports Article for NEXT MONTH

Marcel Cerdan of France, who took the middleweight title from Tony Zale last September, is the subject of *The Elks Magazine* sports article for April. Cerdan—a colorful figure, cagey fighter and a national hero in his own country—is, in the words of the author, William Fay, "the most welcome invader ever to thump us around". Fay gives several reasons for his unusual popularity in an article which boxing fans in the Order will not want to miss.

"I thought you said your brother could pitch," Grissom was reminded. "Heck, yes, he can," Lee answered. "I got two brothers, Marvin and Martin. This one's Martin. I reckon I brought the wrong brother."

Grissom was one of the last mountain boys to enliven the spring training camps. In recent years they've become serious seminars in baseball, sans snipe hunts, alligators placed in beds, Frenched sheets and straw suit-cased characters from the hills. Of course, there are always faint recollections of Van Lingle Mungo discovering that the first step was indeed a high one when he exited from the second story window of a Havana hotel room during the Dodger's Cuban stand in 1942.

The Yankees also discovered some training twists they had never noted before when volatile Venezuelans started bonfires in the sands during an exhibition game in Caracas in 1947. It's entirely possible, however, the fans were merely performing a public service, since just at that moment the gendarmerie had invaded the local dugout to cart off a couple of pitchers who had refused to face the Yankees.

But these are minor hazards compared to accidents which can seriously impair a player's ability for the regular playing season even though he is not paid for his time or work during spring training. Whitey Lockman of the Giants, for instance, suffered a broken jaw in a spring game and was set back a full year. Phil



Rizzuto of the Yankees developed dysentery during his team's Pan-American junket in 1946. Neither Rizzuto nor the Yankees were the same for it.

The players no longer stage their usual beefs about the training period, though. By official order training cannot begin now before March 1 and games cannot be played before March 12. The players also must be paid \$5 a day for incidental expenses during the full training period and, in many cases, can have their families basking in the sunshine virtually for free. If the club approves the player may live away from the hotel that is the team's training base and he will be paid the same daily rate required for his room and board at the hotel.

At today's figures this can amount to a sizable sum, which enables the player's family to have a winter vacation in the sunshine. Bill Wight, the left-handed pitcher, had such a plan in mind when he started driving from his home in California to St. Petersburg with his family last year. Not until he arrived in Florida did he learn that on the day he had left Cali-

fornia the Yankees had traded him to the White Sox, who were stationed in Pasadena, Calif. Without so much as police permission to make a U-turn, Wight spun his car about and headed for the White Sox base.

Bill, of course, was compensated by the club for his round trip across country. To most folks this is a sizable item but to the ball clubs it is no more than a cup of water taken from the Gulf of Mexico that fronts so many training bases. Costs for spring training have risen so much that a \$100,000 tab for the players and assorted pensioners who make spring training their business is not exorbitant.

Some of this comes back to the teams as they work their way north playing exhibition games en route. Before reaching their home fields, the 16 major league teams will have exhibited their wares and faces in virtually all stops but Old Overcoat, Ia. Which makes spring training a fairly sound investment for baseball in general even if particular teams must reach into their jeans to pay the piper.

## No Pockets in a Toga

(Continued from page 20)

licity in this garment is a Manchausen exaggeration. Togas had more styles than an Easter parade. If you wanted to run for office, even for dog-catcher, you wore a *toga candida* or you wouldn't get any votes. If you were a big shot and wanted to throw a party to prove it, you didn't put on a cutaway and silk hat. You got the *toga picta* out of moth balls. If you went to a triumph—a kind of Pasadena Tournament of Roses—you wore a *toga palmata* which was heavily embroidered with palm branches. If you were a child, or a member of the locally approved clergy, your toga had a broad purple border and was called *praetexta*.

And there was a special toga for the common people, too. If you were just another Joe and not even related by marriage to the third cousin of a magistrate or a senator then you wore a dirty gray toga called a *sordida* and every dog in the neighborhood snapped at your heels and every cop on the beat nudged you with his nightstick.

By advocating adoption of the toga Mr. Agle has deeply wounded us conservatives who want only to rid ourselves of a little surplus clothing and to redesign what we keep so it will be lighter and cooler in summer and lighter and warmer in winter. With ideas like togas kicking around, people may think we're all mad.

As penance, maybe Mr. Agle ought to have to spend a week in Commander Lederer's kitchen. Commander W. D. Lederer is my Man of the Year for 1949. He's given us the proof we've been waiting for. It took the Navy to do it.

For steen thousand years every husband has been sure above all

other certainties that if he really put his mind to it he could show his wife how to run the house with half the energy and twice the efficiency she puts into the job. She has nothing to do all day except cook and clean and it takes her all day to do it. Any good businessman could knock that job over in a couple of hours. Up to now no one has had a chance to prove this pleasant and comforting proposition. Perhaps nobody thought proof was necessary.

Here's what happened. Navy Commander Lederer's wife ups and busted an ankle and had to hit the sack for five weeks. Nothing for it but the commander should do the chores. This, said opportunist Lederer brightly, is a chance to strike a blow for mankind. Since I have to do the work anyway I'll put this ancient proposition to the test.

With his own (and maybe the Navy's) reputation at stake he went to work. Before his wife could whistle "Anchors Aweigh" he had cut the time it takes to feed, clothe, wash, launder, cook for and mop up after a family of four from "a-woman's-work-is-never-done" all day rat race to a little detail to be whipped up in the ayem before going to his Navy Department office.

Commander Lederer undertook his household duties in the spirit of an Eisenhower planning the Normandy invasion. He sent out spies and gathered intelligence. Reports. His agents reported that the average woman in his neighborhood took one hour and 36 minutes every day just for cooking, two hours for cleaning, 70 minutes for dishwashing, three hours a week for shopping and God knows

(Continued on page 54)

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how much just puttering around. Anyhow she managed to use up 6½ hours a day on such stuff which to Navyman Lederer seemed like using a battleship to sink a tugboat. That wasn't the way things were done aboard *his* ship. He started reorganizing.

By the time his wife stopped whistling "Anchors Aweigh" (for good) Commander Lederer had made all

the women in the neighborhood hate him by cutting three hours and 37 minutes off the daily work schedule. He reduced the time required for doing everything, from sweeping the attic cobwebs to mopping the beer stains on the basement floor, and including the care of his crippled wife and two kids. That's a saving of three and a half hours of work each and every day!

The next time your little beloved gets that look in her eyes that says, I'm-overworked-and-overweary-but-I-could-be-bought-off-with-a-fur-coat, just tell her about Commander Lederer—a sailor who deserves signal honor from the men of this country. With all the women against him the Commander is not likely to become an admiral. But he can have my toga any time.

## A Good Turn for the Men of Tomorrow

(Continued from page 14)

Turning over a complete business block to its youth program, Tucson, Ariz., Lodge, No. 385, has opened a center to be the home of the three organizations sponsored by those Elks—Boy Scout Troop No. 1, the Tucson Boys' Choir and Air Scout Troop 100. Approximately 3,000 square feet of floor space has been turned over to these young men. Previously used for business offices, the building brought the lodge a rental income of \$2,100 a year and represents a property investment of \$25,000. In addition to maintaining the property as a Youth Center, the Elks provide some \$10,000 annually for the program which will serve 130 boys. The Choir's suite consists of a reception room, a large recreation room and a practice room, complete with piano. These 80 singers are from 9 to 12 years of age. The center section is occupied by the city's oldest Scout Troop, organized in 1924. These new quarters afford the 32 Scouts a meeting room, workshop and storage space. Occupying the north section is Air Scout Squadron 100 of 20 boys. The chief pursuit of this group is aviation and they receive training in motor and plane maintenance, navigation, etc. Six Scouts have already learned to fly.

Last December, eleven of the Tucson Air Scouts carried out the installation and initiation of the Boy Scout Troop sponsored by Douglas, Ariz., Lodge, No. 955. The climax of considerable planning on the part of the Squadron Committee of the lodge, the affair included a dance and refreshments. Attending were Scout officials, Elks and their ladies, and Mrs. T. F. Mahoney, guest of honor and mother of the late Captain William Mahoney for whom the squad was named. The Captain, a young fighter pilot from Douglas, was shot down in the defense of Corregidor.

More than 500 Queens Borough, N. Y., Elks witnessed the investiture of Boy Scout Troop No. 300 in Queens County at an open meeting after a regular lodge session not long ago. The charter was presented to E.R. Walton S. Gagel by Supreme Court Justice Charles W. Froessel, representing the Boy Scouts. Several other Scout representatives were present at the program which took the form of a pageant, in which all 32 boys took part. Their parents presented the Scout pins to the new

Scouts. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, Chairman of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission, who was the prime instigator of his lodge's Scout program, was present to see his idea become a reality. Dominick Paduano, who arranged the program, and Chairman William Fitzgerald of the lodge's Troop Committee, deserve a great deal of credit for the excellence of the program in which Asst. Scoutmaster Harry Zack and P.E.R. John F. Scileppi, Chairman of the lodge's Youth Committee, participated.

Appropriately enough, one of the principal speakers on the dinner program given in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall by Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, were two Scouts representing the 400 Troops sponsored by lodges throughout the nation. One of the young men, Mr. William Cook of Troop 4 in Minneapolis, on behalf of his fellow Scouts thanked the Grand Exalted Ruler for the tremendous assistance the Order has given the organization.

Sandusky, Ohio, Lodge, No. 285, has something unique in the sponsorship of its Scout Troop of underprivileged boys. The second such group to be taken under the wing of No. 285 in the past 20 years, these boys have much to follow. The first troop was in existence about ten years and when it disbanded, No. 285 had given to Scouting three Eagle Scouts, two Life Scouts and five Star Scouts, in addition to a good number of first and second class Scouts. The current Troop, organized two years ago, numbers 22 young men who were entertained at a dinner not long ago when both the boys and the lodge received high praise for their endeavors. The calibre of this group augers well for the duplication of the record of the first organization.

Another Ohio lodge to have the interests of the Boys Scouts at heart is Findlay Lodge No. 75, which celebrated its 25th anniversary of continuous sponsorship of Troop 5, with the presentation of a \$3,000 Scouters' Lodge to the Put-Han-Sen Area Council. Another project marking this momentous occasion was the publication of a handsome brochure commemorating this anniversary and dedicated to the Scout activities. The brochure received great commenda-

tion from Commander Thomas Keane of the Scouts who reported that in the opinion of the Chairman of the Scouts' National Civic Relationships Committee it was the best booklet of its kind he had ever seen. Later, the National Scout headquarters requested additional copies to be mailed to every Scout Executive in the country, and the Grand Lodge distributed copies to every District Deputy. Recently, No. 75's Boy Scout Committee sold the Elks Home Assn., a non-profit organization incorporated in the State of Ohio, owner of the lodge home, in order to include quarters for the Boy Scouts in their expansion program. A large room completely separated from the Elks lodge and club accommodations, with an outside stairway, will be built on the third floor of the building.

Out in Colorado Springs, Colo., the Boy Scouts are receiving the lion's share of the attention of the local Elks. An additional \$7,000 for the completion of the main lodge building of Camp Alexander, the Scout camp in Eleven Mile Canyon, was turned over to the Scouts at a recent meeting of Colorado Springs Lodge No. 309. The huge log structure was dedicated last August. When it is finished, the lodge will have spent about \$14,500 on the camp building program.

The first floor has been completed, and added improvements will include another story, fireplaces, porches and heating equipment, making the camp ready for year-round use, for the 50 boys for whom it has sleeping facilities, and the many day visitors.

For many years, Aurora, Ill., Lodge, No. 705, has presented all badges to the Scouts in its area. In this long-standing program, about 5,000 Scouts have been so honored. Each year the boys reciprocate by providing entertainment for a regular lodge meeting. This year the Scouts provided authentic Indian dances as their share of the program. It is difficult to decide which group enjoyed the colorful pageantry the more, the Elks or their guests.

Elk interest in the youth of America will never relax, but will become stronger, that America may become ever stronger, under the leadership of men who, as boys, learned how to Make Democracy Work.

# CURRENT STATE ASSOCIATION OFFICERS

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Arkansas	William H. Laubach, Little Rock Lodge No. 29	R. S. Zinn, Little Rock Lodge No. 1004
California	Morley H. Golden, San Diego Lodge No. 168	Edgar W. Dale, Richmond Lodge No. 1251
Colorado	Frank C. Holitza, Boulder Lodge No. 566	Frank H. Buskirk, Montrose Lodge No. 1053
Connecticut	Thomas Clark, Greenwich Lodge No. 1150	William E. Chambault, Meriden Lodge No. 35
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Indiana	Simpson Stoner, Greencastle Lodge No. 1077	C. L. Shideler, Terre Haute Lodge No. 86
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Kansas	Fred Kelly, Salina Lodge No. 718	S. E. Patterson, Augusta Lodge No. 1462
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Missouri	H. H. Russell, Warrensburg Lodge No. 673	A. Trenerry, Billings Lodge No. 394
Montana	K. W. Skeen, Red Lodge No. 534	H. P. Zieg, Grand Island Lodge No. 604
Nebraska	L. H. Murrin, North Platte Lodge No. 985	J. R. Coffin, Elko Lodge No. 1472
Nevada	C. D. Baker, Las Vegas Lodge No. 1468	Timothy D. Flynn, Dover Lodge No. 184
New Hampshire	Michael J. Nadeau, Dover Lodge No. 184	Howard F. Lewis, Burlington Lodge No. 996
New Jersey	Charles P. McGovern, Jersey City Lodge 211	Joe A. Falletti, Raton Lodge No. 865
New Mexico	Guido Zecca, Gallup Lodge No. 1440	Frank D. O'Connor, Queens Borough Lodge No. 878
New York	John J. Sweeney, Troy Lodge No. 141	Arthur A. Ruffin, Wilson Lodge No. 840
North Carolina	D. Staton Inscoe, Raleigh Lodge No. 735	E. A. Reed, Jamestown Lodge No. 995
North Dakota	Everett Palmer, Williston Lodge No. 1214	L. E. Strong, Canton Lodge No. 68
Ohio	John K. Maurer, Middletown Lodge No. 257	Wayne H. Lewis, Ada Lodge No. 1640
Oklahoma	J. Thad Baker, Muskogee Lodge No. 517	Ernest L. Scott, Medford Lodge No. 1168
Oregon	A. N. Nicolai, Oregon City Lodge No. 1189	W. S. Gould, Scranton Lodge No. 123
Pennsylvania	John T. Gross, Allentown Lodge No. 130	Fred F. Quattromani, Westerly Lodge No. 678
Rhode Island	Richard J. Butler, Westerly Lodge No. 678	John S. Nicholson, Columbia Lodge No. 1190
South Carolina	Earl DeLay, Columbia Lodge No. 1190	A. A. Fahy, Aberdeen Lodge No. 1046
South Dakota	Max Austin, Brookings Lodge No. 1490	Thomas Stratton, Nashville Lodge No. 72
Tennessee	Edward W. McCabe, Nashville Lodge No. 72	H. S. Rubenstein, Brenham Lodge No. 979
Texas	Carl R. Mann, Baytown (Tri-Cities) Lodge No. 1649	Bill Whittaker, Provo Lodge No. 849
Utah	J. Louis Fisher, Provo Lodge No. 849	Archie Goodbout, Bennington Lodge No. 567
Vermont	Earl H. Weeks, Bennington Lodge No. 567	George W. Epps, Jr., Richmond Lodge No. 45
Virginia	Brooks N. Anderson, Norfolk Lodge No. 38	Walter R. Horn, Spokane Lodge No. 228
Washington	L. John Nelson, Spokane Lodge No. 228	Harry E. Johns, Morgantown Lodge No. 411
West Virginia	E. B. Heiskell, Morgantown Lodge No. 411	Leo H. Schmalz, Kaukauna Lodge No. 962
Wisconsin	William J. Eulberg, Portage Lodge No. 675	Andy Stager, Sheridan Lodge No. 520
Wyoming	Elmer H. Polly, Sheridan Lodge No. 520	

# editorial



## COOPERATION

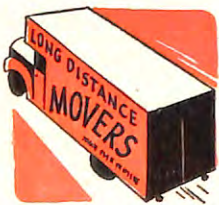
The task of reading our morning mail is one to which we look forward with keen interest. Volume notwithstanding, our stacks of communications have among them reflections of such different

moods that they keep the chore from being anything but monotonous.

Once in a while, we will come to a letter that exhibits such a spirit of cooperation and assistance in our efforts that it makes us proud to be connected with this publication. A communication of this kind is just at hand.

It is a copy of a letter written by Secretary John B. McCleran, of Butte, Mont., Lodge, No. 240, and addressed to an advertiser whose product was offered in our columns. "Enclosed herewith," it reads, "please find our check No. 499 in the sum of \$745.00 in full payment of our account with your company. The clothes racks arrived in good shape, and, after being assembled, prove very satisfactory. *We are very pleased to do business with people who advertise in THE ELKS MAGAZINE.*"

The contribution which the National Memorial and Publication Commission has found it possible to make to the Grand Lodge and various activities sponsored by the Grand Lodge bears a very close relationship to our advertising income. Such cooperation on the part of individual Elks and lodges as the one just noted in making purchases from those who advertise in *The Elks Magazine* and at the same time impressing upon the advertiser that the sale has been made because of the advertisement's appearance in *The Elks Magazine*, strengthens our advertising position and enables the Commission to continue to make substantial contributions to Grand Lodge funds.



## STRAY ELKS

All over the land, members of our Order are living in relatively strange surroundings—away from the home town and the old friends and fraternal associations that formerly enriched their social con-

tacts. Now and again, in informal correspondence, they are referred to as "Stray Elks".

Those members, many of them seasoned Elks who were active in their lodges and possessed of fraternal know-how, moved their families to distant cities for a variety of reasons, many because of business. Through a sense of loyalty, they still retain affiliation with the Order as a member of their home lodge.

It is good to have them continue membership in our Order and, through payment of dues to the lodges back home, share in the Order's many contributions to our fellow Americans. But it is disquieting to reflect that all the while they remain in the Stray Elk category, their personalities, their experience, their energy are lost both to the home-town lodge and to the Order. For while this predisposition on the part of so many of our members to remain Stray Elks continues, the lodge back home suffers a double loss—it is denied their cooperation in the work of the lodge, and it is also denied the camaraderie and talents of other members of the same class who reside within its jurisdiction. We should bear in mind that in place of those of us who have strayed from our home fold, others have wandered to take up residence.

The stencils on *The Elks Magazine* mailing list, which are

filed, as required by postal regulations, not under the member's lodge but according to his post-office address, point up the considerable number of our members who are, as the reference goes, Stray Elks. The number of members involved may be gleaned from the recent experience of Alameda, Calif., Lodge, No. 1015. In response to an invitation which they extended to Stray Elks in their jurisdiction, over 200 members of other lodges attend their "Outertowners' Night" last December.

In our opinion, most of our lodges would profit by an increase in active resident membership if our Stray Elks were influenced to transfer to the lodges in whose jurisdictions they reside. The members themselves would enjoy a rebirth of fraternal spirit and the happiness of closer Elk contacts. Needless to say, our Order would find new strength through such an interchange, not only because it would result in the maximum activity of its membership, but because it would create sound insurance against lack of interest and cancellations from the roster.



## THOUGHTFUL OBSERVER

Mr. Thomas J. Sullivan of Waterbury, Connecticut, is a citizen whose views mark him as thoughtful and observant, and a gentleman in the finest sense of that word. We greatly deplore the fact

that he is not an Elk, but we are proud to call him our fellow American.

These observations were prompted by an exchange of letters several weeks ago in the *Waterbury American*. Annoyed by our Essay Contest on "Why Democracy Works", an anonymous writer called democracy a failure because there yet remain some economic problems to plague us. His proffered solution was socialism. This person who was afraid to sign his name then called into question the democracy of Waterbury Elks.

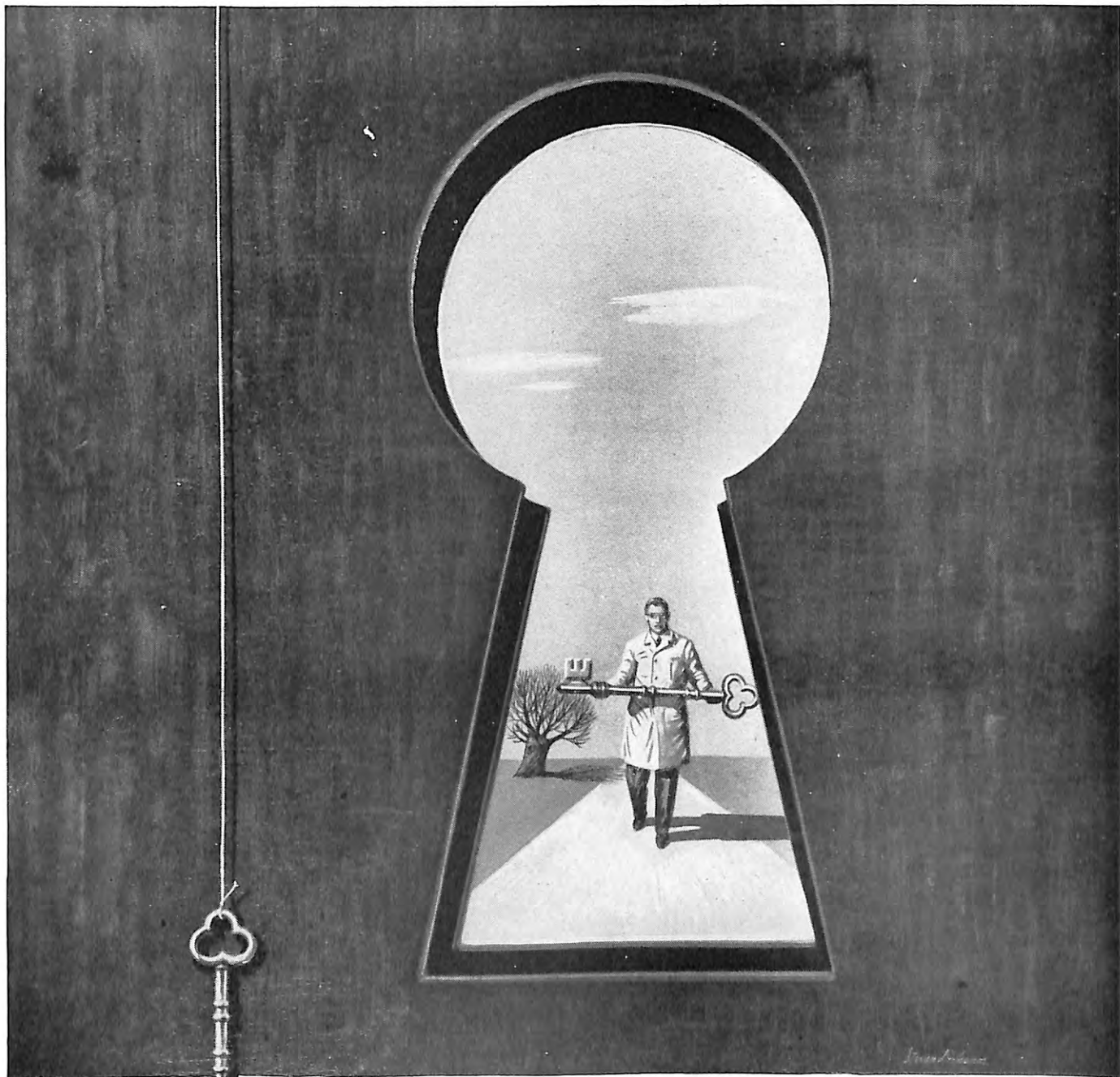
"Since when," he asked, "do the local Elks practice democracy? The father of the first Waterbury boy killed in the last war would not be admitted to membership in the local Elks. Neither would former Supreme Court Justices Brandeis and Cardozo be admitted."

Mr. Sullivan replied to these attacks two days later with a letter in which he paid a tribute to our Order that the most loyal member would term generous, and also stated the case for democracy in eloquent terms.

"I am not an Elk," wrote Mr. Sullivan. "If I could afford it I would be proud to be one. I understand that it is a social organization of business and professional men of our community, of good moral character, based upon the virtue of charity, which staunchly defends the institutions and principles for which ten generations of Americans have labored, suffered and died. I have never known a group of Elks—and I am acquainted with hundreds—to undertake, in concert, any movement that is not in the best interests of our state and nation. . . . Supreme Court Justices Brandeis and Cardozo could have been Elks if they wished; for all I know they may have been. It follows, therefore, that the father of the first local boy killed in this war can, if he meets the requirements set forth for admission, become an Elk."

". . . The most optimistic and enthusiastic American does not claim that the democratic system has reached the acme of perfection. Democracy, being linked closely with civilization, is dynamic, not static, and will progress with science, as will civilization. We do not claim civilization fails because a Masai in darkest Tanganyika eats his neighbor with relish. So, it does not follow that isolated flaws in the democratic form of government prove its inefficiency."

Thank you, Mr. Sullivan. We believe that the Sullivans constitute a sizable majority of our citizens, and this belief strengthens our faith in our country's future, and the future of all mankind.



CONTRIBUTED TO THE AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY BY STEVAN DUHANOS

## You can help lock the door against cancer

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

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

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

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

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

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

# AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY, INC.



Left to right—"Folly," "Gina," "Baby" and "Rex," favorite boxers of author-farmer Louis Bromfield, at famous Malabar Farm, Lucas, Ohio.

"Malabar Farm is well stocked now..."

Louis Bromfield has switched to Calvert!"

Town and country, tavern and terrace—the switch to Calvert is everywhere! And folks keep telling us why: Calvert *really is* milder, mellower, smoother. Really *does* taste better in cocktail or "tall one"!

And speaking of wonderful drinks, you'll find favorites old and new in our free Recipe Wheel, available on request to Calvert Distillers Corp., Room 1321 E, Chrysler Bldg., New York 17, N. Y.

*Switch to*  
**Calvert Reserve**  
*Smoother... Mellower... Tastes Better*