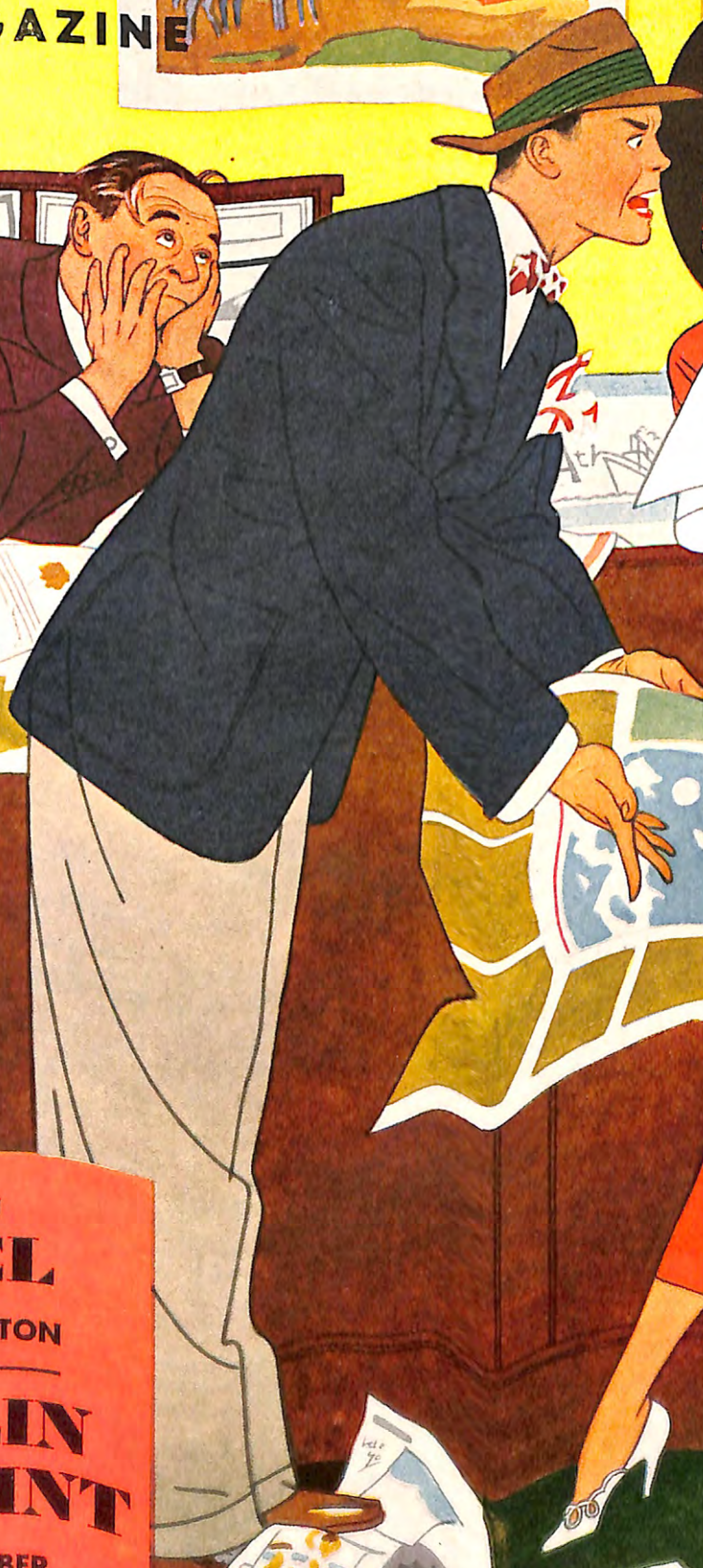
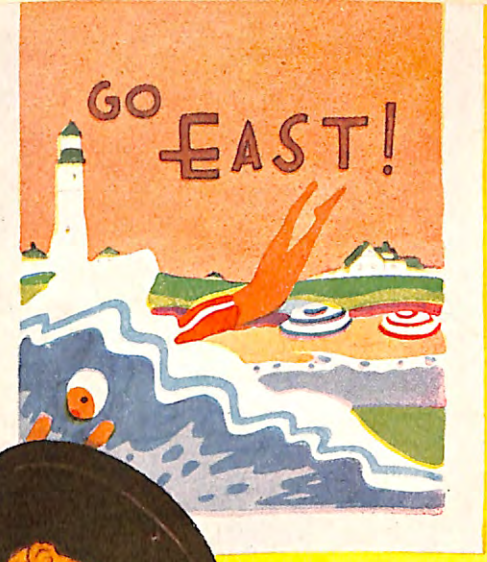
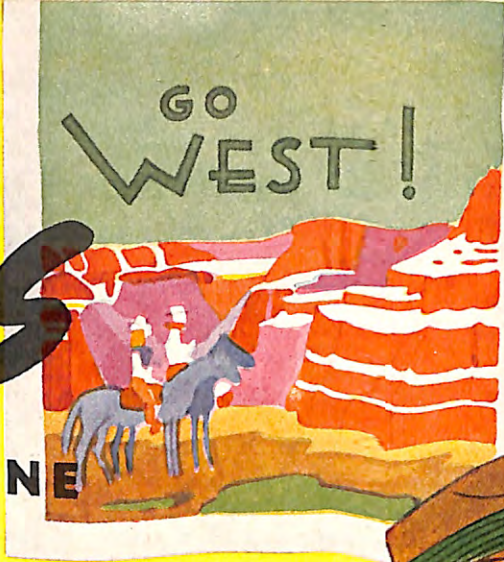


THE  
**Elks**  
MAGAZINE



**FALL TRAVEL**  
BY HORACE SUTTON

---

**KREMLIN BLUEPRINT**  
BY LOUIS J. ALBER

---

JULY, 1949



# What do you know

## About the **ELKS?**



As a member of our Order you no doubt know your lodge affairs—its organization and its personnel, thoroughly. You should because you have a stake in it. The fact that you are a member is recognition that you have been selected among all the men of your community as being deemed worthy to become a member. And this is no small honor.

### But what do you know about the Order itself?

#### **DID YOU KNOW—**

- **THAT** *there are 1,524 lodges of Elks throughout the United States and its possessions—*
- **THAT** *there are (as of June 1st, 1949) 971,500 members of your Order—*
- **THAT** *the B.P.O. Elks was founded while Johnson was 17th President of the United States, more than 80 years ago—*
- **THAT** *members of the Elks pay more than \$20,000,000 a year for the privilege of being ELKS—*
- **THAT**, *throughout the Order, your fellow members spend more than \$50,000,000 annually in their clubs for food, beverages and recreation—*
- **THAT** *during the year ending March 31st, 1948, the Elks, as an Order, contributed more than \$5,000,000 for charitable, patriotic and humanitarian purposes—*
- **THAT** *THE ELKS MAGAZINE during its 27 years of publication has turned back to the Grand Lodge of the Order for such uses more than \$4,500,000—*
- **THAT**, *beginning with the President of the United States, there are more than 18,000 members of the Order who are in the service of the nation or their respective states and communities—*
- **THAT** *the impact of the B.P.O. Elks on the social and civic life of America has contributed materially to the American way of living—*
- **THAT YOU**, *as an Elk, contribute much to further our American way of living, the highest standard in all the world.*



**A message from  
THE GRAND  
EXALTED  
RULER**

**T**HE month of July concludes my year of service as your Grand Exalted Ruler, for at Cleveland I will turn over the leadership of our Order to our Brother who will be my successor.

At the Grand Lodge Session in Philadelphia, where I accepted the outstanding honor which you bestowed upon me, I asked for your wholehearted support and cooperation, and promised in return to give the best that was in me, so that you would feel that the confidence you placed in me was fully merited. You have made it possible for me to enjoy the greatest year of my life, and I will ever be grateful to my Brothers for the opportunity they have given to me to serve as their presiding officer. I will always be mindful of the unselfish cooperation that I have received from our Past Grand Exalted Rulers, Grand Lodge officers, officers of the State Associations, and the Brothers of my Fraternity.

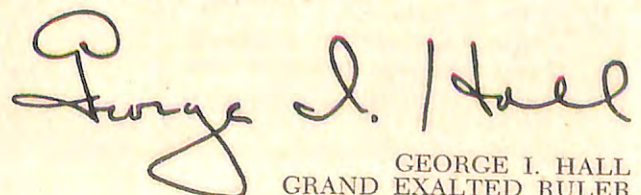
It was my good fortune to have the privilege of visiting hundreds of our lodges and, on numerous occasions, to have the opportunity of addressing many audiences attended by our Brother Elks, their wives and families. This gave me an excellent chance to present to those, not members of our Order, our charitable and patriotic programs and the many achievements of our Order.

My year of service has indelibly impressed upon my mind, and I have endeavored to convey to others, the hopes of our Brothers who conceived and brought into being this leading American Fraternity. One has but to consider the variety of the activities maintained by our subordinate lodges at the present time, to comprehend the developments that have been obtained by our Order in our great land and to realize its marvelous usefulness today.

Many new lodges were instituted during the year, and I am pleased to report that I was not called upon to revoke the charter of any lodge. We have had a substantial gain in membership of our lodges during the year, and it is safe to say that in a few months we will be proud to report that we have one million members on our rolls. I have also been thrilled with the fine programs of our patriotic programs which have done much to combat the spread of movements detrimental to our Nation and to our Order.

Let me ask for my successor the continuance of the fine support that I have received, fervently hoping that the record of his year will exceed and surpass the year 1948-1949.

In concluding my final message, may I thank you for all that you have done to make this year so memorable and happy for me, and particularly for the remembrances to us which we shall always cherish and enjoy. To all who have made possible my year of progress and success, I want to express my sincere thanks and pray that Almighty God will in His generosity and mercy continue to inspire our leaders and our Brothers with a tireless zeal for the continuance of our works of charity, justice, brotherly love and patriotism.

  
GEORGE I. HALL  
GRAND EXALTED RULER

# AN APPRECIATION OF THE ORDER'S ASSISTANCE



Up to the time that this issue of *The Elks Magazine* goes to press, there has been no report made to either branch of Congress by its Committee on Post Office and Civil Service in respect to the proposed legislation for increasing the second class postage rates.

The members of the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission feel that the campaign that has been put on by the Order to inform the members of Congress of the disastrous effect that such extreme legislation would have on *The Elks Magazine* and its power to contribute to the expenses of the Grand Lodge is being given serious consideration by the members of Congress.

The members of the Commission desire to pay tribute to the effective contribution to the advancement of the campaign in opposition to this legislation made by the Grand Exalted Ruler and are very appreciative of the outstanding cooperation received from the Past Grand Exalted Rulers, Grand Lodge Officers and Committeemen, the District Deputies, the State Associations, the subordinate lodges and the individual members of the Order.

**BRUCE A. CAMPBELL, CHAIRMAN  
ELKS NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND  
PUBLICATION COMMISSION.**

# THE Elks

## MAGAZINE

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

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

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## ELKS MAGAZINE FEATURES FOR AUGUST ISSUE

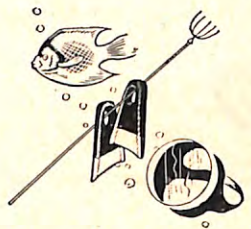
**CHINA**—A revealing analysis of the political and military conflict in China. Should we—can we—do anything to influence China's ideological direction?



Some authorities urge "Yes". Some warn "No". In the August Issue, Bruno Shaw, journalist and radio commentator, will present in

readable and understandable form the arguments used by well-informed and important persons to persuade us to one point of view or another.

**LET'S GO GOGGLING**— "In its simplest and most sporting form, goggle fishing consists in swimming on a surface of clear water, spotting and stalking fish through watertight goggles and then diving down to scrag them with a spear. It sounds, looks



and is difficult", says Guy Gilpatric, author of the famous stories about Colin Glencannon, chief engineer of the *Inchcliffe Castle*. Gilpatric, a pioneer goggle fisherman and an expert on the sport, will contribute an entertaining article about this exciting way of fishing.

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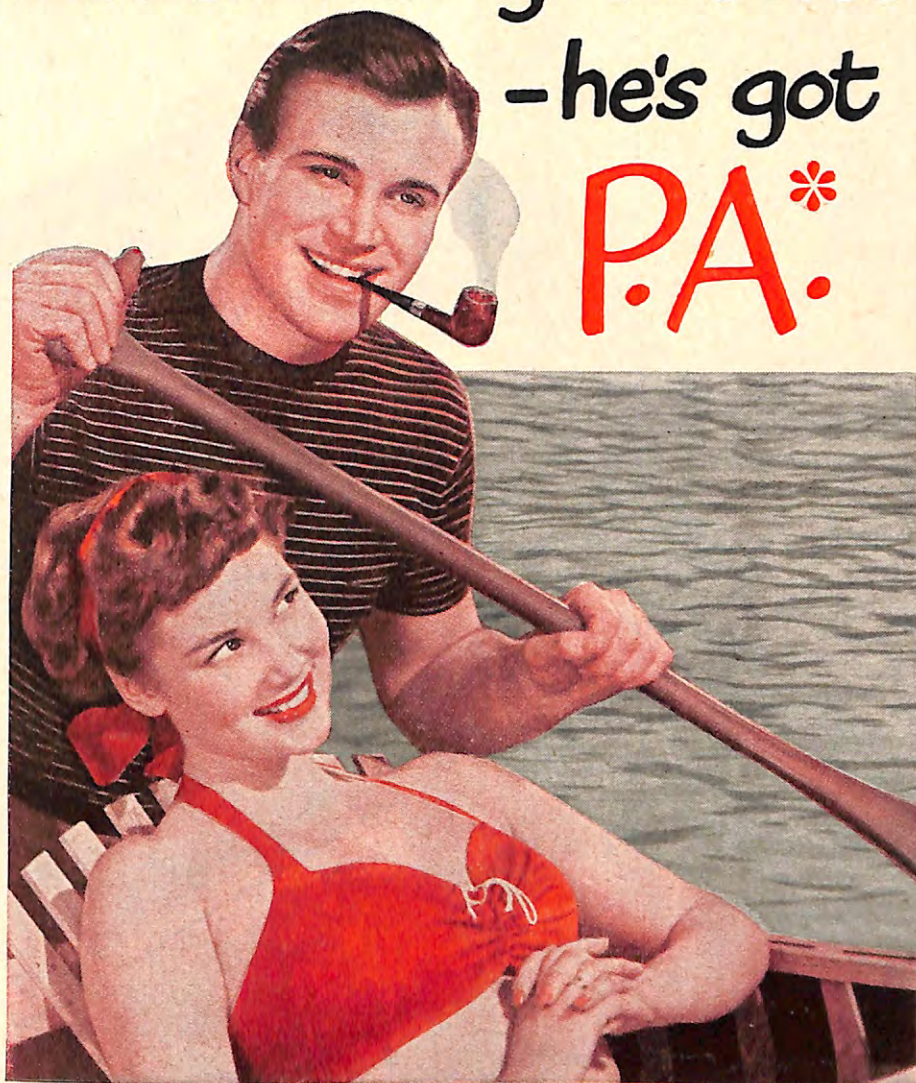
### THIS ISSUE—TRAVEL

Looking ahead to a cool vacation this fall—away from the heat and rush of the summer? Then turn to Horace Sutton's "Go West? Go East?" article on page 6. Mr. Sutton has some interesting plans for fall vacations. Dickson Hartwell also has some ideas for people who want a vacation that is entirely different—on page 10. On page 20, Ed Faust tells how to take your dog on a vacation with a minimum of discomfort to all concerned and on page 12 Hamilton Greene revisits Normandy — five years after memorable D-Day.

# He's on the right course

## -he's got

# P.A.\*

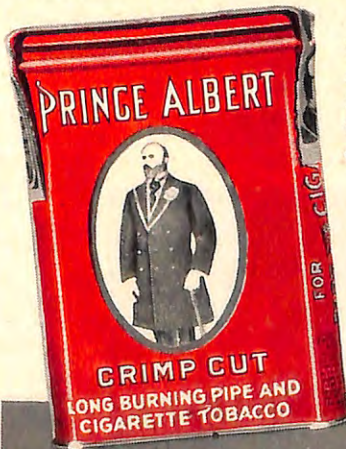


**P.A.\*** means **P**ipe **A**ppeal

Most any woman will tell you that the man who smokes a pipe has an extra-masculine attractiveness!

NEW HUMIDOR TOP — locks out air  
— locks in freshness — flavor

**P.A.\*** means **P**rince **A**lbert



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The National Joy Smoke

# Kremlin



BY LOUIS J. ALBER

**If this blueprint is followed successfully every country on the globe will become a member of the U.S.S.R.**

**I**F YOU cross a river over a well-built bridge, it is not necessary to see the drawing to know that a blueprint for that bridge exists, for if there were no blueprint, there would be no bridge. So we know that in the Kremlin there exist master blueprints for world-wide conquest. I have seen the Kremlin bridges of conquest in Poland, Hungary, Romania, Bulgaria and Czechoslovakia, and it is as clear as light that a plan has been followed, with considerable success up to the present.

The Soviet opposition to the Marshall Plan and the North Atlantic Pact is further solid evidence of the

# Blueprint

existence of this ambitious plan. Many of Russia's acts in the "cold war" seem as pixilated as the March Hare until you perceive the blueprint followed. The Russian masters, for example, have done everything in their power to oppose recovery from war and the rebuilding of political and economic order. They will continue to promote confusion, ruin and mass suffering without compunction, since communism can make gains only where the people are in great distress and desperate and the government is weak.

If this blueprint is followed successfully for the rest of this century (the Soviets are in no hurry) every country on the globe will be a member of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and will be ruled from Moscow. Fantastic? *Mein Kampf* also was once too fantastic to believe.

To understand the Kremlin's vast project, it is necessary to know a bit of Russian history. Bear in mind two salient points:

First, the Russian national government has always been a dictatorship. In the Middle Ages the khans ruled the land; then came the czars and now the Bolshevik tyrants. All were harsh, arbitrary despots, essentially the same, except that the gang now in power is much more competent than were most of the khans and imperial czars. Thus, they are more dangerous than the czars ever were and also more harsh on the people they rule. For a tyrannical government is always worse when it is competent. On the contrary, a democracy is always at its best when ably run.

The second important historical fact also dates back to the 13th Century. In that century the great Mongol conqueror, Genghis Khan, swept out of Asia and conquered the largest empire known to history. With an iron grip, he and his successors ruled most of Russia and virtually all Asia between the Tropic of Cancer and the Arctic Circle for more than 250 years.

Then the Slavs began to drive out the conquerors. The task of banishing the Mongol hordes required nearly a century and 92 internal wars. During this period, one of the most important in history, the rest of Europe was breaking out of the Dark Ages. The idea that men have certain inalienable rights, the first glimmerings of political liberty and democracy, appeared in Western Europe and the Renaissance was under way.

All this never troubled the Russian brain. The English barons squeezed Magna Carta out of King John in 1215 A.D. and by 1500 serf-

dom had virtually disappeared from Italy, England and parts of France and Germany. But the Russian serfs did not gain their freedom until the 19th Century. The Kremlin masters today look to medieval Asia for their ideas on how people should be ruled. This is a stubborn fact that the world must face. The rulers of Russia will not change in our time. We must deal with them as they are.

What is the governmental system that has sprouted from this political philosophy? Every voter in the world should know.

According to the Soviet Constitution, the Russian people are ruled by the Russian Communist Party, officially known as the Bolshevik Party. It is not actually a political party except in Muscovite double talk. As everyone knows, in Communist propaganda words and names are often used deliberately to mislead and confuse. The Bolshevik Party is small and very exclusive; there are only between five and six millions of the elect in a population of two hundred million.

The process by which a citizen joins the party is highly illuminating. The youth applies for membership to his local party leader, who investigates him thoroughly. If there is any record of dishonesty in the family, if he is lazy, if after a few tests there is reason to fancy he might not be loyal ever after, he is rejected forthwith. The party demands extreme loyalty, loyalty so absolute that the young man would inform on his parents if they violated some party rule. If he drinks too much, the Reds won't have him. However, some latitude is allowed, for every member must be able to handle his liquor, drink with the other fellow and get him drunk enough to spill his secrets while the party member keeps his own tongue under strict control.

**H**AVING passed this first investigation, the candidate goes to the party educators for indoctrination, training and discipline. This course may last from three to five years. In the second year, the party gives him little jobs to do, imposing all kinds of obstacles for him to overcome.

Then the upper hierarchy of the party takes over for his final examination. The party does not allow the educators to conduct this examination because the party doesn't trust them. In Russia nobody trusts anyone outside the "family circle". If the candidate passes this final exam, he becomes a full member of the party and from that day his life belongs wholly to the Kremlin.



*Louis J. Alber, following a turn as war correspondent, revisited 16 countries in Europe during 1946 and 1947, spending more than six months East of the Iron Curtain. Since returning from Europe, he has lectured throughout the United States and Canada, warning his audiences of his observations and knowledge of the objectives of communism. For nearly 40 years, Mr. Alber managed famous lecturers, including Winston Churchill, William Howard Taft and Will Rogers.*

He has no private life whatever. The party can order him anywhere, any time, to perform any service from pansy-planting to murder, and there is no appeal. There is no talking back to superiors in Russia—that is, nobody talks back more than once. The secret police constantly spy on him, on his friends and relatives, even his casual acquaintances. A member of the MVD may drop into his office unannounced and examine his papers, correspondence and records. If he has departed even by a hair's breadth from the Party Line, he may be accused of treason. Treason cases almost always end in a concentration camp in remote Russia or Siberia.

This system gives the party a certain strength. It can move secretly and swiftly and no energy is wasted on compromise. The party is, in fact, a ruling class, a highly privileged and honored class, as sharply set apart from the people as any ruling class in history.

Every communist party in the world is modeled on the Russian party. Every national communist party aspires to become the ruling class in its own land. When a communist party seizes power, it immediately becomes the ruling class, abolishes all political opposition, all freedom of the press, speech and assembly, and establishes the one-party system, with only one ticket of candidates permitted on the ballot. As soon as it is solidly in power, the party seizes first the big industries, then the smaller industries, then retail businesses, and, finally, the land,

*(Continued on page 48)*

BY HORACE SUTTON



# GO WEST? GO EAST?

When it comes to vacations, being a fall guy can really be a pleasure.



and October at most summer vacation spots is the best time of year. Now there is a plan afoot to stagger school vacations, and a bill is up before Congress to move Labor Day back at least two weeks.

### The East

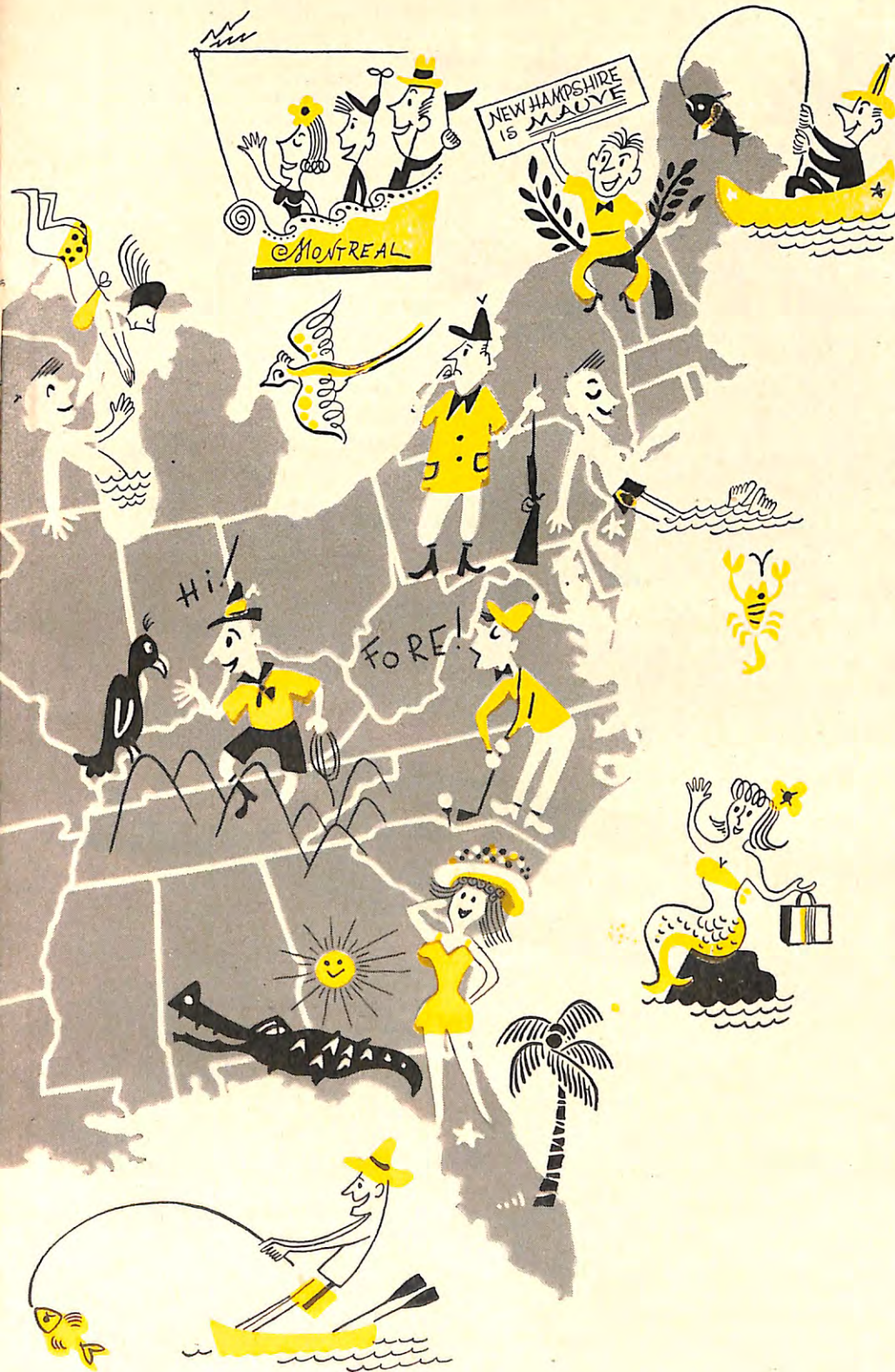
For Easterners, fall foliage time is a newly developed vacation season. More hotels are staying open into the autumn than ever before. The state of New Hampshire stations spotters in the woodlands to report the gradual color changes of the leaves. Progress is marked on a big map in the state's tourist office in Rockefeller Center in New York, and periodic color bulletins are sent to prospective travelers. The Monadnock region, in the southern part of the state, actually scouts its own territory for colorful panorama, then sets a planned motor tour using road markers. Inns like the Woodbound and Keene parade an assortment of spoonbread, flapjacks and fishcakes for breakfast, set out a bushel of apples in the living room at night. Saturday nights you'll find square dancing in the nearby barn. An airline hostess and an ex-GI who met and married in India have opened a place called Dexter's at Sunapee. A remodeled old house with rich furnishings, it has become the showplace of New England's inns. Nearby is a 3,200-foot skier's foot-chair lift which you can use to survey the mountains and the trees. The aerial tramway at Franconia and the Skimobile in North Conway also have rubberneck rides in the off season.

Up in Maine, many of the lakes are warm enough for midday swimming until October. When the water cools, the land-locked salmon and trout which stay in the deep-freeze all summer come up near the top, and the fishing season is on. For sportsmen, Maine has hundreds of camps that cater to the fishermen until the end of September, and to the hunters beginning the very next day. The food probably won't appeal at all to your Aunt Mathilde, but it is plentiful and hearty all the same. Hardly a meal goes by without pie and Saturday nights you can count on brown bread and beans baked in the earth.

Should you be driving up to New England, you can get in the Yankee spirit at the Publick House in Sturbridge Village, Mass., a collection of 25 buildings that recreate a Colonial town. Built in 1771, Publick House serves country food in eight dining rooms and has overnight accommodations. You can even sleep with the ghost of Lafayette, who slept there in 1824. If you get hungry an hour after leaving Sturbridge, a highly unlikely supposition, the same management has opened a swank new inn at Framingham called the 1812 House.

From Boston it's overnight by boat or a few hours by plane to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. Wedgeport, twelve miles away, over excellent

(Continued on page 52)



**I**F THE office vacation schedule has you penciled in for a late holiday this season, don't quit, don't insult the boss, don't beat your wife, and don't swallow a cyanide sidecar. Maybe you can recall those mid-summer vacations when the hot, dusty roads were jammed with traffic, the hotel lost your reservation in the rush, the restaurants had a queue halfway back to your hometown and

the mosquitoes were maintaining an airlift overhead, using your blood.

Autumn vacations are cooler, less crowded, and cheaper by ten to 20 per cent. Being a fall guy can really be a pleasure. After all, it is only habit that has sent the public scurrying for home right after Labor Day. Resort owners who stay late to close up their hotels have been shouting for years that September



BY JIM KJELGAARD

# A COOP FOR CRAWFORD

In order to hunt on Bull's land, Crawford had to be smarter than usual.

**T**HERE is nobody in the world who is more kind and gentle than my brother, Crawford, and nobody who is willing to work harder.

Only Crawford cannot work. The poor man is so overcome with miseries and ailments that the best he can do is hunt from the time hunting season opens until it closes. Then he takes to his bed of pain until fishing season opens.

I wish our neighbors appreciated him more, but they do not and they do not know that Matilda, Crawford's wife, and I, are glad to do all the work around the farm if that will help ease the burdens my brother always bears. I was so mad when

Bull Harrigan told Crawford, "You big lazy bum! Lettin' a woman and kid do the work you should be doin'! If ever I catch you on my land again I'll break you in half!"

That was a real blow because practically the best squirrel woods in Taglatt County is on Bull's land. And I was so proud of Crawford because he refused to let Bull face him down. I am always amazed that anyone can be as smart as my brother, but I did not think that even Crawford could come up with a plan as clever as this.

"Desmond," he told me, "we are going to hunt in Bull's squirrel woods and we are going to do it tomorrow morning. We will take the car and



pretend that we are just going down the road. When we come to Bull's I will quick turn into his road and drive like mad to the squirrel woods. You are to hold my shotgun, and I am certain that we can shoot at least two or three squirrels. You jump out and grab them, and also watch for Bull. When you see him coming, jump into the car and we will drive like mad out the other side of the woods. Bull cannot do a thing to us once we are off his land."

Do you see what I mean about Crawford's being smart?

**T**HE next morning we started down the road, with me beside Crawford and holding his shotgun. Crawford did not drive fast and, when we came near it, not once did he look around at Bull's farm. For all Bull, who was splitting wood with an axe, and who looked up as we came in sight, knew, we were just driving. When we got opposite Bull's road, Crawford really went into action.

He pushed the gas pedal clear to the floor and whirled around the corner so fast that the hood bounced off and the wooden plank upon which we sat just shivered. The hood did not matter—it was a truck hood

Crawford had found and wired on—and you can always get another plank. What I didn't like was the big rock in the road.

Crawford saw it too and he did his best to steer around it. But there are limits to what even Crawford can do. We hit the rock, bounced, spun around, and came to rest with the front end of the car shoved half way through Bull's ice-house. Then I saw Bull standing almost beside Crawford and holding the axe high. Bull said, "Well, well, well."

I did not like the look in his eyes as he said it, but again I had reason to be proud of my brother. Here we were in the midst of disaster and he tried to make a joke of it.

"Heh, heh," my brother laughed. "Accidents will happen."

"Won't they though?" said Bull. "Here you was aimin' to cut through to my squirrel woods and instead you slammed my ice-house."

My brother Crawford looked Bull square in the eye. He was so digni-

fied when he said, "This could be very serious if it hadn't happened to a friend."

"It's very serious," said Bull. "I ain't no friend of yours."

"Well," said my brother Crawford, "I will mail you a check as soon as I get one."

"No, you won't," said Bull. "You will stay right here and work on that ice-house until it is rebuilt."

"I—," Crawford began.

Bull swung his axe, and when it came down it cut Crawford's cow-lick off.

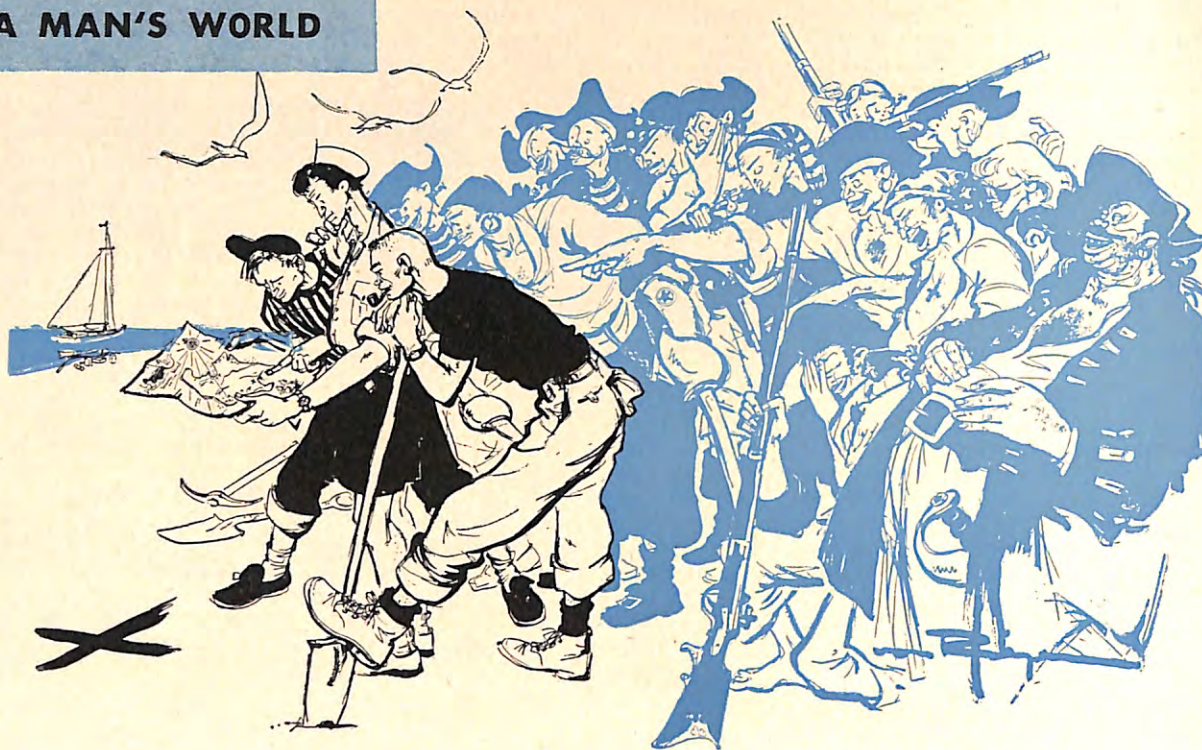
"Well?" said Bull.

"I am not going to quibble," said my brother Crawford. "I will rebuild your ice-house."

**I**F I HAD been able to, I would have pitched in right then and there and beat that Bull Harrigan to a pulp. Only I could do nothing to stop him; he's even quite a bit bigger than Crawford. First he took Crawford's  
*(Continued on page 46)*



Bull swung his axe, and when it came down it cut Crawford's cow-lick off.



## SHORT END ON LONG ODDS

We hear treasure hunting offers vacation attractions.

BY DICKSON HARTWELL



JUST about the happiest vacationers I know—this year and every year—are some 10,000 far-away-look-in-their-eyes characters who sneak away every vacation and sometimes on week-ends to hunt treasure.

These peculiarly touched but delightful people range from millionaires to muffin-snatchers, and are blessed with a craving they can forever enjoy in undiminished pleasure. No matter how much treasure they may find there are more places to look.

More tantalizing than fly fishing, stalking mountain goat or bathysphere diving, searching for buried treasure is the avocation of the connoisseur. Anyone with \$50 can go after sail and marlin; anyone with \$2 can bet on Vulcan's Forge or On Trust; to scale the highest mountain requires only a pair of shoes. But to hunt treasure is to take the short end of the world's longest odds. Like setting out to walk to the horizon, it calls for infinite patience. At times it also needs an iron back and shovel resistant hands. But most of all it takes a map—not a fancy-pants National Geographic affair—but a few dotted lines and provocative arrows, some imponderable hier-

oglyphics and the inevitable, magnetic and enticing "X", which marks the end of the quest—the quest that never ends.

As an opportunity to combine avarice with pleasure, treasure hunting is without parallel. The search can go on at any season practically anywhere in the world, outside the inhospitable and doubtless treasureless Soviet. For those who vacation in summer there is the uncounted gold of Lake Guatavita in Colombia, or 15,000 *louis d'or* buried by Jacobites near Scotland's delightful Loch Arkraig. For spring or fall there is the hidden wealth of intriguing Cocos Island, and in winter the mid-sea reef called Silver Shoals in the breeze-laden Caribbean where a whole Spanish fleet went down in a hurricane with more than \$50,000,000 still awaiting the lucky finder.

For those preferring to treasure hunt America first, there is a wide choice of seasonal attractions. On Cape Cod \$100,000 is ready off Provincetown for a persistent searcher. Gold and silver bullion from the British privateer *De Braak*, which went down off the Delaware Capes in 1798, offers a rewarding target. The rich man's favorite is Palm Beach, naturally, where for 350 years \$7,000,000 in Spanish silver has awaited re-discovery—in 1930 it was found but

lost again, sand-covered in a heart-breaking hurricane sweeping up from Jamaica.

Indeed, there is treasure almost everywhere: in California, Mexico, lost mines in Arizona, Montana and Texas—more than 200 ships have been wrecked off West Australia—there is even buried-in-haste Confederate silver on the route of Sherman's march to the sea.

The total is astonishing. Off Florida alone 35 slightly sunken wrecks are believed to hold \$170,000,000 of the stuff that made Ft. Knox famous. A conservative bankers' journal once published an estimate that two-thirds of all precious metals taken from the earth since 1500, when the digging really got started, had gone into the arts, was interred or buried in secret hoards, or had been lost in shipwreck. Probably \$10 billion is hoarded and at least \$2 billion is sunk in ships. Some of this can't be recovered by the average vacationer, of course. The gold in the *Lusitania*, for example, rests on the ocean floor some 400 feet below the surface, an impractical depth for a family man unaccustomed to holding his breath longer than a cigarette inhale.

Even the famed *Hussar*, the British Frigate which is at the bottom of New York's East River, swimming

(Continued on page 45)

# Rod and Gun

Fortunately, Northern pike  
can't concentrate long.

BY TED TRUEBLOOD



JOE CIGAR, the Ojibway crouched in the bow of our canoe, pointed to a V-shaped wave and said, "Key-noshay!" The wave had started in the mouth of the nameless creek that flows from Little Lake and it was slicing out across the glass-smooth water of the Pikitigushi River.

The scrub timber along the shore, typical of the bush country north of Lake Nipigon, in Ontario, was mirrored on the surface of the tea-colored water. At the head of the V, beneath the reflected spruce and popple, I saw a long, green shape. It was a northern pike. A big one!

The knots connecting my line, leader and wabbling spoon were good. I knew they were good, but I checked them again as the Indians drove the canoe past the weed-bordered mouth of the creek. I tested the points of the hooks for the hundredth time as the bow touched the gravel of a tiny beach and Joe Cigar stepped out.

I was on shore next and Bill Macdonald came close behind. John Makook (Ojibway for bear) tipped up the little outboard on the stern and pulled the canoe half its length up the slope.

I hurried the few yards to the point of land between the mouth of the creek and the river. Bill was beside me. I cast. He cast. The two spoons struck the water. I turned the reel handle three or four times. My spoon stopped. I struck and felt a solid, unyielding weight. My rod bowed and my line made a high-pitched ssssssss where it cut the water.

I started to tell Bill I had a fish. I said, "Ha, boy . . ." and then, out of the corner of my eye, I saw him jerk the butt of his rod up hard with both hands. I heard him give a short grunt and the tip of his rod went down. I saw the handles of his reel begin to spin.

I don't know what Bill did for some time after that. I lost interest in him. I had discovered all at once that I was busy.

The Pikitigushi at this point was about 40 yards across. Near the opposite shore I could see the tips of the branches of a popple that had fallen into the water and was almost entirely submerged. A few roots held it to the bank. My fish suddenly became obsessed with the idea of visiting that tree. He wanted to wind my line around it.

I was determined that he would not. I suddenly realized that my slender, six-foot rod and nine-pound-test line were far too light for playing tug of war with a big pike. I supposed it was a pike: it might have been a submarine. I began to doubt that I'd ever find out what it was. He took line relentlessly, even though I put on all the pressure I dared.

Fortunately, fish can't concentrate very long. My pike forgot that he was headed for the sunken popple just before he got there. I didn't turn him. He just decided to swim upstream. I cheered him on, and eased the pressure on the spool.

He swam steadily into the slow current for 50 yards, then slashed to the surface and threw spray wildly as he turned. He came back down faster than I could reel, the line trailing in a loop of slack behind, but the silk came taut after he had passed us and the rod bowed sharply down once more.

Now, I had a new problem. Bill was in the way. My

fish was headed down the river. His was somewhere out in front and our lines were crossed. Hoping that mine was underneath, I ducked under as he raised his rod and stepped around behind. It worked, and we continued with the business at hand.

Eventually my pike—for it was a pike and not a submarine, after all—got tired. Then I had another problem. Along the shore, and extending out for a distance of 20 feet, grew a dense bank of weeds. Their tips were approximately 18 inches beneath the surface of the water. In order to land my pike, I had to lead him over them because I knew that once he burrowed down among their sinuous stems my light line would never bring him out.

I let him make several short runs. Then, after turning him the final time, I got his head up and held it there and reeled fast. I virtually slithered him across the water and I didn't stop until I had slid half his length out on the beach. Then I jabbed my thumb and forefinger into his eye sockets and carried him to the grassy spot where the two Indians were squatting.

Bill was just ahead of me, and I laid my fish by his. They made a picture. Slender and racy-looking, as all pike are, they had the depth of worthwhile fish. They seemed greener than most great northern, and their spots sparkled with flecks of gold where the sun struck

*(Continued on page 47)*



Underwater, this Northern pike looked like a submarine.

# Normandy Revisited

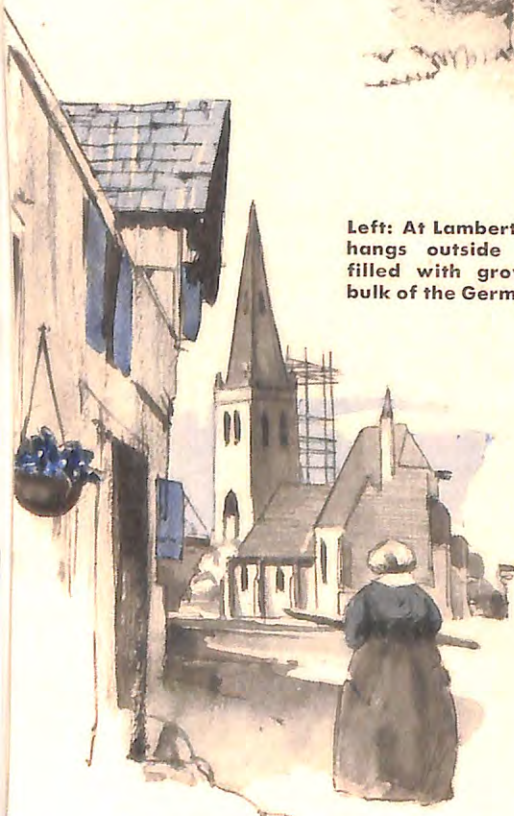
Sketches and Story BY HAMILTON GREENE

THE grass grows tangled in rusty debris, half-buried in field and roadside, throughout the ancient French province of Normandy. Like the stolid peasant of today, these twisted frames and broken sprockets remember much and tell little. But these are the fields—the towns—the roads—the identical countryside which witnessed, just five years ago this summer, one of the great stories of our generation. From June 6th to August 20th, 1944, it was Normandy alone which felt the full brunt of the Battle for France. Six great armies, four of them Allied and two German, had, for seventy-five miserable yet inspired days, wrestled and fought over beach and hedgerow, town to town and house to house. It was bloody and it was awful. But when it ended, the Germans were de- (Continued on page 43)

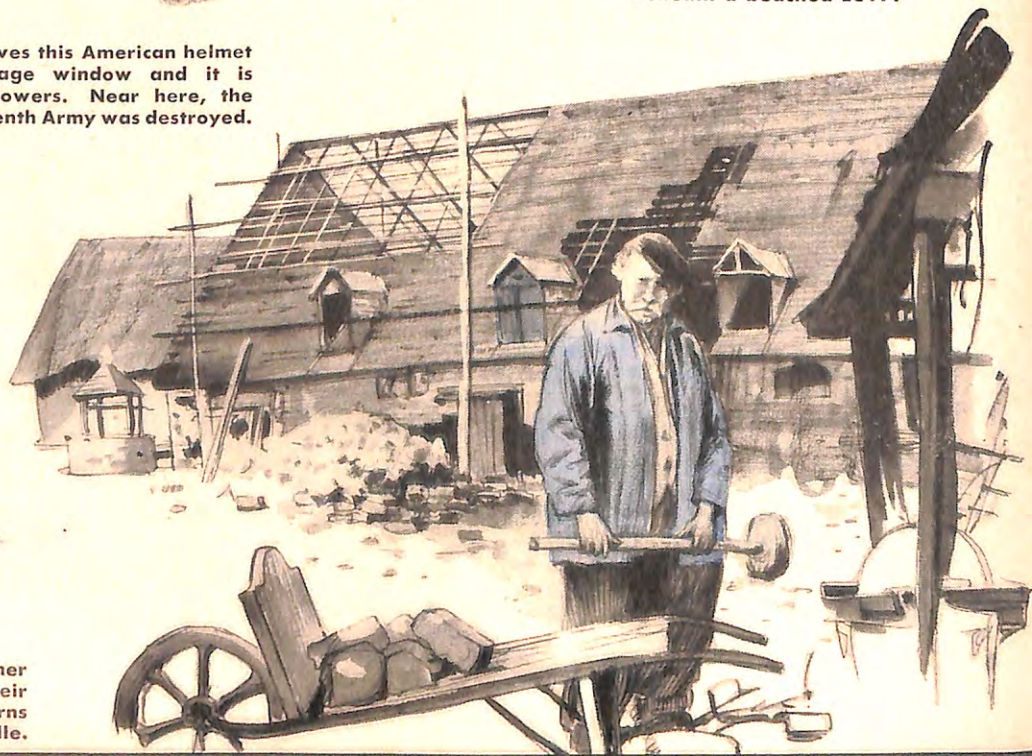


The Battle of Normandy began on June 6, 1944, at Omaha Beach. Today the beach is still strewn with wreckage. These French children play with GI bazooka and helmet beneath a beached LCVP.

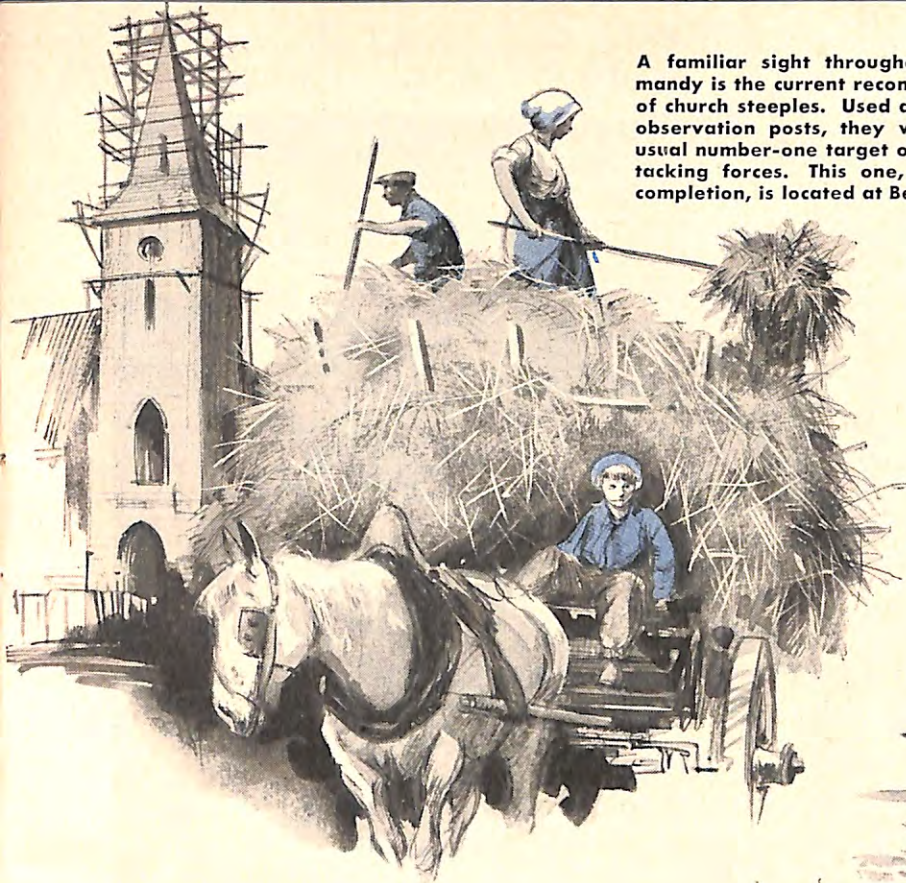
Left: At Lambert-sur-Dives this American helmet hangs outside a cottage window and it is filled with growing flowers. Near here, the bulk of the German Seventh Army was destroyed.



Right: Many French householders this summer are finding first opportunity to rebuild their shattered homes. This farmer lost his barns during the D-Day bombardment of Colleville.



A familiar sight throughout Normandy is the current reconstruction of church steeples. Used as enemy observation posts, they were the usual number-one target of our attacking forces. This one, nearing completion, is located at Beaumont.



Wrecked German .88 rusts by the roadside near Chambois, where the Falaise Gap was closed by the juncture of Americans and Canadians.



The basilica of Notre Dame at Mayenne rises above Pont James Macracken, renamed by grateful citizens for the heroic engineer of the 90th Division who was killed saving this old bridge from enemy demolition.



Many peasants, working their land like this one, at Mortain, must bypass wrecked equipment left on their fields when washed over their country five years ago.



The oldest Gold Star Mothers, special guests at Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge's Mother's Day program, at the presentation of an orchid corsage by E.R. Leo Weingartner to the 85-year-old mother of Joseph E. Bushey, a Binghamton Elk.

## An Elks' Mother's Day Report

INTERESTED in learning new ideas for observing Mother's Day, the Grand Lodge Activities Committee this year invited the subordinate lodges to submit stories on their services. Choosing the best of the ceremonies in the three groups into which the lodges were divided was a difficult task.

In Group I—for lodges of more than 1,000 members—Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge held the most outstanding program, invitations to which were published in the local newspapers and lodge bulletin. As part of the simple but effective program, Rev. Wilson Bennett, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, delivered the principal address, following an organ prologue and a short opening talk by E.R. Leo D. Weingartner. Other officers of the lodge also spoke, and a minute of silence was observed in tribute to departed mothers. These ceremonies took place in the lodge home in a beautiful floral setting, the focal point of which was a life-sized photograph of a mother, displayed over a small altar. Over 350 persons attended, with Gold Star Mothers of the

Broome County Chapter as special guests.

Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge took second honors in this group. The splendid musical program added materially to the general beauty of the entire ceremony. Two other California lodges, Huntington Park and Santa Monica, in the opinion of the judges, were third and fourth, respectively, in this group.

Group II, for lodges of between 500 and 1,000 members, finds Morgantown, W. Va., Lodge at the top of the list. Planning well in advance, the lodge broadcast twelve radio announcements and many news stories were published prior to the Services, with the result that 300 persons were on hand to hear U. S. Senator Matthew M. Neeley, the principal speaker. It is interesting to note that this city is credited with originating Mother's Day and was the site of the first observance.

Second in this group was Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge's program. Local church announcements, newspaper and store window displays resulted in this service being one of the most impressive and well attended

events in the history of this lodge.

Coeur D'Alene, Ida., Lodge, third in this group in the judgment of those in charge, had a fine program attended by nearly 400. The afternoon service and tea were highlighted by an inspiring speech by Dr. John T. Wood and a musical program by the students from the local high school music department.

The services of Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge were a big draw in the community, and worthy of fourth place in this section. About 132 persons attended the affair, with 91 dinners served at the banquet which was a tribute to the mothers honored by this lodge.

Fifth in this group was West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge. With 400 persons in attendance, a special tribute was offered by Est. Lead. Knight Clyde Trammel who shared speaking duties with Rev. Winslow S. Drummond of the First Presbyterian Church.

A large group, No. II had a sixth place consideration, Alamosa, Calif., Lodge, whose well thought-out program had Rev. D. I. Hammond of the Congregational Church in Ala-



mosa as the leading speaker.

In Group III—for lodges of less than 500 members—Mount Kisco, N. Y., Lodge deserves top honors, with a lovely program in a lovely setting—the Village Green. About 200 persons heard the Rev. J. J. Flynn, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, deliver the principal address. The choir of Father Flynn's church sang several appropriate numbers. An unusual addenda to this program was the lodge's presentation of a 1949 Chevrolet station wagon to the Westchester Cerebral Palsy Clinic to assist it in continuing its important work.

Greenfield, Mass., Lodge was second in Group III with beautiful ceremonies which were recorded on sound mirror by Station WHAI and rebroadcast that evening. The 40-voice Mohawk Male Chorus sang and the principal speaker was Rev. Thomas F. Ferguson, assistant pastor of St. James Church.

Orlando, Fla., Lodge, third choice in this group, added a unique feature in the "Coronation" of the oldest mother of an Elk living near Orlando — 82-year-old Mrs. John S. Funderburke. Her throne was placed next to the Exalted Ruler's chair and her crown was, most suitably, fashioned of flowers.

Bound Brook, N. J., Lodge, the fourth choice in the third group, held its services in the beautifully decorated lodge room. The oldest mother present received an orchid corsage, a practice common to almost all these services. But a new twist was the presentation of a toy bear to the youngest mother and a large cake to the one with the most children.

Bremerton, Wash., and Alhambra, Calif., Lodges claim the largest attendance at any lodge function. Anchorage, Alaska, Lodge reports that the institution of Seward Lodge No. 1773 coincided with Mother's Day and that the officers of this new branch of the Order, together with the Anchorage leaders who had chartered a train for the trip to Seward, held appropriate Mother's Day Services as their first duty, with the assistance of D.D. Eugene Smith.

Brooklyn, N. Y., and Oak Park, Ill., Lodges' musical programs were outstanding, with two Elk units at Brooklyn, the String Ensemble and Glee Club, taking part. A departure from the customary orchid for the oldest mother present, or carnations for all those in attendance, was Roseburg, Ore., Lodge's red rose boutonnières for all men present, and white and red rose corsages for the lady guests. New Kensington, Pa., Lodge included a banquet and the presentation of a handsome gift to mothers present. The newly organized Glee Club of Grand Island, Neb., Lodge made its first appearance at this year's services in honor of our country's mothers.

Charleston, S. C., Lodge had General Charles P. Summerall, former Chief of Staff of the U. S. Army, as

principal speaker, while Kent, Ohio, Lodge brought the mothers, wives and daughters of Elks to a noontime breakfast, following which the daughters put on a program.

Franklin, Pa., Lodge, taking the initiative 25 years ago in making its Mother's Day Service a community affair, had a capacity turnout this year. Henderson, N. C., Lodge was another which made its ceremony a community event.

Martinsville, Va., Lodge, a comparatively new group, deserves special mention inasmuch as its program, extremely well thought-out, was equal to any of those of the older lodges. New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge

arranged for parties to be held at the Colburn Memorial Home and the United Home for Aged Hebrews, where about 140 persons enjoyed refreshments and flowers were presented to the mothers living in each home. Zanesville, Ohio, Lodge had this idea too, following the same program at the Helen Purcell Home for Aged Women and the County Infirmary.

It is regrettable that space will not allow us to go into detail in reporting these services. Suffice it to say, that all lodges gave this important day a great deal of attention, with more than favorable results.



*Morgantown, W. Va., Lodge's Mother's Day dignitaries, left to right: E.R. R. G. Seaburn, U. S. Senator M. M. Neely, Mrs. F. H. Brown, "State Mother of the Year", and Dr. Eugene S. Brown, oldest of Mrs. Brown's nine children.*



*P.E.R. Ray Ferguson pins an orchid on Mrs. Anna Secor, oldest mother at the Mount Kisco, N. Y., Lodge services, held in a beautiful outdoor setting.*

**ACTIVITIES SPONSORED BY  
THE ELKS NATIONAL  
VETERANS SERVICE  
COMMISSION**



*Bingo, a popular vet pastime, is sponsored regularly at McGuire VA Hospital, in Richmond, by the Virginia Elks.*



*An entertainer brings a smile to the faces of veterans at Marion Hospital in a program sponsored by Herrin, Ill., Lodge.*



*Veterans at Kennedy Hospital dance to a hillbilly orchestra in an entertainment sponsored by Tennessee Elks.*



*Laurence and Norman Klein, whose enlistments in the Air Force for Aviation Cadet Training are being sponsored by Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, are sworn into service by Lt. Col. Joseph W. Hensel, Southern California Army and Air Force Recruiting Executive Officer. Watching, at left, is E.R. Harry Mitchell. This took place on Pasadena Lodge's "Military Manpower Night", in answer to the Army appeal.*



*At a Missouri, Elk-sponsored Quiz Show at the Veterans Hospital No. 92, a comedian on stage with a participating serviceman calls out numbers coinciding with the blackboard, under the words, "Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity". Patients selecting a number, thereby choosing category and question. A failure in replying to the call gives the prize to a non-ambulatory patient.*

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HOMER D. MOORE, TUCSON  
VICE PRESIDENT  
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ANTLERS COUNSELLOR  
CLYDE AUNGER, PHOENIX

Arizona State Elks Association

Tucson, Arizona  
May 19th, 1949

VETERANS ADMINISTRATION  
HOSPITAL  
Will Rogers Field  
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma  
April 8, 1949

Mr. James T. Hallinan, Chairman  
Elks National Veterans Service Comm.  
Room 606  
292 Madison Avenue  
New York 17, New York

Dear Brother Hallinan:

At the recent Convention of the Arizona State Elks Association held at Yuma, Arizona, the following Resolution was adopted:

"RESOLVED: That the Arizona State Elks Association is truly grateful to the Elks National Veterans Service Commission for the generous support of the entertainment projects carried on at the Whipple General Hospital, Prescott, Arizona, the Papago Park Veterans Hospital, Phoenix, Arizona, and to the Veterans Administration Hospital, Tucson, Arizona, and to the Commission we extend our deep appreciation and sincere gratitude."

Please accept this Resolution as grateful acknowledgement of your help in making it possible for the hospitalized veterans in Arizona to be entertained as they so justly deserve.

Sincerely and fraternally,

*Homer D. Moore*  
Homer D. Moore, President

HDM:RL

VETERANS ADMINISTRATION  
HOSPITAL  
1540 Spring Valley Drive  
Huntington 1, West Virginia  
April 25, 1949

our appreciation for the splen-  
dization sponsored for the  
ital on Friday, April 22.

our patients by your and  
the surrounding area enables  
nts with many pleasant hours

assure you on behalf of  
that your services are  
erely yours,

GOODWIN

TRUMAN ASKS AID FOR SERVICEMEN

Washington, May 25. President Truman tonight appealed to the country to give its young military men "the same sort of treatment they would have received if they had stayed at home".

Again, he asked the communities near military camps "to do for them what you do in war". The same treatment as before V-E and V-J days.

"They are your sons, and your neighbors' sons, and they are away from home," he said. "They need something the armed service can't give them."

The President's speech concluded the opening session of the National Conference on Community Responsibility to Our Peacetime Service Men and Women.

He bespoke for the military forces now "fighting for peace and for the welfare of the whole world" as much consideration as "when we were

spending \$103,000,000,000 a year to win the war."

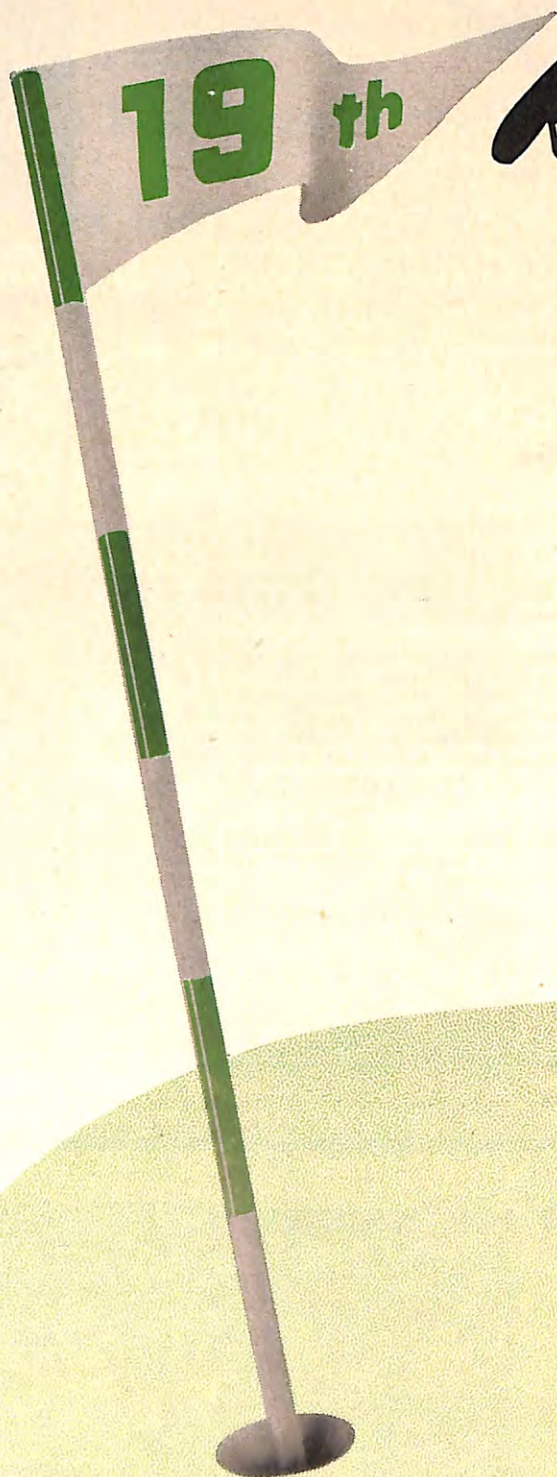
—From a Bess Furman story to  
The New York Times, May 25, 1949

\* \* \*

Our Order realized a year ago the need for this service and through the generous contributions of our subordinate lodges has been able to reactivate two of our fraternal centers at Columbia, So. Car., and Louisville, Ky., and are actively engaged at present in arranging for others.

*James T. Hallinan*

James T. Hallinan, Chairman  
ELKS NATIONAL VETERANS  
SERVICE COMMISSION



# Hole Round

**N**O OTHER sport compares with golf for getting so much result by one's own individual effort.

Terrific speed and impact force is generated in a clubhead swung at the end of a three and one-half foot shaft held at arm's length. Thus the clubhead is being propelled at the end of a six and one-half foot arc and is really moving (at speeds up to 90 or 100 miles per hour) at the moment of impact. Only an electric camera can catch the action.

The clubhead then strikes a highly resilient ball made of tightly-wound live rubber. Years of competition among manufacturers, eager to satisfy the golfers' yearning for distance, has developed the modern "rabbit" ball so much that the powers that be in the game have legislated against further increase.

The biggest hitters, when they get hold of one, can propel the ball a fifth of a mile. Relative tyros can get at least an eighth of a mile when they hit the ball squarely.

The development of so much power by action of the arms and body means that things can go extremely sour when something wrong happens. High premium is placed on rhythmic action from start through backswing, downswing, impact and follow-through. So many things can go wrong with the muscles involved alone that a medical expert could write a book on it.

Once in a while there may appear to develop opposing schools of golfing thought. At this time there seems to be a wide divergence between the swinging action of Bobby Locke, the proficient South African star, and leading exponents of golf in this country.

Locke, they say, has an "old-fashioned" swing, similar to the one used by the players of earlier eras. He goes back "flat", meaning he brings the clubhead close along the ground and inside the line of downswing, and "loops" at the top of the swing, meaning he drops the club into a corrected hitting position at the top of the backswing before he starts swinging down.

The American pros of the modern era, with Byron Nelson as high priest in his heyday before he went into semi-retirement in 1946, are devoted to the upright swing. They profess to aim at getting the exact downward path of swing that the club took on the backswing.

The controversy is enhanced by the fact that Locke comes over to this country each year for an extended stay and generally beats the daylights out of most of the pros, including some of his most caustic critics.

The recourse of said critics is to point out that Bobby is a great putter, one of the greatest in the annals of golf. Of course, Bobby couldn't hole putts for his low scores unless he had the rest of the game to get the ball in position to be dropped.

Locke is by no means invincible. He has yet to win one of the most coveted prizes of all—the U. S. Open—or next best—the British Open. He has tried often, too. Some say that in the tight spots, where pure orthodoxy pays off because the chance for error is so much lessened, Bobby's "roundhouse" swing costs him the precious strokes here and there which mean the difference between defeat and victory.

Each golf professional has his own theory of the mechanics of hitting, especially in the particular part of the game in which he excels: Chick Harbert on

*(Continued on page 39)*

Nine stars of the Goodall  
Round Robin offer  
theories and advice for  
"Mr. Average Player".

# Robin

BY LAWRENCE ROBINSON



Larry Robinson has been writing golf for 30 years, 21 of them with the New York World Telegram. While he also covers football, the greater part of the year is spent following the tournament stars of linksdom.



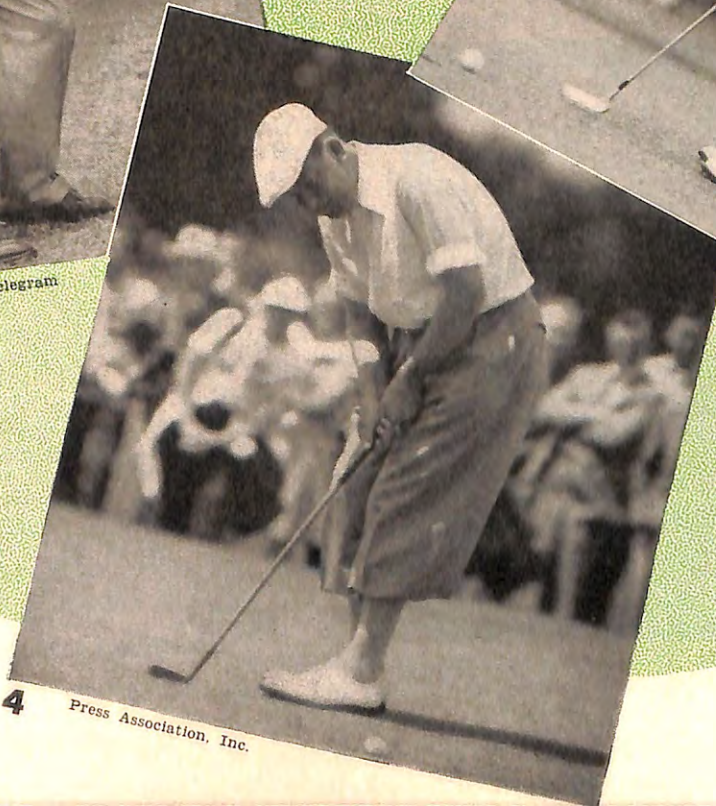
2 Acme Newspictures



1 World-Telegram

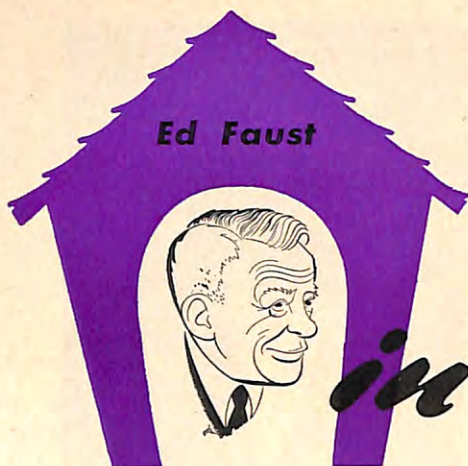


3



4 Press Association, Inc.

1—Golf's great stylist—Sam Snead—at top of swing for a full iron shot. 2—Byron Nelson teeing off. 3—Cary Middlecoff, winner of this year's U. S. Open, taps one in. 4—An old wooden shaft putter is good enough for Bobby Locke.



Dogs can travel just like other people—sometimes better.

## in the Doghouse

UP TO recent years, Fido received a chilly welcome as a hotel guest—if welcomed at all. The majority of hotel owners and managers viewed the arrival of a lodger and his dog as only a little less unpleasant than a visit from the sheriff with foreclosure proceedings. In fact, anyone obliged to use hotels while traveling with a pooch had to space his stops at long intervals. But today things have been made easier for the dog-owning vacationist. I know this by some experience, and more hearsay, and my knowledge has been confirmed by the receipt of a directory of hotels and motor courts that not only tolerate but, in many instances, welcome dogs with guests—or guests with dogs. The directory runs to 56 pages, names hotels or tourist camps in some 46 states, and the District of Columbia, that leave the latchstring out for the traveling purp.

In one state only is there a legal qualification and that is Louisiana where, a note in the directory specifies, a state law forbids dogs in hotels but allows them in tourist courts; ten such courts are named. There's an interesting key to reference figures given with the names of some of the establishments, ranging from desig-

nating hotels that provide special rooms for owners with dogs, to dogs accepted for a limited-to-short stay. Some of the hotels and courts make a small extra charge for the dog. At any rate, the dog owner touring with his pooch today need no longer feel like a social outcast when it comes to seeking bed and board. If you will drop me a line, I'll be glad to tell you where you may secure the directory, which will be sent to you for a small handling charge of ten cents.

For Elks who travel (and, according to an unbiased survey made of *Elks Magazine* readers by a professional fact-finding organization, members of our Order are the most restless group of men you ever saw) the problem of touring with the dog has ceased to be the headache it was only a few years ago. But there still remain certain considerations that every dog owner of good sense and good taste will heed. These are stated in the foreword of the directory, although they are known to most of the guys and gals who write about dogs or give reader counsel about them.

To begin with, Fido should be kept out of restaurants. There are many persons, not necessarily un-

friendly to dogs, who do not like the idea of eating in the same room with them, and this goes double for the fatuous dog owner who sits his pet at the table with him or goes to the extreme of permitting the dog to eat from a restaurant plate. When going through any public room, the dog should always be kept leashed and, if it is an animal of uncertain disposition, or excessively shy, it should also be muzzled. The overshy dog sometimes can become dangerous, as its nature is to bite first if alarmed and seek the reason for the alarm later.

DOG owners should not burden hotel employes with the task of exercising their dogs unless they pay for such extra service. The dog's sleeping equipment should be taken on the journey, too. Hotel people aren't enthusiastic about Fido as a sleeping companion for his owner. The dog's blanket and, if possible, its bed, should be part of its traveling gear, as should its eating and drinking dishes. Another important thing—important to the dog as well as its owner—is to have an identification tag bearing the owner's name and address attached to the dog's collar. Dogs have been known to break away from their masters and for an owner to be compelled to indulge in a prolonged search for a wandering purp is anything but recreation. The owner so bereft can insert an advertisement in a local newspaper giving the name of the hotel or tourist court where the dog, if found, may be returned.

If you are traveling by car and your dog hasn't been car-broken or gets persistently car-sick, it is wise to take with you a few old bath towels and plenty of newspapers. To guard further against unpleasant consequences, your veterinarian can prescribe a remedy that may go a long way toward making traveling easier for the dog, if not prevent car-sickness entirely. If yours is more than a one-day journey, it is best to withhold all food from the dog until the end of the day's traveling, and be sparing with water unless the weather is unusually warm. If the dog gets car-sick the considerate

(Continued on page 51)



Sealyham terrier puppy photographed by Ylla



# NEWSLETTER

WASHINGTON

**MANY A MANUFACTURER**, facing slack periods, has solved his problem by developing new products. Recognizing this fact, the Commerce Department recently completed a survey of more than 100 business firms which have successfully developed and sold new products. The information obtained has now been included in a new publication, "Developing and Selling New Products", which provides a checklist of major sources of new product ideas. One interesting tabulation shows how 25 manufacturers located profitable ideas.

**NEW PRODUCT** development is not the only way to combat slack times. Another is the removal of marketing restrictions. Significantly enough, recent weeks have seen the removal of export controls from approximately 500 items covering a wide list of commodities, the removal of export restrictions on 21 iron and steel mill products, the suspension of pig iron allocations set up to ease housing construction bottlenecks and another decline in the rate of national production.

With business and consumers both buying cautiously, the office of Business Economics has noted a spread of price declines from one commodity to another. Price weaknesses in scrap metals, first noted earlier in the year, have now spread to primary metals, while moderate-to-sharp reductions have also been posted for an important group of fabricated products, including consumer-durable-goods lines.

**BUSINESSMEN** responding to a recent survey informed Federal officials that they anticipate little change in sales during 1949 from the record levels of 1948. Declines of less than one per cent from the 1948 level are expected by manufacturing and trade concerns, while an advance of nearly four per cent in revenues is anticipated by the electric and gas utilities.

The survey also indicates that smaller concerns are generally less optimistic than the larger firms concerning the prospects for the balance of 1949. Manufacturing concerns with assets of less than \$1 million anticipate an eight per cent decline in sales from the 1948 level as contrasted with the five per cent increase expected by firms with over \$5 million assets.

Representatives of smaller organizations on the expanded Small Bus-

ness Advisory Committee of the Department of Commerce recently held a three-day meeting here to consider their problems more specifically.

**MEANWHILE** a seven per cent gain in publicly reported cash dividend payments (from \$1,346,900,000 to \$1,441,700,000) has been reported for the first quarter of the year, while personal income has declined for the third successive month.

**PUBLIC CONSTRUCTION** expenditures are more than offsetting the lag in some types of private construction activity. Outlays for public buildings increased 43 per cent during the first four months of the year while private nonfarm residential building was down 20 per cent in April from the 1948 figure, reflecting the smaller number of new homes under construction so far this year.

Housing advances in other countries have also been the subject of recent government studies. Published by the office of technical services, two reports on the extent of housing research in Sweden during the last 10 years have just been made available.

**CONTINUING INCREASES** in exports of domestic and foreign merchandise as reported by the Bureau of the Census have been marked by further declines in exports to the Soviets and other Eastern European countries. Exports to Russia, itself, however, rose slightly in the last reports, because of exports of raw cotton and unmanufactured tobacco.

**A DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE** test truck is now endeavoring to demonstrate how alcohol in motor vehicles can help conserve petroleum and provide a potentially vast market for surplus grains. On two recent trips of nearly 1,000 miles each, financed under the research and marketing act, the test truck ran successfully on relatively inexpensive low-octane gasoline fortified by periodic injections of alcohol and water.

The Department of Agriculture, incidentally, has reported a new approach to the problem of farm drying seed which uses chemicals instead of the conventional heat methods, eliminating the fire hazard which exists with heated air drying.

**OUTLOOK** for used car prices appears increasingly dim for both used car dealers and purchasers of new cars. Some large dealers already are



liquidating cars for up to \$200 less than they paid for them and it has been estimated that prices by mid-summer may be as much as 35 or 40 per cent under current prices. Consequently, purchasers of used cars may be taking an unusually heavy risk of buying a poor car because of the efforts of some dealers to buy at a low price regardless of the condition of the car. Owners of late model cars who are attempting to trade them in for a new car are being offered about \$500 less than they would have received five or six months ago. Another difficulty is caused by the more stringent requirements of finance companies. Whereas cars were being financed up to 100 per cent of their sale price, now the finance companies do not want to carry much more than one half the sales price. Many dealers are faced with a lack of ready cash, sharp decrease in sales and a heavy inventory of high-priced, late-model cars. On the other hand, finance companies are reluctant to finance pre-war cars of any kind.

**REPORTS** from one of the country's leading banks indicate that the current drop in business is chiefly the result of the decisions of business rather than lack of consumer buying. Desirous of decreasing inventories, firms are operating on a "hand to mouth" basis and business loans have declined steadily for several months. In the opinion of the bank, "reduction of consumers' spending is far less a factor in the recession than reduction of business spending". The bank sees indications that the decline in business is mainly a "catching up" process and that inventory reductions have been so complete that curtailment of new orders may not be postponed for too extended a period of time.

## THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S

# Visits



Past Grand Exalted Rulers Michael F. Shannon, left, and L. A. Lewis, right, talk things over with this year's leader at Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge.



At a luani feast given for Mr. and Mrs. Hall by the members of Hilo, Hawaii, Lodge, the visitors were joined by Exalted Ruler William A. Beard, fourth from right, and District Deputy William M. Moir, third from right.

ON April 22nd, the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Hall arrived in Jacksonville, Fla., where they were welcomed by State Pres. R. L. Bohon, the officers of the lodge and their wives. Arriving at his hotel, Mr. Hall addressed a group of Boy Scouts who were on hand to welcome him to that State. After stopping briefly at the home of **PALATKA LODGE NO. 1232** the

Halls proceeded to Umatilla, Fla., to visit the Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children, maintained by the Florida Elks Assn. which met there in its 1949 conclave. After inspecting the home and visiting with the young patients, the visitors were entertained at a barbecue. After another of Mr. Hall's fine addresses, the party departed for a reception tendered by the members of

**JACKSONVILLE LODGE NO. 221**, and a dinner for the officers and their wives.

Arriving in Houston early on the morning of the 24th, the New Yorkers were welcomed by officers of **HOUSTON LODGE, TEX., NO. 151** and their wives and that evening Mr. Hall addressed about 450 persons at the lodge home.

The Texas Elks Crippled Children's Institution, which maintains the wonderful Home for Crippled Children at Ottine, entertained the Grand Exalted Ruler at luncheon on the 25th after an inspection tour of this fine hospital. They were escorted by P.D.D. and Mrs. M. A. de Bettencourt and D.D. Walter Jones, Treasurer of the Institution.

Later that day the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party were met at San Antonio, where they visited the famous Alamo, and at 6:30 attended a reception and dinner for officers, P.E.R.'s and their ladies. The group adjourned to the home of **SAN ANTONIO LODGE NO. 216** where Mr. Hall addressed about 400 members and their guests; a buffet supper preceded the Halls' departure for El Paso.

On the 26th, Mr. and Mrs. Hall were welcomed by officers of **EL PASO LODGE NO. 187** and their wives, as well as Sam Stern, Vice Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, and Mrs. Stern, and a group of Mexican musicians. The El Paso Elks gave a banquet for its distinguished visitor that evening, attended by about 350 Elks. The Order's leader spoke over the radio there, and later was told there had been over 400 phone calls requesting more talks by Mr. Hall.

On the 27th, the Halls drove to Carlsbad Caverns, to be met by officers of **CARLSBAD, N. M., LODGE, NO. 1558**, and their wives. At a dinner that evening, Mr. Hall not only presented awards to the Essay Contest winners, but also the State Scholarship prize which was won by an Indian boy who will be a dentist in order to serve his own people. About 600 members were on hand for a reception and a barbecue.

On the 28th, Mr. Hall met with members of the New Mexico State Elks Assn., prior to leaving for Yuma, Ariz., where he and Mrs. Hall arrived on the 29th to be greeted by Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis, Calif. State Pres. Morley Golden, D.D. Robert Traver, and officers and ladies representing **YUMA LODGE NO. 476** which was host to the Arizona State Elks Assn. Convention. After dining with officers and their ladies, the Halls proceeded to the local school where the State Scholarship Award was presented to the winner by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis and the Essay Contest prizes were awarded by Mr. Hall.

The last day of April found Mr. and Mrs. Hall, with Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Golden at **CALEXICO LODGE NO. 1382**, prior to continuing on to

*(Continued on page 24)*



*In Texas, in a swing around the southern section of the country, the Grand Exalted Ruler visited the Texas Elks Crippled Children's Institution Hospital at Ottine. Here Mr. Hall visits the natural warm springs pool to see a little stretcher patient receive hydrotherapy treatment. Looking on with the Order's leader is D.D. Walter G. Jones, Secy-Treas. of the Institution.*



*At San Antonio, Tex., Lodge, left to right, D.D. J. H. Lamm, Grand Exalted Ruler Hall, Secy. and club manager C. E. Smeltz, Mrs. Hall and Esteemed Leading Knight W. D. Chauncy.*



*This picture, taken on Mr. Hall's visit with Grand Trustee Sam Stern to Carlsbad, N. M., hardly needs explaining. The placard, expressing the thoughts of the 500 New Mexico Elks who greeted the distinguished visitors, tells its own story.*



Grand Exalted Ruler Hall puts an Elks' pin in the lapel of John A. Dicken, one of the 57 candidates initiated in his honor by Chicago (North), Ill., Lodge, as the young man's father, E.R. Edward L. Dicken looks on. The class was initiated by a Degree Team made up of Exalted Rulers and Esteemed Leading Knights of the sixteen lodges in the Illinois North East District.



On his visit to Chicago, Ill., the Grand Exalted Ruler visited the Ill. Hospital School for Crippled Children which is aided tremendously by the members of Chicago Lodge No. 4. Left to right, with some of the children, are: Vice-Chairman Sam Stern of the Board of Grand Trustees, Chairman G. Harvey Ward of the lodge's Crippled Children's Committee, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, Mr. Hall, Hospital Supt. Richard Eddy, N.E. Dist. Vice-Pres. E. C. Masters, N.E. Dist. Trustee Frank J. Jacobson, and District Deputy Robert Eddy.



Dignitaries present at the 25th Anniversary banquet of Lancaster, N. Y., Lodge. Seated, left to right: D.D.'s Robert E. Noonan and Earl C. Stahl, George I. Hall, State Pres. John J. Sweeney and State Vice-Pres. F. M. Riley. Standing: Past State Vice-Pres. Stanley Zokoitis, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight J. Theodore Moses, Past District Deputy Al Voegelé and E.R. Norman A. Rozler.



Hudson, N. Y., Lodge played host to the Grand Exalted Ruler, State Pres. John J. Sweeney, Mayor Earl J. Colwell and other dignitaries when 450 Elks from the North East Dist. of New York and other nearby lodges paid tribute to Mr. Hall.

EL CENTRO, CALIF., LODGE, NO. 1325 for a luncheon visit. On May 1st, at a reception at the Morley Golden ranch, the Halls met the officers of **SAN DIEGO LODGE NO. 168** and their wives.

On the 2nd, the party made a brief stop at the home of **OCEANSIDE LODGE NO. 1561** where they inspected the new lodge home, before proceeding to **LAGUNA BEACH LODGE NO. 1724** where the visitors were royally entertained after Mr. Hall met a Boy Scout Troop. Luncheon was enjoyed at the home of **ORANGE LODGE NO. 1475** before the journey continued with brief stops at **NEWPORT HARBOR, ANAHEIM** and **SANTA ANA LODGES**. Later Mr. Hall visited **REDLANDS LODGE NO. 583** to attend a banquet, to which a delegation of Yuma Elks had flown to garb the Grand Exalted Ruler in a real Western outfit. All 19 lodges of the South Central District of Calif. were represented at this meeting.

On the 3rd, accompanied by his distinguished companions and D.D. Jack Martin and his wife, the party made a stop at **ONTARIO LODGE** before continuing on to **LOS ANGELES LODGE NO. 99** where the Order's leader and his wife were guests at a huge party. In the morning, Mr. Hall spoke over Station KHJ, made a trip through the Paramount Studios and then met with the Exalted Rulers of the South Central District. That evening a banquet took place in the lodge's ball room where Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon joined the other California Elk dignitaries, officers and visitors, including Pat O'Brien of the motion pictures, in paying tribute to the visiting leader. One of the most spectacular demonstrations of Mr. Hall's thousands of lodge visits, the event was climaxed by the framing of a gigantic portrait of the Grand Exalted Ruler by the handsomely uniformed Drill Team of the host lodge.

The following day found the official group at brief visits with Elks of **HUNTINGTON PARK, COMPTON, LONG BEACH** and **SAN PEDRO LODGES**.

Arriving in Hawaii on the 9th, Mr. and Mrs. Hall were welcomed by Honolulu Elks, D.D. William Moir, P.D.D. John C. Linczer and many others who promptly introduced the visitors to their famed Island hospitality. Broadcasting to the Islands in conjunction with "I Am An American Day", Mr. Hall met with the Boy Scouts who received Merit Pins from the Order's leader. On the 22nd, the Halls, escorted by Admiral Robert Cowdrey, toured the Navy Yard at Pearl Harbor. Mr. Hall addressed hundreds of members in person, and the entire Island populace over several radio programs. During their stay there which terminated with an air flight to the mainland on the 24th, Mr. Hall was royally received at both **HONOLULU** and **HILO LODGES**.



Among those at the speakers' table for the 42nd Annual Convention Banquet of the Oklahoma State Elks Assn. were: P.E.R. M. M. Thomas, Vice-Pres. and Mrs. Ed Green, E.R. and Mrs. W. B. Leet, Grand Lodge Activities Coordinator Bert A. Thompson and his wife, Chairman Earl E. James

of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee and Mrs. James, Grand Treasurer and Mrs. Joseph B. Kyle, Toastmaster and Mrs. C. H. Deitz, State Pres. and Mrs. J. Thad Baker, D.D. and Mrs. Herman Salz, State Vice-President Aubrey Kerr and District Deputy and Mrs. Thomas S. Harris.

# News of the STATE ASSOCIATIONS

## OKLAHOMA

Tulsa Lodge shared the duties of host with Sapulpa Lodge for the Convention of the Oklahoma State Elks Assn. on April 30 and May 1.

Approximately 400 Elks and their ladies were on hand and the delegates included ten Past Association Presidents. Grand Treasurer Joseph B. Kyle, Chairman Earl E. James of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee and Bert Thompson, Grand Activities Coordinator, were among those who addressed the delegates. On the first evening a banquet and dance were held and the following day, Memorial Services attended by about 250, took place. Reports of various Committee Chairmen showed that the Oklahoma Elks are following through on all programs, particularly the Essay Contest on "Why Democracy Works", Veterans activities, Boy Scouts and youth movements.

A committee was appointed to prepare a resolution opposing the passage of the bill increasing postal rates, a copy of this to be drawn and mailed to each U. S. Senator and Congressman from Oklahoma.

The following officers were elected to serve the Association for the coming year: Pres., Kenneth L. Aldrich, Oklahoma City; 1st Vice-Pres., Aubrey M. Kerr, Ada; 2nd Vice-Pres., Ed Green, Duncan; 3rd Vice-Pres., A. J. Brown, Tulsa; Treas., Temple Benbrook, Wood-

ward; Trustee, Bob Morland, Nowata and Secy., H. B. Carson, Oklahoma City.

Woodward Lodge will be host to the Fall Meeting of the Association.

## FLORIDA

The Elks of Florida met in their 43rd Annual Convention at Pensacola on May 15, 16, and 17, when many important reports were given, and the social activities were highlighted by the President's Ball with about 700 in attendance.

Distinguished guests on hand were

Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland, Past Grand Est. Loyal Knight James A. Dunn, Past Grand Est. Lect. Knight Chelsie J. Senerchia, Judge Alto Adams, a member of the Grand Forum, Special Deputy Floyd H. Brown, State Pres. Robert L. Bohon, D.D.'s E. O. Williams, Hubert O. Griggs and William Partain, and Past State Presidents Frank A. Thompson, James J. Fernandez, Harold Colee, W. T. Moore, W. A. Wall, Cullen H. Talton and W. P. Mooty.

The report of the Harry-Anna Home  
(Continued on page 34)

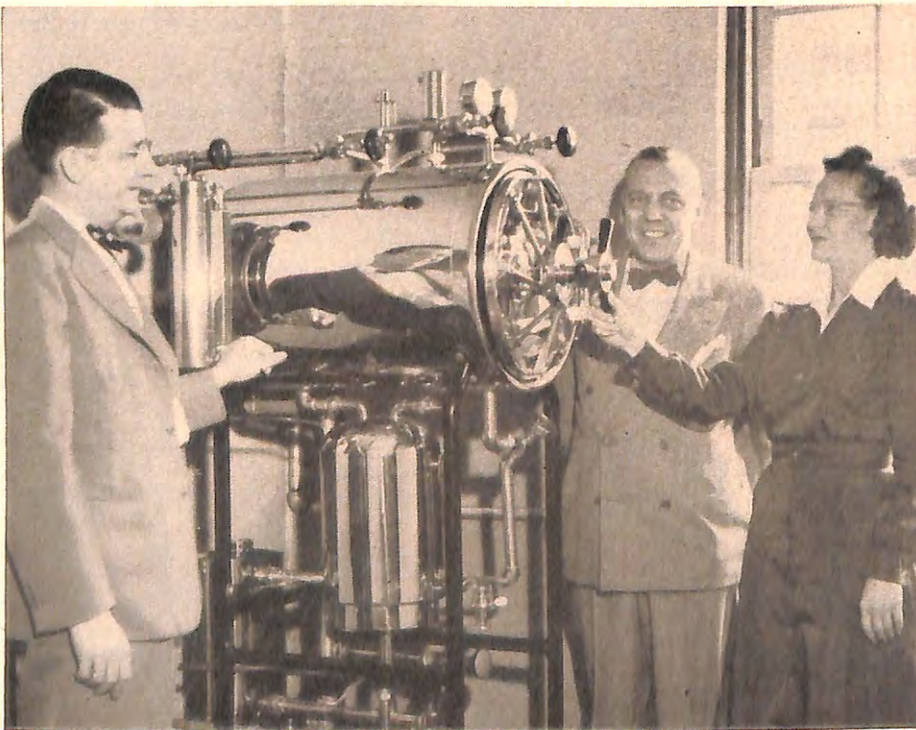


Wallace, Ida., Lodge's Ritualistic Team, who won the Idaho crown for 1949. Left to right, rear: Inner Guard Harry Nelson, Loyal Knight Dale Rullman, Esq. Charles Tiller, Chaplain Francis Zamboni; front: Lect. Knight Walter J. Frank, Jr., E.R. S. W. Collacott, and Lead. Knight J. M. Pearce.

# News of the Lodges



*P.E.R. Sam M. Morris (1901-02) and E.R. Frank Platt (1949-50) who presided jointly at the 50th Anniversary meeting of Everett, Wash., Lodge.*



*Red Lion, Pa., Lodge presents a \$1,500 Autoclave Sterilizer to the local Visiting Nurse Assn. Left to right: P.E.R. P. H. Heindel, VNA Pres. Paul S. Raub, Elk Trustee, and Senior Nurse Marion Hall of the VNA. This eliminates the necessity of sending surgical equipment nine miles for sterilization.*

**PONTIAC, MICH.,** Lodge, No. 810, has always been 100 per cent behind all Americanization programs fostered by the Grand Lodge and the State Association; therefore, it is not surprising to learn that the Pontiac Elks recently framed and passed a most patriotic resolution.

Recognizing the ever-present subversive element in our world today, endangering our freedoms and our voluntary system of life, No. 810 has resolved that "since our system of government, which controls our way of life, is the object of attack by these subversive influences, we must assume responsibility and call upon other lodges to join with us in overcoming such influences in our country, to inculcate in our people a greater appreciation of our national heritage, and the principle of fair-play, and we firmly believe that our great lodge of Elks, and all other lodges, through such action will be protecting the nation and guaranteeing its future; thereby justifying the hope of our forefathers that America would forever be the light of liberty throughout the world."

Sentiments such as the foregoing need no comment, merely emulation.

**EVERETT, WASH.,** No. 479, formally opened its Golden Jubilee Year with a special contest for all children of the community from one to ten years of age. Prizes for this event, 50 in all, included bicycles, tricycles and 42 pairs of roller skates.

Instituted by Port Townsend and Tacoma Lodges in 1899, the membership, 50 years later, gathered in the remodeled club building for the lodge meeting, professional show, and dinner. Emmett Anderson, a member of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission and a candidate for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler was among the 800 local and out-of-town guests, as were Special Deputy John E. Drumme, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, and Exalted Rulers from many neighboring lodges.

The celebration was continued the next day, with dinner and entertainment, and the third day found the Golden Jubilee Ball in full swing. Dinner was served at midnight in the lodge dining room for members and their ladies.

**TULARE, CALIF.**, Lodge, No. 1424, is in the running for the title for the most sports-minded lodge in Elksdom. At the instigation of E.R. Claude Trembley and Secy. S. B. Tyler, the members of No. 1424 are tackling, single-handed, the biggest sports project in its history—the National Decathlon Championship and the National AAU relays. These meets are being held there on the 28th and 29th of June, probably as many of you are reading this, and there's a good reason why Tulare Lodge is sponsoring these events in which the country's top track stars are participating. The reason is 17-year-old Robert Mathias, a Tulare High School athlete who startled the world by winning the U.S. and Olympic decathlon championships in 1948. Bob's father is a member of Tulare Lodge.

Secy. Tyler, who saw the young track star win the 1948 National title in Bloomfield, N. J., conferred with his fellow officers and committeemen on his return home. Sparked by his enthusiasm, these men got the sanction of the AAU to hold the 1949 meet there. When money from local agencies wasn't forthcoming, the Elks raised the necessary cash and took on the meet as their own project.

But that is only one of this lodge's sports interests. The boy who may well become the world's discus champion, 18-year-old Sam Iness, is now attending Compton College under the aegis of the Tulare Elks; he will transfer to the University of Southern California in the Fall. His education is being taken care of through a scholarship fund provided by Tulare Lodge. Money for the fund was raised through the showing of colored motion pictures of last year's decathlon championship meet, taken by Secy. Tyler and shown in every service and fraternal club in Tulare. Each group made a handsome donation to the fund after seeing the film. Other contributions are raised through a football game played annually between two of the State's junior colleges. Last year it was Compton vs. Fresno. This year's competitors are as yet unknown, but you can bet the Elks will make it their first order of business, after the first of this month.

**Notice Regarding  
Application for Residence  
At Elks National Home**

The Board of Grand Trustees reports that there are several rooms at the Elks National Home awaiting applications from members qualified for admission. Applications will be considered in the order in which received.

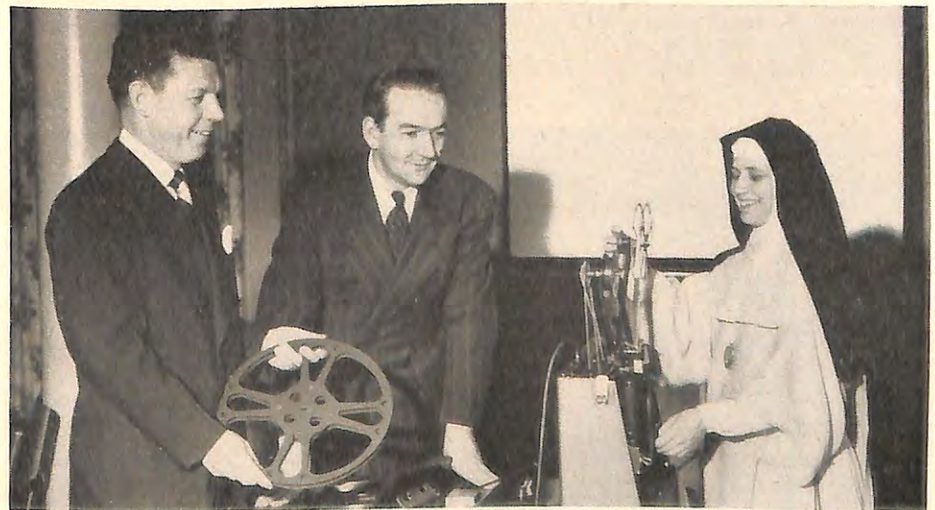
For full information, write Robert A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Va.



*As another of its many community projects, Albert Lea, Minn., Lodge donated a check to Naeve Hospital to furnish a room in the hospital's new wing. Left to right: Lead. Knight John Farry, Esq. Cecil Botz, hospital representative Ed Thykeson; Loyal Knight Maurice Gendler and E.R. John Corrigan.*



*State Vice-Pres. Robert DeHority, center, holds the Marion, Ind., Lodge's \$2,318.78 for the Indiana Elks Cancer Relief Program. Left is E.R. John H. Koegel and, right, General Program Chairman Harry Schildmyer. The money was raised through a presentation of the Horace Heidt Radio Show.*



*Evidence that the Juvenile Service Commission of the Ia. Elks Assn. is doing fine work in Dubuque institutions is shown in the presentation of a film projector, screen and film library to the Home of the Good Shepherd. Left to right: Chairman D. T. P. Steele of the Iowa Juvenile Commission, Chairman J. T. McKeever of the lodge's Commission, and the school's sister-directress.*

## NEWS OF THE

# Lodges



Past Grand Exalted Ruler Robert S. Barrett with the new officers of St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge, when he accepted the lodge's \$500 check for the Florence Crittenton Home of which he is President. Left to right: Treas. J. H. McBath, Loyal Knight A. E. Clements, Lead. Knight J. N. Laemmermann, Dr. Barrett, E.R. W. J. McBath, Lect. Knight H. W. Bittenbender and Secy. J. J. Kalwick.



E.R. W. B. Nash of Northampton, Mass., Lodge, receives a bill of sale on a new electric organ from 30-year member J. P. Boyle who presented this gift to the lodge as a memorial to P.D.D. E. M. Torbett, a Past Exalted Ruler.



Akron, Ohio, Lodge's officers, recent winners in the Ohio Northeast District Ritualistic Contest. This group placed third in the State Competition.

INGLEWOOD, CALIF., Lodge, No. 1492, has adopted a highly modern card-key entrance system.

Under the new plan, members simply insert their paid-up membership receipts into the attractive slotted faceplate on the door which then unlocks, allowing them to gain immediate entrance to their lodge and social quarters. This unique card-key is protected by a plastic envelope, conveniently designed to fit members' billfolds, and serves not only as a paid-up membership receipt but is further designed to protect a driver's license and photo.

One of the outstanding features of the system is the controlled entrance, and the simplicity of changing combinations as well as a not-unpleasant dues collection feature. Upon expiration of the annual dues period, a new combination cartridge is available, thereby voiding the old membership period and firmly reminding members who have overlooked payment of their annual dues that the time has come around again.

SHENANDOAH, PA., Lodge, No. 945, held brief ceremonies recently when a \$1,000 diathermy machine, donated by the lodge, was turned over to the Locust Mountain State Hospital.

Other charitable gestures by the Shenandoah Elks in recent months included a \$1,000 gift to St. Joseph's Regional Hospital at Hazleton, a \$1,000 to the Good Samaritan Hospital in Pottsville and another \$1,000 to the Locust Mountain Hospital.

Taking part in the most recent ceremony, were officers of the lodge, led by E.R. George Kubilus, Dr. Wm. T. Leach, chief surgeon at the hospital and Leading Knight of the lodge, and Hospital Supt. James H. Kirchner, a member of Mahanoy City Lodge.

PERU, IND., Lodge, No. 365, recently enjoyed the pleasure of presenting its own scholarship awards to local winners of the Elks National Foundation's "Most Valuable Student" awards. State Vice-Pres. Robert DeHority presented a local \$100 award to James Easter and another to Katherine Ryan, and a local \$200 award to Marilyn Rufe. Miss Rufe and Mr. Easter, local high school graduates, sponsored by Peru Lodge, were named first-place winners with a prize of \$300 each in the State Elks Assn. Scholarship Contest. It is the first time in the State Association's history that the top winners came from the same lodge.



*Ashland, Ky., Lodge's Ritualistic Team and chair officers are pictured with the class initiated in honor of the visit of State President George M. Rock. This group is the third largest to be initiated in the fifty-three-year history of the lodge.*



*Eau Claire, Wisconsin, Lodge's "George I. Hall Class", initiated in conjunction with Old Timers' and P.E.R.'s Night.*



*P.E.R.'s of Anaconda, Montana, Lodge, the first such group of former lodge leaders to be organized in that State.*



*The Pilots, Boise's entry in the Pioneer League Baseball circuit, get their send-off at a dinner given by Boise, Ida., Lodge. Left to right, foreground: owner Hadyn Walker, player-manager Billy Stenger, Bob Valleau and E.R. Pat King.*

## LODGE NOTES



**WINNEMUCCA, NEV.**, Lodge recently conducted funeral services at Lovelock, Nev., for Walter Chadwick, Life Member of Sheridan, Wyo., Lodge. This is the first time in over 30 years that services were conducted there by an Elks lodge . . . **HARTFORD CITY, IND.**, Lodge initiated nine men not long ago, and then treated them to a buffet lunch . . . **CRISTOBAL, C. Z.**, Lodge sponsored its 2nd Annual Junior Isthmian Golf Tournament in May, the only competition of its kind in the Zone. The only girl entrant, 14-year-old Renee Harper, took second place; 15-year-old Paul Engelke won the Tournament and 10-year-old Larry Hanrahan took show . . . P.D.D. Denham Harney has given a great deal of service to **JACKSONVILLE, ILL.**, Lodge in his 25 years in office, having served in all Chairs, as District Deputy and as Secretary and Club Manager for 17 years. On his resignation as Secretary and Manager, his fellow members paid him special tribute . . . Alex Sarkisian, 1949 Rose Bowl Champion's Captain, entertained at **RACINE, WIS.**, Lodge's Fathers' and Sons' Night. Robert Stone, 16-year-old polio victim, had the thrill of his life when the football star singled him out for a talk on Northwestern's chances of repeating its victory next year . . . **MOBILE, ALA.**, Lodge entered a handsome float in the city's annual Mardi Gras Floral Parade. The boys and girls on the float were sons and daughters of Mobile Elks . . . **BEATRICE, NEB.**, Lodge presented its high school football team with 25 line coats not long ago, to assure the boys' comfort for the coming season . . . When **WALSBURG, COLO.**, Lodge held its annual Officers' Uniform Ball, Miss Pauline Krier, daughter of Elk Paul Krier, was chosen Queen. Guests of the lodge were members of the Spanish Peaks Fiesta Assn.



*The All-Elk Bowery Dance Orchestra who also had the duty of judging the King and Queen of Grand Junction, Colo., Lodge's annual Bowery Dance.*



*More than 1,000 Elks and their ladies danced to the music of Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians at Norwich, Conn., Lodge's Grand Ball, the concluding event on its year-long Golden Anniversary celebration.*



*E.R. W. C. Grandstaff of Martinsburg, W. Va., Lodge, seated extreme right, is pictured with the class of 21 candidates initiated into his lodge by the Hagerstown, Md., Lodge officers, top row, led by E.R. Joseph Crissman.*



*At the 25th Anniversary of Ossining, N. Y., Lodge, left to right, seated: D.D. Victor D. Levitt; Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, principal speaker; State Vice-Pres. David F. Condon, and Toastmaster I. C. Hotaling. Standing, E.R. Thomas P. McGowan, J. L. Ferris and Secretary Patrick E. Tierney, Chairman of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary Dinner Committee.*





*Past Exalted Ruler G. A. Fraser, District Deputy for the State of North Dakota, installs his son, Donald C. Fraser as Exalted Ruler of Fargo Lodge.*



*In an outstanding ceremony, D.D. Clarence E. Braun was joined by 15 former Deputies and four former State Presidents in installing the officers of Tarentum, Pa., Lodge.*



*These men, the Maxell Insurance Bowling Team of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, are 1949 Elks National Champions. During the nine-week period, 941 five-man teams, 1,745 two-man team and 3,452 individual entrants competed for a total prize list of \$25,757.55. They are Captain Harold Allen, George Lukach, Jack DiGiovanni, Walter Reppenhagen and Tom Rooney, left to right.*



*Meriden, Conn., Lodge honors 66-year Elk W. W. O'Brien, who was Grand Esquire at its institution in 1884, at a dinner attended by 400. Left to right: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin, Chairman C. N. Carroll, Toastmaster J. P. Cooney, Mr. O'Brien, Secy. W. M. Scully, E.L.K. F. J. Slater and former Chairman J. L. McGovern of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee.*



*These away-from-home members were on hand for Out of Towners Night at Alameda, Calif., Lodge, in a fine*

*effort to keep in touch with traveling Elks. They are pictured with Alameda officers and D.D. Henry J. Budde.*



Dallas, Tex., Lodge honored its Senior Past Exalted Ruler, Col. Hunter A. Craycoft when E.R. Claude Phillips, right, and P.E.R. Roland C. Marquette, left, presented a scroll of good wishes to him, signed by all Dallas Lodge's former leaders. Exalted Ruler of his lodge in 1892, Col. Craycoft served the Grand Lodge as a member of the Board of Grand Trustees in 1896.



When D.D. C. E. Braun visited Mt. Pleasant, Pa., Lodge a Leadership Class of 24 was initiated by E.R. Willis Flack and the other officers of Latrobe Lodge.



The members of Minot, N. D., Lodge's Crippled Children's Committee is pictured, in the background, when the lodge's Crippled Children's Clinic was held this year, during which 170 youngsters were cared for.

## THE ELK VS. THE KREMLIN

The next time you find a condition you feel should be corrected, don't back away from it because you think it's too big for you to tackle alone. Take inspiration from Philip Cancellieri, a member of Southampton, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1574. Appalled by the communist drive to power in his native Italy in 1947, Mr. Cancellieri thought something should be done to defeat it. Brother Cancellieri is the unnamed barber referred to in the review of the book, "You Can Change the World", in the April issue of the *Reader's Digest*.

America has been good to Mr. Cancellieri. For more than 30 years, since he left Sicily, he has operated a successful shop in Southampton where he reared a fine family and earned the respect of his fellow citizens.

He watched with apprehension the efforts of the ruthless, but powerful communist minority to kill off the growing democratic spirit in Italy. It worried him that little if anything was being done to counteract the lying propaganda against America and democracy which the communists poured out incessantly to impoverish Italians. Then a date was set for elections and the fate of Italy hung in the balance.

One night in August, 1947, Mr. Cancellieri remembered the words of Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis when he appealed to each Elk to "hold aloft the torch of freedom and liberty to a darkened world . . . If the members of the Order of Elks will spend as much time in the protection of the ideals represented by our Flag as the communists are spending to destroy those ideals, our nation will need not fear".

Suddenly, an idea came to Brother Cancellieri—he would write to friends in Italy and tell them about democracy in America; and he wouldn't stop there. He would get other Italian-Americans to write to their friends and relatives.

Although it still seemed like a good idea the next morning, the thought of Cancellieri vs. the Kremlin was a bit overpowering. So he talked it over with the Southampton Elks at the lodge meeting that evening. They agreed without dissent that his idea was sound, and urged him to go ahead. He did. He wrote his own relatives; he wrote his wife's relatives; he persuaded his son, a physician, and his daughter, a dietitian, to join the campaign which was still a local affair when D.D. Charles O. Lawson paid his official visit to Southampton Lodge, in the course of which Brother Cancellieri mentioned his plan. The Deputy saw its tremendous possibilities and mentioned it at all future lodge visitations. The word began to spread. Leaders of various groups took up the cause and soon what had started as a one-man crusade became a nationwide campaign that deluged Italy with a mighty torrent of propaganda for democracy—the simple, truthful testimonials of thousands of common people. When the votes were counted in Italy in the spring of 1948, what had threatened to be a communist victory was revealed as a smashing triumph for democracy. It was also a victory for Philip Cancellieri, to whom democracy is a personal affair.



Concordia, Kans.; Lodge was host to an Inter-Agency Meeting, at which the following were in attendance, left to right: John Short, representing the Governor of Missouri; Myron Bunger, Bureau of Budget, Denver, Colo.; H. B. Greene, Federal Power Commission, Washington, D.C.; Gov. George T. Mickelson of South Dakota; Col. Louis Prentiss, Army Engineers; Gov. Frank Carlson of Kansas; Committee

Chairman W. G. Sloan; Committee Secy. Don Huff; Gladwin Young of the Dept. of Agriculture; Gov. Val Peterson of Nebraska; Gov. Fred G. Aandahl of No. Dak., and John B. David, representing the Governor of Montana. The following day, a 40-car caravan made a tour of the district to be irrigated, a section reaching from Concordia, Kansas, to McCook, Nebraska, in the Republican River Valley.



Youngsters line up to participate in West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge's annual Easter Egg Hunt. Finders of the 25 "golden" eggs received special prizes. Pictured with the children are

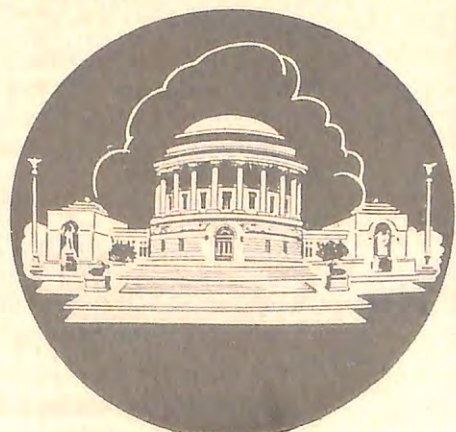
Mr. and Mrs. John R. Buchanan, and Supervisor Jack Kerslake of Bethesda Park where the hunts are staged. Mr. Buchanan heads the lodge's Crippled Children's Committee.

**BRAZIL, IND.,** Lodge, No. 762, is justly proud of its home. Recently completing an extensive remodeling program inside as well as out, the building was the scene of a gala "Open House" celebration not long ago.

Dining room, kitchen, reception room and library have undergone important changes, receiving face-liftings that give the Brazil Elks new comfort and pride.

**CHILLICOTHE, OHIO,** Lodge, No. 52, paid tribute to its oldest P.E.R., Al Breinig on P.E.R.'s Night. A member since 1907, Mr. Breinig was given an Honorary Life Membership in recognition of his long and devoted service to the lodge. He has been a Trustee of his lodge since 1918 and has served on

numerous committees. Present were 18 of the 22 P.E.R.'s of No. 52 who participated in the initiation of a class of 32 men, named in honor of Mr. Breinig.



**HOLYOKE, MASS.,** Lodge, No. 902, continues its generosity from year to year. A recent donation was a \$1,000 gift to the Community Chest Drive, the largest single gift among fraternal groups. E.R. John B. Sbrega had the pleasure of presenting the check to Ernest W. Boley.

The Holyoke Boys' Club was able this year to resume its vocational training for its young members. Again, E.R. Sbrega enjoyed presenting his lodge's gift of a \$500 check to Tom Foley, Director of the Boys' Club, as Wm. F. Donoghue, Chairman of the Committee which raised the money, watched the transaction approvingly. The money was used by the Club to install safety guards and some individual motors for the Club's shop machinery.

# News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 25)

Committee, involving the operation and maintenance of the Harry-Anna Crippled Children's Home at Umatilla, revealed that during the past year approximately \$70,000 had been expended there. The delegates adopted a new article to the by-laws creating a trust fund for the Home, providing for the appointment of a five-man Board of Trustees to administer the fund.

Fort Lauderdale Lodge won the Ritualistic Contest with a score of 99.539, at this session at which it was decided that West Palm Beach Lodge would be host to the 1950 Meeting and the following were elected to lead the Association until that time: Pres., M. A. Rosin, Arcadia; Vice-Presidents: N. W., Finley Moore, Lake City; N. W., Frank Nelson, Panama City; S. E., Frank Holt, Miami; S. W., H. F. Johnson, Wauchula, and Cent., Willis McCall, Eustis; Secy., Chelsie J. Senerchia, Miami; Treas., Claude L. Johnson, Tallahassee; Historian, Howell A. Davis, Palatka; Tiler, John Cole, Pensacola; Chaplain, Father Daniel C. Haggerty, Cocoa; Sgt.-at-Arms, Pette Gessner, DeLand, and Organist, Harry Kudell, Sanford.

## ARIZONA

Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall was guest of honor at the 1949 Convention of the Arizona State Elks Association which took place at Yuma on Apr. 28, 29 and 30. Accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis, the Order's leader took the delegates by storm in one of his most forceful addresses.

The following men were selected to lead the Association for the year 1949-1950: Pres., Homer D. Moore, Tucson; Vice Pres., O. C. Osterman, Kingman; Treas., Joseph F. Mayer, Globe; 1st Asst. to Pres., Stanley G. Sleeman, Douglas; 2nd Asst. to Pres., Burl Vincent, Winslow; Secy., John D. Frakes, Tucson; Trustees: R. C. Russell, Jr., AJO; S. O. Morrow, Flagstaff and W. R. Wilder, Douglas; Antlers Counselor, Clyde Augner, Phoenix.

It was decided that the Convention in 1950 will have Prescott and Jerome Lodges as co-hosts.

## MISSOURI

St. Joseph was the scene of the 1949 Convention of the Missouri State Elks Association on May 21, 21 and 22, when the following men became the organization's leaders for the coming year: Pres., L. B. Pratt, Jefferson City; Vice-Pres.-at-Large, Dr. H. Chris Oltman, Joplin; Vice-Pres., N.W., Robert M. Ullery, St. Joseph; Vice-Pres., S.W., Ben Reid, Nevada; Vice-Pres., E., David V. Bear, Columbia; Treas., M. F. Thurston, Columbia; Trustees: E., An-

## STATE ASSOCIATION CONVENTION DATES FOR 1949

State	Place	Date
Montana	Bozeman	July 21, 22, 23.
Virginia	Norfolk	Aug. 14, 15, 16.
Wisconsin	Appleton	Aug. 18, 19, 20.
Pennsylvania	Harrisburg	Aug. 21 to 25.
Ohio	Cedar Point (Sandusky)	Aug. 28, 29, 30, 31, Sept. 1.
Colorado	Ouray	Sept. 16, 17, 18.
California	Long Beach	Sept. 21, 22, 23, 24.
Tennessee	Jackson	Sept. 23, 24.
New Hampshire	Nashua	October

thony J. Beckman, Washington, N.W., Charles O. Harmon; S.W., Jesse L. Treadway, Joplin.

Between six and seven hundred persons were present at this meeting, at which Chairman Earl E. James of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and many Past Presidents were on hand, representing all but one lodge of the State.

Matched against Trenton and St. Louis Lodges' Ritualistic Teams for the State Championship, Warrensburg Lodge won the Bruce A. Campbell Trophy for the second time.

The Missouri Elks spent \$1,177.50 during the past year on their eyeglass program, providing 245 pairs of glasses to children and indigent old people of the state. Many lodges are sponsoring Boy Scout Troops and two are sponsoring Girl Scout Troops. The full complement of 200 boys were sponsored by lodges and individual Missouri Elks to spend a vacation at the Association's Boys Camp near Joplin. The Elks National Foundation contributed \$500 to this project and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Robert South Barrett donated his personal \$50 check for this purpose. This, the first year the Missouri Elks have handled such a program, has been most successful and the report on the

project was applauded. Total expenditure this year will near \$5,000.

Letters of appreciation from the various VA hospitals in the State were read, as a result of the fine work the Association is doing for convalescent servicemen, with the help of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission.

Hugh Murray Claycomb of Joplin, winner of the state award in the Elks National Foundation's "Most Valuable Student" competition, received his \$300 check at this meeting, and Stephen W. Mudd of St. Louis, winner of the State Essay Contest on "Why Democracy Works" received a State Association check for \$100. Another item of interest which took place at this meeting was the adoption of a resolution thanking retiring Pres. H. H. Russell for his devotion to duty and his untiring service during his year of office. Another resolution passed unanimously by the delegates concerned itself with a protest against the rise in postal rates under consideration by the Senate and House, bills which would affect this Magazine materially.

## KANSAS

The Kansas State Elks Association met this year at Wichita on May 13, 14, 15. The delegates saw Garden City Lodge's Drill Team take the trophy as first-place winners in a nine-team contest. Second place went to Topeka and third to Ottawa.

At the business meeting Joseph White of Topeka was named President. His fellow officers for the coming year will be: Vice-Presidents: S.W., Phil Johnson, Hutchinson, N.W., Arthur Wilson, Salina, N.E., Melvin Miller, Florence; Secy., Sid Patterson, Augusta; Treas., Clay Hedrick, Newton, and Trustee, N.W., for a four-year term, Roscoe Moore, Great Bend.

## ELKS MAGAZINE CONVENTION INFORMATION FILE

Since 1939, *The Elks Magazine* has operated a file at every Grand Lodge Convention designed to answer hundreds of questions such as the following:

"Where can I find the Exalted Ruler from Dubuque?"

"Who is here from my former home town of Atlanta, Ga.?"

"Can you tell me where the Illinois Elks have headquarters?"

"Here's a telegram for Jim Green, of Texas. Where's he stopping?"

At Cleveland, an *Elks Magazine Convention Information File* again will be set up to furnish answers to similar questions. We hope to have desk space in the lobby of the Cleveland Hotel.

If Grand Lodge members and delegates will remember, when they register at Credentials Committee headquarters in the Cleveland Hotel, to fill out a card for our file, we will be glad to direct friends and mail to the hotel in which they are stopping.

# Excerpts from Annual Reports

## To Be Submitted to the Grand Lodge at Cleveland in July

### REPORT OF GRAND SECRETARY

IN HIS annual report to the Grand Lodge at the 85th Convention at Cleveland on July 13, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters will state that during the year ended March 31, 1949, subordinate lodges added to their membership rolls 83,462 new names by initiation; 9,523 by dimit, and 8,710 by reinstatement. In this same period, they expelled 150; dropped from the rolls for non-payment of dues 35,703; granted dimit to 13,363, and lost by death 12,776. Our membership as of March 31, 1949 is 965,387 showing an increase of 39,703 members.

#### Grand Lodge Finances

Mr. Masters reveals that the total income of the Grand Lodge for the year ended May 31, 1949, amounts to \$537,624.91; expenses amount to \$496,637.10, showing an excess of income over expenses of \$40,987.81.

He reports that the Grand Lodge holds in its various funds United States Securities in the following amounts:

In the Reserve Fund.....\$370,000.00  
In the General Fund..... 200,000.00  
In the Home Fund..... 50,000.00

Current assets of the Grand Lodge are \$1,121,384.13; fixed assets are \$1,209,384.98; making the total assets of the Grand Lodge \$2,330,769.11.

#### Subordinate Lodge Finances

The Grand Secretary states that subordinate lodges had \$16,834,485.07 cash on hand. During the year, they received from all sources \$67,893,491.36 and expended \$66,634,764.48, leaving their cash balance as of March 31, 1949, \$18,093,211.95.

These reports also show the total assets of subordinate lodges to be \$189,234,859.20.

#### Contributions Received from The Elks Magazine

Mr. Masters announced that the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission last year turned over to the Grand Lodge \$125,000 from its surplus earnings. This contribution was placed in the General Fund of the Grand Lodge, the receipt of which amount was of material assistance to the Board of Grand Trustees in making up the final budget.

#### Growth of the Order

Grand Secretary Masters announced that during the past five years our membership has grown from 705,507 to 965,387.

Mr. Masters announced a record expenditure by subordinate lodges for Charitable and Welfare Purposes. The amount expended this year—\$5,878,042.14—is more than \$100,000 greater than that spent last year.

The Grand Secretary foretells a bright and bigger future for the Order.

#### Dispensations

To his report of last year, the Grand Secretary appends a note of those dis-

pensations granted by Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis, and he also announces the dispensation granted by Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall.

Dispensation Granted	Name and Number of Lodge	Instituted
6-1-48	Colville, Wash., No. 1753	10-9-48
6-1-48	Homestead, Fla., No. 1754	6-11-48
6-22-48	Menominee, Mich., No. 1755	8-1-48
6-21-48	Alturas, Cal., No. 1756	9-11-48
6-25-48	Winnemucca, Nev., No. 1757	9-12-48

Granted by Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall:

Dispensation Granted	Name and Number of Lodge	Instituted
8-26-48	Lewisburg, W. Va., No. 1758	9-21-48
9-2-48	Harrison, Ark., No. 1759	9-12-48
9-3-48	Ogallala, Neb., No. 1760	9-23-48
9-3-48	Delano, Cal., No. 1761	11-6-48
9-10-48	Carthage, N. Y., No. 1762	10-17-48
10-28-48	Wolf Point, Mont., No. 1764	11-13-48
12-7-48	Wolf Point, Mont., No. 1764	2-13-49
1-3-49	Farmington, Mo., No. 1765	2-20-49
1-5-49	Onancock, Va., No. 1766	2-4-49
1-10-49	Newport Harbor, Cal., No. 1767	2-5-49
1-13-49	Brevard, N. C., No. 1768	1-27-49
1-17-49	Waynesville, N. C., No. 1769	1-28-49
3-9-49	Delray Beach, Fla., No. 1770	4-30-49
3-16-49	Myrtle Beach, S. C., No. 1771	4-1-49
3-22-49	Kodiak, Alaska, No. 1772	4-23-49
3-22-49	Seward, Alaska, No. 1773	5-7-49
3-23-49	Vero Beach, Fla., No. 1774	4-27-49
3-30-49	Miami Springs-Hialeah, Fla., No. 1775	
4-11-49	Dunkirk, Ind., No. 1776	5-19-49
4-28-49	Lakewood, Colo., No. 1777	5-14-49
5-3-49	Prince George's County, Md., No. 1778	

#### Charitable, Welfare, and Patriotic Work

Below is a list of Charitable, Welfare, and Patriotic activities in which Subordinate Lodges are engaged, together with total moneys expended for the same:

Activities	Amount
Relief of Members, their Widows, Orphans, Dependents, Burials, etc.....	\$ 621,608.63
Summer Camps, Outings, etc.....	187,990.17
Milk, Ice and Fuel.....	77,910.42
Crippled Children.....	556,620.76
Medical Aid and Donations to Hospitals.....	640,817.11
Miscellaneous.....	1,126,478.99
General Aid to Needy Families (except for Thanksgiving and Christmas Baskets).....	200,848.74
Thanksgiving and Christmas Baskets.....	644,679.70
Scout Work.....	216,334.86
Big Brother Work.....	143,368.58
Playgrounds, including prizes.....	321,416.53
Scholarships, Textbooks, etc.....	159,489.39
Red Cross, Salvation Army, etc.....	384,446.17
Veterans Relief.....	228,051.92
Flay Day, Constitution Day, etc.....	198,575.56
Elks National Foundation.....	169,404.61
Total.....	\$5,878,042.14

In the following table Mr. Masters shows the amount expended in Charitable and Welfare work by each State and Special Jurisdiction, during the period from April 1, 1948 to March 31, 1949:

State	Amount
Alabama.....	\$ 34,320.02
Alaska.....	17,829.67
Arizona.....	81,148.72
Arkansas.....	6,855.44
California.....	484,062.94
Canal Zone.....	4,344.25
Colorado.....	215,247.89
Connecticut.....	105,651.70
Florida.....	188,211.50

Georgia.....	\$203,922.56
Guam.....	1,222.96
Hawaii.....	10,664.46
Idaho.....	160,342.09
Illinois.....	256,194.92
Indiana.....	233,092.80
Iowa.....	202,592.26
Kansas.....	98,118.87
Kentucky.....	41,243.79
Louisiana.....	9,745.85
Maine.....	35,490.82
Maryland, Delaware, and D. C.....	70,199.34
Massachusetts.....	250,095.08
Michigan.....	105,787.81
Minnesota.....	48,926.04
Mississippi.....	9,388.25
Missouri.....	59,298.18
Montana.....	93,829.00
Nebraska.....	88,676.87
Nevada.....	20,651.00
New Hampshire.....	23,241.33
New Jersey.....	268,715.89
New Mexico.....	69,259.20
New York.....	494,497.55
North Carolina.....	81,238.43
North Dakota.....	84,142.23
Ohio.....	269,189.06
Oklahoma.....	33,995.47
Oregon.....	173,332.20
Pennsylvania.....	441,449.50
Puerto Rico.....	2,988.66
Rhode Island.....	45,322.79
South Carolina.....	45,920.54
South Dakota.....	30,843.17
Tennessee.....	67,161.25
Texas.....	140,943.61
Utah.....	35,582.27
Vermont.....	32,900.00
Virginia.....	55,162.24
Washington.....	146,947.81
West Virginia.....	89,872.59
Wisconsin.....	89,919.00
Wyoming.....	18,262.27
Total.....	\$5,878,042.14

### REPORT OF THE BOARD OF GRAND TRUSTEES

The report of the Board of Grand Trustees will be made at the Cleveland Convention this year by its Chairman and Home Member, Hugh W. Hicks. Other members of the Board are Sam Stern, Vice-Chairman and Approving Member, Howard R. Davis, Secretary, D. E. Lambourne and Arnold Westermann.

#### Purchase of Securities

The Board of Grand Trustees, during the year, purchased out of the cash reserves of the Grand Lodge, United States Savings Bonds (Series G) in the amount of \$20,000.00 for the Reserve Fund of the Grand Lodge.

#### Building Applications

The report contains the information that building applications to enlarge or renew Subordinate Lodge quarters have continued to increase. Received and approved by the Board were 139 such applications, while six permits were authorized for the sale of property. The authorizations granted totaled \$8,013,037.49 in estimated value. For the two-year period just ended, the 231 Subordinate Lodge investments in new or remodeled homes (there were 92 such applications last year) clearly portray

the financial soundness of the subordinate lodges. Most of this investment was paid for in cash.

#### Redistricting of States

The Board announces its favorable action on redistricting requests from six states: Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Montana, Oklahoma and Wyoming. Each were granted an additional district.

#### Charters Granted

The report announces the granting of charters to 26 new lodges previously functioning under dispensation.

#### Elks National Home

The report calls attention to the investment of more than \$1,250,000 in the Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia, one of the greatest assets of the Order. The operation of the Home, carried on under the supervision of Brother Robert A. Scott, Superintendent, has been most ably managed, the report said, specifically mentioning his interest in the welfare of the members who are guests. The report makes it clear that Superintendent Scott and the Board make every effort to keep the property in the best of condition. An additional floor was completed for the hospital during this year with the latest type of beds and equipment installed. Among other improvements may be mentioned the interior painting of the cottages, the purchase of new rugs, and road repairs.

The report indicates the total cost of operating the Home for the year was \$182,366.84.

In order to determine the cost per capita (which is shared between the Grand Lodge and the subordinate lodges who have members in the Home) there was deducted from the above figure the cost of maintenance of buildings, grounds and equipment, leaving a net expense of \$161,512.26.

The average membership of residents at the home was 270. Therefore, there was an average cost per resident of \$598.20.

The Grand Lodge Statutes, the report goes on to explain, provides that the Grand Lodge pays two thirds of the maintenance costs of residents of the Home, with the subordinate lodge to which the Home guest belongs paying the remaining one-third.

The average cost per resident has increased so much in the last five years that the Board of Grand Trustees believes it proper, it reports, to relieve the Grand Lodge of a part of this financial burden and pass it on to subordinate lodges having members in the Home. The Board, in its report, suggests an amendment to the Grand Lodge Statutes which will solve this problem.

The Board of Grand Trustees also suggests an increase in per capita tax, which its members feel is needed, if the Order is to remain on a sound financial basis.

#### THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S REPORT

At the first session of the 85th Convention of the Order, at Cleveland on July 13, George I. Hall will submit his report.

As is known to all Elks, Mr. Hall's slogan during his tenure of office was, "Make Democracy Work", an admonition which was directed primarily toward the youth of America. During his innumerable visits to the subordinate lodges of the Order, Mr. Hall stressed the importance of moulding the nation's youth into a vigorous force

for the preservation of their American heritage. During the year hundreds of thousands of High School students competed in an essay contest on the subject, "Why Democracy Works", under Mr. Hall's sponsorship, and it was revealed that the majority of the contestants believed that the foundation of a successful democracy was a fundamental belief in God. Mr. Hall regards the result of this activity as an outstanding achievement of the Order.

#### Boy Scouts

The Grand Exalted Ruler reports that in most of his visits to the subordinate lodges he was greeted by members of the Boy Scouts, and that he is convinced these boys are better citizens because of the opportunities afforded them by the Order of Elks, by the Order's National sponsorship of Boy Scout Troops.

#### Membership

It gives Mr. Hall pleasure to report that the Order has reached its highest membership in its history, 965,387, and that approximately 15,000 candidates were awaiting initiation as of April 1, 1949. The net gain for the Grand Lodge year amounted to 39,703.

#### Lapsation

Mr. Hall urges that all Secretaries and Lapsation Committees start immediately to prevent lapsation of membership by surveying the membership of their subordinate lodge and commencing vigorous work of both holding and rehabilitating the membership. He will emphasize that immediate attention to this matter will overcome the Order's biggest problem.

#### Elks National Home

In his comments concerning the Elks National Home at Bedford, the Grand Exalted Ruler recommends that thought and study be directed toward enlarging purposes and advantages of the Home. As a former Member of the Board of Trustees Mr. Hall is in a position to make such a suggestion particularly significant.

Mr. Hall commends members of the Elks National Foundation, of which Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley is Chairman, for their time and efforts and their many accomplishments, and he thanks the Elks National Veterans Service Commission, of which Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan is Chairman for their great work.

#### District Deputies

During the year Mr. Hall held three conferences with his District Deputies, the first at Chicago, the second at Salt Lake City and the final one at the National Home at Bedford, Va. He thanks these Brothers for their cooperation and the promptness with which they carried out his instructions.

#### Past Grand Exalted Rulers, Grand Lodge Officers and Committeemen

Mr. Hall expresses his gratitude for the inspiration and wise counsel offered him by the Past Grand Exalted Rulers of the Order. He particularly singles out Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan as his mentor. Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and the Grand Treasurer, Joseph B. Kyle, also receive Mr. Hall's tributes for their services to the Order and their personal assistance to the Grand Exalted Ruler, as does his Secretary, William J. McGee, of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878.

Mr. Hall expresses affection for the efficient and faithful members of the Board of Grand Trustees for their ability and their devotion to the Order.

The Grand Exalted Ruler tenders his deep and sincere thanks to the Grand Lodge Committees for their cooperation and great interest in his program, and particularly commends Chairman William J. Jernick, of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee and Activities Coordinator Bert A. Thompson for time and effort so generously extended to him and to the Order.

He expresses his deep thanks to those who are so gracious in arranging his visits and accompanying him, in particular F. J. Schrader, the assistant to the Grand Secretary.

#### Advisory Committee

Mr. Hall recommends, in consideration of the generous expenditure of time and effort on behalf of the Order by the Past Grand Exalted Rulers, that they be accorded official status in the Grand Lodge through the creation of an Advisory Committee which shall consist of all Past Grand Exalted Rulers. This suggestion, he points out, is not new, since, in 1902, there was formed a committee on Good of the Order which consisted entirely of Past Grand Exalted Rulers of the Order. This Committee endured until 1907. The Grand Exalted Ruler points out that success has been attained by subordinate lodges through continued active interest of the Past Exalted Rulers and similar success has been reached by State Associations through their Advisory Committees, made up of their Past Presidents.

#### Credentials Committee

The Grand Exalted Ruler recommends that the Grand Lodge Credentials Committee be increased from five to seven members due to the large registration of delegates.

#### Per Diem Allowance of Grand Lodge Committeemen and Officers

Mr. Hall recommends that the per diem allowance for traveling be increased to \$15 because of the increased cost of transportation.

#### Ritualistic Committee

He offers also an amendment to the statutes which will enable the appointment of five members to the Ritualistic Committee. This would be a separate Committee, formed in the hope that regional elimination ritualistic contests might be held, thereby reducing the number of lodges called up each year to send at considerable expense all their officers to Grand Lodge Conventions.

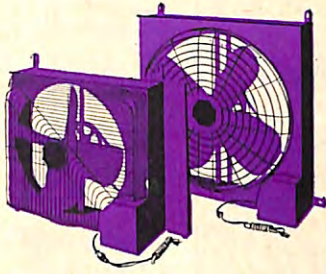
#### Youth Activity

Grand Exalted Ruler Hall, stressing his personal interest, as well as that of the Order at large, on the youth of the country, recommends that a special committee of the Grand Lodge be appointed and that it be assigned the duties of the preparation and carrying out of programs on behalf of the nation's youngsters.

#### Conclusion

The Grand Exalted Ruler concludes his Report with a statement on the unity of the Order which, he says insures its perpetuity, and he expresses the profound impression made upon him by the zeal and fine fraternal spirit shown by our members.

# Gadgets and Gimmicks



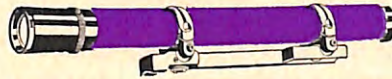
**T**HE dog days are not far away and, whether you are fitted out with a dog or not, to weather them is beside the point. The main item to consider is how to keep cool—with or without a dog. In order to maintain your normal temperature, respiratory rate, humidity and sanity here is a fan especially designed for medium-sized homes, apartments and offices. It is a fan that will fit into any window and, while you sleep, it draws in cool air and expels the hot, stuffy air. The smaller of the two models moves 3,783 cubic feet of air per minute, while the larger moves 5,745 cubic feet per minute. That's a lot of air, hot or otherwise.



**I**F THERE is one thing that can kill a good cocktail party it is having martinis that started out strong enough but with the passage of time and the melting of ice cubes become too weak to sustain life. To circumvent this occurrence, why not get smart and purchase one of the new shakers that have an inside cooling unit wherein lie dormant martinis. The martinis are separated from the ice, which is kept safely between the outer and inner shell of the cooling container. The cooler has a capacity of 32 fluid ounces, but when it is used as a regular shaker without the interior cooling unit, the capacity is upped to 60 ounces. Who could ask for anything more?

**T**HERE is only one trouble with buying a convertible car of any make these days, aside from the facts that they cost too much, are difficult to locate and never are the color you'd prefer once you get your hands on one. The only trouble, we say, aside

from the foregoing items, is the top. A convertible will look only as new as its top and whereas it is not difficult to keep the rest of the car looking brand new, the top soon begins to show its age. A new fabric has been developed now that will put an end to this unfortunate happening. The new fabric is made of woven Fiberglass and coated with a plastic. The material is non-absorbent and makes possible the washing of the top in the same manner that the rest of the car is washed. Soot, oil, grease, mildew and other stains are easily removed with soap and a damp cloth. Even if some rude stranger burns this new convertible top with a cigarette, the case is not hopeless. A plastic solution is available in different colors that can retouch the fabric and cover a charred portion.

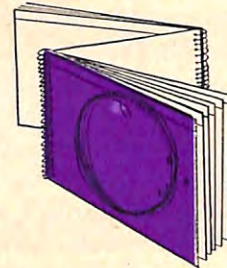


**H**ERE is a new addition for your squirrel rifle that should make it less difficult to bring home a Brunswick stew in the future. It is a new telescopic sight with a lifetime service guarantee. The shock-proof Beryllium copper mount has been constructed to permit easy, quick installation and is adaptable to low mounting on bolt action rifles. One feature of this new scope is the 1/2-minute micrometer clock elevation adjustment built into the mount. Once the combination is zeroed, it's there to stay and all adjustments are quickly and easily made. It weighs only 4 1/2 ounces, is 10 inches long and has a 7/8-inch diameter tube. Factory sealed with nitrogen, this new scope does away with the possibility of condensation or fogging because of changes in altitude or temperature.

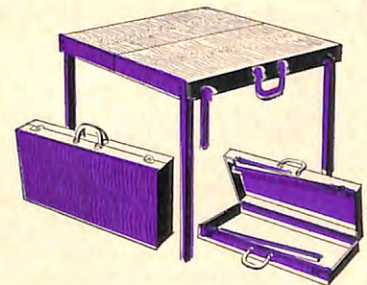


**T**HERE is, and should be, continued development in highway safety devices and here is one that should be in the car of every motorist this summer. It is a set of three small flares to be set out, if and when you are forced to the side of the road after dark. Rather than depending on electricity for light in such an emergency, this flare depends on the combustion of a non-explosive petroleum product. Each flare is packed in a small metal

container and is easily ignited with a match or cigarette lighter. It can be extinguished and re-used at will and has a life of well over an hour when used continuously. The intense yellow light can be seen for a quarter of a mile, and wind, rain or snow will not put it out. Although primarily designed for use with cars, this flare can be of great service on hunting and fishing trips by lighting a site instantly, should you arrive at a camping spot after dark.



**F**OR the harried and hurried fisherman there has been developed a leader carrying case that should serve him well. It is made of transparent plastic slotted envelopes, twelve in all, that are hinged by spiral metal wire to a heavier base section of plastic. Six of the envelopes are hinged at one end of the base and six at the other end. The entire case folds flat and is small enough to slip easily into a normal-size coat or pants pocket.



**T**HE reason that picnicking has gone out of style is that it is just too much trouble to assemble all the necessary items plus the children and the dog, get in the car and drive out among the trees and the bugs. Making a strong bid to reestablish the lost art of the picnic is this kit which holds, in one unit, everything but the dog and children over three years old. To the unobservant eye it looks simply like a suitcase of chaste and reasonable design. However, when opened it becomes a sturdy table on which are placed all the assorted contents of the case: food, towels, bathing suits, blanket and mysterious flasks. When folded, the case measures a little more than 30 by 14 inches. It fits into car luggage compartments with plenty of room to spare and into normal closet shelf space at home. When not in use to increase your love of Nature it can serve as an extra bridge table at home and bridge fans tell us that problem is always in their lives.

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# 19th Hole Round Robin

(Continued from page 19)

driving; Lloyd Mangrum on iron play; Locke on putting, etc. A round-robin of their opinions should give the "average golfer", (the experts' euphemism for the guy who can't break a hundred), important hints to improve his game. Which brings up a point—how could you do better than take a round-robin of the leading players in the Goodall Round-Robin? It is the only tournament of its kind in the game in which a selected and choice field of sixteen players, in the course of five rounds of play, meet each other individually, with the difference in scoring between them counting in an accruing point score.

**L**OCKE has won this Round-Robin affair twice in three years, finished second in the other. This definitely indicates Bobby has a knack for such competition. The South African frankly admits he does it with his putter mainly.

"Putting is the most important part of golf," says Locke. "So many strokes are taken on the putting green that you might call the putter the king of all clubs.

"Some people profess to believe that putters are born—that instinct and inborn control of nerves make one person superior to another. I do not believe in such a theory at all. I am convinced, from having watched a lot of golfers a lot of years (Bobby is 31 but looks to be 41), that a good putter can be made if he is willing and patient enough.

"And don't think that there is any particular type of putter that is better than another. If you can find one which feels good in your grasp—whether it is blade, mallet, center-shafted, wood, brass, lead, steel, wooden-shafted or steel-shafted, long or short, upright or canted, goose-necked or straight—use it."

You will find even the top flight pros listening respectfully to such remarks. They know and respect Locke's virtuosity on the carpet. They might also avow Locke has a different putting swing than they—a sort of roundhouse back and forward motion. Bobby denies it.

"The backswing should be a pendulum action, with the spine as the pivot", the South African advises. "Take the putter back close to the grass, on the line of the putt and slightly inside.

"The forward motion of the putter must be precisely the same as the backswing, and the entire stroke must be a rhythmic motion, with the putter head holding the same line and angle throughout.

"Of course, the distance of the backswing is determined by the length of the putt, and the condition of the grass on the green. But there is one certain thing—the follow-

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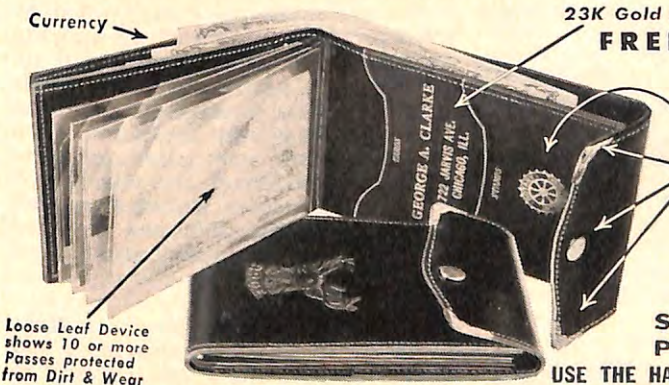
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through of the putter should be as far as it went back. Remember, never to lift your head until the stroke is finished. Remember, too—no wrist action. The putt should be a pendulum stroke throughout.”

Bobby offers a phase of putting which makes all the pros want to listen, namely how to line up a putt. Dr. Cary Middlecoff, no mean putter either, says Bobby Locke has the greatest eye for hidden rolls, speed of green and distance to hit of any golfer extant.

“Lining up the ball is very important,” says Locke, who takes plenty of time looking over each one so carefully that it becomes painful.

“First examine the condition of the terrain. Walk along the line of the putt, removing anything not growing by picking it up with your fingers. Then decide whether the green is fast (close-cut), medium or slow. In this, your major decision is the cast of the green within six feet of the hole.

“This is the most important because this area is where the ball is most affected in its roll. If it is a slow green within that six-foot area, give it a chance by hitting it firmly. If it is fast, play it soft and safe. Try never to three-putt.

As to the proper stance, Locke says he favors playing the ball off the left toe, which means standing so that the left toe is pointing at the ball. Weight should be on the left side, says Bobby, with the feet about ten inches apart and slightly closed, meaning the right foot is just a little in back of the line of the left.

“Bend the knees a little, as well as the head and body, but don't crouch”, advises Locke. “And remember, no sway at all. That can ruin the pendulum putt quicker than anything I know”.

There you have Locke on putting. Since Bobby won the Round-Robin, for our next instructor let's go away down the line and take the fellow who finished in last place—Bob Hamilton, 1944 National Professional Golf Association champion.

**B**OB had an alibi, and a good one, for trailing the field in the Goodall at Wykagyl. He suffered a cold that settled in a neck muscle, stiffening it so that he couldn't bend his head. In view of this, listen to what Hamilton, one of the top men on the tournament circuit, had to say:

“The head position is much more important to a golf swing than generally is believed. Show me a golfer who stays in back of the ball, without weaving and swaying, by anchoring his swing and holding his position, and I'll show you a fellow who can play this game pretty well.

“I like a golfer who finishes well—a good follow through. Locke, Nelson, Hogan have it. In every sense it is comparable to a good baseball pitcher. The best ones—Mathewson, Johnson, Chandler and others—followed right on through after the ball left their hand.

“If you don't hold your position and finish well, you can't hit the ball straight, never forget a straight ball is always the best shot as well as the toughest. Man, I won the PGA by driving straight down through the trees that hemmed in the Manito course in Spokane. (Ed. Note—Hamilton defeated Byron Nelson in the final). The players who didn't never had a chance.

“That's one tip for the average golfer”, continued Hamilton. “Another bit of advice is to learn the proper use of the sand wedge. There seems to be a tendency among the high-handicap amateurs to pass up the wedge as a weapon only the skilled players can handle.

“It should be just the opposite. I think this idea comes from the fact that the average player tries to punch a wedge. That is fatal. A wedge must be hit easily but completely.

“Watch your good golfers and you will see all of them take a long swing and float the clubhead through the ball. The speed of the clubhead determines the distance the ball will go—and nothing else. The entire swing must be smooth as cream—no jerking.

“A bunker shot is not nearly as hard as it looks. Anyone can learn it with a little practice, following the advice I've just given. But your average golfer won't take the time for practice. Say you play golf at your club twice a week. If so, do this. Get out to the club early one of those days and throw 50 balls in a bunker to hit them out.

“Don't go in the bunker just to get the chore over with as quickly as possible so you can get out on the tee with your gang. Take some time. Try to figure out why you missed when you hit a bad one. Keep trying for that easy action and complete elimination of the punch.

“A lot of golfers will be surprised how quickly the shot can be mastered. And what an edge it will give you over the gang!”

**F**OR those same average golfers of whom Hamilton speaks, Byron Nelson has a word, too. Byron is the acknowledged maestro of this era—greatest champion and greatest all-around shotmaker.

Three years ago, Byron retired abruptly from the circuit, and from the national championships. He still plays golf—exhibitions and an occasional tournament like the Augusta Masters and the Goodall Round-Robin.

“It is amazing how rusty you can get when you aren't in there competing every week, and practicing in between times”, says Byron.

“I can just imagine how the average golfer feels. He may play only a couple of times a week, and seldom finds time to hit any practice shots. To me it is a miracle that he can hit the ball at all.

“This Spring I decided to try my hand at a couple of tournaments just for the fun of it. What I mean,

I really worked at it. For two solid weeks before the Masters, I did nothing but practice and play.

“I found out that I could get my drives about as long as ever, and my long irons seemed to work well. But my short game just wouldn't come back. It was most apparent in the short chips on the short par four holes, where you want to get up for one putt. I don't know whether I'll ever get it again.

“That is where tournaments are won and strokes are saved. I remember back in 1944 when I led the pros in scoring with a 69.67 average for 85 rounds of competition.

“After thinking it over, I wondered if I could save a quarter of a stroke a round in 1945. I studied my game carefully and decided it might be done only around the greens, by looking over the little 12 and 14 inch putts you miss carelessly once in a while; by taking a good look at the terrain before hitting a short chip; by concentrating a little more on getting that chip closer.

“To my surprise I saved better than a stroke a round the following year, when I made an average of 68.33 for 120 rounds. I don't think I played any better the next year. I merely was more careful.

“My advice to the average golfer is to be more careful, take more time on every shot and don't ever make a quick or careless putt. I think Mr. AG would be amazed at the strokes he can save by observing this.”

**W**ITH Nelson virtually retired, and Ben Hogan unlikely to play golf again for many months, if ever, the top man on the tournament circuit today is Sam Snead. Indeed, the West Virginia star has been a top man with the galleries for all the years he has been on the circuit. It is an axiom in the pro ranks that someone else can be breaking a course record, but Snead will have the crowd.

It was true at Augusta when he won the Masters this Spring, and later in Richmond where he won the National PGA championship. Sam combines everything—superb tee shots, magnificent irons, deadly approaches and either great putts or horrible ones. He is spectacular with his good ones, equally as dazzling when he errs.

The pros admit that Snead has the finest swing in the game, probably the finest natural swing in all the history of golf. “But I can't putt”, wails Slammin' Sammy. Famous for his distance-getting, Snead says the big belt is the last thing you should aim for.

“The most important thing about hitting a golf ball is good timing. Smoothness comes from it, and when you get a groove by developing your swing gradually, distance will come automatically”, says Snead.

“Remember never to hurry your swing. That probably ruins more shots than any other factor. Most of the speed of the clubhead is gen-

erated when it is only three or three and a half feet from the ball. Don't waste strength and the speed that might get distance by jerking the club down at the top of the swing.

"The average golfer has more than one fault in his game—maybe that goes for the big ones, too. But never attempt to correct more than one fault at a time.

"If you discover an error in your swing, then go to work correcting it. Don't forget that practice makes perfect and the only place you can eliminate a fault is on the practice tee, not playing a round. You don't get enough chance to hit the same club in an 18-hole jaunt.

"Frequently, by correcting one fault, you will find that you automatically eliminate another or a couple of others."

**A**LTHOUGH Snead is one of the games longest hitters, the Prince of Driving is Chick Harbert, handsome big Detroit pro who at this writing had won 16 straight driving contests against the best. And don't think a lot of those home town prodigies, advanced by admiring friends as "really the longest but the others get all the publicity", haven't swung with might and main against Harbert's tee shots.

"There is a great deal of difference between a good driver and a long driver", states Harbert. "In many ways, advice to the player who wants to be a good (i.e., accurate) driver contradicts advice that might be given a player who wants to hit a real long ball.

"Take the average player who tries to increase his direction", Chick continued. "He just tries to swing harder. The result is poor contact with the ball at impact and poor direction, usually a slice.

"Long driving isn't strength. Look at my arms. They aren't as big as Demaret's, Heafner's or a lot of others. Distance comes only from clubhead speed. And you can only develop additional clubhead speed for longer driving by increasing the arc of swing.

"In other words, I hit the ball longer because I get the club farther back. But don't try it unless you have timing.

"I am unorthodox, in a way. I put my left thumb across and under the right hand, the same as Claude Harmon does. I found it was the only way I could increase the length of my backswing without cramping my arms. I wouldn't advise its general use.

"To the average golfer, I would say that he would improve his driving by doing almost the opposite of what I do. He should shorten his swing, down to the control point where he can assure himself accuracy by cutting down errors.

"Try it. After a while, once you have the short-swing drive under control, you can gradually increase the arc if you are so minded. I know because I have taught it to members many times.

"I remember one pupil particularly well because he wanted to quit the game. I had to work pretty hard to get him in a groove, and he had to cooperate seriously. Eventually he got to hitting the ball almost to the 250-yard marker. Is that good?"

**G**OLF'S most colorful and socially popular golfer is debonair Jimmy Demaret, the man with the thousand gaudy outfits. Jimmy plays tournament golf with considerable success but enjoys life too much to go all out for every tournament.

Demaret, Texas-trained in Houston, knows the game thoroughly and had long experience in teaching before hitting the trail.

"The most important single thing in golf is the grip", Demaret declares emphatically. "The hands are the only part of the body which grips the weapon. If that contact isn't right, how can anything else be expected to be correct?"

"I never have seen a good golfer who didn't have a good grip, bad golfer who didn't have a bad grip.

"It doesn't matter whether you have large or small hands. Look at Gene Sarazen's or Lloyd Mangrum's. They are tiny. Mine are big, so are Armour's, Revolta's and, strangely enough, so are Little Ben Hogan's.

"With large hands you use the semi-finger palm grip, with the club held in between the fingers and palms of both hands. The small-handed player must use a pure palm grip to get maximum use of his short fingers.

"I would not attempt to write down all the factors involved in taking a good grip. You should see your golf pro about that. There are too many elements involved, and too many individual traits. But if you are a beginner, you have a better chance to correct your grip than the confirmed low-80 shooter. He has a set style which he cannot, or will not, change, even though he may know it is wrong.

"The average golfer's major swinging fault is trying to hit the ball too soon", Demaret continued. "The first thing he thinks of as he steps up to the ball is to hit heck out of it.

"What does he do thereby but start throwing everything he has into the downswing at its inception? The good players hit the ball at the base of the downswing and everything preceding is aimed to get in position with the backswing so that the club can be brought down with a gradually increasing acceleration to reach maximum clubhead speed at impact".

**A**NOTHER Texan — Lloyd Mangrum from Dallas — holds with Locke that putting is the most important phase of golf. Mangrum is regarded by his contemporaries as the most consistent putter on the American scene.

He won the 1946 U. S. Open with his magical greens play, and keeps

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at the top of the money winners annually with the help of his "Blue Goose".

"Putting is a different department by far than any other stroke", observes Mangrum. "The grip is different, too. The club grip should come up through the crease in the left palm, eliminating the fingers completely—left hand fingers.

"Personally I prefer the aluminum-headed putter, mallet type, because I feel it gives me greater putting efficiency. I always feel like chipping the ball when I take hold of a blade putter. But every one to his own taste. Bobby Locke uses a blade job and he isn't bad on the cut surface, as the USGA calls greens. "The most important thing after getting over the ball on a putt is to keep the hands dead still. Don't roll the wrists or try to use the hands in any way.

"Bad putters shut the face of the club on the backswing, try to open coming in to the ball. There is no man living, and that includes Sammy Snead, who can turn the face and then bring it back down precisely the same.

"Remember to hit down on the ball, not up. All good putters hit down.

"Gauge your distance by the amount of back swing. The tempo of the putt must always be the same. Keep your feet square to the roll—or to the break if it is a curving green.

"Once you get over the ball, forget about your grip, line of flight or anything but how hard you are going to hit it. A majority of putts, when missed, are either too short or too long rather than off line. So that last thought is pretty important, too".

**T**HE most sensational young golfer of this day is Dr. Cary Middlecoff, the former Memphis dentist who surprised the golf world two and a half years ago by turning professional.

Cary never had won the U. S. Amateur and experienced golfers thought he was taking a long chance by quitting the dental profession for the vagaries of the golf tournament circuit. They also allowed that Middlecoff lacked the all-around shot makery to do well on the tour.

For the first few months, Middlecoff seemed to be proving the critical points made against him. But by 1947, Cary was doing better than well. Last year he made better than \$30,000 in competition, plus some extras. Then in June of this year, at the difficult Medinah Course near Chicago he won golfdom's big tournament—the U. S. Open.

A smart young fellow of 27, Cary cocked a careful eye for the style of each player. Whenever he detected something he felt could be adapted to his own game, Cary gave it the full try.

"My first problem was to straighten out my drives", relates Middlecoff, or "Doc", as the boys

have named him. "I was long as an amateur, but I wasn't too good at keeping the ball on the fairway.

"I analyzed my swing, consulted with several pros, found out the best way I could improve my driving was to practice, practice, practice. At first I cut down on my swing until I was certain of my accuracy.

"Once I had a groove, I started going back a little farther each time until I reached what I felt was maximum. I am satisfied now.

"My next worry was to firm up my game around the greens. You must get close with those short approaches to get anywhere in competition. That, too, meant a lot of practice.

"There is a definite technique to the chip shot, especially with the wedge, which has been developed to a high degree of efficiency by modern players.

"The club must be taken back exactly on the line you want to follow coming down. The face of the club must come into the ball square to the line of flight, like the putting-blade contact.

"The ball must be hit delicately, not at the base but about the middle of the bulge. In effect, it is a squeeze shot, and the little bit of the ball which is pinched imparts a backspin that causes the ball to stop dead.

"The same action is obtainable with longer irons. You have seen a ball come flying up to the green from two hundred yards, take one long bounce and then grind right down to dead stop, haven't you? That is a pinched shot.

"With a wedge, topnotchers are able to float the face of the club through the ball to impart further backspin. That is why you will see the ball draw back as much as four and five feet on a green.

"Don't try to do this without a lot of practice, though. Unless you have it down pretty pat, it's the best way

of shanking I can think of. And don't let the left side collapse.

"The wedge shot is executed with the hands. The backswing should be slow and the downswing firm, with a crisp impact. There is no marked shifting of weight, which rests mainly on the left foot."

**O**F ALL the players in the Round Robin field, probably Stewart M. "Skip" Alexander had the roughest time of it. Not that Skip finished last. He has been playing badly for several months, when his game started to go slightly sour. The big fellow who did so well last year, and is Harbert's major rival for long-driving honors, just can't find out what is wrong.

"I am just about like the average golfer who shoots a few surprising 81s and starts thinking of getting down in the 70s when all of a sudden his game shunts back to its customary ninety-one and up," says Alexander.

"I have tried everything. Sometimes I think I have it, when I get a couple of subpar rounds. Then Bingo! I'm back in the wilderness again.

I developed some bad action somewhere when I tried to improve my scoring, with some new tricks. When I find out what it is, I'll be all right again.

"I know this, however, and I am sure it is another common feeling with the average player. When one part of my swing goes awry, the whole game suffers. You might putt better, or something, but if you aren't getting square impact and accuracy, you can't score.

"I feel that eventually I will work it out, or it will disappear and I'll be back in the groove again. It is just a matter of sweating it out.

"Don't let anyone tell you that golf isn't as much mental as physical. If you think you are doing something wrong, you'll do it wrong automatically. It almost seems as though when you worry about your game, your game starts worrying about you."

There you have a round-robin of the Round Robinners, virtually a golfing clinic.

Consensus among the star pros, all of them experienced tutors, is that the golfer himself must bear the burden of his game. The pro can only polish up his swing by eliminating faults.

There is no short cut to a good game. Each of the stars is firm in declaring "practice makes perfect", pointing out that the average golfer never takes time to brush up his shots.

One of the most vivid recollections of the writer was the time Lloyd Mangrum scored a record 64 in the Augusta Masters tournament. Twenty minutes after this great round, Lloyd was out on the practice tee hitting irons. It seemed that a couple of No. 3 or No. 4 irons he had hit were not quite to his liking. He was going to correct it immediately.



Jimmy Demaret, who believes that the grip is the most important single factor in developing a good game.

# Normandy Revisited

(Continued from page 12)

feated in France, and their battered army was racing desperately for the borders of their own country.

During the later phase, I had been in Normandy as a war correspondent and seen part of this story in the making. But on a recent sketching trip for the purpose of making this Fifth Anniversary report, the story assumed a newer, and to me an even greater, significance. The familiar pictures, called up by shattered village, broken bridge and rusting .88, came easily to mind, but the colors, if not so harshly vivid, had cleaner edges and they revealed a sharper pattern. The visiting American, ex-soldier or otherwise, cannot help but sense the effect of an increased perspective, induced by time alone, if nothing else. He may or may not seek to reevaluate the American effort of that smoky dust-hung summer of five years back, but, surely, he will not go away and forget it. He will meet and talk with Frenchmen, of strong hands and stronger character, who are patiently rebuilding their country. And they, let it be said, are not likely to forget it either.

**W**ATCHING the Norman peasant of today, one would know without being told that he has worked this soil for a thousand years. It would be easy to visualize him as one of an endless generation who worked, year in, year out, with little to impede his centuries-old routine. But one knows it to be otherwise. War had been here before, and its dim imprint has all but washed away. Of the last one, however, the evidence remains. The farmer takes his herds to pasture through gates made of sections of air-strip landing mats. His farmyard reveals, among the usual equipment of conventional design, queer odds and ends of familiar olive-drab—empty telephone wire reels, GI gas cans, oil drums, barbed wire. He may go to market in a weary jeep, with the faded markings of some immortal division still visible on the bumper. When troublesome debris proves too heavy for him to haul away by himself, it is very possible that he can borrow a helpful piece of community equipment—a German Mark VI tank banged together in adequate running repair and rigged with a hoist.

His wagon may go for many miles where war has left no mark, but then quite likely will cross a bridge spanned by the familiar Bailey sections of the Army Engineers. His son may be at work on a community housing project, which will replace acres of bomb-shattered masonry. But he himself may still be looking for spare time to put his house or stable back together from the pile of rubble that we left him. All he needs is cement and time; the stones are still there.

(Continued on page 44)



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Like most rural people, the Norman farmer is slow to speak, but if you have won his interest with a courteous or sympathetic question, he is quite ready to explain his personal war. He will show you the German grenade, still armed, that he grabbed from the baby, now in high school. Or, pointing to his half-rebuilt garage and the charred remains of his one-time automobile, he may laugh a little grimly and say, "To be honest, it was unnecessary. The Germans had left here two days before your bombers came and awarded me this souvenir. What would you, then? *C'est la guerre!*"

**E**VEN if there were nothing in Normandy to stir the memory, you'd still enjoy the trip. This is a province where *paté de la campagne* and the native cheese can be an esthetic experience. The apple orchards, thatched farms, and ancient medieval towns have brought tourists here since Robert le Diable first conquered the place, and as long as the French economy needs hard U. S. dollars more than francs, the costs to you will seem quite low.

To any American, Normandy is more than a pleasant place to go. This backdrop to a period of great sacrifice reflects a sober stimulation. You don't need to know a detailed history of the campaign, or cart around the after-action reports of divisional operations, to feel this stimulation. All you need is the battlefield map prepared by *Michelin* for just such a trip. It marks each strategic point with the date it was taken, and by a comparison of these dates one can sense the tempo of the Allied tactical advance. Or you can stand before the huge map erected at Avranches, on the "Route de la Liberation", and study the broad outlines of the spectacular breakout and the subsequent encirclement maneuver. The map will remind you, graphically, of the initial First Army assault on St. Lo, and then how Patton, squeezing between Bradley and the sea, broke through Avranches and sent his armored columns looping in all directions. You see a big arrow indicating the 15th Corps drive to LeMans which flanked the Germans on the south and led to their encirclement, and near annihilation, at the Falaise pocket.

Today you can follow any of these historic routes with ease. You can drive north from LeMans through Beaumont and Alencon, wonderful towns in themselves, and almost recapture the exultant spirit of LeClere's 2nd Armored and the 90th Division as they raced north to pinch off the German retreat. You can roll south from Caen, still a heap of rubble, through demolished Falaise, and sense the awful struggles of the Canadians and Poles who

had to storm those strongly defended German positions which were responsible for the agonizing tardiness of Montgomery's jaw of the pincers. Or you can follow the pressure of Bradley's First Army battering eastward from Mortain, through ruined Vire and Argentan, to push the retreating Germans up toward the closing gap of the Falaise pocket.

The area of the pocket itself tells you more about war than a whole library could. It's a junk yard. There are acres of demolished enemy vehicles collected in the fields near Chambois. Everything you ever heard of is there, from screaming-meemie rocket launchers to King Tigers. There are heaped-up mounds of twisted debris where, if so inclined, you can poke up belts of live ammunition and numberless shells, exploded and unexploded. There are the rusting helmets of both armies, some of them riddled with fragmentation.

Here, in the narrow valley between Chambois and St. Lambert sur Dives, the battle of Normandy ended. Here was the debacle that insured the liberation of the French. Here a whole German army was very nearly destroyed and, in terms of American lives, the cost was small. But here, also, we found a small white cross that accented the inevitable truth that this brilliant victory was, for some woman, somewhere, the most expensive victory of the war.

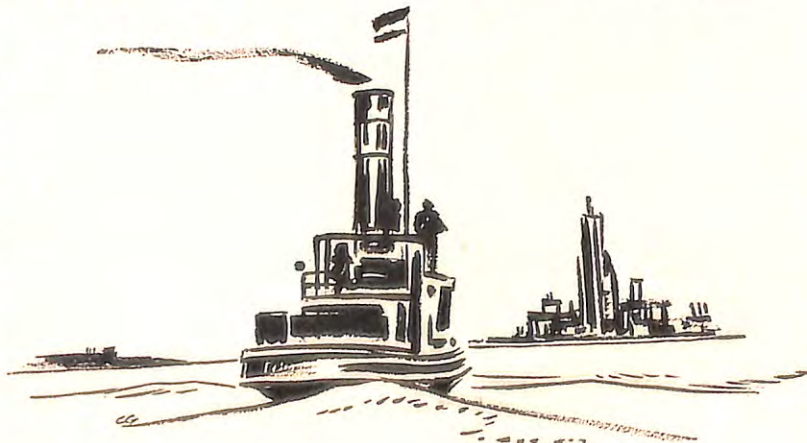
This, if you have never fought a war, or don't know it already, is one of the things you learn in Normandy. Wars are not fought by armies. They are fought by men. In every combat area of the whole province, one's perspective on War is clarified as this lesson is reemphasized. For example, at Omaha Beach you can climb into a German pillbox, halfway up the bluff. Sighting through the slit-like aperture, you can see the distant line of sunken Liberties awash with surf, reaching in to a narrow segment of beach where a couple of wrecked LCVPs huddle, half buried in the breakers. War here was not armies or even regiments. It was those two boatloads of a few individual GIs, struggling, frantic and gasping, toward a smoky shore. Go down to the beach and

you can see the individuals. Because they are there, expressed by this twisted bazooka, that torn helmet, this rotted Mae West, web belt, or burned shoe.

You will probably not come to Normandy without having read one or more of the books written by generals who may have emphasized, and quite accurately, that the capture intact of the Mayenne bridge by Patton's Third Army was of immense strategic value in the winning of the Normandy battle. But stand on the high ground above the Mayenne River and look, as the German gunners did, through a gap in the hedge, at those few dusty gray yards of cobblestones. Now the attacking troops become a slim handful of engineers and riflemen from the lead squad of one assault platoon. Moreover, the citizens of Mayenne, who are no dummies at realistic appraisal, think of this victory as practically a one-man engagement, the one man being James Macracken, a young North Carolina boy with Task Force Weaver who expertly cut the Germans' demolition wires, but was killed while doing it. The Third Army? Well, yes, I suppose it was, but you see what I mean.

**A**ND so it is throughout Normandy, from the thickly overgrown hedgerow country to the open roadways stretching eastward to Paris. You cannot help but feel the sweep of armies, but the 10 in 1 ration box top nailed over a broken window tells you that these armies were just so many men, all of whom could be hungry.

In Normandy, as in all wars since the beginning of time, the battle came and went, destroying the works of man, but leaving the country and the countryman. The roof of the barn may still need slates that a shell has scattered far and wide, but beyond the barnyard, hedgerow creepers have overgrown the shell hole. St. Lo is destroyed, but in barrack-type huts and one-story shops, St. Lo still swarms with life. The churches of the province, which were centuries in the making, reach for the sky in a forest of scaffolding. What man has made, man can also put asunder. Like these pocked and battered walls, the Norman himself has felt the touch of war, for his toil is harder, his economies greater, his children less secure. But within the dim church interior shored up by plank and truss, he kneels as he has for ages past—as he knelt after Tours, Crécy, Agincourt, Malplaquet, Waterloo, The Marne and scores of other grim battles that have torn his beloved country. And his prayers remain unchanged.



# Short End on Long Odds

(Continued from page 10)

hole of dead-end kids, offers salvage problems not to be undertaken in the spirit of a weekend at the Waldorf. The *Hussar* was loaded with \$24,000,000 in gold to pay the Hessian troops hired to put down the American Revolution when it inadvertently sank 100 yards off Randall's Island, practically in spitting distance of the Empire State Building. The gold is still there, despite the talented, persistent, elaborate, and expensive efforts of Simon Lake, inventor of the submarine, to retrieve it for the benefit of himself and hopeful backers.

But there are many treasures which can be approached informally with little more equipment than a pick, a shovel and a bite to eat. On Florida's Long Cay, for example, a place with a delightful though occasionally obstreperous climate, on June 30, 1715, fourteen Spanish merchantmen loaded with \$65,000,000 in gold and silver stolen from Central American Indians were fatally buffeted in one of the more persistent of that area's unseasonable hurricanes. About \$1,500,000 has already been salvaged by lucky Long Cay treasure seekers.

**H**URRICANES have been a principal cause of the world's treasure trove supply. The storm that blew up off Santo Domingo on December 22, 1502, sank the richest treasure of them all—the story goes—the vast stores accumulated by the Spanish King Ferdinand's diabolical governor Ovando, who, by a system of forfeits, persuaded natives to work overtime mining up gold and silver. The method was simple. A native who failed to produce his quota forfeited a finger, a hand, an arm, or himself, according to the gravity of the circumstance, a work-incentive system said to achieve extraordinary results.

One of the most romantic of the treasure stories describes the wealth to be found along the shore of Colombia's Lake Guatavita, the home of the Chibcha Indians whose religious devotion was peculiarly but convincingly expressed by tossing into the lake gold offerings to their gods. The accumulation of several hundred years of such worship nestles on a ledge along the shore ready to enrich the first man with the gump-

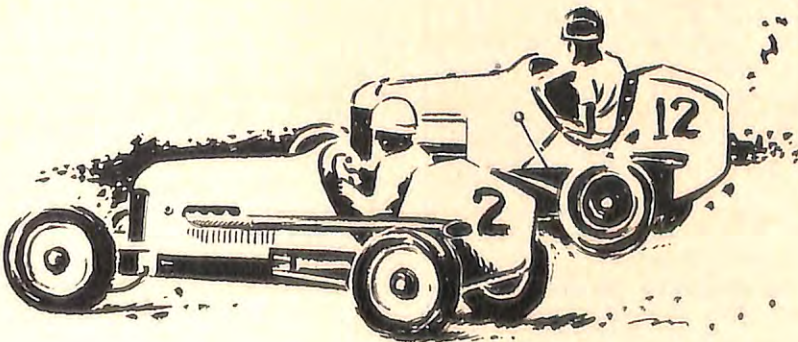
tion and the equipment—something more than a bulldozer—to drain a little water out of the lake. Then the gold may be picked up as easily as gathering sea shells. Since many other Indians thus affirmatively attested their religious fealty, a number of similar South American lakes are said to be equally lousy with gold.

Understandably, fact and fiction get mixed together in accounts of treasure trove. With each passing year reliable data are harder to come by, though the official buried treasure file of the Treasury Department in Washington is bulging with maps and other pertinent details. Serious seekers invariably contact the Treasury Department before investing heavily in picks, shovels and mosquito netting because the Treasury is by common law entitled to collect all that is discovered, though it rarely takes any.

As most rich treasure ships were wrecked during the 16th and 17th Centuries (except during war, ships are now more durable) there has been a considerable time for this incest of fact and fiction. Take the story of the Ward Liner, *Merida*, sunk following a collision off Cape Charles, Virginia, less than 40 years ago. The story persists that still in her hold, awaiting comparatively simple salvage, are \$5,000,000 in gold and silver and much of the crown jewels of Mexico's fabulous Emperor Maximilian who was executed in 1867. Some of the strong arm boys of Porfirio Diaz, who was then being kicked out in a revolution, were said to have sneaked this vast loot aboard the *Merida* and clammed up when it was sunk. This story is so reasonable that treasure hunters like Percy Rockefeller and Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, Jr., have spent large sums in salvage attempts. But no real evidence exists of such fabulous wealth on the *Merida*.

**S**OME of the best treasure comes in smaller packages. Most beginners should be content to look for something under \$500,000, or even \$50,000, if they can take along the wife and kiddies. A few years ago Edward R. Snow used an army mine detector near Boston to pick up \$1,900 of tarnished old coins. With

(Continued on page 46)





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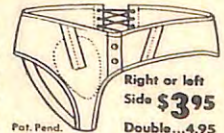
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his machine he then set out to discover old hulks in New England—like the *Mary Ann*, which was en route to England with \$1,000,000 in gold when sunk off Chatham.

Recently some \$50,000 in antique silver buried as a protection against marauding General Sherman in 1865, and then lost, was dug up in South Carolina. John Singer, brother of the sewing machine inventor-improver Isaac Singer, happily spent many years on a Gulf of Mexico island searching for treasure, and managed to be content with \$80,000 worth. He buried his hoard on the island for safe-keeping, and when he came back to dig it up couldn't find it. It's still there.

Big engineering firms like Merritt-Chapman and Scott occasionally undertake treasure salvage, for a fee. They go about it with inspiring efficiency. When the Panama Mail liner *Columbia* went down off Lower California in 1931 with \$190,000 in gold, the Merritt-Chapman and Scott people got back all but \$10,000 of it.

But big or small, rich or poor,

there's enough treasure around for everybody. A few miles off the Texas Gulf coast, on remote Padre Island, there is said to be the last unsalvaged wreck of a major Spanish fleet which met disaster 400 years ago when sixteen ships were driven ashore. A year later the Spaniards came back and removed the treasure from fifteen, but the sixteenth broke up and was buried by shifting sand. In the Bay of Vigo, where the British caught the Spanish fleet in 1902, \$47,000,000 went to the bottom. In 1902 the *Sakkarah* was wrecked on the island of Huamblin, 100 miles south of Chile, with \$1,500,000 of U. S. gold coin. On the Auckland Islands, \$15,000,000 remain in the hold of the *General Grant* which foundered in 1866. Near Caracas the galleon *San Pedro de Alcantara* blew up with \$67,000,000 in treasure, over half in dubloons.

But perhaps the greatest wealth and the happiest digging—with comparative privacy—are to be found on Cocos Island southwest of Costa Rica. No one can even guess how much

remains buried on Cocos. All the wealth of the Peruvian royalists was buried there in 1820 when a ship's crew mutinied, and the treasure never was recovered. It was the favorite hiding spot of Captain Edward Davis, doubtless the greatest buccaneer leader of all time, who once commanded a pirate fleet of 1,000 men and scoured the lush ports of South America from Panama to Peru. After one rapacious series of adventures the loot of a dozen forays was buried on Cocos. Davis later came back and got enough of it to spend his last days in comfort. But few treasure seekers believe that he made more than a dent in the vast wealth buried there. What is left, they say, would be enough for a small kingdom.

Whether it is on Cocos or Tierra del Fuego, searching for buried treasure provides an ideal summer vacation—or summer reading. All I ask for the suggestion is half the dubloons or Spanish Plate you find. And no clamshells, please.

Happy digging.

## A Coop for Crawford

(Continued from page 9)

shotgun away from me. Then he backed to the house, covering Crawford with the shotgun, and got his own shotgun—Bull has no wife to fetch things for him. He grabbed a cushioned chair off the porch and brought that with him when he came. He threw the shells out of Crawford's gun, put it in the car, cocked his own gun and sat down in the chair.

"All right," he said. "Start workin'."

My brother Crawford backed the

car out of the wreckage and whirled it around. I know that he had a mind to drive right out to the road, but Bull touched off his shotgun and the shot blasted awful close to Crawford. He stopped the car, hopped down, picked up a wrecking bar, and began to work. Bull sat comfortable as you please in his chair, letting a sick man do his work for him!

"Faster, Crawford," he said. "I'm really havin' fun, and for once in your life you're goin' to work!"

Crawford worked faster while Bull

sat there looking at him and laughing. Then, after a while, I nudged Crawford's arm and he looked around. Bull's chair must have been awful comfortable. Anyhow, he had gone to sleep in it.

"Well," said my brother Crawford, dropping the wrecking bar that he was using to pull the boards apart, "we—"

But he had no sooner said that when Bull jumped up and aimed his gun, with both barrels cocked, right at Crawford.

"Get to work!" Bull roared. "And keep workin'!"

Crawford got to work, and for maybe half an hour Bull sat watching him. Then he dozed off again and again Crawford tried to leave. Only he could not do it. Bull Harrigan must have had his ears sharpened right up for the noise of Crawford's working. As soon as Crawford stopped, Bull woke up. Twice more the same thing happened, and my poor brother could not do a thing except work. Towards the shank end of the afternoon Bull said to me, "Go home, Desmond," he said, "and tell Matilda that Crawford will be back when my ice-house is built."

"What are you going to do with my poor brother, you big bully?" I asked.

"I," said Bull, "am going to lock him in the box stall tonight. I do not think the colt will mind."

I went home and told Matilda.

"Oh, dear!" said Matilda.

THOSE next three days must have been just about the hardest my brother Crawford ever put in. I went to see him every day and every day it was the same thing. Bull sat sleeping in his chair, and if my poor brother did not work like fury Bull



"Confound it, Marie, you know there's no more room on this horse".



jumped up and threatened him with the shotgun. The only rest Crawford got was for about ten minutes every noon when Bull marched him into the house at the point of the shotgun and made him eat cold beans. As soon as he had eaten Bull brought him out and made him get right to work again. I was so mortified that I almost cried, but at the end of the third day I knew that it would have to end soon. Except for the door, and a little patching, the ice-house was just about done.

I got up real early the next morning, and when I looked outside it was raining hard. That worried me and it worried Matilda too. We both knew that Crawford cannot stand getting wet in the rain. I hurried through my breakfast and told Matilda, "I am going right down, Matilda. I am going to tell Bull that Crawford cannot stand getting wet in the rain."

I put on my slicker and hurried down the road, and I was quite a long ways from Bull Harrigan's when I knew that Bull did not care whether or not my brother took sick and died. I heard Crawford hammering like mad. I walked down to where he was working, and I was ready to do about anything.

Bull Harrigan did not mind making my poor brother work in the rain, but he himself had moved his chair inside the ice-house where it was warm and dry. He slept with the shotgun across his knees, right

in front of the door, but I knew that he would wake up and threaten him with the shotgun if Crawford stopped working.

"Crawford—," I began.  
 "Do not stop me now, Desmond," Crawford panted, "and do not talk."  
 "But, Crawford—,"  
 "Hush, Desmond. If I do not keep working Bull will wake up."

I stepped back and watched my brother work. I did not understand why he was doing it the way he was, but Crawford always has a good reason for everything. Finally Crawford finished the door and dropped the hammer. As soon as he stopped working, Bull Harrigan jumped up and began to roar. He didn't sound much louder than anybody else would; that ice house was double-sheathed and insulated. There were, of course, no windows.

"There, Desmond!" said my brother, Crawford. "From now on you will know that, when I set out to do anything, I do it."

"Yes, Crawford," I said. "And what did you set out to do?"

"To hunt in Bull's squirrel woods," said Crawford. "If the miseries don't get me, and they won't as long as I'm hunting, I can do that today, tomorrow, and maybe the next day. Nobody will interfere."

Oh, but I have a smart brother! Now at last I understood why Crawford had laid two-inch planks clear across the door and double-fastened them with spikes.

## Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 11)

them. Their long, sloping snouts and tooth-studded jaws made the reason for the name "wolf" obvious.

Bill weighed them. His pulled the pointer down to 14 pounds; mine took it to 12. They weren't as heavy as we had guessed, but we decided they'd do. After all, we had only made two casts.

We slid the canoe into the water then and fished from it, thereby eliminating the need to lead our fish in over the weeds near shore. The current of the river was slow. We discovered that we could paddle upstream 50 yards and then fish in comfort for ten minutes while the canoe drifted back past the mouth of the creek.

Never have I seen such fishing. The pike were ravenous. Naturally, we didn't take time to count, but I believe that we averaged a strike or a fish for every three casts. Sometimes they hit as soon as the spoon struck the water and occasionally they followed it almost to the canoe before slashing at it in a welter of foam. One of us was playing a pike nearly all the time and frequently we both had fish on at once.

The excitement lasted about two hours. We soon had all the fish we wanted to eat, and all we thought the Indians could eat, and then we started turning them loose. The Ojibways didn't approve of that.

They'd have had us keeping pike until we swamped the canoe.

Finally, when my arms were numb and my back ached from playing fish, a bank of clouds rolled up and the action stopped. We continued to cast until a few drops of rain fell. Then we paddled to shore to rest, eat lunch and to drink some of the tea that had been simmering beside the fire for half an hour. Of the fish we kept, the largest weighed 20½ pounds; the smallest, eight.

SOME anglers don't like pike. They call them snakes. They say they are not game fish. I can't go along with that kind of talk. I've had too much fun with them. To me, fish are like the Irishman's whisky: some may be better than others, but they're all good.

Admittedly, the pike does not equal some others on a pound-for-pound basis. I once had the good fortune to catch an 18-pound pike and a 6½-pound brook trout only a few minutes apart. I was casting from shore on Lake Nipigon, using light tackle. Both fish struck a small wabbling spoon.

The trout actually was harder to land than the pike that weighed nearly three times as much. It felt as though I had hooked a snag when he struck: the lure just stopped.

(Continued on page 48)

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Then he made several good runs, but he tired quickly. The big brookie hit hard and staged a deep, stubborn fight.

On the other hand, you don't catch six-pound brook trout every day. In comparison with most other fresh water game fish, pike run big, and, while I have caught many of them that took the lure gently, like the one just mentioned, their hit often is exciting. They have the muskie trick of following the spoon or plug almost to the boat and then striking savagely on the surface, just before you lift it from the water. When a big pike does that he doesn't owe you anything.

Furthermore, the pike usually is a willing striker whenever he is feeding at all. He's not fussy about his diet. Almost any lure with a flash or wobble that imitates a minnow will catch pike. Of course, he can be difficult to suit anyone at times and, as far as I am concerned, that is in his favor.

After the hot fishing that day on the Pikitigushi, the rain came on in earnest. We ate our lunch quickly and then hurried to camp. The next morning was cloudy with a raw wind out of the northeast, but we decided to go fishing anyway. There was no question that we would catch pike. You can't miss where there are so many.

That's what we thought! I've had ideas like that before and they usually turned out the same. We fished near the mouth of the creek for a couple of hours, beginning at 9 a.m., and we didn't move a fin. Then John Makook told us about a deep hole a mile downriver and suggested that we try it. We wound up the outboard and went down.

The Pikitigushi slid in against a popple-splashed bluff there and then swung out in a right-angle turn, and the water looked oily and mysterious

under the lowering sky. The pool was about a hundred feet wide and twice as long. We combed it thoroughly with casts, but we didn't get a touch.

Then I had a backlash. The spoon struck with an awkward splash in the middle of the river, and I let it sink while I picked at the snarl on my reel. At last I got it untangled and began to reel, the line coming up from the bottom at a steep angle. That pool must have been 30 feet deep. After a few turns of the handle, the lure stopped. "Oh, oh," I thought. "Snagged."

I tightened the line just enough to feel tentatively with the rod. Then the spool started slipping under my thumb. I looked to see whether the canoe was drifting, but we were lying absolutely motionless near shore. Only then, as the reel began to spin faster, did I realize that I had hooked a fish.

I struck sharply and discovered that I had made connections with something big and strong—something that tried repeatedly to pull the rod tip down into the water and that was determined to stay near the bottom of that deep pool. I finally wore him down. It was a pike that weighed nearly sixteen pounds.

Then we had fun. We'd cast toward the other shore and let the lure sink until it was on the bottom. We'd start reeling slowly. Frequently things happened. The fishing wasn't as fast as it had been the day before, but it was good enough.

**A**LONG toward four o'clock the clouds broke up and the sun came out. We went back up the river to the mouth of the creek and found the same kind of fishing that we had enjoyed the day before. The pike were near the surface and they were eager. Once more we caught fish one after the other until our wrists ached. Once more we kept all we should and

## Kremlin Blueprint

(Continued from page 5)

moving the peasants into large collective farms where all workers are merely share croppers. This process is now under way in Poland, Rumania, Hungary, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia and Albania. It is the program of every communist party in the world.

Czechoslovakia is an excellent example of how a minority communist party can and does seize government power when the opportunity is there. Most of these facts I heard from the lips of its Foreign Minister, Jan Masaryk, a few months before his tragic death, when I had a three-hour conversation with him in Prague.

He told me that it had been agreed before the elections in Czechoslovakia that a coalition government would be established with every party polling 500,000 votes or more having at least one member in the cabinet, which is the executive department of government in European countries. The Czech people had suf-

fered severely under the seven-year occupation by the Nazis and were grateful to the Red Army for liberating them in 1945.

"It is likely we held our election too soon," said Masaryk. "Our people were still feeling grateful for their deliverance and the communist party polled 36 per cent of the vote, the rest divided among four parties. In the next election in May, the communists won't poll more than 10 per cent of the vote."

Since the communist party polled the largest vote of any one party, it insisted it should have the Premiership, and Klement Gottwald, a stooge of Stalin's, became Prime Minister. The communists also demanded and got the Ministry of the Interior, which controls the national police, and the Ministry of Defense, which controls the armed forces. Thus, the communists had control of the two instruments of power a nation possesses, and as soon as these were

then began to turn them loose despite the silent disapproval of the Ojibways.

Just before the sun dropped behind the line of silent spruce that rimmed our world I had an experience that I'll always remember when I think of pike. It was my last fish.

I had discovered that, since they were feeding so near the surface, I sometimes could make them come clear out of the water when they hit if I slithered my spoon over it. To do this I cast and changed hands before the lure struck the water. The instant it did, or possibly a split second before, I raised the rod tip and started to reel. The high line and rapid reeling made the lure plane like a surfboard.

Our canoe was just off the mouth of the creek. I made a cast straight up it for 30 feet to a half-submerged log that lay across the channel. Then I started to plane the spoon and a pike came from under the log, charging the dancing lure like a green torpedo. His dorsal fin cut the surface and the slanting sunlight struck sparks of gold as he overhauled the lure and curved toward it in a slashing strike.

He missed, but he didn't stop. He turned, throwing a sheet of spray as he did, and sliced back at the spoon again. That time his aim was good. I saw him close his jaws on the bit of painted metal at the end of my line. I drove the hooks home and then I felt the bamboo quiver as he rolled over and lunged down.

I don't remember now whether or not I succeeded in leading him out of the narrow channel into the open water of the river and finally landed him. It doesn't matter. With a strike like that to remember, I'll always be a little suspicious of anybody who tells me a pike is not a game fish. I'll think he probably doesn't understand all he knows about old *Essox*.

completely organized, it could take over the entire government lock, stock, and barrel. This it proceeded to do before the election was held, thus avoiding a disastrous defeat. The details of how this seizure was carried out are of too recent newspaper coverage to require retelling here, climaxed as it was by the tragic death of Jan Masaryk, who had refused to do the bidding of the Czech traitors.

The Politburo of fourteen members (there are only twelve now, Andrei Zhdanov having died and Nikolai Veznesensky having been removed from office), the top ruling body of Russia, creates all policies; its decrees are not to be questioned. The exalted fourteen are elected for life, not by the mass of party members, but by an inner circle of communist party leaders, some 70 men.

Josef Stalin is Chairman of the Politburo. Many students of the So-

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viet Empire insist that Stalin is an absolute dictator; others insist that the Politburo is the real dictator. When a policy is to be decided, the Politburo discusses it as a committee.

Usually they agree rather easily. If there is a difference, they wrangle it out. If the division persists, they take a vote, the majority rules, and the minority must support the policy—or else. If a member whispers a word of criticism of the policy outside the Politburo, he is a traitor. In the last 15 years, five Politburo members were shot for such criticism.

The members of the Politburo live and meet in the Kremlin, a walled city in the heart of Moscow. The name derives from the Russian *kremel*, which means a fortress—a fitting symbol for the Red tyranny. The Politburo does rather well for itself. Each member has a luxurious apartment in the palace of the czars, a fine country estate formerly owned by a czarist grandee and a winter place in the Crimea, the Florida of Russia. These men are the most carefully guarded people in the world. They travel in bulletproof, foreign-made limousines, for they know that every Russian ruler for the last 800 years has expected assassination.

This all-powerful body is illegal; that is, there is no law which establishes a Politburo. The Soviet Constitution does not even mention it.

Communists everywhere argue that this constitution is the most democratic constitution ever written. Every American should read it for himself. It does not read like a source of law but like a propaganda tract, which primarily it is. At first glance it seems quite democratic, though one gags at reading all the promises of freedoms which are written there but prohibited in every part of the Soviet Union. With a critical reading, however, some strange facts emerge from the slippery double-talk so characteristic of all communist writing from Marx to Stalin. For example, Articles 126 and 141, taken together and translated into simple, honest sentences, provide that all political power in the Soviet Union is vested exclusively in the Bolshevik Party. Certainly this is not democracy. It is party dictatorship. Whoever bosses the communist party is the real ruler of this unhappy land.

**T**HE Russians do have a blind sort of parliament called the Supreme Soviet, which is elected by the single slate, "yes-or-else" system of voting. It meets every two years and so far has never remained in session for more than five days. It passes a great deal of legislation prepared in advance by the Politburo and there is no record of a member voting "no" on any measure.

The Soviet Constitution calls to mind the constitution in George Orwell's satire, *Animal Farm*: "All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others." Articles

126 and 141 in the Russian Constitution are "more equal" than the other 144 articles combined.

The Soviet is the strongest and most insidious threat to the liberty of the individual ever constructed. It is policeman, judge, prosecutor, employer. It is history's outstanding, indeed, perhaps the very first example, of total monopoly. In the United States the people own everything, including the government. In Russia the government owns everything, including the people.

It seems clear that the Kremlin blueprint does not contemplate war at present. The Politburo knows it could not win a war against the Atlantic community of nations. In war-winning means and industries Russia is weak. She does not have the skilled workers, the factories nor the understanding of mass production to win a war against the United States. In Russia they seem to think that if you build a big plant and an assembly line mass production will follow automatically. The fact is that without technical wisdom bigness is less productive than smallness. Furthermore, little freedom for experimentation is permitted in Russia. Under these handicaps the Soviets cannot overtake America. Nor can a man with a ball and chain on each leg win a race.

If she is weak, why does Russia act so pugnaciously? The Kremlin's brutal aggressiveness is its reaction to its own weakness. The exalted members of the Politburo believe that their best defense is a pretense of strength, an arrogant offensive. We should not fall for this monumental bluff.

Like Solon, the Athenian sage, these men understand war. When King Croesus 2,500 years ago boasted at length about his hoards of gold, Solon commented: "One day, sire, another will come with better iron than thine and take away all thy gold."

The essential truth of this statement is even more impressive today, when wars are fought with machines at great distances. The production of steel, first element of modern war, illustrates well our supremacy in industry. At present we produce 90 million tons of steel a year, the Soviets about 27 million tons. Western Europe is producing as much as Russia and Britain's tonnage is about 75 per cent of Russia's. Coal and oil show a comparable superiority.

To lose a war would mean death for the men in the Kremlin and destruction for their system. Even if we did not have the atomic bomb, it is not likely they would risk such heavy odds. They will, however, keep pressing for soft spots all along the line—in the Arab lands, Greece, Germany, Iran—to promote chaos, hoping the national communist parties in these countries will come to power. If we stand firm, the Kremlin's stooge will retreat but if we are wishy-washy the Soviets will push their advantage to the limit. At

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present they are after what they can get without war.

Their immediate aim is to capture Germany. Nothing has so greatly disappointed the Politburo as the failure to take over all Germany through a stooge government. Germany's industrial power could soon be revived to 75 per cent of past top output and would shortly put Russia in a spot where she might venture a war. She now has Czechoslovakia's plants and workers; with the German added she would be a formidable antagonist indeed. Without Germany the Kremlin is not likely to give the signal for war.

**F**OR some years to come, the Kremlin blueprint calls for capturing as many countries as possible through the world-wide Red fifth column, the national communist parties. The national communist parties are nothing whatever but fifth columns. They were organized for this specific purpose; they have no function but to follow blindly the Kremlin line. Actually, there is no such thing as a British communist party, an Italian or French C. P. All are Soviet parties, directed in the exclusive interest of the Russian Empire. The communist party in the United States is really a branch agency of the foreign office of the Russian Empire.

The Communist International (formerly the Comintern, now called the Cominform) is the world organization that controls all communist

parties. Lenin established it in Moscow. Recently the Politburo moved this agency outside Russia in the hope that it would hoodwink the unthinking into believing the organization is not Soviet controlled. But one member of the Politburo directs the Cominform and thus controls all the parties outside the Soviet state. This vice president in charge of revolution until recently was Andrei Zhdanov and some think that he is no longer among the living because he allowed the Yugoslavs to stray from the party line.

The Cominform has rules, regulations and bylaws which are binding on all communist parties. It issues commands to all communist parties. These state the Bolshevik's purposes very clearly and prove my whole argument beyond question. Here are on this page some of them shorn of Marxist double-talk and translated into respectable English.

When I revealed these orders and regulations in my lectures about a year ago, some people declined to believe them. But they have been most thoroughly and openly confirmed by the highest authorities in the C. P. outside of Russia. On February 22, 1949, Maurice Thorez, leader of the French communists, through whom Stalin has often announced a new party line for the West, stated baldly that in a war between France and Russia the French communists would fight with the Red Army.

A few days later, Palmiro Togli-

atti, Italy's communist chief, declared that the Italian people would have the "duty to aid in the most efficient way any Russian army which might be required to pursue an aggressor on Italian soil." "Aggressor" here means any nation that opposes Russia, for, in their warped jargon, Bolshevism is not capable of pursuing a policy of aggression and war, and, therefore, by simple logic any nation that defends itself against a Soviet attack is perforce the aggressor. They assert that any war that comes will have been precipitated by the "imperialist powers" or the "Anglo-Saxon imperialists".

Shortly communist leaders in Germany, Britain and America chimed in with similar statements. The last, William Z. Foster and Eugene Dennis, had the colossal nerve to drag Lincoln, Jefferson and Roosevelt into their declarations. President Truman promptly branded Foster and Dennis as traitors.

All that is new in this is that the communists, after years of deceit, have openly declared their true colors. Until now western Reds have wrapped themselves closely in their country's flag, and have demanded full protection under its laws.

That we will curb this brazen threat to the democracies is certain. Brazil has already acted. About two years ago, Brazilian leaders made a statement similar to those issued lately by the western communist chiefs. Brazil at once imprisoned its Red leaders and outlawed the party. Political freedom is not involved here, for, as we have observed, no communist party is a political party. Always and everywhere it is an underground conspiracy, three-quarters illegal and the part above ground is for show only, controlled absolutely by the illegal underground.

If these regulations, the leaders' statements and ample other evidence admissible in an American court do not prove that Reds are traitors as treason is defined in the Constitution, perhaps we should amend the Constitution. If democracy cannot defend itself against traitors, it is doomed. A new situation faces the free world. The founding fathers could not have foreseen a day when the second most powerful country on earth would devote tremendous energy and huge wealth to organizing treason on a mass scale.

This loud and forthright treason-mongering has served a good purpose. It should no longer be possible for the communists anywhere to beguile even the most gullible. Everybody now must know that there is only one country in the world for them, the Soviet Union. They themselves have made it abundantly clear that treason is the necessary end of their philosophy, that their true objectives are the destruction of liberty and the free state and greater glory for the Soviet Empire.

I have no fear that America cannot take care of a gang of subversives within her borders. It is in the inter-

### **SOME OF THE RULES, REGULATIONS AND BY-LAWS OF THE COMMUNIST INTERNATIONAL**

- 1—"Every Communist Party is a Section of the Communist International. The Executive Committee of the International shall give instruction to all Sections and control their activities.
- 2—"The decisions of the Communist International are obligatory on all Sections. The Executive Committee of the International has the right to expel Sections, groups, and individual members of Parties.
- 3—"The leading offices in a Party do not belong to the occupants but to the Communist International.
- 4—"A member of a Party may not resign from it without the consent of the Communist International.
- 5—"Every Communist Party must renounce national patriotism. Every member of a Communist Party is pledged to indulge in national treason in case of war with the Soviets, no matter who, in such a war, should be the aggressor.
- 6—"Every Party is obliged to render every possible assistance to the Soviet Republics, carry on propaganda, induce the workers to refuse to transport military supplies and equipment, and by legal or illegal means propagandize the troops."

### **SOME NEW INSTRUCTIONS ISSUED BY THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE COMMUNIST INTERNATIONAL IN 1946**

- 1—"The general state of things in Europe and America makes it necessary for the Communists of the world to form illegal Communist organizations along with those existing legally."
- 2—"All Communist Parties must learn systematically to unite legal with illegal work, but all legal work must be carried on under the control of the illegal party."
- 3—"All means must be used to overthrow the international bourgeois and create an international Soviet Republic, including force of arms. Only a violent overthrow of the bourgeoisie will guarantee complete submission."

national field that our great opportunity and imperative duty lie. War must be prevented, for another war might return us to a darker Dark Ages no matter who wins it. Power—and only power—can prevent war. If we are strong, if we speedily build up our allies, the Kremlin will not risk a war. If we hold off the storm long enough, the world situation will create such pressures on the Soviet system that it either must break or take a more peaceful road.

The Bolshevik system is a slave system, built on creaking foundations. It denies the Christian doctrine of the dignity of the individual. It violates all the laws of nature, humanity and God, and will go the way of all the tyrannies of the past. But before it goes it can wreak fearful havoc in the world. America's opportunity and duty, with the help of Western Europe and Latin America, is to carry on a holding operation until a world organization can be

perfected with enough power to take over the guardianship of world peace.

The great Russian novelist, Count Leo Tolstoy, 60 years ago made a very significant remark: "The greatest calamity that could befall the world would be the coming of a Genghis Khan with a telephone." He meant, of course, a leadership in Russia with the will for conquest, reared in the ruthless ideals of Medieval Asia and armed with the power of modern science. Stalin and the Politburo are, indeed, "a Genghis Khan with a telephone".

The United States is the only country with strength enough to check this Oriental onslaught. If we do not use our power and resources intelligently, liberty will be strangled throughout the world. If we do have the will to use our mighty power, if we do preserve our way of life and the opportunity to achieve liberty for all peoples, we Americans will become the greatest people in history.

## In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 20)

owner will stop and take the dog for a short walk. This doesn't require too much time and it is a humane thing to do.

Some owners find it amusing (why, I don't know) to permit the dog to car-ride with its schnozzle poking out the window. Pebbles projected by passing cars, dust and other foreign matter can seriously injure the dog's eyes and, furthermore, the effect of the wind may be injurious to the dog's ears. Among other unfunny stunts is to allow the dog to ride on the running board of the car; a sudden swerve or stop can easily toss Fido into the path of another car which for that pet may result in anything from hospitalization to a funeral. If you have reason to leave your dog in the car while you are away from it, don't close the windows tightly. On a warm day a tightly closed car, particularly if left standing in the sun, can take on the characteristics of a vestibule to the Lower Regions. I may add that not many people, car thieves among them, will tamper with a car that is guarded by a dog, other than one of the toy varieties.

Returning to the dog staying at a hotel or tourist camp, I want to admonish that at no time should the dog be permitted to annoy occupants of these places. In this I'm reminded of an unforgettable experience with the first dog I ever showed, and kept overnight in a hotel. He was only a pup, but throughout the night he labored under the delusion that something dreadful would happen if he didn't behave as self-appointed watchman and sound off at every passing footstep. I'll not forget the relief of the desk clerk when I told him early the next morning that I was checking out that day. He soberly assured me that if I had planned to stay one more night with my dog his hotel would have been shy

several guests. To guard against this annoyance I should have taken a muzzle along with the dog's other equipment. So, if you have any doubts about your dog's being an insomniac while staying in a strange place, bring a muzzle for him.

**G**ETTING back to the business of the car-riding dog, don't ever practice the heedless unkindness of stowing the dog in the trunk of the car, even though you prop open the lid. There the dog gets dust, heat and gas fumes, none of which are exactly healthy or pleasant for him. Any dog owner who does this should be stuffed into the trunk of his car and taken on a transcontinental journey over the worst roads in the United States. Need I say that I feel strongly about this?

If yours is to be a train trip, it needn't complicate things to the point of leaving the dog at home or at a boarding kennel. Many railroads now permit dogs to ride with their chaperones. Right spang on the same seat, too. But nearly all of them bar this privilege to large dogs and many require that dogs taking advantage of this break, no matter what size they are, ride muzzled. This is reasonable, as dogs have been known to bite other passengers, thus creating headaches for all concerned, including the railroad. Some roads insist that dogs ride only on the rear platforms of the trains, but if your journey is a short one, that isn't as much of a hardship as it may seem. Still other roads require that the dog be confined to the baggage car, if the train includes one. If the road is indulgent in this respect, it may allow the animal to be uncrated but tied to one part of the car and muzzled. If the dog is one of the smaller varieties—terrier or toy—the road might sanction your taking it into your car

(Continued on page 52)



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with you, provided that it is confined to a carrying crate.

If you have to ship your dog in advance or arrange for it to follow you, and it is of sufficient size to be crated, there are a number of well-constructed crates made for such purpose. Railway Express is well experienced in handling such canine baggage. They'll even insure your dog for the duration of its journey. Perhaps your local sporting goods store, department store or pet shop sells such crates. They come in a variety of sizes. If you are unable to buy such a crate locally, let me know and I'll tell you where you can order one direct from the manufacturers.

No matter how you ship your dog, either tied in the baggage car or crated, be sure (if you do not accompany him on the train) to attach a tag to its collar or nailed to the crate, such tag listing instructions as to feeding and watering. Railway attendants will observe your wishes. Of course, this precaution is only needed if the journey is to be more than one day. For a one-day journey it won't hurt Fido to fast for the duration, although he should get fresh water twice daily. If you ship the dog and do not travel with it, be certain that there will be someone at the end of the journey to claim the dog promptly. If, when your dog is shipped, you have reason to believe that he might get excited to the extent of wanting to bite an attendant, then print such a warning on the

tag; for this kind of purp, you'd best see that he's muzzled, whether in or out of a crate. Of course, before shipping the dog you'll get from your local express office all necessary information.

**Y**OU'LL find that the requirements I've mentioned for train travel will be pretty much the same if you and/or the dog make the trip by boat. If you are the only one to occupy the cabin, you probably will be permitted to keep the dog in the cabin with you. But at times other than when the pooch is so confined and you want to take it for an airing on deck, you will very likely be told that it must be muzzled; don't be disappointed if you aren't permitted to bring Fido into the dining-room. Some of the larger boats, particularly those making oceanic runs, maintain fully equipped kennels for dog passengers, with experienced kennel attendants on hand. Shipping your dog by air calls for much the same requirements as for train travel.

The wise dog owner, when vacationing with his pet, sees to it that there's no let-down in the usual exercise periods. If at all possible, it is best to keep the dog to the same diet it enjoyed at home, too.

If your stay is close to water—lake or seashore—let your dog have a daily swim. All dogs are natural swimmers, but if yours is a small animal, don't permit it to try ocean surf; not even all the big, powerful

purps can manage heavy surf. After the dog is dunked, dry it thoroughly and encourage it to play to hasten the drying process. Of course, you won't allow the dog to relax anywhere indoors where there is a draft. You won't, because you won't want to run the risk of the dog's catching cold and possibly contracting other sickness that may be far more serious—distemper, for example.

Don't exhaust your dog by urging it to retrieve sticks or other objects you may throw into the water. Some dogs are such obliging darned fools that they'll continue to fetch until they're so wearied that they run the risk of drowning.

You may visit with your dog where there are poisonous snakes. If you know this to be so, never allow your dog to run loose. Some dogs have intuitive caution on encountering a snake; some, particularly a feather-brained pup, are wholly incautious. The bite of a poisonous snake can kill a dog so bear in mind that Mr. Snake is far quicker on the trigger than Fido. If such a bite doesn't kill, it can make the dog extremely sick, possibly for a long time.

Yes, by all means take your dog on your vacation with you. As I've said, hotels are easing their restrictions on dogs, train or plane or boat travel is no great hardship on your pet, and if you are making a motor trip, there's little reason why, if you want your dog to go along, you shouldn't enjoy his company.

## Go West? Go East?

(Continued from page 7)

roads, is a town that sees more tuna fish in a day than the busiest drug store in town dishes up all year. One of the world's great tuna centers, it is headquarters for the annual international cup matches. Boats are for hire at about \$40 a day, but unlike the fishing boats of Palm Beach, Freeport and Montauk, which take six passengers, Wedgeport skippers restrict their parties to four. If you come home fishless, a silver fox pelt from one of the farms nearby may help square things at home. Furs are running from \$45 a skin.

Since you probably had to learn Longfellow's *Evangeline* in school, as long as you're in Nova Scotia, you might as well have a look at the place where the whole thing started. At Grand Pré in the heart of the *Evangeline* Country where the Acadians were gathered before being expelled, and where the legendary *Evangeline* was parted from her lover, a magnificent memorial park has been built by the Dominion Atlantic Railway. A simple, ivy-covered church donated by Acadian ancestors stands in the center, surrounded by great, aged willows brought over from France by the original settlers.

The Canadian Pacific's English-looking, ivy-covered Kent House in nearby Kentville is about the best place to make your headquarters. If you care to buy some china under the

most luxurious circumstances possible—and I haven't overlooked Tiffany's—arrange to have one of the private cars from Palmeter's Country Home pick you up at Kent House. Palmeter's is a huge china store outside of town, installed in a setting worthy of a fine inn. Before, after, or while you are browsing over the collection, you can relax on the pitch and putt course, play tennis, try your hand at archery, or go boating on the pond. A private car will spin you back to the hotel at no cost. You have to pay for the china.

New Brunswick, Nova Scotia's sister province, is a Canadian extension of the state of Maine. A square of land the size of Scotland, New Brunswick is a 28,000-acre sportsman's show, loaded to the borders with red deer, black bear, ruffed grouse, partridge and woodcock. Write the New Brunswick Government Bureau of Information and Tourist Travel, 454 King St., Fredericton, for a directory of sportsmen's camps and local ground rules.

Any season is open season for visiting Montreal and Quebec, Canada's French speaking cities on the St Lawrence. If you're leaving from New York, Colonial Airlines will fly you nonstop to Montreal in two and a half hours. From Boston, Northeast does it in about the same time, with a stop or two en route. Rolling

out of Washington every afternoon at four, the Montrealer, a combined venture of what seems like half the eastern railroads, represents a model meeting of transportation minds. It picks up passengers in New York at 8 p.m., makes Montreal's Windsor station early the next morning.

Second largest French city in the world, Montreal is sophisticated, but not as much as Paris. It is also cosmopolitan, but not as much as New York. If you don't get there too late in the year, you can see the city on a streetcar not only named "Sight-seeing", but especially built for the purpose. Constructed like a miniature grandstand mounted on a streetcar chassis, it will take you wherever the trolley tracks will allow. Horse-drawn carriages, if you persuade the driver, will carry you up to the top of Mount Royal, once a volcano, where a white cross is lighted every night in the year.

You'll find Montreal's Ritz Hotel fashionable, the Windsor respectable, the Laurentian chrome-plated and modern, the Mount Royal bustling and commercial. You can steer clear of ptomaine by going to such places as Drury's, a fine restaurant hard by the Canadian Pacific's depot, which looks, inside, like an elegant English club. Cafe Martin and the 400 have local reputations, and you certainly shouldn't miss Au Lutin Qui Bouffe

—the-home-of-the-little-imp-who-stuffs-himself—which I think I am safe in calling the only restaurant in the world where a live pig runs around the feet of the diners. A bottle of milk with a nipple will hypnotize the imp long enough to let you have your picture taken feeding him. Cost: \$1. The food is good, too.

Virtually all the resorts in the Laurentians, the Alps of French Canada, are open around the calendar. Forty miles from Montreal you'll find the Alpine Inn, a luxurious citted idea of a log lodge. Bright Norwegian designs are stenciled over every available piece of woodwork from the chests of drawers to the ceilings. One side of the balcony dining room is paneled with glass. A ski resort in winter, Alpine offers its summer guests swimming in the outdoor pool, or in the river which cuts across the front lawn. There's a nine-hole golf course on the premises, or if you'd rather hike without swinging at a pill, the inn organizes picnic walks to Mt. Baldy. Hot season or cold, the double room rates are quite reasonable, food included.

If you like things small and clubby, look at the Mont Gabriel Club which boards and feeds as many movie stars as Errol Flynn's yacht. High on a mountain top at Piedmont, 45 miles from Montreal, Mont Gabriel has an outdoor pool, stages candlelit buffets and Virginia reels on a moonlit terrace. Displaced Southerners will get a breath of nostalgia from the Confederate standard which flies as houseflag over the proceedings at Mont Gabriel, and anybody will get a kick out of a bell which is tolled mournfully as you leave the hotel for home.

No ancient, slightly aromatic hunting shirt ever made a sportsman feel more at home than the Gray Rocks Inn at St. Jovite in the Laurentians. On the grounds there is a nine-hole golf course, a pair of tennis courts and swimming on the beach at Lac Ouimet. In the basement of the main-house—insulated from the world upstairs—the Canadian ale flows like Niagara. In summer and fall there are corn roasts and barbecues by torchlight on the islands in the lake. But for sportsmen, the inn itself will be only a headquarters, perhaps a place to park the wife. From the Quebec government, Gray Rocks leases 70 lakes spread over 125 square miles. Somewhere in the woods are six camps, each staffed with a cook and a brace of guides. You fish for speckled trout, lake trout, wall-eyes and great northern pike; hunt for bear and moose. The Inn, which also owns Wheeler Airlines, has a fleet of private aircraft that would bring tears to the eyes of a Latin American revolutionary. You fly into the forest camp in a matter of minutes at a cost that runs from \$4.50 to \$20, depending upon the camp you decide to fish, the plane you choose to ride, and the number of people who make the run. It's \$10 a day to eat, sleep, and use the boats, and \$6 for the guide. Gray

Rocks also leases a camp in the Hudson's Bay area, and once or twice in the fall, the inn runs an expedition-by-air for goose and duck hunting. To get to the inn in the first place, the easiest way is to take the regularly scheduled Wheeler plane at Montreal, which lands right at Gray Rocks half an hour later.

### The Mid-South

In case you missed New England in August you'll find approximately the same weather conditions prevailing in the mid-South during October. November in the Carolinas is about the same as you might expect of northern resorts in September.

Striking south along Route 1, the eastern seaboard road, Southern Pines and Pinehurst, the two tweedy resorts built by New Englanders inside rebel lines. Both are in the Carolina sandhills, a type of earth which the local press agents insist radiates the heat of the sun and sops up water quickly after a shower. That's why the crafty Yankees built there. At any rate, Pinehurst, a few miles off the main north-south highway, has become known to the sportswriters as Golftown, U. S. A. Its one golf club has three courses, two 18-hole putting greens and a tract of practice land bigger than Rhode Island, which is known locally as Maniac Hill. There are seven golf courses within five miles of Southern Pines, which lies astride Route 1. The town is also preoccupied with horses and dogs and you can enlist for a breakfast canter, riding to the hounds, the gymkhanas and even the steeplechase meets. At night you can come home stiff of joint to one of the 15 hotels. Rates at the Highland Pines Inn, the largest, start modestly. Some hotels are open all year, others unshutter at various dates during the fall. You can check by writing the City Clerk, Southern Pines, N. C.

Pinehurst, five miles away, has five hotels, largest of which is the Carolina, a big resort enterprise settled in a landscaped garden with its own stores, a ballroom and elevators. Seaboard Air Line Railway services both resorts from northern cities.

If you want to be insured and insulated against frost, I suggest you hibernate at Tryon in the Thermal Belt of North Carolina, where the fall temperature averages an even 77. A mile-long town, with a one-side-of-the-street business district, Tryon's perch on the side of the Saluda Mountains makes it a climatic freak, free of dew and frost the year round. One of its most colorful hotels is the Pine Crest Inn, five minutes from Trade Street, a collection of rustic looking cottages surrounding a main house. All the bedrooms have private baths and many have fireplaces. Each building has central heating. Both golf and tennis are available at the inn, and by late fall the entire town—villagers, seasonal residents, and guests—are all involved in a round of fox hunting, hunter trial gymkhanas, and horse-and-hound shows. Tryon is

(Continued on page 54)

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further distinguished as the home of the *Tryon Bulletin*, the world's smallest newspaper. A sheet eight inches by fourteen inches, often as thick as twenty pages, it ignores the local news entirely, allows state flashes an occasional paragraph and dismisses the international scene with a phrase. Tryon, innately a peaceful town, also has the world's smallest police station. It has room for one, without headgear.

Visitors coming by rail from the Midwest can get off right at Tryon station. Guests coming from northern cities can be met at Spartanburg, over the border in South Carolina, which is easier than changing trains. It's a two-day motor trip from Detroit, Chicago, New York.

If you're staying at Tryon, it's a three-hour drive to Great Smoky National Park over a highway that runs through Pisgah National Park. Carolina's foliage begins to turn late in September—the sumac, gums, sourwood, and low bush blueberry turning redder than a Balkan premier. Oaks turn later and blend with the yellow of the sassafras, birch and yellow purple, the whole show remaining on the road through the first week in November. The Great Smoky Park is 54 miles long, 19 miles wide and covers 461,000 acres which are shared by North Carolina and Tennessee. If you look hard enough in the Smokies, you'll find 130 different kinds of trees, over 50 different fur-bearing animals, 3,600 different plants. Far-sighted and zealous watchers have identified over 200 kinds of birds. You can fish 500 miles of trout streams, hike 600 miles of trails and one-day soon you'll be able to ride all the way from Shenandoah Park over the 500-foot long Blue Ridge Parkway. Old homes and ancient mills, preserved or restored, are as authentic as a scene from *Dogpatch*. There are modern campgrounds at Smokemount, N. C., and Chimney's, Tenn.

Don't miss a visit to the Cherokee Indian Reservation on the Carolina side of the park. The Cherokees live more like hill-billies than stalwart braves in a small log and frame home, cooking over the open fireplaces. Most of them speak English. In deference to tradition they grind corn just as it was done by the squaws in the old warpath days and babies are still carried in a sack over the back. The men make blow guns, bows and arrows, and drums, but it is all for a financial—and bloodless—killing. They sell them to the tourists. You can see the biggest display of goods at the annual Cherokee Indian Fair every fall, where Redmen stage dances, and play the Indian ball game, a Cherokee version of a Pier 6 brawl, played in loincloths.

If you've been working like a beaver, and would rather be waited on hand and foot in a sumptuous hotel settled on a rolling estate, then head either for the Greenbrier at White Sulphur Springs in West Virginia, or the Homestead, 40 miles away in Virginia Hot Springs. The

Greenbrier, once the summer home of presidents, the retreat of royalty, has undergone a technicolor revitalization at the hands of Dorothy Draper, a lady who loves colors as long as they are bright. The Greenbrier is full of pinks and blues, not to mention the caddies who wear red shirts, and waiters who wear green tailcoats. But the effect, like the waters at the spa, are a tonic for the soul, if not the body. Lunch is served on the open-air terrace of the Casino which overlooks the Greenbrier's three golf courses. There is dancing at dinner and again later in the ballroom, an occasion for which you will have to bring a black tie.

The Homestead is the place where waiters find it easier to carry trays on their heads, a performance which has been duly recorded in the advertisements for many years. The point is, that the Homestead is spread over Hell's Half Acre, and it is simply easier for a waiter to carry a tray on his cranium when he has to navigate for a mile to serve somebody breakfast in bed. The same waiters, and the same guests, have been returning to the Homestead each year since the days when Rin Tin Tin was as big a man as Lassie. Besides the golf, the tennis, the skeet shooting, and the bowling on the green, there also is the famous spa where you can bathe in Nature's own pressure cooker. The water comes out of the earth at 104 degrees. The Homestead is one of the few places around where you can see the foliage in a buckboard, a runabout, or a tallyho, all of which are for hire at the front door.

## The Southwest

While some northern resorts close after summer, down in the scorching Southwest the hotels are just reopening. Phoenix, which averages a daily high of 103.6 during July, cools off to an average maximum of 86 in October and 74.8 in November. The heavy tourist season in the sahuaro cactus country begins in January, and fall accommodations are less expensive and easier to get. There is no foliage season in the southwest, the palms remain green, the citrus groves are full of leaves, and every

one is busy cultivating a winter garden. You can live on a ranch, bathe in the outdoor pool, ride out into the mesquite at sundown for a delicious steak fry.

If you're as dauntless as Kirk Douglas, and as bold as Bogie, please be advised that October is the prime month for mountain lion hunting in Arizona. You hunt a lion on horseback, with hounds, over what you might previously considered as inaccessible territory. Eventually the cougar will take to a tree, but there are some vaqueros in the southwest who can rope a lion and pull him right out of the tree for formal presentation to you as a trophy. On the other hand you can lie in the sun by the side of the pool at the magnificent Camelback Inn outside Phoenix, and just call for cool drinks. Some people find pleasure in *that*.

Before the ranch season opens in November, Arizona's tourists are up in the northern part of the state, taking in sights such as Grand Canyon. Anywhere from four to fifteen miles wide, and 5,700 feet deep, Grand Canyon is the biggest incision since Aunt Emma's appendectomy. You can ride along the rim by horse or by car, and if you think your hand is going to get shaky at the wheel you can even hire a guide to drive your car. On the South Rim tourists can put up at the famous El Tovar Hotel, the Bright Angel Lodge, or for automobile travelers who want to keep things informal, at Fred Harvey's Auto Camp. You can even stay on the floor of the canyon at Phantom Ranch. Grand Canyon Lodge, on the North Rim, closes to tourists October 15th when the first snow flurries blanket the roads. After all, a drop of 5,700 feet to the bottom of the Canyon is liable to be fatal.

All the Southwest is not as tough as a bronco. Up at Wickenburg, the unofficial guest ranch capital of the world, 54 miles north of Phoenix, the Remuda Ranch tacks up this notice in the rooms:

Why not let some of those cares slip away and forget the formalities you have to observe every day. If you see men in the dining room with coats on, it is because they have been here only a day.

If you wish you will be sent a pot of black coffee first thing in the morning, but your day begins whenever you get up. Morning rides leave the corral about 10 a.m., afternoon rides at 2:30. You'll be well dressed in levis, boots, a plaid shirt, and a ten-gallon hat.

You won't exactly have to sleep on cactus out in the alleged hell-for-leather country. At Wickenburg's Rancho de Los Caballeros every guest has a private, tiled bathroom, and rooms are heated by underfloor individually controlled radiant heating. The main house, surrounded by seven guest cottages, sits in a cactus plateau that measures some 25,000 acres. Besides the horse corrals and barns, the ranch has tennis courts,





shuffle board deck, putting greens, horseshoe pits, pistol and rifle range, ping pong tables, and a warm water swimming pool. Billy the Kid is doubtlessly having a restless sleep.

### The West

When it's autumn everywhere else in the land, out in Southern California they are celebrating what the tourist promoters like to refer to as Second Summer. Day and night temperatures average about 70 in September, 66 in October and 62 in November. Two hundred miles of sandy swimming beaches are open deep into fall, and in Santa Barbara County, the flower farms of Lompoc are blooming like a June bride. Sixty miles east of Los Angeles you can see one ripened vineyard that stretches away from your feet across 6,000 acres to the bottom of the San Gabriel Mountains.

The ranches around Victorville, California, 100 miles from Los Angeles, operate on a twelve-month basis and are less inclined to charge short-season premium rates. Located on the north slopes of the San Bernardino Mountains, and the edge of the Mojave Desert, Victorville is one of the driest corners of the United States. The somewhat artisan elders of Victorville claim that the area is the only place along the West Coast between Canada and Mexico—except for the high mountain areas—where there has never been a case of heat prostration. Probably nobody ever froze to death either. The Mac Ranch, as an example, offers "everything free any day the sun doesn't shine", and "no charge any day there is fog on the ranch". The offer has virtually been as safe as offering a hundred dollars to anyone finding a date palm inside the arctic circle. On January 25, 1949, the Mac Ranch paid off on the no-sun clause for the first time in fourteen years. To date there has never been any fog on the premises. Victorville is a sufferers' sanctuary for those who have hay fever, asthma, sinus, arthritis, or just a Kleenex cold.

### The Northwest

Up in the Northwest, in the nation's corner pocket, you can find a foreign fall vacation in both Vancouver and Victoria, at the tip of southwest Canada. Surrounded by water and mountains, Vancouver is a dramatic city, alive, modern and growing fast. You can reach it by driving straight up from Seattle along Route 99. The all-year-round temperature averages about fifty degrees, and it's unusual weather indeed when there is snow.

The Vancouver Hotel, a joint operation of both Canadian National and Canadian Pacific Railroads, and the Georgia down the street, are both big city hotels. There is a dearth of restaurants in town, but you can keep alive at Henri's, which has smorgasboard and \$1.50 steaks, and Oscar's, an overgrown delicatessen. You'll find dancing a couple of times a week at the Vancouver Hotel, and enter-

tainment at the Palomar across the street. If you're looking for a beer then look for a sign that reads "Licensed Premises". That's what they call a beer parlor in Vancouver. If you want something stiffer, it will cost you \$10 to join a private beverage club where you can get as lubricated as you please in semi-seclusion. On the shore line drives that skirt the city, there are relics from old sailing ships mounted as monuments, and forests of tall strange totem poles that you'll find preserved all along Canada's far west coast. It's a short drive to Capilano Canyon where you can watch the salmon jump.

Victoria is a homey corner of England, as sweet as an old lady. Probably it is the only city in the world that hangs flower baskets on its lamp posts. Although Victorians don't advertise the point, the continual soft temperature attracts many retired people who come to Victoria to live. Particularly the city is supposed to have an affinity for army officers coming up from India to live out their retirement. For young and old, Victoria has a fine hotel in the Empress, a haughty, grand dame of an establishment, covered with ivy. It rises rather grandly at the edge of the waterfront. Tea, with silver service, is served in the parlors every afternoon, and the dark, paneled dining room exudes the rich elegance of the Union League Club. Across the street, the Canadian Pacific, which owns the hotel, also operates Crystal Garden, the largest salt water swimming pool under glass on the continent. In Thunderbird Park, an open-air museum, you'll see besides totem poles, the original dugout canoe in which one Capt. J. C. Voss and one seaman safely sailed from Victoria to London via Auckland, Melbourne and Capetown. On the other side of town, away from the center of things, you can put up comfortably at the Oak Bay Beach Hotel on the waterfront. From the Oak Bay House, you can put out for salmon any time from June through October. The fish run from six to 30 pounds.

For sightseeing in Victoria, probably the best way to bat around town is aboard a four-horse tallyho equipped with a public address system, and a cowboy-suited girl guide. At any rate, don't miss a visit to Butchart's Gardens, fourteen miles from town, and probably the largest perpetual flower show on the continent. You'll find plenty to buy in Victoria, especially English goods which are considerably cheaper in Canada than in the states. Try Sydney Reynolds, Ltd., and the Wedgewood Shop for English bone china. The Indian Craft Shop has totem poles from \$1 to \$10. Indian-made moccasins from \$5 to \$15, and white doeskin jackets at a C note apiece. In case you want to embroider a tale about life in the rugged Northwest, the shop also carries a wide selection of walrus tusks and whale teeth. A good-looking whale's tooth without a cavity brings \$3.50 these days.

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# editorial



## CHAMPION OF DEMOCRACY

WELL DONE.

These two simple words that have gathered unto themselves such rich significance in expressing approval of loyal service, come first to mind now, at the close of this Grand Lodge year, as we reflect on the record of George I. Hall, Grand Exalted Ruler.

When he accepted the responsibility of leadership of our Order at Philadelphia, Brother Hall gave the assembled Grand Lodge delegates the first news of the patriotic aims of his administration. "Make Democracy Work" was his ringing theme, one which has reverberated throughout his months of service to Country and to Fraternity.

It has been in his inspirational addresses to our membership at lodge gatherings throughout the nation. It sounded in his messages and writings published in *The Elks Magazine*; it echoed wonderfully in the hundreds of thousands of compositions submitted by high school students in the Elks National Essay Contest on "Why Democracy Works".

Our Grand Exalted Ruler will never know the full repercussions of the pictures which crystallized in the minds of the students who participated in the Elks Essay Contest. One can no more measure emanations of thought than fix the distances of ripples caused by the dropping of a pebble in a great body of water. How many students communicated the "Make Democracy Work" theme to their parents; how many parents relayed it orally to friends and by letter to relatives across the sea; what stimuli to the cause of freedom those ever-widening ripples created will never be reported.

Brother Hall will never know how many thoughts and impulses of patriotism were implanted in the fertile minds of junior Americans when they saw the film, "Our American Heritage", which our lodges, at his instance, made available to local schools. He will never know how productive of results were his resounding calls to his Brother Elks and to his fellow Americans, young and old, to keep their faith in our country, to keep their faith in God. He will find his reward in the knowledge that, recognizing the need, he delivered his message with all his earnestness, sincerity and power.

When Brother Hall passes along the gavel of authority to his successor at Cleveland, he will hand over leadership of an Order which, under his competent administration, has risen to a new high in membership, has kept faith with our veterans in hospitals, has functioned at peak efficiency on the highest fraternal level in contributing to the welfare of the sick, the crippled and the underprivileged, and in providing educational opportunities. He will not surrender all. He will retain that which his humble mien, his alert interest and enthusiasm, his solid, sterling sense of loyalty win for him so easily—the esteem and loyalty of thousands of new friends.



## ARE AMERICA'S ARTERIES HARDENING?

Progress is a watchword to Americans. The word embodies much of the spirit that has made our nation great in so many fields, and but few of our citizens and fewer still of our cities are not proud to call themselves "progressive". The history of

our nation is one of progress—of gradual improvement—achieved by a free people to whom change was an accepted fact of life, and growth a necessity to survival.

In view of our history, our revolutionary heritage, our respect for progress, it is strange, and not a little ominous, that many Americans appear to be more and more devoted to the status quo, more and more reluctant to attack our problems with that dash and vigour and fearlessness that have so long characterized our nation. Is America getting hardening of the arteries?

Raymond B. Fosdick gave thoughtful and timely consideration to this question in an article in "The New York Times Magazine" for April 2 entitled "We Must Not Be Afraid of Change". Examining the grave threat posed by communism's international conspiracy, Mr. Fosdick concludes that it has developed in many Americans a hysteria bred of fear, a fear that has replaced faith in democracy and which if not checked will paralyze progress, halt our growth and label us the defender of reaction.

"It is undoubtedly a part of the communist strategy," warns Mr. Fosdick, "to frighten us into a position which seems to identify our democracy, not with forward-looking movements related to the hopes of men, but with outmoded patterns of social thinking. If in the eyes of the nations, America should appear as a victim of spiritual paralysis, frozen to the present, deaf to the impact of new ideas of human equality which are sweeping the world, it would be an overriding victory for Soviet policy. That is the picture the communists are trying to paint of us, and that, unfortunately, is the picture that some thoughtless and panicky people in this country are trying, unwittingly, to help them paint."

We decry the reckless habit of frightened or unscrupulous persons who label as communist men and movements that are nothing more than progressive in the finest sense of that much abused word. This is dangerous. It plays right into the hands of the communists in many ways. In the first place, to attack innocent men and sound ideas by carelessly labeling them communist merely robs the word of its effectiveness when rightly used, and provides protective coloration for real communists and their stealthy game. More important, it serves to identify Russia as the leader in the struggle to achieve progress, to overcome the ills that beset mankind, while at the same time it drives us into the role of defender of the conditions against which millions of people rebel. To hurl "communist" at every idea that is advanced in the cause of bettering the world serves only to emphasize communism's crass claim that it alone is the champion of the underprivileged, and robs democracy of its noble achievements and its bright promise for the future.

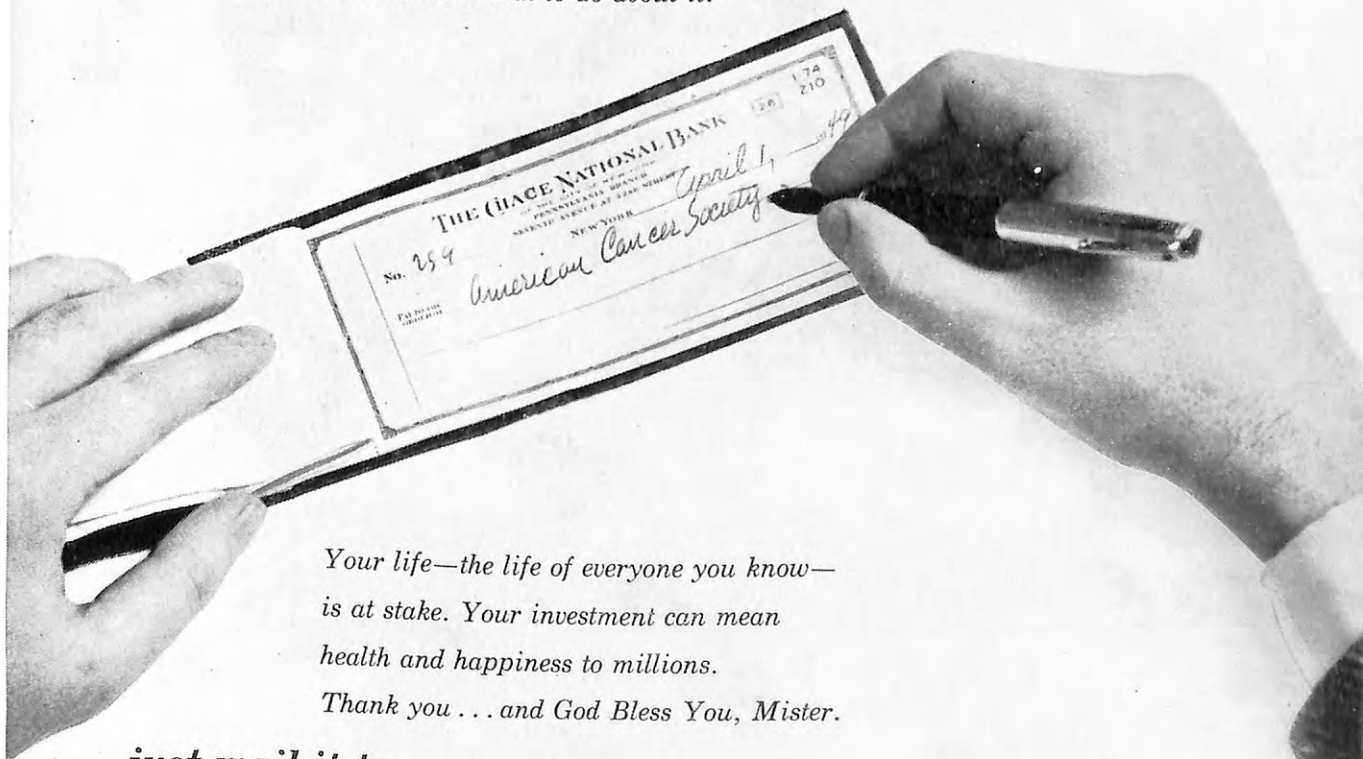
At the other extreme, opposed to those who are against any change, are those who advocate change merely because it is new or because it is being done somewhere else. Change is not synonymous with progress. To discard a suit that is wearing well for a new one of shoddy material would be an expensive change; but to replace an old suit with a better one, that's a change that brings improvement. Between these two extremes is the sensible, American way of achieving progress by remaining receptive to new ideas, and adopting those which, after thoughtful consideration, promise improvement over the old.

America would scarcely be the great nation that it is today if at any given period in our history our forefathers had swerved from the path of progress, said this was perfection and abandoned the future to a fearful struggle to preserve the present. Democracy must be dynamic. It must grow in order to survive and become stronger. Fear will shrivel democracy; faith will nourish it. America will hurl back the threat of communism by meeting it head on in the bold spirit of progress that embraces the future and makes it our own.

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