

THE  
**Elks**  
MAGAZINE

OCTOBER  
1949

•  
FALL  
HUNTING  
SECTION





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Yes, now you can do a professional painting job on everything in and around your house with this amazing, brand new, self-contained electric paint sprayer. Just fill the big, 25-ounce capacity, interchangeable mason jar with any kind of ordinary oil-base liquid—lacquer, glossy paint, enamel, varnish, shellac, residual type insecticides, light oils, moth sprays, disinfectants, etc. Then plug the 8-ft. insulated cord into any 110-volt A.C. household outlet—pull the trigger—and get satin-smooth, professional results every time!

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got away—*

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# 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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## WHAT OUR READERS HAVE TO SAY

A superior court judge from an Eastern state writes:

*"The article on China by Shaw in the August issue is excellent. It deserves to be sent to our Senators and Representatives."*

A businessman in a Southern state writes that:

*"Very interesting to me in the August issue was 'Under New Ownership', by Emil Schram and 'Europe in the Fall', as well as the illustrations for that article. Yes, the Magazine becomes more interesting with every issue."*

A man in a foreign news agency says:

*"Mr. Shaw has presented the pros and cons of the American China policy dispute with impartiality, and I wish to congratulate The Elks Magazine for its timely presentation of a topic that is of vital concern not only to the future of the United States and China but to the future of world as a whole."*

A lady from the West Coast writes to Ed Faust, our dog editor:

*"My husband has been an Elks for twenty-seven years and we both enjoy reading The Elks Magazine. I never miss your 'In the Doghouse' article and have many clippings from it. It has been a big help to me in many ways."*

NOTE: The Travel Department of *The Elks Magazine* has received a large number of letters in response to the suggestion that travel information is available to members of the Order. These requests are receiving prompt consideration and the information is being provided to those requesting it. If you are planning a trip, and would like information as to routes and accommodations, write to the Travel Department, *The Elks Magazine*, 50 East 42nd Street, New York City. Every effort will be made to provide the information that you require.

### NEXT ISSUE

After an absence of many years, Octavus Roy Cohen, one of the most popular of all fiction writers, returns to *The Elks Magazine* with a mystery story about a service station man who became involved in murder. The article by the Honorable Alben W. Barkley, which was to run in this issue, will appear in the November issue. Mr. Barkley, a member of Paducah, Ky., Lodge, has written a patriotic message for all Elksdom.

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# Safety Man



BY WILLIAM FAY

Illustrated by REYNOLD BROWN

On his sharp days, O'Leary  
could thread a needle with  
a football at forty yards.



**"Win, lose or draw  
I get paid," he said,  
"and there's no  
future in being a hero."**

O'LEARY looked again at the big clock on the scoreboard while the mob continued its howling in the stands. There was still time enough to score, he assured himself, and there would be small excuse for the panic and error that so often went with haste. You could do more things in two minutes than most people realized. In such a space of time you could do almost anything on a football field except boil a three-minute egg or still the frantic howling of the Jordan City fans. Because this was, after all, a highly hysterical town.

"Time out!" somebody called.

It was the Cleveland team that called for respite from the short, unhurried, and bull's-eye passes that O'Leary had been tossing. They wanted a moment to gather themselves together, and a chance to decide what best they should do to protect the thin lead they enjoyed. O'Leary watched them with some amusement, aware that any conference they called now would be one concerning himself. He stood apart, both from Cleveland and his own teammates, with the detachment befitting a specialist. The wind had shifted above the playing field, reversing the bright flags on their masts, and it was rather warm and sticky, for November. O'Leary stood

immaculate in his crimson jersey and his bright silk pants. He rubbed his large hands together, as though preparing for the logical task ahead. It was said of O'Leary on his sharp days that if he couldn't thread a needle with a football at forty yards, the least he would do was jam the needle into your hide. He had been that kind of a forward passer at Chicago, they said, before he had come to Jordan City. And there were other things they said of O'Leary around the league—not always the nicest things.

A water wagon was rolled from the Jordan City side of the field. O'Leary walked over and rinsed his mouth thoughtfully, spitting the water to the ground. He managed to suppress the tension that was mounting in him. Alone of the Jordan City boys he remained unmarked and ungrimed, his breathing still quiet, his posture casual. But from the double-decked tiers of the grandstand the noise was rising, the fifty-piece high school band beating out some outlandish tune they must have been saving for today. You had to be careful, lest the wild excitement become contagious, and for the glory of Jordan City and the dear old national league you wound up with your precious hide in a sling.

"One likely dividend from playing weekend football," Dr. Dobey, his boss, had told him, "could be a broken neck, O'Leary. Remember your career."

He had told good Doctor Dobey, that distinguished chemist, whose Jordan Rubber Company was worth more millions than the battleship Missouri, that he might rest assured. Such childish antics, said O'Leary, were behind him.

Meanwhile the high and hilarious note kept building in the stands. The band and the people of the town seemed to be pleading, "Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!"—as though football were neither a business nor a game, but a kind of local religion. The scoreboard still said, ominously, "Cleveland, 14; Jordan City, 12."

Well, it's no skin off me, O'Leary thought. Win, lose, or draw, he still got paid. Then he thought of the girl in Section 5, Row 3, a very pleasant thought. Angelo Lombardi, the full-back, walked over. Angelo had the stride and the hide of a Sherman tank. "You feel all right, Willy?" Angelo asked. "You think you can do it, kid?"

"I'll never know till I try," O'Leary said.

But he felt no impatience with An-  
(Continued on page 39)

# THE GRAND



Above: Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Emmett T. Anderson acknowledge the warm welcome of Tacoma, Wash., citizens on their homecoming.



Right: Diamond star Lou Boudreau autographs a baseball for the new Grand Exalted Ruler's grandson, as Mr. Anderson and his son look on.

THE new leader of the Order, Emmett T. Anderson, of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge, called on **CHICAGO (SOUTH), ILL., LODGE, NO. 1596**, on July 19th when Exalted Rulers of the sixteen lodges in the Northeast District of Illinois joined D.D. J. P. Kuhn, Illinois State Association Pres. Willis G. Maltby and other State officials in welcoming Mr. Anderson on this, the first visit ever made to that branch of the Order by a Grand Exalted Ruler. Mrs. Anderson and the officers' ladies were entertained at the South Shore Country Club. During his visit to Chicago, Mr. Anderson visited Mayor Martin Kennelly at a meeting attended by the leaders of the three Chicago lodges.

On the 20th, the members of **CICERO-BERWYN LODGE NO. 1510** greeted the distinguished visitors who were taken to Vaughn VA Hospital to see a carnival arranged by the lodge for 600 ambulatory patients there.

Later that day the members of **OAK PARK LODGE NO. 1295** held open house and presented a Cadillac ambulance to the village, in the presence of Mr. Anderson and his party.

On Thursday, the distinguished visitors had luncheon at the home of **CHAMPAIGN LODGE NO. 398**, stopping later for a brief call on the State's youngest lodge, **SALEM, NO. 1678**, before proceed-

ing to take part in the dedication of the new \$130,000 home of **FAIRFIELD LODGE NO. 1631**. A class of 36 men was initiated into Fairfield Lodge, as part of the ceremony conducted by State Pres. Maltby. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell gave the oration, followed by Mr. Anderson's address.

A midnight supper was served the official party at the home of **MT. VERNON LODGE NO. 819**, and the next day **DANVILLE Elks** entertained the visitors at a luncheon given by the P.E.R.'s, before they proceeded to the home of **KANKAKEE LODGE NO. 627** to be entertained in true Elk fashion. Mr. Anderson received an Honorary Citizenship Certifi-



Mr. Anderson displays a jacket which was presented to Dan Mullen, coach of the Tacoma, Wash., American Legion Post junior baseball team. Shown examining the jacket from left to right, are: Bud Wilkerson, Mr. Anderson, Post Commander Al Rendel, Coach Mullen, Jack Murphy and Vernon Fisk, team manager.



Mr. Anderson is pictured with the 36 members of the Dedication Class initiated during his



# EXALTED RULER'S VISITS

*The Order's new leader visits Mt. Vernon, Ill., Lodge. Left to right: Ill. State Pres. W. G. Maltby, E.R. H. A. Myers, Grand Exalted Ruler Anderson, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, and Ill. State Vice-Pres.-at-Large John E. Giles.*



said to him, "Say, you can't go out now, there are some other customers over there." The Elk salesman said, "I can't help that now, I've got to go up and see Emmett."

The special District Deputy Conferences took place during August at Salt Lake City, Utah; Chicago, Ill., and the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va. On the 18th of that month, Mr. Anderson, a powerful speaker, kept a huge crowd spellbound at Appleton during the Convention of the **WISCONSIN STATE ELKS ASSN.** Chairman of the Convention and Toastmaster at the banquet held in the Grand Exalted Ruler's honor was Andrew W. Parnell, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. Other speakers on the program were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton, a member of Sheboygan Lodge, and State Pres. William Eulberg. Among those present were D.D.'s P. K. Hutchinson, E. H. Lattimer, and Raymond Piquette; State Vice-Pres. Wm. L. O'Neill, State Secy. Leo Schmalz and Chairman of the Assn.'s Trustees A. J. Geniesse.

cate No. 9 from the Mayor and Council of Kankakee.

The visitors were reception guests at the home of **JOLIET LODGE NO. 296** that evening, followed by a banquet attended by all Illinois State Elk leaders. **AURORA LODGE NO. 705** was the next lodge to receive Mr. Anderson who again had the pleasure of seeing a Cadillac ambulance presented to its city by an Elks lodge. A reception and banquet at the home of **HARVEY LODGE NO. 1242** wound up this 1,000-mile Illinois trip on the 23rd of July.

The entire city of **TACOMA** turned out on the 27th to welcome its famous son

on his first return home after his election. The rousing welcome began in mid-morning and lasted until late that night at the lodge home. It began with a parade, a luncheon attended by over 400 persons including Mayor C. Val Fawcett and other civic dignitaries, and open house at the lodge home later. The popularity of the Order's new leader in his own home town cannot be denied. For instance, the reviewing stand for the parade was erected at an intersection of three of the principal downtown streets. When a salesman in a shoe store a block away heard the band playing, he had just completed a sale. Without stopping to grab his hat, he started to walk out. The cashier

## 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.



*visit to Fairfield, Ill., Lodge, E.R. D. G. Sheldon stands at the Grand Exalted Ruler's left.*

*At a huge turnout of Chicago (South), Ill., Lodge, left to right: Dist. Trustee Russell Shanks, Dist. Vice-Pres. Eugene Smith, D.D. J. Paul Kuhn, Grand Exalted Ruler Anderson, E.R. Ray Hinch, State President Willis Maltby, Grand Lodge Activities Coordinator Bert A. Thompson and Past District Deputy Robert Eddy.*



The Chairman of the Elks National Service Commission receives a scroll attesting the appreciation of the veterans of Kingsbridge Hospital, Bronx, N. Y. C., for all the Commission has done for them. Left to right: State Trustee S. H. Wenik, Bronx P.E.R.; Dr. Irving Cohen, Chairman of Professional Services; Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan; P.D.D. A. C. McCarthy; Gen. Ralph DeVoe, Hospital Managing Director; E.R. Wm. Fitzpatrick, Queens Borough Lodge, and P.E.R. Charles McGuire, New York Lodge.

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



Salvage donated by Long Beach, Calif., Lodge on "Veterans Rehabilitation Committee Night". Left to right: E.L.K. B. C. Carstensen, E.R. Raymond C. Peterson and Chairman Frank C. Nagle of the Veterans Rehabilitation Committee.



Patients from McGuire VA Hospital gang up on a concession at the Carnival put on by Richmond, Va., Lodge.



Veterans from the Fort Thomas Veterans Administration Hospital enjoy a Fish Fry provided by the Kentucky Elks.

# OUR GRAND EXALTED RULER

## TALKS SHOP



### *The Team is Ready*

IT IS WITH a great deal of personal pride and satisfaction that I announce the appointment and installation of our District Deputies. These fine Elks who have demonstrated their leadership and devotion to the Order are ready and eager to play the game for Elkdom. Our Committees are also organized and have set up programs for the year. We will keep definitely in mind the fact that there must be continuity in our established programs, which have made our Order such a vital and forceful part of our American life. I personally urge each Exalted Ruler to give constructive thought and leadership to his lodge and community. You are members of the team and call the plays in almost every American city. I want you to demonstrate your community interest and join with others who are

determined to make their locality a better place in which to live. All Elks can assist in this by supporting their own Community Chest and other worthwhile local activities.

Active participation in your civic affairs will prove your keen interest in sound business and wholesome progress and justify the enviable position you now hold. You will find that hundreds of fine citizens will be willing and glad to join our Order and share with you the benefits of constructive leadership.

The prestige of our Order has been earned—it did not come with wishful thinking. Today we stand right on the threshold and ready to step into the *Million Member Class*. We can proudly ask our neighbors and other fine friends to join the Order. The influence of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks will be greatly enhanced when we can say to the world that we have a membership of over a million fine American citizens.

I have completed an extended trip, visiting many lodges and State Association meetings and can say with pride that our Order has in its membership the very best cross-section of American gentlemen!

Let's give every deserving and progressive citizen the opportunity of working with us—to make a finer and stronger America!

Sincerely and fraternally,

*Emmett T. Anderson*

EMMETT T. ANDERSON  
GRAND EXALTED RULER



**MAKE YOUR BEST FRIEND  
ONE OF THE MILLION**

# News of the State Associations

## MICHIGAN

Grand Rapids was host to some 2,000 officers, committeemen, delegates and guests on June 10, 11 and 12 for the Michigan Elks Assn. Convention. A highlight of the meeting was the presence of Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters who spoke at both the business session and the President's Banquet.

Reports from District Vice-Presidents indicated that Michigan Elkdom is in splendid condition, with a gain of over 1,700 members during the year, bringing the State membership rolls to 45,538. Scholarship awards of \$300 each were presented to Dorothy Young and Booth Tarkington, both graduates of Flint Northern High School. Bonnie Joy Chaffee of Saginaw won top honors for the State in the Essay Contest. Thirteen lodges entered Class A in the Ritualistic Contest and two in Class B. Owosso Lodge emerged as the victor in Class A, with Lansing second and Niles third. Dowagiac Lodge carried away Class B honors with Bay City a close second. Cups were awarded to winning lodges and high-scoring individual officers at the President's Banquet. Reports were received from the Veterans Entertainment Committee which, together with the National Veterans Serv-

ice Commission, has sponsored entertainment for thousands of veterans.

Past Pres. John Olsen delivered the eulogy at the annual Lodge of Sorrow conducted by Muskegon Lodge officers, assisted by the Saginaw Elks Glee Club. The Michigan Elks who will head the Association for the coming year are: Pres., Frank J. Duda, Bessemer; Vice-Pres.-at-Large, Hugh L. Hartley, Owosso; Vice-Presidents: E., Alton Frank, Monroe; W., Edw. J. Allard, Muskegon; S.W., Chas. T. Noble, Niles; N.W., Fritz Coppens, Traverse City; C., Michael Carland, Owosso; N.C., Wm. H. Kerin, Mt. Pleasant; N., Jay H. Bay, Calumet; Secy., Leland L. Hamilton, Niles; Treas., Jas. G. Shirlaw, Battle Creek; Trustee, Clay Paddock, Jackson.

## CONNECTICUT

The 20th Annual Convention of the Connecticut Elks Assn. was held June 4th at the home of Meriden Lodge and drew the largest attendance in many years. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin; James L. McGovern, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; Judge Martin J. Cunningham, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee; former member of the Grand Lodge

State Associations Committee; Clinton L. Chapin, Mayor Howard E. Houston of Meriden; D.D.'s Thomas F. Gallivan, Jr., and James T. Welch, and Pres. John P. Gilbert of the P.E.R.'s Assn., joined many former Deputies and State Association officials at this meeting. More than 50 patients from the Newington Home and Hospital for Crippled Children. The children and their nurses, were guests of the Assn. for the day at dinner and an outdoor picnic.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Benjamin presented a \$700 check to Chester Natunewicz in the Assn.'s Scholarship Contest, and a \$600 check to Janet Cooney. He also presented the Raymond Benjamin Trophy to the winner of the State Ritualistic Contest, P.E.R. J. Walter Jacobsen, representing Danbury Lodge. The bowling contest was won by the team from Western, Conn., defeating the Eastern team in three games.

New officers of the Association are: Pres., Thomas F. O'Loughlin, Hartford; 1st Vice-Pres., Henry J. Bergman, So. Norwalk; 2nd Vice-Pres., Louis I. Olmstead, Southington; Secy., Charles L. O'Brien, Meriden; Treas., Fred J. Hennig, New Haven; Trustees: Joseph Sommers, Naugatuck, James E. Bryan, Middletown, Lawrence P. Mangan, New Britain, James A. Holmes, Southington, and James T. Welch, Bridgeport.

## INDIANA

The 49th Annual Convention of the Indiana State Elks Assn. took place on June 3, 4 and 5 in Indianapolis with headquarters at the Antlers Hotel. Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Grand Treasurer Joseph B. Kyle; Supt. Robert A. Scott of the Elks National Home; Pres. Willis G. Maltby, Vice-Pres.-at-Large John E. Giles and Past Pres. F. E. Cheney, all of the Ill. Elks Assn.; Pase Pres. J. S. Breitenstein of the Ky. Elks Assn., and P.E.R. W. M.



Upper Peninsula Mich. Elks 2nd Annual Golf Tournament at the Gogebic Country Club, owned and operated by Ironwood Lodge, is opened by State Pres. Frank J. Duda.



The 1949-50 officers of the Oregon State Elks Assn., with Past Grand Exalted Rulers Frank J. Lonergan and George I. Hall, center row, second and fourth from left, respectively.



The Massachusetts Elks Assn. presents a \$1,000 check to the Elks National Foundation through the courtesy of D.D. Andrew A. Biggio, second from left, representing the Assn., and Chairman John F. Malley of the Foundation, second from right. Others are State Pres. John A. O'Brien, left, Joe Cronin, General Manager of the Boston Red Sox, center, and Past Pres. John E. Fenton, right. Mr. Biggio was Chairman of the Assn.'s Committee which secured the cooperation of the Red Sox in a plan in which 1,000 grandstand seats were made available at the Cleveland-Red Sox game July 31st for the members of the Order, who, in addition to purchasing the ticket, contributed \$1.00 each to the Foundation.

Colville, Wash., Lodge, just a year old this month took top honors in the Washington State Elks Assn. Convention Parade with this good-looking float, built on the theme, "Spokane Baby".



Hafner of Louisville, Ky., were among the distinguished visitors on hand.

Highlight of the Friday session was the presentation of a \$38,700 check for cancer research to Dr. John Van Nuys, Dean of Indiana University Medical Center. A \$7,500 check was presented to Purdue University for five fellowships for cancer research. At the Saturday session the delegates voted to purchase a \$1,000 Permanent Benefactors Certificate in the Elks National Foundation.

Reports were made on entertainment provided to hospitalized veterans and at 11 a.m. Saturday Memorial Services were held with Past State Pres. Harry E. McClain as principal speaker. The following day, the Ritualistic Contest opened, with Grand Esquire Cyril A. Kremser and John J. Weinman of Ohio and State Secy. Joseph G. Kraemer of Kentucky as judges. The first five winners were South Bend, \$300; Indianapolis, \$125; Fort Wayne, \$100; Tipton, \$50, and Vincennes, \$25.

At the Convention banquet, Marilyn Rufe and James Easter received their \$300 prizes as winners in the "Elks Americanism" Contest. Awards of \$250 were presented to runners-up Earl Cruser and Barbara Nutter. This event was followed by the President's Ball honoring retiring Pres. and Mrs. Simpson Stoner. The State Bowling Tournament held in Anderson found Indianapolis Lodge on top. At one of the business sessions in Indianapolis it was decided that South Bend will be host to the delegates next year.

The officers for 1949-50 are: Pres., Robert L. DeHority, Elwood; 1st Vice-Pres., Thomas E. Burke, Lafayette; 2nd Vice-Pres., Roy Jorg, Ligonier; 3rd Vice-Pres., Preston W. Loveland, Jef-

ersonville; 4th Vice-Pres., L. A. Krebs, Indianapolis; Secy., (reelected), C. L. Shideler, Terre Haute; Treas., Paul Manship, Noblesville, and Trustees: Dr. W. A. Hart, Michigan City; Frank Dice, Peru; John Jennings, Evansville; Norman Freeland, Greensburg, and Ray Marx, Anderson. Pres. De Horthy appointed Herb Beitz, Kokomo, as Chaplain, Al Schlorch, South Bend, Sergeant-at-Arms, and Earle Kremp, Washington, Tiler.

#### IDAHO

The 27th Annual Idaho State Elks Assn. Meeting took place June 16, 17 and 18 at Burley with an attendance totaling more than 1100. Officers elected were: Pres., W. S. Hawkins, Coeur d'Alene; 1st Vice-Pres., A. T. Klink, Burley; 2nd Vice-Pres., E. G. Yates, St. Maries; 3rd Vice-Pres., T. W. Dakan, Caldwell; 4th Vice-Pres., E. J. Elliott, Sandpoint; 5th Vice-Pres., C. E. Sturdevant, Moscow, and Trustee (five years) W. C. Rullman, Wallace.

Lewiston was named the 1950 Convention city and Wallace Lodge took top Ritualistic honors. Former U. S. Senator Henry C. Dworshak of Burley Lodge was principal speaker at the Saturday meeting and Pres.-elect Hawkins announced that the Crippled Children's Home at Boise will continue as one of the Assn.'s top-ranking projects.

A wonderful parade witnessed by hundreds of spectators highlighted the Saturday afternoon program. A picnic scheduled for the country club was

forced indoors by threatening weather, but it was a huge success anyway. The previous evening Memorial Services were conducted by officers of Idaho Falls Lodge before more than 500 delegates and the Boise Elks Glee Club sang several selections then, giving a concert later. In the golf tournament Newt Carter edged out Clifford Ballard one up, for the State Elks Championship. Jess Swan of Caldwell defeated Theo Ballard for the first flight title.

#### MINNESOTA

The 45th Annual Convention of the Minnesota State Elks Assn. was held in Mankato on June 10, 11 and 12, and was dedicated to Olaf Lundberg, Mankato Lodge's Tiler since 1908.

The ballroom of the Burton Hotel Friday evening was the scene of a dinner for lodge officers when many important items were discussed. Later that evening the Association's Executive Board conducted a meeting, following which a dance and special entertainment were held.

Each of the State's 24 lodges was represented in the 97 delegates registered. Reports indicated that 1,549 patients representing 41 States were visited and assisted through the Rochester Clinic. Award winners for the Essay Contest were announced, with the first prize of a \$100 U. S. Savings Bond going to Miss Luella Silverthorn. The delegates decided to hold their 1950 meeting at Bemidji.

(Continued on page 39)

# News of the Lodges

**GEORGE W. BRUCE**, a member of Montrose, Colo., Lodge, No. 1053, passed away August 13 at the age of 80. He retired as district judge of the seventh judicial district at the completion of 22 years on the bench last January.

Born at Pleasant Hill, Mo., Judge Bruce moved to Colorado in 1907, settling at Delta. He was named receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Montrose where he has since maintained residence. A member of the Episcopal Church, and the Masonic order, he was an active Elk for thirty years. He served Montrose Lodge as Exalted Ruler many years ago, subsequently being appointed District Deputy in 1927. He was a member of the Grand Forum for five years, acting as Chief Justice in 1945-46.

The funeral rites were conducted at St. Paul's Church in Montrose by Rev. John S. Foster who was assisted by Grand Chaplain Dr. George L. Nuckolls.

The Magazine's staff joins the entire Order in extending sympathy to Judge Bruce's wife, Mrs. Josephine Bruce, and their two children, George H. Bruce and Mrs. Jerome Johnson.

**ASHLAND, KY.**, Lodge, No. 350, has been sponsoring a troop of Boy Scouts for a number of years. This group of young men recently spent a week of supervised training and playing at the Carter Caves State Park as guests of their sponsors. D.D. J. P. Ratcliffe, Chairman of the Troop Committee, was on hand at camp when the boys entertained their parents at dinner.

**ST. PAUL, MINN.**, Lodge, No. 59, is interested in all phases of education, including musical appreciation, proving

this fact by the \$500 Instrumental Music Scholarship Award Contest. Divided into four parts, with the awards to be spent on the winners' musical education, the competition covers all students from fourth-grade school through 12th-year high, in both public and parochial and private schools.

Robert Barnes and Donald Backstrom won \$50 each in the public school grades 4 to 8; Philip Epstein won the \$150 award in the public high division; John Ramsey and Richard Ekhaml each received \$75 for students in parochial and private high schools, and \$50 each went to Robert LaBeau and Marian Vogel in the private and parochial grade school division.

An activity that directs the energy of our young people in a wholesome manner, this contest had a large number of entrants and received a great deal of favorable comment.

**ELKS NATIONAL HOME** members welcomed a visit from Washington, D. C., Lodge's band and majorettes recently, enjoying a concert and precision exhibition.

This perfectly organized musical unit is one of the finest projects on No. 15's youth program.

**NEW YORK STATE** lodges were hosts to retiring Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall during the last few days of June, prior to his journeying to Cleveland to hand his gavel of office to Emmett T. Anderson.

On June 23rd, 1200 persons gathered at the Watertown Armory to hear Mr. Hall's address, a highlight of the lodge's 50th Anniversary Program. The following day, accompanied by P.D.D. Francis

## STRAY ELKS ROUNDUP

The Grand Exalted Ruler requests all lodges to participate in the Stray Elks Roundup this month. This will include invitations to all former Elks residing within the jurisdiction of each lodge to attend an evening of entertainment, together with a bit of indoctrination into the Order.

It is hoped that this Program will rekindle the fires of enthusiasm in the minds and hearts of many former Elks and prompt them to become reinstated members.

## ELKS MEMORIAL DAY

Grand Exalted Ruler Anderson wishes to impress upon the membership the importance of this special day, and to see each lodge observe it in a suitable manner, with advance preparations as complete and elaborate as possible.

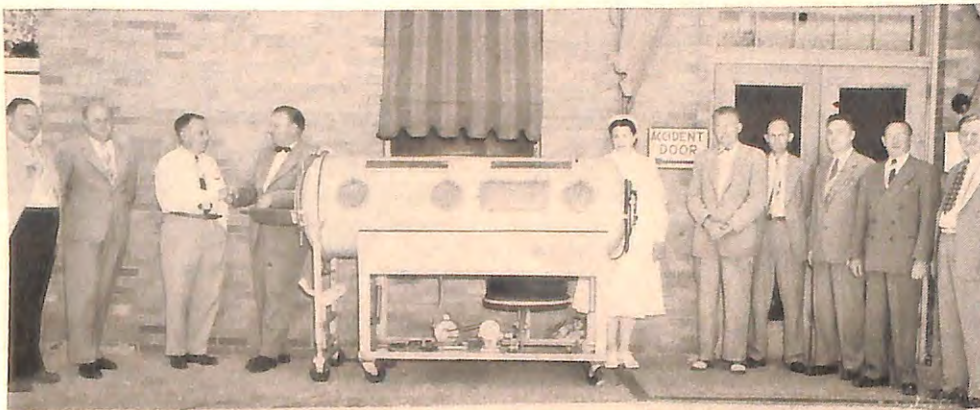
Continuing the plan of last year, the Grand Lodge Activities Committee invites all lodges to submit stories and photos describing their Services so that the Committee may make a selection of the most outstanding.

This Magazine will publish in the February issue the story of the Elks Memorial Day. Our November number will carry further information as to the preparation of this material.

Hart and State Pres. George Swalbach, Mr. and Mrs. Hall drove to Jamestown to be honored at a reception and dinner. The grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Jerome P. Fisher was visited by Mr. Hall. Later a dinner in honor of P.D.D. Roy Bradley had Mr. Hall as a speaker.

On the 25th, Mr. and Mrs. Hall had luncheon with the officers and their wives at Penn Yan Lodge and then visited the VA Hospital at Bath, prior to attending a dinner meeting at the home of Bath Lodge.

About 400 Corning Elks heard Mr. Hall speak at a meeting on the 26th.



*This Iron Lung is the gift of Pocomoke City, Md., to the Peninsula General Hospital in Salisbury, for use of other Eastern Shore hospitals when needed. E.R. C. D. Palmer, fourth from left, made the presentation to Hospital Board of Directors Pres. E. O. Wheatley, pictured with other Elk and hospital officials.*

The 1948-49 Elk leader, George I. Hall, places a wreath on the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Jerome B. Fisher, who was a Jamestown, N. Y., Elk. Left to right: D.D. T. L. Cusick, Chairman of the Committee in charge of a testimonial to P.D.D. Dr. Roy M. Bradley; the late Grand Exalted Ruler's son, Jerome B. Fisher, P.D.D. Bradley, Mr. Hall, P.E.R. M. H. Fisher, another son, and E.R. George E. Shively.



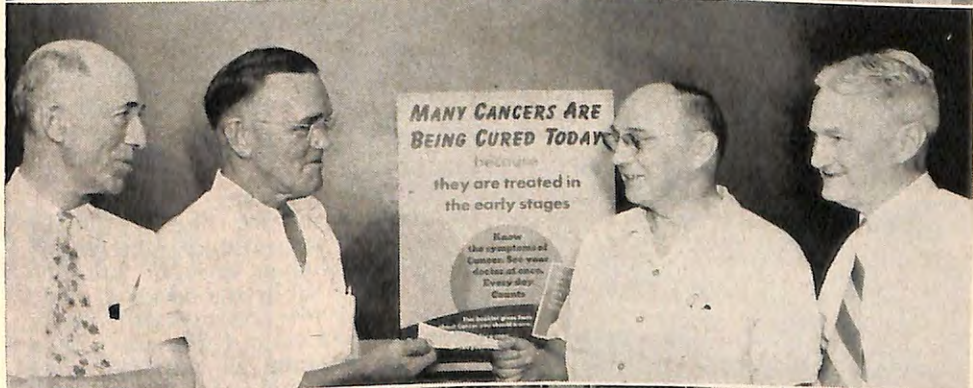
After the Annual Crippled Children's Outing sponsored by Mamaroneck, N. Y., Lodge, those Elks presented a \$3,000 Pontiac Station Wagon to the Westchester Cerebral Palsy Assn. for the transportation of palsied children to and from the clinic. Left to right: Cuyler MacRae and H. N. Neubert of the Assn., Mrs. Gertrude Folin, Pres. of the Mamaroneck Branch, E.R. J. A. Steen, Mayor B. J. Santoro, P.E.R., and P.D.D. J. A. Gunn.



White Plains, N. Y., Lodge presents a most efficient air-conditioning system to St. Agnes Hospital as its 1949 community project. Left to right: P.E.R. E. M. Acton, Sister Anne Roberts, a hospital aide, Dr. H. M. Nottley, Attending Surgeon, and P.D.D. Thomas H. Callahan.



Oak Ridge, Tenn., Lodge was asked to handle the city's 1949 Cancer Drive. Their success is evinced in the presentation of a \$5,095 check by M. W. Adelman and E. L. Taliaferro, Sr., Co-Chairman, to C. E. Williams, County Commander of the Society, a member of the Order, and the Society's County Campaign Manager, A. A. Oldfield.



E.R. Peter Kuney, on behalf of Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge, right foreground, presents a \$10,000 check to President Dempsey of the Peekskill Hospital Board of Directors for the purchase of an X-ray and deep therapy machine, as Elk officials and hospital staff members look on.





## FUNNY IS AS FUNNY DOES

Mr. H. sounds off on a national emergency—the comic book.

BY DICKSON HARTWELL



I HAVE lately been exposed to a large dose of information on how our kids are going down-hill in a handbasket because of their addiction to endless quantities of comic books—not comic strips in the funny papers, but comic books. These dime-a-throw volumes are described as jam-packed with mayhem, horror, murder, eyegouging, decapitation and bleeding from the gums—with side orders of arson and sex.

The sex is furnished by female characters whose physical characteristics are often so pronounced as to draw a whistle from Billy Rose, whose whistle has virtually atrophied by many years' optimum exposure to real-life packages of pulchritude. The comic gals wear less—but no less provocative—clothes than the late-show chorus of the *Folies Bergere* and their presence in the lurid cartoons is said to be a distracting and distorting influence on the lives of our small, but impressionable, fry.

There is a preponderance of expert testimony as to the baleful effect of these books which, non-existent in 1936, are now manufactured at a rate of 10,000,000 a week. Psychiatrists, educators, judges and, for all I know, J. Edgar Hoover, denounce them as breeders of crime, delinquency and manic depressives.

These books—on the off-chance you don't know—are the principal

voluntary reading matter of umpteen million youngsters whose world of literature, art and drama has but two other stimuli, radio and the movies, neither of which get much of a rating from the intellectuals. As comics, the books are about as funny as homicide; they really aren't concerned with humor. They are produced by highly imaginative writer-artists whose apparent concern, apparently, is to devise spine-chilling techniques of torture and manslaughter and revealing states of undress for somewhat electric women. At least, that's what the long-haired critics say.

The writers become pretty expert. In an effort to give the comic books a veneer of respectability one enterprising publisher brought out the story of the Bible in a series of lurid panels. David's conquest of Goliath, accomplished when I was a boy by a stone in a sling, in the up-to-date four-color version becomes a beheading. At least little David is shown dragging the head of his repulsive opponent. What the comic books could do with an opera like *Salome* stirs the imagination.

Not being scientist or educator I haven't any long and fancy words for the comics. But I do know something about kids, having been one myself, and I find that they embody the most remarkable powers of survival against baleful influences of anybody, including adults. I don't know how many older generations have predicted no-good-will-come-of-them about younger generations but

I understand there is a 4,000-year old hieroglyphic in Egypt which roughly translates, "Young people today don't have the stuff their parents did."

It wasn't so long ago that the awful effect of the dime novel was dolefully forecast by the long-hairs. An entire generation was supposed to be wiped out intellectually by these thrill-a-minute developments of what in England was called the penny dreadful. I don't know what happened to that lost generation but if America lacked vitality at about the turn of the century, few people were aware of it. Those were the days we were putting together the most impressive industrial organization the world has ever known. As one weary taxpayer remarked, the kind of vitality we lacked then we could use now—in Washington.

The paper-backed dime novel gradually gave way to a cloth-covered job which thirty-odd years ago retailed for around sixty cents, thereby attaining respectability, although the contents were practically unchanged. But for a period of some seventy years, until the motor car and the airplane crept into juvenile literature, perhaps the most exciting and most frequent phrase read by American youth was "and another redskin bit the dust". For three generations the yell of a Pawnee, the scream of a Comanche and the knife-in-teeth sneak attack of an Apache were as much a part of a growing youngster's intellectual heri-

(Continued on page 31)





CAMP IN THE IDAHO-MONTANA BIG-GAME COUNTRY.

## FALL HUNTING SECTION

**KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY!**

.....*Lucian Cary*

**HUNTING THEY WILL GO**

.....*Ed Faust*

**SPORTING DOGS**

.....*Edwin Megargee*

**WALL OF WHITE**

.....*Ted Trueblood*

**ROD AND GUN**

.....*Dan Holland*

THE  
**Elks**  
MAGAZINE

# KEEP



**Even Daniel Boone  
thought his rifle was  
the last word  
for marksmanship.**

**T**ODAY you may buy a rifle fitted with a telescope sight with which you can, if you know how, hit a deer with some certainty at 300 yards. Such a feat was impossible for Daniel Boone. It was not considered worth trying with the rifles of 50 years ago.

Today you may buy a .22 rifle that will keep all its shots on a silver dollar at 100 yards. You couldn't have bought a .22 that would do this as little as 25 years ago. But before going into the riches that may be had today I'd like to take a look back. Really to appreciate what we have, it is necessary to consider what our ancestors had to put up with, not that they thought of it that way. On the contrary, they were pleased with what they had. The first man who discovered he could persuade a horse to carry him where he wanted to go

did not complain because the animal could not do a steady 50 miles an hour all day or all week. And it is altogether likely that Daniel Boone thought his Kentucky rifle was the last word.

From our point of view it was too slow to load, too uncertain of fire, too limited in power and range. From his point of view it was a vast improvement over previous rifles.

The improvement was due to a simple invention.

Rifling was an old story. It was invented more than 400 years ago, but it did not come into general use until about the time Boone was born, which is only a little more than 200 years ago. The trouble was this: if the bullet did not fill the rifling grooves, the gas of the burning powder escaped past it. If the bullet was big enough to fill the rifling

grooves, it had to be hammered down the bore with an iron rod and a mallet. The job was almost impossible when the bore was fouled by previous shots. At best, the hammering mutilated the soft lead ball so it wouldn't fly true.

The device that made the rifle a useful tool of the American pioneer was the cloth patch. When the round ball was enclosed in a greased patch it could be small enough to go down the bore easily. The patch filled the grooves and acted as a dam against the powder gas. The patch undoubtedly originated in Europe, but it was in the shops of gunsmiths near Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in about 1725, that the patched ball began to come into its own.

The rifle, called the Kentucky nowadays, was not only easier to load than previous rifles but it was far

# YOUR POWDER DRY!

more accurate. Nevertheless, it was a flint lock, a muzzle loader, and it shot a round ball.

The flint of the flint lock is held between two jaws of the hammer—in a miniature vise. When the trigger is pulled the falling hammer knocks up a curved piece of steel covering the pan of priming powder. The sparks of flint on steel ignite the priming powder. The flame of the priming powder goes through a channel into the main powder charge. In order to work properly the flint must be sharp, the channel from the pan into the barrel must be clear and the priming powder must be dry. The phrase "keep your powder dry" originated in a day when a man had to take pains to keep his powder dry.

The man who used a flint lock had also to be careful about the condition of the flint. Modern shooters who have revived flint-lock rifles expect to renew a flint every 20 or 30 shots.

At best the flint lock is slow to load. First you pour powder down the muzzle. Then you put a greased patch over the muzzle, centering it carefully, and press the ball down a bit with your thumb. You may use a small piece of wooden rod with a knob on it to drive the bullet farther down by a blow with the heel of your hand. You push the bullet the rest of the way down to the powder with a wooden ramrod—being careful not to ram the bullet hard against the powder because that would crush some powder grains, change the force with which the charge burns and spoil the shot. Finally, you pour powder into the priming pan.

American Indians were quick to learn how slow the Kentucky rifle was to load. They drew the fire of the settler and rushed in with tomahawks and war clubs before he could reload. A few early rifles were made with two barrels so a man had two shots instead of one. Many attempts were made over the centuries to produce a repeating gun. Some of the results were ingenious and beautifully made, but all of them were failures in flint-lock days.

The final limitation of the Kentucky was its bullet. Recent tests

have proved that it is possible to drive a round ball from a flint-lock rifle to nearly 2,000 feet-a-second at the muzzle. But the round ball is the poorest possible shape to overcome the resistance of the air. Consequently it loses velocity rapidly. It loses nearly half its original velocity in going 100 yards. Velocity is important because it means power. The number of foot pounds a bullet delivers varies directly with its weight, but it varies as the square of the velocity. A bullet going 1,000 feet a second has only one quarter the number of foot pounds the same bullet has at 2,000 feet a second.

IN 1805 a Scotch Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Mr. Alexander Forsyth, made a gun lock which was fired by percussion. The hammer struck a powder composed of fulminate of mercury. This produced the necessary flash without the aid of priming powder. Within a few years the copper percussion cap was developed to hold the priming compound. The cap was more certain than the flint and far more convenient. But the rifle still shot a round ball and consequently it was still a short-range weapon.

The advantages of an elongated bullet were understood; the difficulty

was to load it. The problem was solved for target shooters by the false muzzle which was introduced about 1840. This served, along with a cap and plunger starter, as a guide. Men using this device were the first to obtain fine accuracy at long range—up to what they called 80 rods and we call a quarter of a mile or 440 yards. The false muzzle was unsuited to hunting and still less to war. The military problem was answered by a Frenchman, Captain Minnie. His bullet was small enough to go down the bore easily but it had a hollow base. The blow of the exploding powder expanded the base to fill the rifling grooves. Our Civil War was largely fought with the Minnie bullet—on both sides.

Several men, notably Christian Sharps, had produced fairly satisfactory breech-loading rifles before the Civil War. The Sharps used a paper cartridge to contain the powder, but the cartridge did not contain the primer. This was still on the outside of the gun in the form of a percussion cap or Dr. Maynard's tape primer.

However, Smith & Wesson had developed a rim-fire cartridge, using a copper case, for their first revolvers in the 1850's. This cartridge

*(Continued on page 29)*

## BY LUCIAN CARY



Lucian Cary, gun expert, tests a rifle with a spotting scope.



BY ED FAUST

# Hunting they will go..

**Sporting dogs are like rifles—there's an ideal type for every kind of hunting.**

NOW comes the time of the year when our brothers of the hunting fraternity are preparing to make things unpleasant for various kinds of wild life. In this pursuit, most of them look to Fido to help bring home the furred or feathered bacon. Although nearly all dogs are natural hunters there are, of course, some breeds that take to the sport more readily than others.

While frequently used as house pets, for generations certain of these breeds have been bred for the sole purpose of hunting. Some 22 of these breeds are catalogued by the American Kennel Club, governing body for pure-bred dogs, as "Sporting Dogs—Group I".

The most popular are the spaniels, of which there are no less than ten varieties. As gun dogs, the two varieties of springer spaniel are perhaps the most widely used, these being the English and the Welsh springers. On the full page of dog photos accompanying this article, the springer is the one at the top right. In either variety he's splendid in the field and has the strength and power to penetrate dense underbrush, as well as the ability to locate game. As a rule, springers are not expected to "point" the game, as are both setters and pointers, although occasionally they do this instinctively. Their big job as assistant huntsman is to locate and flush the quarry; this they do by springing at it, thus giving the hunter a chance for a shot. They are used mainly on land game, but can be trained to retrieve on both land and water.

The largest and best of the spaniels used for retrieving is the Irish water spaniel. While the springer ranges around 45 to 50 pounds, the Irish water spaniel will run to as much as 65 pounds. As its name indicates, it is used largely as a retriever of waterfowl. Incidentally, it is claimed that he is a distant relation to the poodle. Both breeds have a charac-

teristic topknot. Let me say right here that the poodle is anything but the sissy some people believe him to be. Actually he was developed as a water-retriever and in Europe is used as such. He's used here for retrieving by some comparatively few who know his abilities, but to a much lesser extent. You so often see him with a clown-like haircut because of a whim of fashion, but so far as his caboose is concerned, the hair was clipped from that part of his anatomy long, long ago, when it was found that, having one of the most dense of all dog coats, a waterlogged rear-end seriously hampered his swimming and speed as a water-retriever. In the spaniel family we find the most popular breed today—the cocker, but he's a bit small for the field. In fact, the American variety, smaller than the English, is scarcely to be reckoned with as a hunter. His weight ranges from 22 to 28 pounds, while the English variety weighs in from 26 to 34 pounds. But the cocker's popularity as a house pet is exceeded by no other breed in this country.

IT IS claimed that the setter family's origin is the spaniel, but regardless of origin here, in the English setter we have one of the finest of all gun dogs. These are the aristocracy among bird dogs as they are easily trained to point, flush and can retrieve game. Their use is principally on quail, partridge, grouse and pheasant. There are three varieties of setter. First in popularity among hunters is the English setter. Other varieties are the Irish and the Gordon. The English is that fellow whose markings are white with small black, blue or lemon (tan) spots. The most common is the black and white. The Irish setter is said to be a bit difficult to train as he is stubborn. The Gordon you'll not often see outside a fairly large dog show. On the page of dog pictures in this issue, the setter is the one that is at the top left.

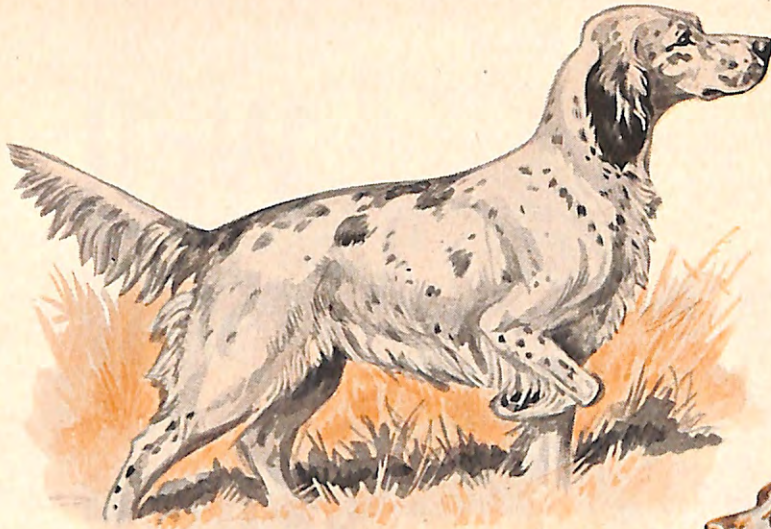
The dog and puppies on the cover are English setters.

Some years ago I explained in these pages the origin of the word "setter" as applied to these dogs. As the Order is growing constantly, it may be well to explain to those among my newer readers that long ago, before the invention of firearms, game was caught in nets, although bow and arrow were used frequently, too. When only nets were employed, these dogs were taught to "set" or crouch, to avoid becoming entangled in the net; hence, in time, the name became "setter". The names of both English and Irish setters need no explanation, nor does the country of their origin, but you may be curious about the name "Gordon" when attached to the third member of the setter family. It has been said that the breed originated on the estate of the Duke of Gordon, but this is not so. The name is derived simply from the fact that the breed first came into prominence there, and the Scottish duke of that time (the latter part of the 18th Century) became an enthusiast about the breed. The color of this setter is black with tan markings.

Perhaps the hunter's next favorite is the pointer. Here we have two varieties—one is shown on the lower right of the picture page; the other, the German short-haired pointer, you'll probably never see unless you're a dog-show fan, as he is as scarce as the winning symbols in a slot machine. But the dog pictured is the usual variety you see wherever there is game and hunters to go after it. These dogs, as well as others of the "outdoor" breeds, while good pets, need plenty of room. The job they do is explained by their name—they point. They do this when they locate the game. At such times they're taught to "freeze" in position, pointing at the quarry, giving the hunter time to go forward, flush the game and shoot. Occasionally a pointer makes a good retriever and, brother, if you're a hunter and have a dog like that, you've got something! Although the pointer has been bred in England since about 1600,

*(Continued on page 36)*

PAINTING BY EDWIN MEGARGEE



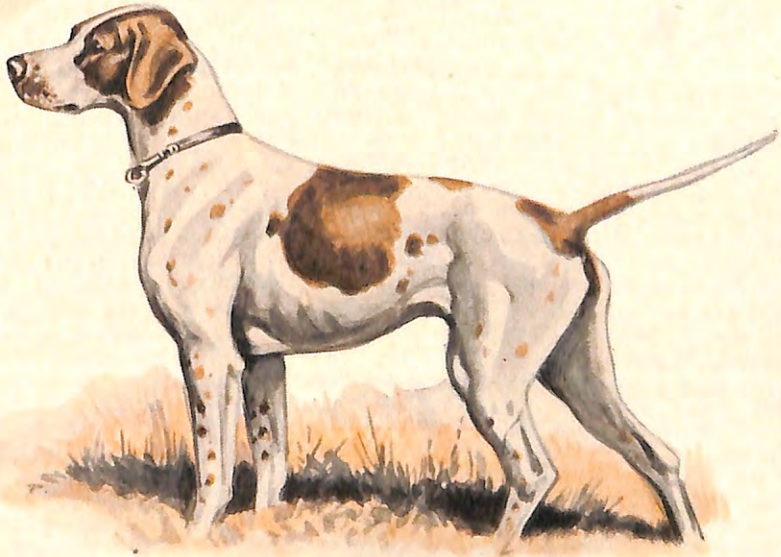
ENGLISH SETTER



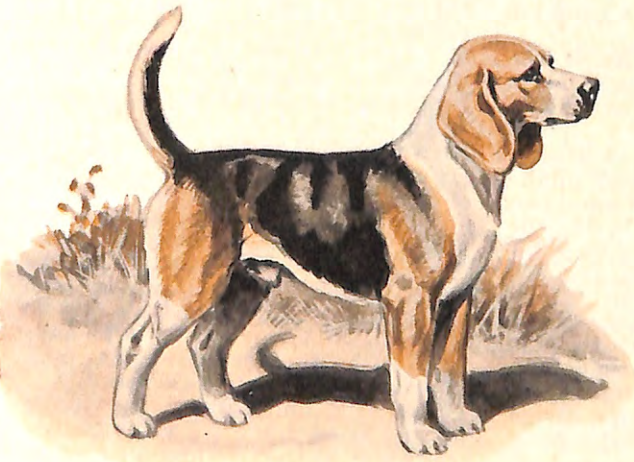
ENGLISH SPRINGER SPANIEL



LABRADOR RETRIEVER



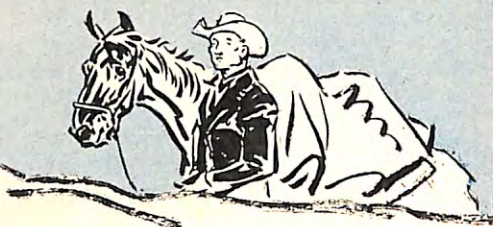
POINTER



BEAGLE



# Wall of White



BY TED TRUEBLOOD

*The big-game country of the West is no place to be snow-bound.*



I STARTED snowing about ten o'clock. I finished dressing out my deer, propped it open with sticks and rolled it onto a platform of poles so that it would chill quickly. Then I put the heart and liver into a bag and started toward camp, blazing a trail up out of the jackpine-strangled basin as I went.

By the time I reached the saddle, the wind was blowing so hard that I could scarcely face it and the hard-driven snow stung my face like shot. I swung around the hill to my right until I came to the long ridge that led upward to the tent, skirting a clump of dead timber that cracked ominously in the storm.

It was a long climb. To my right the snow whirled off into a basin slightly larger than a New England county. In the bottom were two lakes. I knew they were there because we had watched them every day, hoping to see an elk or deer in the wild meadows that bordered them. Now, however, I could see only a seething, swirling nothingness of white.

At last I angled off the ridge toward the handkerchief-sized flat where our camp was pitched beneath the dubious shelter of 10,000-foot-high Three Prong Peak, 15 miles

from the road. I struck the relatively level ground and started across it. When I left it had been green. Now it was white. Everything was white. I had the feeling that I was walking into a blank wall of white. Only the scattered fir trees loomed out as dark masses when I got close to them.

I was nearly to the tent before I saw it. I shook off what snow I could and stepped inside. The canvas was whipping and straining at its lashings, but here the air was still. I was thankful that we had done a good job when we put it up.

There was dry wood beside the sheepherder stove and it took only a few minutes to kindle a roaring fire. I had just put on the coffee pot when Dan Holland came in. We dried our clothes and ate and listened to the storm. We carried in more wood and made a great stack of it beside the stove.

It snowed all afternoon and the wind howled without letup. Occasionally, when the ridge pole began to sag too much, we knocked the snow off overhead. The warm canvas held it despite the wind, and at the rate it was piling up we were afraid that we might find our roof around our ears.

It snowed all night. Next morning, when we crawled out of our sleeping bags and lit the fire, the storm was just as fresh as it had ever been. The white stuff was banked halfway up

the four-foot walls of the tent. This was the day Floyd Dodge, our packer, was due to come for us, but we didn't expect him. Nobody should ride in weather like that.

About noon, however, we heard him coming. He slid the ten-horse pack string down the roof-steep mountain back of camp and grew visible in the snow. We helped him loosen the cinches and tie the horses in the poor shelter of a clump of firs. Then we took him inside the tent and thawed him out with hot soup and coffee and a big plate of liver, beans and fried potatoes. He was wearing three wool shirts, wool underwear, two pairs of wool pants, leather chaps and a leather jacket, but he was cold. He was as cold as you can get. Riding six miles of bare ridge at an elevation of 8,000 feet in that kind of storm is no job for sissies.

That afternoon we rode down into the jackpines and mantied up the deer, and loaded it on a horse and brought it back to camp. We had no horse feed. The horses would have to do without. Starting back at mid-afternoon in that storm was out.

The wind and snow were driving just as hard when we went to bed that night as they had been 24 hours before. Dan laughingly remarked that we probably had meat enough to last all winter, but we'd surely run out of salt and tobacco. Under the

*(Continued on page 35)*



Setting decoys at daybreak. Photo taken by Dan Holland in Maryland.

# ROD and GUN

Ducks have at least three good friends.

BY DAN HOLLAND



**T**HERE'S good news for duck hunters. The waterfowl season for this fall and winter has been extended for ten days over that of last year. The bag limits and other regulations for the

most part remain the same, but, at that, a ten-day extension is something to cheer about. After the restrictions of the past ten or fifteen years, anything that indicates an improvement in the duck situation is something to make the hunter get up on his hind legs and wave his hat.

What's behind this good news? We know on one hand that there are more duck shooters than ever. Nearly two million duck stamps were purchased last season. The Fish and Wildlife Service estimates that these two million hunters brought in seventeen million ducks and probably accounted for another three million not retrieved. Twenty million ducks make a lot of duck soup.

How is it, then, that the season can be extended to allow an even greater take of waterfowl? The answer is that indications are there will be more ducks this fall than for a number of years. The why of more waterfowl is threefold. First, there's Nature, the capricious and irresponsible old lady who makes or breaks the game crop according to her whims. She's the one who puts the guesswork into conservation. Next, there's the Fish and Wildlife Service personnel in Washington and throughout the land. These scientific boys are the ones who try to take the guesswork back out again. And, finally, there's Ducks Unlimited.

Nature, of course, is the controlling factor in waterfowl population. All we can do is fight her when she's in an ugly mood and aid her as best we can when she's smiling. The effects of the continued drought years of the Thirties knocked the props out from under the ducks and reduced them to their lowest level in our memory. Nature's drought was the culprit, although she didn't accomplish the disastrous results all alone. She merely took advantage of man's foolhardiness and heaped on abuse. The "land reclaimers" had drained many square miles of marshes in attempting to create more farmland and range, and thereby pulled the plug out of the natural water reserve. The result was a dust bowl. The farmers suffered and the waterfowl suffered. A duck without water is no duck at all.

**T**HE Fish and Wildlife Service in Washington, then known as the Bureau of Biological Survey, jumped in and used the weapon immediately available to help the ducks: cutting seasons and bag limits, and placing other restrictions on the gunner. This, of course, was not a solution to the decreased waterfowl population. It didn't create new ducks. It was merely a stop-gap to preserve the existing stock in the hope that better nesting conditions would prevail in time.

That's when the organization known as Ducks Unlimited was conceived. It was reasoned that it was in Canada where our ducks were hatched and that if new flocks were to be created that's where something had to be done. The government biologists couldn't go to the source of the situation if they wanted to, since a United States agency couldn't legally spend taxpayers' money across the border; yet somebody had

to. Something had to be done to improve breeding conditions.

Then the men who founded Ducks Unlimited had this idea—to go into Canada and attempt to remake some of the duck marshes which had been either drained or dried up. It was an ambitious program and it necessarily had to be started on a limited scale since the men behind the movement had to depend on their own generosity and that of other interested sportsmen for funds. But it was the right idea. Ducks are prolific critters if given a chance. With proper breeding conditions—water and food—they'll more than take care of themselves.

After a three-year survey to determine just how the individual sportsman could best help the duck situation and thereby preserve one of America's most traditional and favorite recreations, this idea was formulated and Ducks Unlimited was incorporated in Washington in January, 1937. It is a private organization in only the strictest meaning of the word. It is better described as a privately-operated public service.

Even though their proposal was a sound one, it would be a slight exaggeration to say that Ducks Unlimited was swamped by the overwhelming support of American sportsmen. Sportsmen were suspicious. There were already all kinds of so-called conservationists kicking around. Conservation seems to be one of those things everyone is in favor of, like beefsteak and pretty girls, but it's something that not many people know anything about. This was especially true of certain societies whose members wouldn't know conservation from a cue ball, even on green velvet. Neither did they know exactly what they were in favor of, but they were darn' certain they were

(Continued on page 28)

# THE GRAND LODGE DEDICATES

## MEMORIAL TO JOHN KINLEY TENER

**A**T quietly impressive ceremonies on August 28th, a handsome tablet was dedicated in memory of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener. The plaque was placed in the Elks National Memorial Building in Chicago, a crowning achievement of the Order in which Mr. Tener played a large part as Chairman of the National Memorial Headquarters Commission which was responsible for the building's erection.

Three former leaders of the Order spoke at the ceremonies—Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, who paid tribute to the Order's former leader as a long-time friend, a fellow member of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge; Charles H. Grakelow, another Pennsylvanian, who spoke on the many accomplishments of the former Governor of his State, and James R. Nicholson, whose address listed the many varied and important contributions this loyal Elk made to the Order.

Hon. Roy I. Carson of Charleroi delivered a most inspiring address, touching on all phases of Mr. Tener's colorful career, with particular emphasis on the respect and reverence in which his memory is held by the citizens of Charleroi. He said in part, "In his advanced years he devoted almost all of his time to the welfare and advancement of his fellow men, and when he finally departed this life at the ripened age of 82 years, he left behind him an enviable record of deeds performed in behalf of his fellow men. Charleroi was proud of its first son. As he scaled the ladder of success he never forgot his home town of Charleroi nor his home lodge. The people of Charleroi and Charleroi Lodge are deeply appreciative of the recognition which the Grand Lodge has manifested in our departed Brother. We are indeed grateful that the honors to which he is so fully entitled have been recognized by the plaque erected in



*Grand Secretary Masters and Mr. Tener's niece, Miss Roberta Johns, pictured before the plaque dedicated in memory of the Past Grand Exalted Ruler.*

the Elks National Memorial Building."

The entire Order echoes the sentiments of Judge Carson, and those of Grand Secretary Masters, "More enduring than anything we can here do is the tablet of love John Tener built for himself in the hearts of our members, and more lasting than anything we can

here say is his own indelible inscription upon the history of our Order", and those of Mr. Grakelow, "Our presence here today is indicative of our gratitude for the important part he played in this, the finest monument of its type in the entire world. God grant America more men of Governor Tener's type."



*Beacon, N. Y., Elks present a \$1,200 check to Miss Gertrude Balfe, Supt. of Highland Hospital, for an infants' milk formula Sterilizer. Loyal Knight Dr. Joseph Astone, Dr. Robert Hoke, Dr. D. A. Astone, Jack Roberts, P.E.R. Dr. C. B. Dugan, Hospital Board of Directors Vice-Pres. Herbert Haley and Lect. Knight J. J. Ruane watch Lead. Knight Dr. Simon Cahn make the presentation.*

**BEACON, N. Y.**, Lodge, No. 1493, instituted 25 years ago in July by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, can be proud of its splendid record from many standpoints.

Always a leader in community welfare work, the lodge's many projects include an athletic field, now part of the city school system, and a Memorial Park honoring veterans of both World Wars. The park was turned over to the

city a few years after the Elks raised \$20,000 for its purchase. It is now being developed by the city as a playground and public park.

Through E.R. Ralph Rogers, the lodge has developed a most effective Social and Community Welfare program, under a committee headed by J. J. Ruane; the most recent outstanding accomplishment of this group being the presentation of a \$1,200 check to the

Highland Hospital for the purchase of an infants' milk formula sterilizer. During June and July three junior softball and hardball teams, all fully equipped by the lodge, have been sponsored, and a Girl Scout unit is also flourishing under the aegis of No. 1493, following an example set years ago when the lodge organized a Boy Scout group.

The home of Beacon Lodge has seen many successful social events during its existence. Now owned completely by its more than 400 members, the building is to be remodeled in preparation for another active quarter-century.



Right: The Committee tries out the new bleachers which Morgantown, W. Va., Lodge contributed to the new City Park. Left to right: E.L.K. H. L. Winter, P.E.R. W. H. Craze, R. A. Zeck, Treas., House Committee, P.D.D. Victor Rancinger and E.R. R. G. Seaburn.



Above: The plaque honoring those Lafayette, Ind., Elks who gave their lives in the last war is dedicated. Left to right: Ray Bunker, William Dietrich and Harry Schultz.



Above: Six of the Charter Members of Coeur d'Alene, Ida., Lodge who were honored in conjunction with the dedication of the lodge's new home. Left to right, foreground: William B. McFarland, George Sander, R. L. Poarch; standing: R. H. Hall, George Palmerton and Roger G. Wearne.

Below: Bellingham, Wash., Lodge presented this Emerson Resuscitator for use at the pool in Bloedel Donovan Park during the summer, and by the Fire Dept. during the winter. Standing, left to right: H. R. Main, Park Board Chairman; Park Supt. Herbert Olson and E.R. Wm. C. King. Playground Director Frank Geri demonstrates.



Above: Seattle, Wash., Lodge's Championship Band.



Left: Bisbee, Ariz., Lodge observed Memorial Day this year in an exemplary and unusual manner. About 30 members turned out to clean up the Elks plot in Evergreen Cemetery.

Right: Some of the Golden Jubilee celebrants of New Lexington, Ohio, Lodge. Charter Members J. F. Nugent and W. E. Sheeran received Honorary Life Memberships and 50-year pins.



Left: The popular Glee Club of Waukegan, Ill., Lodge which presented its second annual Spring Musicale to a capacity crowd.

Right: The talented cast of Watervliet, N. Y., Lodge's Minstrel Show, produced for the benefit of the city community center.



Left: E.R. C.L. Wullenwaber and other officials who participated in rites at which Blackwell, Okla., Lodge presented an American Flag to fly over the new Memorial Park swimming pool.

Below: This group of 58 men made up the largest class of candidates ever initiated into Holyoke, Mass., Lodge.



Above: Joplin, Mo., Lodge's "H. H. Russell Class", initiated in honor of the retiring State Association President. Of the 39 new members, six were ministers.



Above: A group of Barnesville, Ohio, Elks, among them E.R. Mayor J. W. Hardwick and D.D. Lawrence Derry,

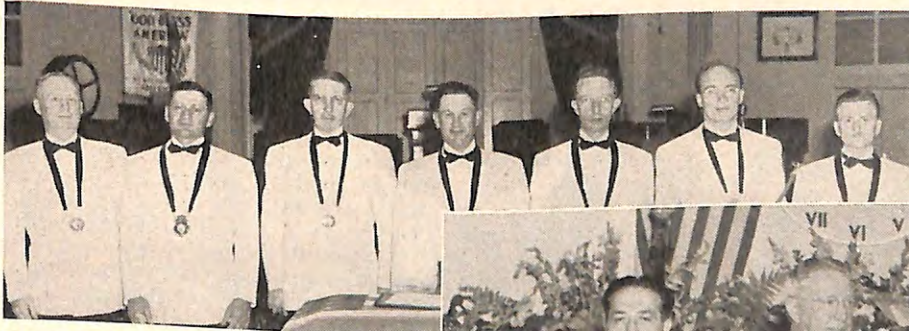
are pictured with the group of 25 children the lodge treated to a trip to Wheeling, W. Va., for a day at the circus.



At left are the members of Milton, Pa., Lodge's Championship Basketball Team which, in the past three seasons, has played 111 games—winning 95; losing 16.



Above: It isn't surprising that this beautiful float won first prize for Juneau, Alaska, Lodge in a recent patriotic parade in which the entire community participated.

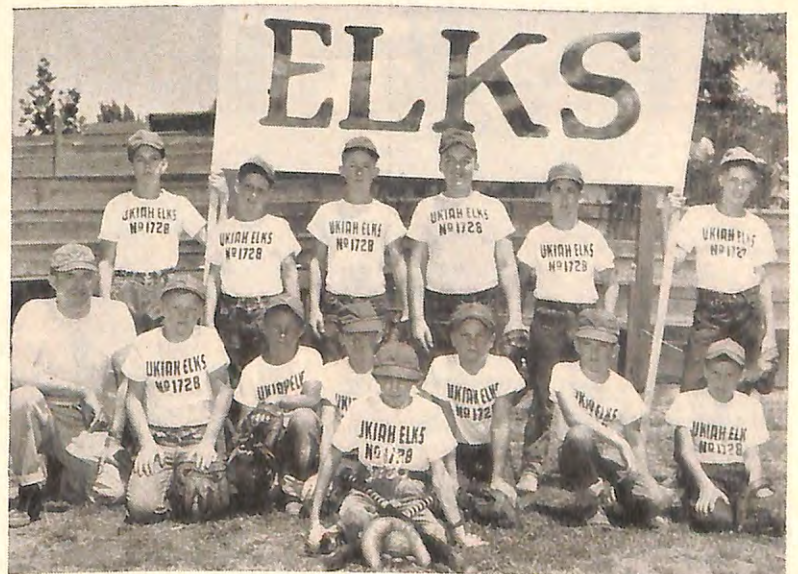


Left: Second-place winner in the 1949 National Ritualistic Contest is the team from Greeley, Colo., Lodge. Left to right: R. I. Shaklee, E. G. Smith, E.R. Denny Holmes, Marc E. H. Smith, who led the team as E.R., Richard Tatman, Dr. J. L. Haefeli and Karl Adams.

Right: These dignitaries attended the dedication of the \$100,000 home of Knoxville (Pittsburgh), Pa., Lodge. All Elks, they are, left to right: E.R. L. N. Ross, City Councilman T. J. Gallagher, Mayor D. L. Lawrence and P.E.R. F. J. Miltzer, Jr.



Above: Two of the 3,000 youngsters who attended the Greenfield, Mass., Elks Kiddies Day talk things over with a few of the hard-working Committee-men who made this year's event such a knockout.



Above: The Ukiah, Calif., Elks "Peanut League" Softball Team.

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**NEWSLETTER**

**WASHINGTON**

**WITHOUT** our great natural resources, we could never have achieved world leadership. But a recent Census Bureau report has just revealed the magnitude of another of the secrets of our success. More than a fifth of all State government spending is now being devoted to education, the survey shows. Highways are next on the list. These two items, with public assistance and hospitals and institutions for the handicapped, are now accounting for nearly two-thirds of all State spending.

But students are not the only direct beneficiaries of our educational system. A Bureau of Domestic Commerce report shows that more than 1,180 research projects in business and economics are now under way in 105 colleges and universities. A detailed analysis of these projects, designed for use by businessmen, business consultants and trade association executives, has just been published here.

**DESPITE** the heavy educational burden on the States, the Federal government is still getting the lion's share of all taxes, a review of governmental revenues reveals. It shows that Federal, State and local government taxes reached a record-breaking \$54,500,000,000 last year. This is \$372 for every person in the United States. The Federal government received 69 per cent, the States 12 per cent and local governments 19 per cent.

Property taxes continue as the largest single source of local government revenue—they yielded \$5,900,000,000 in 1948. But reports for the fiscal year indicate that the 16 states owning and operating alcoholic-beverage monopoly systems have developed a nice source of revenue of their own. On sales of \$852,561,000, they earned a profit of \$167,343,000.

**TELEVISION** will be available to more than 62,800,000 persons in the United States—or nearly half the population—by the early part of next year, the Office of Domestic Commerce reports. By that time the 75 stations now in operation will be joined by 42 additional outlets for which construction permits already have been granted. As of today, more than 1,800,000 television receivers are set up in the Nation's homes and bars.

**GOVERNMENT** price manipulations are expected to increase the cost of milk to consumers in many parts of the country during the next



few months, according to the Department of Agriculture. Hikes already have been announced in some marketing areas. The higher prices will reflect last month's advance in the levels at which the government is supporting the prices of butter and non-fat dry-milk solids. Involved is a reversal of the historic supply-and-demand formula. When business produces more goods, prices tend to soften. This year's milk supply will be 1 to 2 per cent greater than last year's—but the ceiling price will be higher.

**LACKING** such Federal support, business is not taking any chances with excess supplies. The office of Business Economics reports that a "significant liquidation" of stocks has taken place since last November. Business inventories hit their post-war peak of \$54.4 billion in that month. But this figure has now been reduced by more than \$2 billion.

Other aspects of the Nation's economy as reported here:

Publicly-reported cash-dividend payments in the second quarter were 10 per cent above the same period last year.

Farm income in the first six months of 1949 was 10 per cent below the corresponding figure for last year.

Agricultural employment in July was 2½ million below the July, 1949, level.

While the rise in long-term unemployment was halted in midsummer, the number out of work 15 weeks or longer had tripled in a year.

**DOLLARS** are now Uncle Sam's biggest single export item. Almost \$5.6 billion were shipped abroad during the first year of the European Recovery Program, the Clearing House for Foreign Transactions re-

(Continued on page 28)

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ports. About \$4.4 billion of this total represented outright grants, while \$1.2 billion was in loans and other forms of credit. Outstanding credits have reached \$9.6 billion, 86 per cent of which is owed by Marshall Plan countries.

**CHANGES** in the character of building operations throughout the country are affecting the demand for various types of building materials. A drop in residential building has reduced requirements for such materials as lumber, brick and plumbing and heating equipment. On the other hand, an increased volume of heavy engineering projects has upped the need for cement and concrete reinforcing bars. Also affecting the building picture is a tapering off in the school and hospital building programs which were heavy contributors to the expansion of public construction in the early months of this year.

**WHEN** will Americans settle down? Officials here say that no one knows the answer. But they do know that Americans are still on the move. A few generations ago, the movement was all west. Now it seems to be east, south and north as well. But the heaviest movement is still westward, a population survey just released here shows. California, Oregon, Washington and Nevada have registered population gains of 40 per

cent or more since the 1940 census. But the District of Columbia and five eastern States—Connecticut, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia—showed gains of 10 to 20 per cent. Florida and Texas, Michigan and Indiana also had 10 to 20 per cent gains against the national average increase of about 11 per cent. The estimates have been compiled from official records of births and deaths with the data for inter-state migration based on the official records of State school systems.

**THE CURRENT** extremely short supply of canned citrus juices is soon to be remedied. Reports reaching here indicate they will be packed in large volume beginning next month. Taken as a whole, the 1949 pack of canned fruits is expected to exceed the 58-million-case pack of the 1948 season by one to five million cases.

**THE FIRST ROUND** of what is probably the largest vaccination program ever attempted has just been completed in Mexico by U. S. Bureau of Animal Husbandry experts working with their Mexican counterparts. More than 13 million cattle, sheep, goats and swine have now been given the needle in the campaign to eradicate Foot-and-Mouth Disease. And each of the 13 million cattle, sheep, goats and swine is due to get two more shots within the next few months. The line forms on the right.

## Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 21)

against something. Maybe it was firearms, or firecrackers, or fireflies, or just anything that others enjoyed. Anyway, under the guise of conservation, they were generally directed against the hunter, intent on giving him the shaft, or at least the barb.

But Ducks Unlimited is different. It's not against anything that I know of. It is definitely for something, and all its means and efforts are devoted to that one cause. That cause is more ducks and nothing else. Since its conception the organization has spent two millions of American sportsmen's dollars building dams and impounding waters for duck-breeding grounds in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. In addition to these American dollars, Canadians have cooperated with labor, land and their dollars to increase the scope of the projects.

No one can say just how much the work of this organization has meant to the duck hunter. That there are more ducks today because of it is unquestionable. How many thousands more there are would be just a wild guess on anyone's part. The work isn't that immediately rewarding. In fact, at times when there have been heavy snows or spring rains so that the potholes all across the prairies are brim full of water for nesting waterfowl, the whole scheme might seem useless; the natural breeding waters literally drown out the proj-

ects. But when the lean years come again, as they surely will, then Ducks Unlimited's impounded waters may become the bucket, the natural waters, the drop.

And, of course, when there's water enough to go around, as there has been the last few years, the land reclaimers again begin to rear their ugly heads. It doesn't take long to forget the disastrous dust-bowl years. Now there's talk of ditching and draining in the Peace River country of northern Alberta, perhaps the greatest natural duck-breeding area remaining. Ducks Unlimited is as strictly non-political as it is non-profit, so it doesn't enter into any pro-and-con discussion of such a proposal, but it does look on with misgivings at the inevitable results. Therefore, even when times are favorable for waterfowl production, the organization must continue to put forth every effort to offset the steady tide flowing against wildlife.

One of the simplest laws of conservation is that if the environment is ideal for any particular species of wildlife it will flourish against almost all other odds, but destroy its habitat and it's a goner. Nature eliminated such American animals as the mastadon, the woolly mammoth and the saber-toothed tiger without even an assist from man, simply by taking away their environment. The buffalo hunter is generally credited

with virtually exterminating the vast herds of buffalo in a matter of ten years. Some folks can't mention this episode in our history without raising their hands in horror; yet the hide-hunters' bullets merely happened to be the direct cause of death of certain of the animals. The buffalo just had to go. The hide-hunter happened to be a convenient agent of destruction. Once the transcontinental railroads had cut their migration route, once the buffalo grass had been plowed under, and once the fences were built and his range usurped by cattle, there no longer was room for the buffalo. Migrating herds of millions of buffalo would hardly be convenient in modern America.

Build a dam across a salmon river and no amount of angling restrictions can preserve the race. Take a mallard's breeding marsh away from him and he's a dead duck. Thousands of square miles of duck marshes in America have been "reclaimed" by draining or filling, most of them beyond any possibility of a return to usefulness for wildfowl. Many more will inevitably follow as agriculture and industry take over. Our Fish and Wildlife Service has set aside many fine duck refuges throughout the United States, and it will continue to purchase and set aside more. These are essential. These havens are stepping-stones along the migration routes, guarantees for now and the future that ducks will have a place to go to rest and feed. But, unfortunately, a limited percentage of ducks is raised within the United States. Corn is produced in the farmer's field, not the market place, and the United States is the market place for ducks. We must depend on the north country to send the ducks down.

## Keep Your Powder Dry!

(Continued from page 17)

was self-contained and complete—the priming, the powder charge, and the bullet were all in one piece. Such a cartridge made workable repeating rifles possible.

About the time the Civil War began, Christopher Spencer, then barely 21 years old, called at the White House with a repeating rifle he had invented. Abraham Lincoln took him out into the White House grounds to try the rifle and was so impressed that he issued an order for Spencer rifles. It was Spencer's rifle that gave rise to the Confederate saying: "The Yankees have a rifle they load on Sundays and shoot all week."

Tyler Henry, an employe of Oliver Winchester, was only weeks behind Spencer with what was then called the Henry repeating rifle and later became the first Winchester. After the war Winchester bought out Spencer and never made the rifle. For some years Winchester produced the only American repeating rifle. The Model 1873 Winchester became world

So the men in Ducks Unlimited have been working along the right lines. They deserve not only the thanks but the continued cooperation of American duck shooters. Their job is just beginning. Some of the ducks you see this fall will undoubtedly be the result of their efforts. And the way things look now, there's a good chance you'll see more birds than last year—or for a number of years.

This doesn't mean that there will be lots of ducks everywhere. Far from it. But the lucky fellows will run into concentrations that will remind them of the old days. I manage to get around the country pretty well each year, both in the States and Canada, and being a hunter I notice such things. A one-man survey is about as useful as a rubber crutch, but at least during the past year I have seen large enough concentrations here and there to satisfy myself on this score. And out in California a character named Donald E. Smith, arrested by Federal agents for selling waterfowl, admitted killing 1,052 ducks in two days with a shotgun. He found a concentration. Of course, his kill was slightly against the law. It netted him a \$2,500 fine and two-and-one-half years in jail.

But some hunters will continue to have tough luck, no matter what. I was in a fishing camp recently where a couple of duck-hunting partners sat dreaming about last year's sport, as duck hunters will just sit and dream. Finally one of them tapped his pipe and turned to the other. "The more I think about it," he volunteered, "the surer I am you hit that duck last fall." The other smiled his thanks, but made no bold claims.

Luckily, things aren't that bad all over.

famous. But it lacked power. Its .44-40 cartridge was no more than a pistol cartridge and was used in the Colt revolver.

The professional buffalo hunters of the 1870's preferred the Sharps and Remington single-shot rifles chambered for big cartridges. One of the favorites was a Sharps of .45 caliber using 120 grains of powder behind a bullet of 550 grains. By way of comparison the single-shot rifle the army adopted in 1873 used a .45 caliber bullet of from 400 to 500 grains with 70 grains of powder.

It wasn't until 1886 that Winchester produced a rifle strong enough for the .45-70 cartridge. Other makers of repeating rifles soon adapted their guns to the .45-70. The cartridge was a great favorite among hunters of larger game than deer—elk, moose and grizzly bears. It was perfectly capable of killing at long range, but the trajectory was high. The bullet had to rise more than a foot in getting out to 200 yards. This

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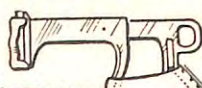
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meant that a man who misjudged the distance got a miss. It was generally considered bad sportsmanship to shoot at anything farther away than 150 yards—you were too likely to wound it without killing it.

The .45-70 was doomed by the advent of smokeless powder. Our army abandoned the .45-70 single shot for the Krag .30 caliber rifle in 1892. Winchester brought out a lever-action rifle for the .30-30 smokeless powder cartridge in 1904. This cartridge became, and after more than 50 years still is, the most popular cartridge for deer hunting in this country. Nearly all the arms companies make rifles for the .30-30 or a cartridge of about the same characteristics.

The new smokeless ammunition was not only almost smokeless, it left almost no fouling in the bore of the rifle so a series of shots could be fired without cleaning and without loss of accuracy. But the great advantage of smokeless powder was the high velocity it made possible.

The .30-30 cartridge gives a bullet of 170 grains a velocity of 2,200 feet a second. Originally it gave slightly less than 2,000 feet a second. This meant it had no more power at the muzzle than a .48 caliber Kentucky rifle shooting a round ball. The .48 caliber round ball would be the same weight. But the relatively long bullet of the .30-30 held its velocity. Out at 100 yards, where the round ball had dropped off to about 1,100 feet a second, the .30-30 bullet was still doing better than 1,700 feet a second.

**S**UCH a sustained velocity means not only power but flat trajectory, and flat trajectory is a great advantage to the hunter who must shoot at unknown distances. Flat trajectory minimizes the failure to guess the distance correctly.

Nowadays the .30-30 is far surpassed in flatness of trajectory by such big-game cartridges as the .270 and the .30-06. The .270 drives a bullet of 130 grains at a muzzle velocity of more than 3,100 feet a second. The bullet rises only two inches between the muzzle and a target 200 yards away, only five inches between the muzzle and a target 300 yards away. The .30-06 has a trajectory only a little more curved.

These cartridges make it possible for a skilled man shooting from a steady position to kill a deer at a distance he guesses to be 300 yards but which actually may be a good bit more or a good bit less. Unless he is a very bad judge of distance he will not shoot over if the distance proves to be less or under if it proves to be more.

The sport of vermin shooting, meaning woodchucks, crows and hawks in the East, with the addition of prairie dogs and coyotes in the West, has resulted in the development of high velocity .22 caliber rifles. The now famous .22 Hornet has a velocity of more than 2,600 feet at the muzzle. The .218 Bee

gives about 2,859 feet a second. These cartridges have a trajectory flat enough so a man can shoot game as small as woodchucks up to 200 yards. However, they are mild compared with the .220 Swift which gives a bullet a higher velocity than that of any other commercial cartridge—4,140 feet a second at the muzzle. The bullet rises only an inch and a half when the rifle is sighted for 200 yards; only three and a half inches when the rifle is sighted for 300 yards.

Modern high velocity rifles demand a telescope sight. Big-game hunters increasingly use telescope sights of two and a half to four power. Woodchuck shooters use scopes of six and eight or even ten power. They need at least six power in order to see a small animal sharply at long range.

But after all, most of the rifle shooting is not done with high velocity rifles. It is done with the little .22 long-rifle cartridge. This was first produced in 1885 and at the time shooters were amazed by its accuracy. They said it would regularly shoot in a two-inch circle at 50 yards. Nowadays your target shot demands a rifle and ammunition that will do far better and he gets it. The match grade of .22 long-rifle ammunition will regularly shoot—in a match rifle—into a circle an inch and a half in diameter at 100 yards. It often does a good bit better than that.

The target shot needs this accuracy. The National Rifle Association target used at 100 yards has a ten-ring two inches in diameter. Inside the ten-ring is a circle one inch in diameter, called the X ring. It is put there to decide ties. A clean score—meaning ten shots counting 100, or twenty shots counting 200—is seldom good enough to win a match unless the shooter has most of his shots in the X ring.

Match shooting is only one of the purposes for which the .22 long rifle cartridge is used. It is the cartridge almost universally used for practice. It is the cartridge with which boys learn to shoot. Anything bigger costs too much and nothing bigger is required up to 100 yards for target practice.

The makers of rifles know well that the .22 is the most popular rifle in the country. They make something like 50 different styles—little single-shot .22, bolt action repeating .22s, lever action repeating .22s, trombone action repeating .22s, and semi-automatic .22s. They produce something like a million .22 rifles every year.

The .22 long rifle is not a flat trajectory cartridge. But this doesn't matter too much at short range. Most rifles sighted for 50 yards are just about right for fifty feet. The bullet is rising as it passes 50 feet and coming down as it reaches 50 yards. If you want to shoot at longer distances you need sights that are positively adjustable. And you will have more fun if you use a telescope sight. Special scopes for the .22 sell for as little as ten dollars.

The advantage of the telescope



sight is much greater in game shooting than at regulation targets. Targets are designed so they can be seen clearly, with a black bullseye against a white ground. Game tends to blend into the ground or the surrounding grass or foliage. Few things are harder to see at a distance than a brownish woodchuck against the brownish earth at the mouth of his burrow—unless it is the same woodchuck in a deep shadow.

The telescope sight makes it easier to see what you're shooting at and thus gives you a better chance for a hit. And that's what a rifle is for—to hit your target.

## Funny Is as Funny Does

(Continued from page 14)

tage as the rattle in the throat of any mysterious Oriental dying in a pool of his own blood, in four colors, in a current comic book.

To suggest that there was any less violence in the poisoned arrow of a hidden Shawnee than there is in the poisoned ring of a comic book *Mati Hari* indicates a reckless disregard for the lethal intent of the Shawnees, which was seldom followed, without fatal results for the early settlers of Tennessee. Violence is violence and the resulting corpse rarely cares whether it is the victim of a prosaic bowie knife or of an assault with an invisible but deadly virus.

Indeed, even when the huntin'-trappin'-rootin'-tootin'-shootin' era of youthful literature waned in favor of the clean-cut prep school era—Frank Merriwell, the Rover Boys, the Motor Boys, Tom Swift—there was seldom any lack of stimulating activity. Being virile and manly and from nice families, the Motor Boys, for example, rarely shot in anger (they relied on their manly fists), but I recall they were beset by a titillating succession of snakes, tarantulas, floods, and desperate, unprincipled bandits intent on their destruction.

THE ability of our youngsters to retain some semblance of sanity after repeated exposure to violence has been tested for some thirty-five years in another highly realistic medium—the movies. One of the greatest pictures of all time, by the standards of my adolescence, was a serial called *The Iron Claw*, and every Saturday afternoon would find me cringing in my seat of the Orpheum Theatre in San Francisco as I watched that claw and its brutal one-armed proprietor menace a beautiful and shapely heroine, a handsome and extremely agile hero, and several helpless aged women. I don't know how long that serial ran—probably sixteen weeks or so—but I thought, and half-prayed, it would never end. Every episode contained fights, slug-gings, shootings and leers culminating in what seemed to be certain, and

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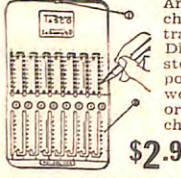
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certainly violent, death for the good guys. I would spend an entire week fraught with worry over their impending demise and happily discover the following Saturday that a miracle had been their salvation. I am ashamed to admit my credulity never was seriously strained by these hair-breadth escapes.

Such serials became immensely popular and Juanita Hansen, Pearl White and Ruth Roland vied for national prominence with Mary Pickford. But what surprised me was to discover recently that they are still being made, only nowadays they are staffed with people like Buster (Tremendous Torso) Crabbe. And they haven't changed. The order of the day is still shoot to kill and if you don't have a gun, a knife, a lethal dose or poison gas, conk him with a rock. To provide necessary continuity the action is still strung together with fist-fights.

Apparently this has been happening at Saturday matinee movies for thirty-five years. The people who are now taking over leadership in business and government were raised on that stuff just as their predecessors were weaned on the dime novel. Maybe that's what's wrong with the country, but I doubt it.

The long-hairs say the four-color picture realism and the sheer quantity of the horror in comic books make them a more serious menace than thrillers of the past. This thesis is reasonable. A single bee sting is relatively harmless; enough of them can kill a powerful man. But every year kids have been subjected to more and more horror and maybe they've built up more resistance than we think. At first there was only the dime novel, with maybe an occasional dash of Edgar Allan Poe. Then we added cheap adventure books and blood-and-thunder movie serials. Finally, in what seemed a certain *coup de grace*, came radio, which puts enough chiller-dillers on the air to send the average psychiatrist screaming to his couch. Added to this line-up is the top popularity Western and crime movies in which a pistol shot or a rifle crack is more important and more frequent than breathing.

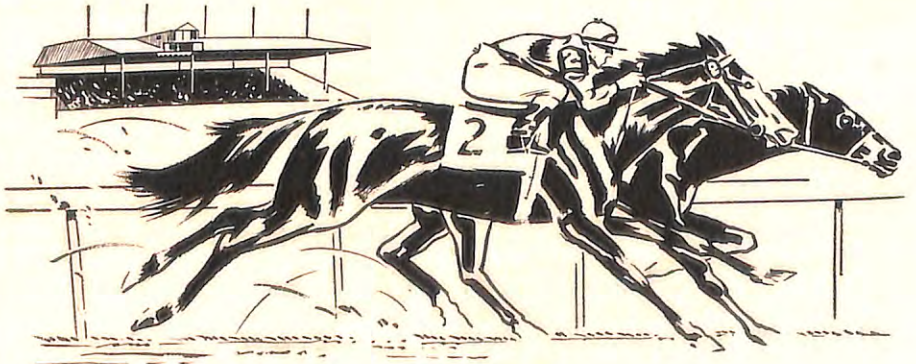
With this unending stream of murder and creaking of doors in cobwebbed houses, what difference could a few million comic books make? Is

the sight of Captain Marvel and his death-ray gun more of a juvenile menace than the murderous puss of Peter Lorre or the cannibalistic appetite of Sidney Greenstreet? When a Saigon dope-runner cracks Alan Ladd over the head with a .45, who says it causes fewer schizophrenes than when a three-eyed villain envelopes a comic stripteaser in a cloud of death smoke? It takes a pretty good scientist to draw a line that fine.

**T**HE comic-book rash isn't so likely to distort the mind of young America as to stupefy it. Folk tales, fables and fairy stories were developed to satisfy the eager desire of children for a never-never land less burdensome than the grim reality in which most of them grow up. Comic books meet the same need but without beauty, without moral point and without awakening a desire for further knowledge of a socially acceptable nature. Consequently, during a period of the child's most intense curiosity and eagerness for learning, his hunger is satisfied with a meal so intellectually thin that his useful learning during this important period is negligible.

Stories of the Bible, for example, are instructive, valuable lessons to which every child, heathen or not, should be exposed. The child who reads the comic-book version has much of his natural curiosity satisfied. He thinks he knows the Christ story; next he wants to hear of something else. He doesn't learn that there is any depth or significance to life that can't be reduced to a few bloody cartoons and explosive captions.

That's the real tragedy of comic books. Most of our kids are too tough, I think, to be greatly warped by them, but they aren't too tough to be smothered intellectually. A desire to read books—not merely to look at gaudy action pictures—is one of the most precious and enduring legacies a parent can give his children. No parent would fill his child's stomach with watery soup and bread crusts when the larder was bursting with rich roasts and nutritious vegetables. The least penalty would be social ostracism. Is it any less repugnant to pump horror pap into a youngster's mind? *There's* the \$64-question on comic books.





Above: The officers of Lakewood, Colo., Lodge are pictured on the occasion of the institution of that branch of the Order.



Above: Lead Knight G. R. Pond, on behalf of Malone, N. Y., Lodge, presents an American Flag to Supervisor H. Maguire at the dedication of the Dufort-Malone Airport.



Above: Among the 650 persons who attended Roswell, N. M., Lodge's annual picnic were H. O. DeShurley, P.E.R. and Past State Pres. Ben B. Ginsberg, E.R. Dr. J. P. Reynolds and his young daughter, D.D. E. L. Harbough, Secretary H. G. Zike and Esteemed Loyal Knight L. C. Knadle. Barbecue champion P.E.R. H. E. Babcock, Jr., was in charge of the food department.



Below: Prescott, Ariz., Lodge's officers with a class of candidates.



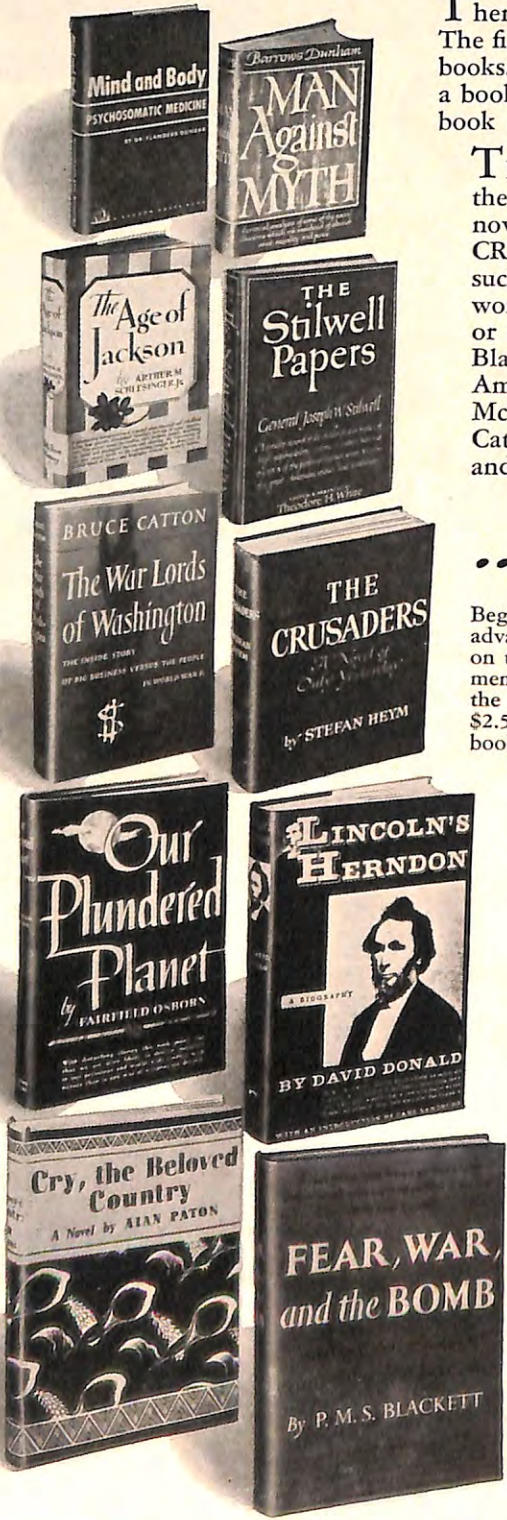
Left: Fairbury, Neb., Elks are pictured with Robert Wenzl, 4-H stock-raiser, and the champion 4-H steer and heifer, when they purchased the animals to lend support to the 4-H organization. Left to right: Trustees A. J. Denney, Francis Hedges, Dr. M. S. Banks, Mr. Wenzl, E.R. Everett Deger, Lead Knight F. W. Jones, Purchasing Committeeman Joe Boerner and Loyal Knight Clarence Black.

Right: A view of the 95 P.E.R.'s of the Ohio N.W. Dist. who attended the first annual "District P.E.R. Picnic" at Upper Sandusky Lodge. Present were State Pres. John K. Maurer, Past Pres. John H. Neate and many other Elk luminaries.



Left: The 1949 National Championship Ritualistic Team of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Lodge. Front row, left to right: Secy. R. H. Van Denburg, Lect. Knight Harry Kimbro, Coach G. A. Cunningham, Lead Knight Earl Sapp and Chaplain B. V. Pace, Jr.; back row: Inner Guard George Nichols, P.E.R. Stephen C. O'Connell, E.R. L. G. Knapp and Esq. Wilbur L. Simms.

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# Wall of White

(Continued from page 20)

circumstances, it was not particularly funny.

The next day broke clear—blue sky above, and beneath it a world of dazzling white that stretched away as far as we could see across valleys and ridges to the Bitterroot Mountains, sparkling on the Idaho-Montana line. Our camp was the sole visible evidence of man.

We packed up and started out, and it was tough. The snow most places came just to the horses' knees, but it made the footing treacherous. The sloping rocks on the mountain back of camp were hidden—and slick. One of them could throw a horse. Once off its feet it would slide to the bottom and probably drag the entire pack string with it.

I rode ahead. I had angled up the slope several times on foot while hunting, and I felt that I could choose as good a path as any. We had climbed only a little way from the flat, however, when my horse stepped on a big rock and slid two yards, but kept his feet. I got off and led him, feeling out the footing as I went.

I got him to the top of the ridge and tied him. Then I followed my trail back down and got a couple of the pack horses. Floyd turned his saddle horse loose and led the others. Dan came last. We made it. Once we topped out, it wasn't bad. We rode into Ray Holes' base camp on Bargamin Creek just before dark.

**T**HAT is a sample of what the West can dish out to the big-game hunter. Storms may come at any time after the first of October in the high country. Not infrequently hunters get snowed in and have to leave their cars and outfits until the following summer. There isn't any real danger, of course. A man always can get out, and the chance of losing his outfit is negligible if he has a good guide or packer and pays attention to what he says.

It does point the way to a wise selection of clothing, however. The day before the storm broke on us, Dan and I had hunted in our shirt sleeves, and it was so hot that the sweat poured off from 9 a.m. until sunset.

Nothing takes the place of wool in the mountains. Get the best wool underwear you can buy. Take along a suit of light cotton longies for hot weather if you like, but don't think, just because it's warm where you get off the train at 3,000 feet, that it won't be plenty cold up around 8,000 where you may be hunting.

I wear no shirts but wool ones in the fall. If you have a light one and a heavy one you'll be all right. You can wear either or both at once. Some of the boys wear wool pants. It's probably a good idea. I wear Levis, largely, I suppose, from habit.

There is no substitute for thick, wool socks. They cushion your feet

and help to prevent blisters. They don't get soggy when it's hot and they keep you warm when it's cold. The cow puncher who took a load of cattle to Chicago didn't have a bad idea. He got off the train with a big suitcase. Somebody said, "Joe, what have you got in that bag?"

He answered, "Fifty-four pieces—a deck of cards and a change of socks."

Take plenty of wool socks. When I pack in light, socks are the only extra clothing I carry. If your shirt and underwear get a little dirty they won't hurt you, but unless your socks are clean you may blister your feet. A cripple can't hunt.

Shoes are equally important. Twenty years ago, when I had more on top of my head and less inside it, I wore 16-inch, leather high tops. Now I wouldn't be seen kicking a dog in them. They're too heavy, and they bind your calves so you can't walk. Shoes eight or ten inches high are tall enough. If your pants hang down outside the tops—as they should—they'll keep the grass seeds, snow and other unpleasantries out.

Soft, moccasin-type shoes are not very good for hunting in much of the western big-game country. It's too rocky. You may bruise your feet. Shoes with stiff counters, hobnailed heels and soles of cord and rubber over leather are better. They hold on anything and protect your feet.

You also need a pair of rubber-bottom pacs for wet weather or snow. Wet feet won't hurt you, but they're not comfortable. I have yet to see a waterproof leather shoe.

The pacs will be ready to wear when you get them, but be sure to break in the leather shoes before you start your trip, even if you have to wear them to the office to do it. And see that they fit over one pair of wool socks. If they're too big your feet will slide around in them until you have blisters big enough to patch a canoe.

**N**EXT to good socks and shoes, or possibly even more important, is a good bed. I've tried everything from a smooth rock to my grandmother's comforters, and I can state without fear of successful contradiction that nothing equals a good sleeping bag and an air mattress. Get a down bag, plenty big, and put a wool blanket inside it. If the combination is good for 40 degrees below zero, that's all right. The nights won't be that cold, but you can open it up. If you try to get by with a summer-weight bag and spend your nights shivering you won't feel good during the day and your trip will be ruined.

What kind of coat should you take? Well, that depends partly on where you hunt and partly on the weather, which nobody can predict. Much of the time anything light that will turn rain is enough. Ordinarily, you'll hunt in your shirt sleeves. But

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in big-game country—Idaho, Montana and Wyoming—once you get above 6,000 feet or so the weather can get rough mighty easy. My down jacket has given me more comfort than any other article of clothing I ever owned and I don't go into the hills without it between the first of September and the first of July.

Ordinarily, the big-game outfitter furnishes everything but a man's clothing, bed and gun. Most of them can be depended upon to have the right equipment. If you want comfort in camp, however, make sure you have a tent with a stove. There is no substitute for it. My shepherd stove and wall tent, which is 10x12 feet with four-foot walls, insure warmth and cheer regardless of the weather. I can come in wet and cold and be absolutely cozy in 15 minutes.

If you have a tent and wood stove you can dry your clothes in wet weather, and you can laugh at the thermometer when it drops down to zero outside. A gasoline stove is no good in cold weather.

Your gun? Friend, that is a personal issue. There is one point, however, that anyone visiting the West for the first time is likely to overlook. It's big. It has all kinds of country. A lot of it is so open that you'll see more game over 500 yards than you see under that range. This applies especially to antelope, although mule deer and sheep often call for long-range shooting.

Occasionally elk frequent fairly open country. Very often, however, they, whitetail deer and coast black-tails and bear are found in timber thicker than the hair on a dog's back. If you get a shot at 75 yards you're

in the long-range bracket. Your .35 Remington or .348 Winchester is perfect for hunting here.

In the prairie areas, or in regions of brush and scattered timber, you need a good, accurate long-range rifle, such as a .270, .30-'06 or .300 Magnum. It should be sighted to hit point of aim at not less than 200 yards—300 probably is better for either the .270 or .300—and you're definitely handicapped if it isn't fitted with a good scope. The minimum suitable magnification is 2 1/2 power; four is the maximum. I prefer the latter.

The point here is that it's smart to find out what kind of country you'll be hunting and then select your rifle accordingly. You don't need a pistol. They are used primarily by poachers to kill grouse out of season. Any crippled big-game animal that can be pistoled to death can be killed just as dead with one shot from your rifle. And the extra cartridge is a lot easier to carry than 2 1/2 pounds of handgun.

One thing that has been left until last—that's your hat; but be careful. Not long ago I met a hard-bitten cattleman friend. He was wearing a swordfisherman's cap. It set me back. I said, "Good Lord, Ed! What's happened to you?"

He used to wear a Stetson with a brim so wide he had to take it off to see what the weather was like.

"Oh, this?" he said, as he removed the oddity to eye it contemplatively. "Well, I'll tell you. I used to wear a hat, but I had to give it up. It got so everybody thought I was a dude!"

So you can wear anything on your head you like. If it will turn rain and kill a horse-fly it will be all right.

## Hunting They Will Go

(Continued from page 18)

he came originally to that country from Spain.

In our group of sporting dogs, we find the retriever family—not too popular but greatly valued by those who own them and use them for hunting. There are five retrievers in the group (one is shown, middle left, on the picture page). The varieties are the Chesapeake Bay, the curly-coated, the flat-coated, the golden and the Labrador. Properly trained, these dogs not only retrieve on land or water but trail and flush game, as do the springer spaniels. The Chesapeake Bay is one of the three American breeds in the Sporting Dogs Group I which are recognized by the AKC. Others are the coonhound, in Group II, and the American water spaniel and the Boston terrier. The ancestry of the retriever is rather cloudy, which is strange, as most of the varieties are not old breeds.

The two remaining canine huntsmen are the wire-haired pointing griffon (Dutch), and the German Weimaraner. The griffon is very rare in this country, but the Weimaraner, while still an uncommon dog over here, is slowly gaining in popularity

as he is rated "tops" in field work.

In Group II of the sporting dogs we find the hounds. There are 19 listed, but the most popular is the beagle, the little dog shown at the bottom left of the picture group. Along with the dachshund, the beagle is one of the most deservedly popular dogs in our country. He's strictly a trailing dog and depends upon scent of the game, in contrast to some of the larger hounds which, because of their great speed, are "sight" hunters—that is, their speed enables them to keep the game in sight. The beagle is perhaps one of the best of all dogs on rabbits and similar small game. He's French, but is known to have been bred in England as far back as Queen Elizabeth's time. That lady kept packs of beagles for hunting use. But the beagle is really a miniature foxhound and has astonishing endurance in pursuit of game. Hounds are never used for feathered game.

The little hound that competes with the beagle for public favor is the dachshund. With his short legs, he's not in the money at all when it comes to speed, but he's a most persistent

trailer and a tough little fighter. His name means badger hound and in Europe, especially in Germany where he originated, he was developed for badger hunting and if you know your zoology, you'll admit that the last-named animal, pound for pound, is one of the most dangerous scrappers among all animals. Actually, the dachshund is far more terrier than hound. His specialty, after he has tracked his quarry to its den, is to dig in and either kill it or rout it out for the hunter.

Of the other hounds, the coonhound is perhaps the best known. An odd thing in relation to this pooch is that despite the fact that he has been so widely bred for so many years in this country, it wasn't until 1945 that the standard of perfection adopted by the black and tan coonhound club was approved by the American Kennel Club. The coonhound flourishes extensively in the South and Southwest, and in parts of the East. As his name indicates, he's mainly an assistant in the sport of raccoon hunting and thus does most of his field work at night. With the exception of the foxhounds and the greyhounds and whippets, too, for that matter, the remaining hounds in this group are comparatively rare and you're not likely to see them outside a few shows or the kennels where they're bred.

**I**F YOU have a young dog to train for the field it is best to start his lessons early—three months is none too soon. If you want him to learn to point, begin by holding a piece of feathered game, attached to a string tied to a stick, in front of him and give the command, "Point." To teach retrieving, tie a long rope to the pup's collar (to haul him back to you after you give the command, "Here"), throw an object away from you but in clear sight of the dog. Give the command word, "Fetch." Begin these lessons in a quiet room or your backyard. Don't permit other dogs or people to be present to distract the pup. When the dog has learned to fetch, teach it to drop at your feet whatever it has fetched to you. Give the command, "Drop it." If the dog is slow to learn, take the article from him, but always repeat the command loudly and clearly.

You can vary your training ground after the pup has some idea of what you want. Take it to a different hunting ground from time to time. Don't overwork him and be sure to apply all the patience you have. Training the pup with an older dog that has been well broken in helps a great deal, as dogs are imitative and the pup will learn more quickly when he sees the older dog at work. To get the puppy used to gunfire, you'll have to tie him up and use a gun of small calibre at some distance from him at first. Decrease the distance as he gets used to the sound and later increase the calibre of the gun to the size you use in the field.

Happy hunting!

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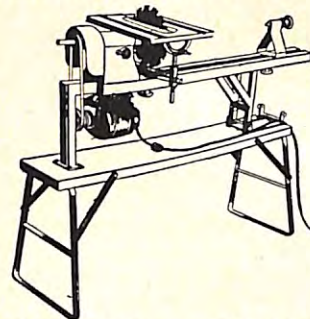
SINCE it's leaf-raking time all over the place you may as well prepare for your approaching days of labor with some intelligence. There is little or no use in raking away like mad half the day and then have the leaves redistributed in an instant by



some capricious wind. The thing to do is dispose of the leaves as soon as you have a respectable pile of them. To help in this wise course of action here is a folding cart that can be trundled about with you and will hold quantities of your leaves. Made of aluminum and possessing rubber wheels, the cart has a removable folding canvas bag for you to fill many times over with leaves. Since the bag can be detached and cleaned you can also consider this machine for holding laundry, groceries, weeds, vegetables and small children. It has quite a variety of uses.

FROM all evidence there should be many more carpenters in this country than there actually are. As soon as many men get a full basement in

view they immediately have visions of a "little place to work" complete with a lathe. Since there are so many frustrated carpenters abroad in the land it might be well worthwhile to mention this unique new unit that, in one fell swoop, supplies most of the power tool needs of even the most meticulous wood mutilator. Priced well within the budget of the average overtime carpenter the unit includes a saw, drill press, lathe, sander and



a grinder. All the running parts are precision-ground and equipped with lifetime-lubricated ball bearings. The unit is designed for heavy-duty service in home workshops, farm workshops and in small factories.



AMONG the people we dislike most can be found the host who serves what promises to be a high-ball of generous proportions, only to find he has put in just enough ice to last until you get the drink in hand. From that point on the quality of the drink deteriorates with astonishing swiftness. It gets lukewarm and that finishes it. On the other hand, putting enough ice in a drink to keep it cold throughout its consumption can cause serious watering troubles accompanied by acute dilution. To overcome all these problems and still remain a perfect host has been difficult in the past but the end to such troubles is upon us all. Here is a tumbler that will hold ordinary ice cubes and keep them in a solid state for four hours. The advantages are instantly obvious and need not be listed. The trick is done with the old thermos-bottle principle; no mirrors are employed. Two layers of plastic, with a vacuum between, turns the trick nicely enough and the tumblers have an added advantage: they will not sweat and ruin tables. In fact, no coasters are necessary at all. The man who thought up this gimmick should be given a gold star.



# News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 11)

Officers elected were: Pres., Donald W. Nagle, Rochester; 1st Vice-Pres., V. L. Howerton, Virginia; 2nd Vice-Pres., E. J. Curry, St. Paul; 3rd Vice-Pres., Dr. M. H. Carlson, Brainerd. Oscar C. Paulson of Thief River Falls succeeded himself as Treasurer and John Meurer of Minneapolis was re-elected as Trustee for a three-year term. Stanley P. Andersch of Minneapolis was appointed to his eighth consecutive term as Secretary.

Many fine social events took place during the meeting, the high point being the mile-long parade Saturday evening, participated in by 71 units. Over 600 attended a turkey banquet at which the principal speaker was former Congressman Edward J. Devitt.

## SOUTH DAKOTA

Watertown Elks were host to the 1949 Convention of the South Dakota Association June 5, 6 and 7. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner was the principal speaker at the public meeting, with 838 members registered for the Convention. Sioux Falls Lodge won the Ritualistic Contest, followed by Deadwood and Aberdeen. The golf tourney was won by Yankton after a one-hole play-off on tying with Brookings, and Rapid City took the trapshoot.

The lodges reported the spending of \$26,801.70 for charity during the past year, with Deadwood and Rapid City Lodges holding many parties for patients in the State's VA hospitals.

Officers for the year ahead are: Pres. A. A. Fahy, Aberdeen; Vice-Presidents: Max E. Austin, Brookings; Lloyd Number, Watertown; Max Richmond, Sioux Falls; Secy., Wescott G. Smith, Yankton; Treas., M. M. Korte, Aberdeen; Chaplain, Rev. Carl Locke, Rapid City; Trustees: Ross E. Case, Watertown; Ted Byrne, Deadwood; Martin Cogley, Sioux Falls; J. Keith Potter, Huron, and B. J. Wolf, Mitchell.

## NEVADA

The Nevada State Elks Association delegates, whose main project is the building of a crippled children's hospital, met in Las Vegas this year. They

elected the following officers for the current term: Pres. G. A. Rydell, Boulder City; Vice-Pres., Dean M. Hawkes, Hawthorne; Secy.-Treas., L. P. Davis, Boulder City; Sgt.-at-Arms, Robley Burns, Elko; Trustees: O. K. Adcock, Las Vegas; Jack Halley, Reno; A. J. O'Connor, Ely. Boulder City will be host to the 1950 meeting.

Elko Lodge won the Ritualistic Contest, and everyone enjoyed the many fine social events provided by the hosts.

## TEXAS

San Antonio Lodge was host to the Texas State Elks Assn. for its 24th Annual Convention June 2, 3 and 4. One of the most successful conclaves in its history, this meeting called out 750 Elks and their ladies. Mayor Jack White, an Elk for 25 years, gave a welcoming address, as did other San Antonians to whom responses were made by several Past Presidents. Present were Past Grand Exalted Rulers William Hawley Atwell of Dallas and Edward Rightor of New Orleans, La.

Elected for the coming year are: Pres., Francis W. Beckstead, Waco; Vice-Presidents: E. W. E. Lee, Tyler; N., Paul Lesure, Dallas; W., Dewey Shelton, Odessa; Cent., Henry Wendlandt, Sr., Austin; S.W., Seth Gallaway, Del Rio; S.E., Shirley McDonald, Port Arthur; Secy., H. S. Rubenstein, Brenham; Treas., J. Rollie Pray, Fort Worth; Trustee of the Assn., (five years) R. M. Acosta, Beaumont. Trustees for the Texas Elks Crippled Children's Institute (the Hospital at Ottine): Raymond L. Wright, Houston (eight years); Floyd B. Ford, Dallas (seven years); Felix L. Gay, San Benito (two years).

Winners of the Ritualistic Contest were: 1st place, Marshall Lodge; 2nd, Beaumont; third, Houston. The State Scholarship Awards were made to Miss Anne Royce Hughes, \$300; Wm. A. Brubaker, \$200; Mary R. Smith, \$100; W. D. Kruger, \$50, and the State winner in the National Essay Contest, Doris Hood, received a \$25 check.

The delegates decided to meet in Brownsville next June.

## Safety Man

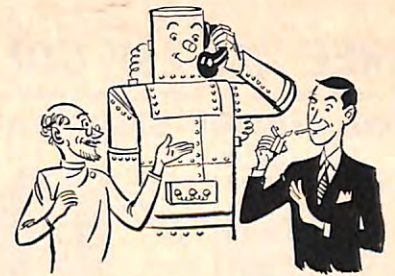
(Continued from page 5)

gelo Lombardi. If the big man was suffering from Boy Scoutism and an overdose of derring-do, he still had known him too long and too well not to be fond of him. Angelo's emotions were like Angelo himself, large, unpredictable, and sentimental as a ten-cent greeting card. He had spent his

strength wildly, and he resembled, in these closing minutes of the game, a one-man riot run afoul of too many cops.

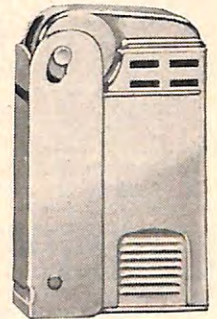
"Take it easy," O'Leary said, "and maybe you'll live till next week, Angelo."

The ball was put back in play. The



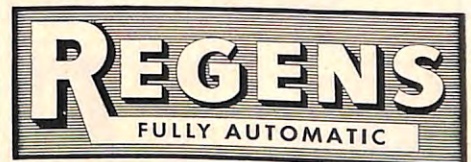
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teams lined up. O'Leary, from the T-formation, called the signals with authority. The ball came to his hands and he faded into the backfield, deep, as everybody in the ball park knew he would, looking for his target. He side-stepped Jorgens, one of the charging Cleveland ends, while Angelo put a destructive block on Sormani. This was it, O'Leary knew; this was the time and the place. But he did not hurry. He feigned a pass to Cudahy, who was sprinting downfield, arms upraised. But he held the ball, not passing it. He ran laterally a half-dozen steps, drawing the pack after him. Angelo Lombardi, having somehow regained his feet, bowled over another guy. O'Leary took aim and fired the ball. It passed well over Cudahy's head, into the end zone on a flat trajectory. Kaplan, a small, fleet back who had been ghosting up the sideline, cut into an area of the end zone uncovered by Cleveland. Little Kaplan raised his arms and the ball stayed glued to his hands.

Like that.

O'LEARY walked from the field, with kids and grown-ups clinging to his arms, and thumping their thanks on his back. The noise from the crowd had been more like an explosion than a shout. He walked in a rain of programs and peanut bags and vast commotion. But oddly, for a Sunday hero, he walked alone, without his teammates. Only Lombardi was close by, but limping far too painfully to stay abreast of him. O'Leary kept walking, and he looked more than once to the upper tier for a glimpse of the girl in Section 5, Row 3. She'd be wearing a red hat, she had said, and a chrysanthemum only a trifle smaller than a basketball. "I always get that way in November," she had said, and he wondered, had she been kidding him when he had given her the tickets.

In the locker room, Mason, the coach, said, "Thanks for the touchdown, Willy."

"It's all in the contract," said O'Leary. "You supply the footballs, Sam. I'll throw them."

"No more and no less—huh, Willy?"

"We won't play that same record over again," O'Leary said.

Some of the players came closer.

"You know about contracts, don't you, Willy?" said Mason.

"I'm learning, Sam; and I don't catch on too slowly."

He referred to his job with the Jordan Rubber Company where, under the sternly benign and assisting hand of Dr. Dobey, his cause had thrived. He had taken and passed the state bar examinations, with an understanding that in time he would be in charge of the company's legal department. It was the kind of job and the kind of future that ordinarily did not befall those Sunday gladiators who jarred their brains against the opposition's knees—thus his contract with Mason only to throw passes while directing the fortunes of the Jordan City Rams. No body contact,

thank you; no lovely kicks in the skull.

"Brains cost money," O'Leary said. "I know," said Mason sadly, "else I'd have bought a set for myself."

He watched Sam Mason with a kind of pity. He supposed the man wanted victory badly enough to pay the price with his pride. As owner and coach of the Jordan City Rams, he gave orders to everyone but O'Leary, because "It's in the contract, Sam," had become the key to his silence. An elderly man, with a lifetime's hopes behind him, Sam Mason just stood there, scraping his cleats on the tiled floor.

"How about next week?" Mason said. He meant the game with Chicago, that would, if they won it, send them into the post-season play-off with New York. Jordan City had never been in a play-off. "Can we win it, Willy?"

One thing about the old boy, anyhow—he never gave up trying, and O'Leary, not really a cruel man, tried to avoid his eyes. Mason wanted to beat Chicago like the saints want to go to heaven. Mason was, like Jordan City, football-crazy, and there was nothing much you could do. But beat Chicago? The old boy might as well try a flying broadjump over the Wrigley Building.

"Your guess is as good as mine, Sam," was all O'Leary said.

"I thought maybe if we sharpened our running attack through the week," said Mason, "if maybe once in a while you would—"

"Beat my head against those monsters we play next week?" O'Leary shook his head, so there would be no mistake. "The answer is still that I'll throw the passes and call the signals, Sam."

Mason's cheeks had colored. He had begged and been refused. His sharp eyes glistened. He ran a thin tongue along his lips. "Okay, Willy, forget it," he said. "I wouldn't want you to soil those nice clean pants." Mason had begged, with his hat in his hands, but he wouldn't beg any more.

O'Leary went to his locker. The large room that should have been exuberant with victory was joyless. The tired men, going to and coming from the showers, were silent. Only Angelo Lombardi attempted to break it.

"Who's goin' down to Healy's for beer?" he asked. Healy's was a place they went when training rules were somewhat relaxed and appetites were large. "Who's goin' down to Healy's for a steak this thick?" said Angelo. He demonstrated with his hands the dimensions of the steak he was imagining. "Well, who's goin'—huh?"

No one, apparently.

"How 'bout you, Willy?"

"I've got a date," O'Leary said.

HE HAD a date and her name was Dorothy Dobey. He assured himself that if love had arrived like a five-alarm fire, it was not because she was the boss's niece. That might have been the reason he had been attentive in the first place, but it was not the reason why the sight of her in recent

weeks had set him giddily afloat, like a ball of ice cream in a malted. Some things are valid, anyway.

"Hello, Tarzan," Dorothy said.

"Hello—what?"

"I was congratulating you," she explained, "on the way you tossed those cocoanuts, Willy. You were very competent."

"Well, thanks."

Again there was the suspicion that she might be kidding him. She wore the red hat gaily, with a tiny veil that was crinkly and attractive at the level of her nose, and the chrysanthemum, just as advertised, vivid, fresh and incredibly large—almost as though she were trying to burlesque the rah! rah! aspect of his seasonal profession. Well, perhaps he was too sensitive. Undoubtedly, he had decided, there was a lengthy bridge to cross between the muscular business of football and the legitimate interests of a serenely poised and beautiful girl like Dr. Dobey's niece, who, when she wasn't filling gowns uniquely with her natural gifts, was filling test tubes for her uncle in the lab. A research chemist herself, the only item alien to Dorothy's beauty was her brain. It was the kind of thing you couldn't explain to Sam Mason or to Angelo Lombardi. A man, after all, had the right to move from one level to another, if he could.

"Hungry?" he asked.

"I could eat a goal-post, dear."

Naturally enough, with Dorothy Dobey, one didn't go to Healy's where, if the steaks were thick, so was the atmosphere—with noise, the smell of beer, and, all too often, the sulphurous fumes of conversation that belonged in a locker room. O'Leary suggested the Jordan City Palms. The Palms, she said, would be delightful.

There was a string ensemble, sawing lightly at a familiar and pleasant thing of Brahms. You first ascended, then descended steps into a kind of velvet amphitheater where the captain of waiters supervised the small bonfire required to crisp a sweet pancake for a lady. You passed the state's senior senator, who smiled, half rose, and bowed to Dorothy, and you were seated. And dinner, a la carte for two, cost no more, really, than a new suit.

"Well, here's to the victory," said Dorothy. She raised her glass. Infiltrating from the street, and raising hell with Johannes Brahms, came the racket of a brass band—no doubt the high school outfit which, for free admission, had played so gustily at the ball park during the game. They could hear kids shouting, "Beat Chicago! Beat Chicago!" and adults joining in the puerile chant. The head-waiter raised his curled brows, and people, at their tables, looked over, almost automatically, at O'Leary. The senior senator downed a large drink, lowered his glass, raised an arm and yelled, "Hurray!" The senior senator's wife spoke reprovingly to him. The high school band kept thumping away, the noise receding as the proud procession passed.

"Kid stuff," O'Leary said uneasily. "Is it?"

He looked at the girl and her gaze was level.

"Why do you play football, Willy?"

"For money," he said.

"An excellent reason. Do you have any others?"

"Absolutely none," he said. "I have a talent and I sell it. Less practical than rubber tires, but the same idea." He thought that was a rather apt summation of things. He saw Doctor and Mrs. Dobey enter The Palms with business associates. He stood and bowed, acknowledging their greeting. The doctor was a short, spare man. "Half body, half brains," somebody had described him. He wore at all times both his heavy glasses and a look of scientific preoccupation. O'Leary hoped, somehow, that the doctor had not been outside to witness the noisy procession that had just passed by. He recalled very well and could certainly understand the doctor's friendly warning that football, while an innocent pastime in the main, could also result in broken necks. "We want your very best efforts at Jordan Rubber," the doctor had said. Meanwhile the doctor's niece was regarding O'Leary with something less than affection.

"How much is Sam Mason paying you, Willy?"

He looked at her more closely. "Is this for my credit rating?"

"It's just a question."

"He pays me a thousand dollars a game."

"He was robbed," said Dorothy, while O'Leary sat gaping at the statement. "You're a phony, O'Leary."

"I'm a what?"

"A faker, my dear—a fraud. A sort of half-throttle Galahad, doing half a job for O'Leary. Half a job for the team and half a job for the people who pay their money to watch you play. Don't you realize what it meant to them today?"

His scalp was rising. She could have surprised him no more had she suddenly displayed an interest in lady wrestling. She was talking with the sentiment of—well, an Angelo Lombardi.

"I do all I'm supposed to do," he said quietly. "All that's in the contract, understand? I throw passes. I threw three of them this afternoon for touchdowns. What else do you want me to do—Sam Mason's laundry?"

Dorothy Dobey chose an olive from a tray. "Perhaps you don't get the point," she said. There was a small, rather sad smile that lingered on the corners of her mouth. "Time was that you were a hero, O'Leary—remember?"

"Say that again, but slowly."

She said it again. "A hero, Willy. Heroism is mainly a matter of giving. It's the opposite of receiving. It has to do with largeness of the heart, but not with largeness of the head. Do you recall when you were a college hero, Willy?"

"Me?"

"Think back," she said. "Of course,

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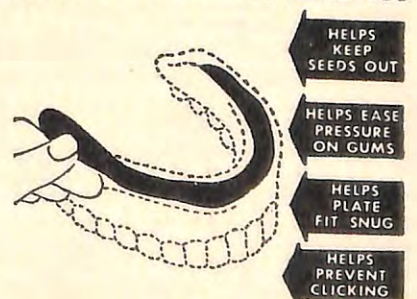
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it's true that you were thrown out of college on your shapely ears, but you made a lot of people happy in the time you were there."

"How do you know that?"

"I know a lot of things not on the personnel records at Jordan Rubber, O'Leary. It was a little college and you were the one big wheel. You used to carry the ball as well as pass it then, didn't you? Helter-skelter, like a billy-goat. And you didn't figure on a minimum, within the letter of contract, to get you by."

"I was young and simple," O'Leary said. "I was a damned fool."

"And happy, weren't you?"

**HAPPY?** Well, strangely, he had never thought of that. Yes, he was happy. Gay as a bluebird perched on a cream-puff, but brainless, aimless. Friends? Sure, he had friends. He admitted that now. He had lots of friends. And Angelo Lombardi was there. A great fellow, Angelo. Only trouble was, he never grew up. Never learned the wisdom of playing it smart. Still went to Healy's with the boys, for instance. Never learned the lasting, practical values.

"You're a snob, O'Leary," the girl said evenly. "You think there's something demeaning in common sweat."

"Shut up!" he said, to his vast surprise.

"Your manners, dear."

"Don't preach to me!" he shouted. He had hoped those college days were well behind him. He had never gotten anything for nothing. After they tossed him out of Bradford he'd been obliged to finish college at night, and then enroll in evening law school. He'd worked hard and there was a price for everything, in spite of what she said. If you were smart, you played it safe, and you extracted more than you gave. "And how do you know so much about my affairs at Bradford, anyhow?"

"I was there," she told him simply. "I was a freshman when you were a senior."

"At Bradford?"

"I didn't say the state penitentiary, O'Leary." He saw her regarding him with too-knowing eyes. "You mean you're surprised because—well, Bradford wasn't very fashionable?" She put her cigarette down, the smoke trailing slowly from her lips. "Perhaps that was because I didn't have a rich uncle then," she said. "He didn't always have a rubber factory, O'Leary. He only had a drug store then. He used to mix synthetic rubber with one hand and legitimate ice cream sodas with the other. Don't gape at me like that."

But he gaped at her, anyhow.

"I can remember when I was a freshman, Willy. We used to walk into the cafeteria, for instance—like little girls, giggling and foolish and wide-eyed—I'll admit it. And the kids would say, 'There's O'Leary!' And, believe me, it was something then to be O'Leary. 'Did you hear the latest about O'Leary?' the kids would say. O'Leary played half a game with a broken hand, or 'O'Leary licked

three cops down at the Square,' or O'Leary did the funniest thing at the dance last night.' All right, you were foolish, but you were alive in those days, O'Leary, and you weren't afraid."

"I was a jerk," he told her tightly. "I was the campus comedian, that's what I was, and when they couldn't use me another football season, they tossed me out, and nobody gave a damn."

"That's where you're wrong, O'Leary. Perhaps they used you badly, but it isn't true that nobody cared. Because when they tossed you out, there were kids who wept—though they didn't even know you. And I was one of them. Make what you want of it!"

But he didn't know what to make of it. This was a strange and vibrant girl who sat across from him—a girl grown into a woman, knowing, clever, and desirable, because it was quite a few years since he had departed Bradford.

"But you could leave this town tomorrow, O'Leary," she told him now, "and the tears from your teammates wouldn't dampen an ant. Surely, the public thinks you are wonderful, but the public doesn't know."

"I came to this town to take a job that was offered me by Jordan Rubber," he said. "The football was only incidental."

"Was it?" She looked at him too knowingly, her soft hands folded under her chin. Her eyes seemed damp with a kind of disappointment, and the color of her cheeks was rising with her feelings. "Was the football only incidental?"

"I don't get what you mean," he said. But he had an intimation and his own emotions were rising. They were no longer fooling, but playing for keeps.

"Do you think my uncle offered you the job because he remembered you as a campus hero, O'Leary? Because he thought you would be an asset both to the company and the town? All right," she said, "I'm shameless; but you're not as independent, O'Leary, nor as very smart as you think!"

O'Leary sat there, staring at the girl, and it wasn't easy medicine to take.

**IT WAS** later—much later, and a cool breeze walked the streets to keep him company. The day's excitement had subsided, and from where he walked he could see the outline of the ball park, and beyond that, rising out of the darkness, the Jordan Rubber plant. Well, that was over, anyhow. He would call Dr. Dobey in the morning and tell him he was through. Meanwhile he could see the lights were still on in Healy's Place, and he thought he'd like to stop in for a drink.

He walked in, grateful to see that the usual mob had gone. He didn't know until the slouched man at the end of the bar turned his head toward him that it was Angelo. "'Lo, Willy; Come in an' meet the poor people,"

Angelo said. Angelo indicated himself and the bartender, a man named Harry. "We were talking about you, Willy."

"My life is a beautiful sermon that I don't want to hear for a second time," O'Leary said. He put money on the bar. "Rye and soda."

"Mason said it was all right to have beer," said Angelo Lombardi.

"The hell with Mason. The hell with the whole contraption."

"The hell with you, too, but it's good beer, Willy."

Evidently it was fine beer and Angelo had consumed it in quantity. But you couldn't get mad at Angelo. Cumbrous, brave, and loyal as Barbara Frietchie, his intentions were always good ones.

"I'm sorry, Angelo."

"That's all right. How was the date?"

"Just peachy," said O'Leary. "Peaches and arsenic for two, at twenty dollars a plate."

He said no more. He sipped his drink. Harry, the bartender, drew another beer for Angelo. They stood thus, pondering, and some men walked into the place. Late drinkers, and noisy, there were four of them—large men, in their thirties, and one of them said, "Hello, O'Leary."

He didn't know them but he said, "Hello."

"Whyd'ja change your pants, O'Leary?" one of them said.

"What's that? I don't get what you mean."

"The pants you had on today. The nice silk ones. They were clean enough to go dancin' in."

"You stink, O'Leary," another one said.

Harry, the bartender, intervened. "All right," Harry said, "all right, you guys. No trouble in here, understand?"

"You don't wanna play football, O'Leary. You jus' wanna pass the ball. You're a yellow bum," the first man said.

O'Leary hit him. He punched him soundly in the mouth and knocked him down. Someone else punched O'Leary from behind. He pivoted and grasped the man who had done it. The man clubbed with his hands at O'Leary's face. O'Leary picked him up and tossed him half the length of the bar. He stood with fists folded, in icy fury, and ready to strike again. Angelo, of course, was in the brawl, and doing very well. Meanwhile the bartender had gone to the door and was loudly bellowing, "Cop!" Discretion came to O'Leary, who realized this was the kind of thing that could really mess you up. Nice item for the papers in the morning. He put twenty dollars in the bartender's hand and told him to shut up. He hailed a cruising taxicab and the cab moved into the curb. O'Leary held the door open. "Angelo!" he shouted. "Angelo, get in here, will you?"

But Angelo did not appear. O'Leary walked back into Healy's and the fight was over. Two of the men had departed in prudent haste, the other two were subdued. They looked up at

him and their appetites for further violence had dimmed. Only Angelo did not look up. He lay on the floor, his hands and his face in the sawdust.

"Angelo!"

But someone had competently split a chair over Angelo's head. The blood seeped slowly from the wound.

"He won't be protectin' you no more this season," the bartender said. "Next week, O'Leary, against Chicago, you'll be strictly on your own."

**W**ELL, how alone could a man be, O'Leary asked himself. It was Sunday again and it was cold. The wind lashed through the high steel rafters of the stadium. The ground was rocklike and the short grass underfoot was more tobacco-brown than it was green. A high, shrill voice, knifelike and clear above the rumble of the mob, called mockingly, "O'Leary, you're a bum!"

O'Leary picked himself up from the ground, the ball which he had been unable to pass, still in his hands. Some of the skin was scraped from his nose, and the Chicago Titans, once his teammates, were not in a gentle mood. His dignity, like his bright silk pants, was crumpled more than a little. Chicago led by twenty points while the referee, with impersonal calm, said, "Third down; 27 yards to go."

The Jordan City Rams went into listless formation. O'Leary, from the T, like a man serving an unavoidable sentence, called signals. A king-sized assassin in the Chicago backfield named Howie Mitzer wore a grin that said to O'Leary all too clearly, "There's no Lombardi to help you now." O'Leary took the ball and faded back, looking for a target. He got a glimpse of Kaplan, streaking at midfield, but before he could draw his arm back to unleash the ball, the avalanche hit him. They pushed him into the ground like a radish, and Mitzer, of Chicago, said, "Willy, you should get into some new racket, like bean-bag, quoits, or squat-tag."

O'Leary's head buzzed and the taunts remained in his ears. It was fourth down, with about a mile to go, and there was no conceivable choice but to kick. He wondered now, as he had wondered all afternoon, why Sam Mason hadn't taken him out of the game. What use was he, anyhow, with the team dispirited as flies perched on an imitation cake? He called the next play and Clancy kicked one rather sadly, out of bounds on the Chicago 45-yard line. The Titans moved with method, power and cold precision. Like a man entranced, O'Leary watched Mitzer fake toward the center of the line, then cut back, power-driving off the short side. For no reason that he understood, O'Leary moved savagely, cleats digging at the ground, and drove his own weight into Mitzer for the first real tackle he had made all season. The collision was classic, and Mitzer, like a felled buffalo, did not get up. O'Leary, groggy from the contact, walked around in circles, with the first warm glow of pleasure



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he had known in several months. He found himself in the next pile-up, with his nose pushed into the stubborn earth like a golf tee. It was Kaplan, his own teammate, who said to him, "There's no future in being a hero, Willy. And what about those nice pants?"

O'Leary took a punch at Kaplan, who artfully avoided the blow. Kaplan, looking no bigger than a large loaf of bread, said, "You were always a bum, O'Leary, but it might mean some dough to Lombardi if we got into that play-off with New York."

It might be interesting, too, O'Leary thought, to fly to the moon tomorrow. But Chicago was obliged to kick. Kaplan, on his own fifteen, gathered the ball in and hustled it upfield until they drove him outside on the Jordan City twenty-nine. O'Leary called the signals. Red hats, chrysanthemums and bandaged heads passed through the mirror of his mind. The ball came back to him and the line checked momentarily. O'Leary maneuvered, pivoting about. He saw no target for a pass, but saw, instead, a hole as wide as a tunnel on the left side of the line. He spun away from hands that reached for him, then hit the hole, driving into the Chicago backfield where, flat-footed and disbelieving, they watched him going by. He shoved a stern hand into the features of a man named Holliday. He kept on going, with a wild, free-wheeling surge of something he had not felt in his heart or bones for longer than it was merciful to remember. He heard the shout break from the crowd and rise like the smoke of a rocket. He kept on going and it was the kewpie-sized Kaplan who cut the legs from under the solitary man pursuing him. In the end zone he tripped and fell, with the ball clutched close to his belly, warm and pleasant-feeling as a hot-water bottle. Six points, this feeling said to him, six points for Jordan City. Then somebody said, "Maybe it's not in the contract, Willy, but do you think you could kick the extra point?"

He kicked it down the middle.

The game moved along. The sun, fast-lowering, gave little warmth. The wind lashed bitterly and O'Leary, like a man gone over a cliff and past returning, followed the tide of the game. He didn't know for how long, because there was that funny buzzing in his head. He couldn't see clearly, and when he raised his hand to his helmet—well, the helmet wasn't on him, and his eyes, in focusing, saw first the swim of the sky, and then Louie Kaplan. The damndest thing was that Kaplan's face was pale and pleading: "Lie still, Willy."

"I'm all right," he said.

"You're all right like Cock-Robin. You're dead."

He got up, not for purposes consciously heroic, then almost collapsed. Sam Mason sent Vargis in to replace him. Sam greeted him at the sideline with a blanket and made a place for him on the bench between himself and Angelo Lombardi. "You were working overtime, Willy," Mason

said. "You'll catch it from the union. How's your head?"

"I think I'm sitting on it," O'Leary said.

"Well, thanks for the ride on the dreamboat, anyhow, Willy. Another five minutes and I think you could have licked them. We might have gotten into that play-off—huh, Angelo?"

O'Leary looked at neither of them but at the scoreboard where—and it was strictly news to him, you could read the big numerals stating: "Chicago, 20; Jordan City, 14."

"Our kicking was better today," Sam said. "We got both extra points."

"I only remember one."

"Well, your memory's bad, because you kicked them both. You had yourself a large afternoon."

Out on the field the Jordan City boys were still alive. Kaplan, on a lateral, got six yards, while Clancy, slamming into the middle of things, got five more for a first down on the Jordan City forty-five. Then Jarvis threw a couple of passes for no gain.

"A nice kid, Jarvis," O'Leary said softly, "but I think I could do better, Sam."

"You got kicked in the skull, remember?"

"I could get you into that play-off, Sam. I could get half the town and that high school aboard a train for the Polo Grounds. And by that time Angelo will be in shape again."

"Kid stuff, O'Leary. That's cheap notoriety and muscles for the masses. That's the old college try. It's corny."

O'Leary got up and looked at Lombardi, whose nicely bandaged head was enclosed in the hood of his parka. Lombardi grinned crookedly and thumbed his nose at him. Then Angelo said to Mason, "Give the bum a chance, Sam."

Sam said, "Well—"

And O'Leary, not quite possessing the strength to run, ran out on the field just the same, reporting to the referee.

"It's the boy on the burning deck," said Kaplan.

O'Leary stopped. He looked at them all. At the grimed, tired faces, and the slow grins breaking. Happiness came over O'Leary for reasons hard to fathom. That sense of belonging, he supposed. They went into formation, with a crispness contrary to the full fatigue they felt. Signals again. O'Leary called them. Two minutes, the big clock said on the scoreboard, and it was like watching a movie or hearing a record played for the second time. Sure, you can do a lot of things in two minutes, O'Leary told himself—more things than people really know.

And you can also get killed in two minutes: His pass to Simons, the end, was good. It went for twelve yards to Chicago's forty-three. He took the next one on a gallop himself, running to the left, with Clancy blocking. But he didn't have it in his muscles or limbs any more. He stumbled and fell and almost lost the ball. He'd spent too much of himself in that vague period before he'd been

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knocked out. He knew he wasn't worth a nickel at the moment, to Jordan City or himself. He carried the ball once more, but only as a decoy, flipping it in a shuffle-pass to the loping Clancy who, young and unimpaired, and playing beyond his natural gifts, went up the north sidelines for 27 yards.

Once more, he thought. Once more, O'Leary, then you can die gracefully in the dressing room. The ball came back to him and he palmed it with loving care. His tired legs moved him somehow. The difference was that the boys were blocking for him now, as though the place were full of Angelo Lombardis. He got a glimpse of Kaplan, like a bright jeep, streaking. He took his time. He let the ball go just as the hurtling Chicago uniforms ran over him. Lights blinked out momentarily and then came on again. He heard first the gasp, then the shriek of the mob, and finally the rising roar that erupted everywhere. He couldn't see anything with these guys on top of them, but he heard them groan, and the shriek of the home-town crowd, for O'Leary, was enough.

"Can you kick the extra point, O'Leary?"  
"I can kick it," he said. "I think I can, Louie—if you'll help me swing my leg."

HE WAS a long time getting dressed and nights fall early in November. In the street, outside the stadium, the wind, like some titanic broom, chased the paper bags and programs and the odd debris of the day in frantic haste. A tall girl stood with a short man under a street lamp.

"Hello, Tarzan."  
This, too, was like a record played again.  
"Hello, yourself," O'Leary said.  
Then silence. The red hat was the same, but the chrysanthemum was new. The small man beat his arms like flapping wings. His nose was frozen and the steam of his breath had badly clouded his glasses.

"Well, we didn't stand out here like two strawberry sundaes to look at your black eyes," Doctor Dobey complained. "Say something, boy." The little man was grinning.  
"Look, I'm a weary man," O'Leary said, embarrassed. "You got my resignation, didn't you?"

"Why, yes," Doctor Dobey said, "and during the fourth period I burned it, to see if I couldn't get warm. I like a man who does his best, O'Leary. Where do we go from here?"

It was hard to tell, but up ahead, that high school band was playing loudly and bravely. They walked along, the three of them, the girl holding on to his arm. "You're the possessive type, aren't you?" O'Leary said. And she looked at him and she told him, "You can say that again, O'Leary." The lights of the town seemed bright and gay, and O'Leary felt like a pilgrim who has finally come home.

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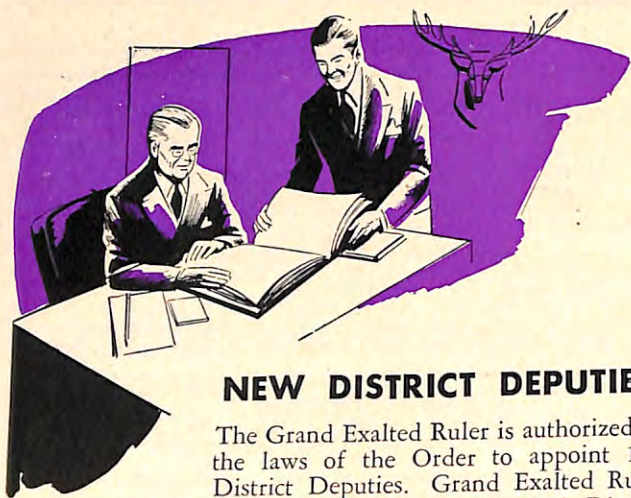
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# editorial



## NEW DISTRICT DEPUTIES

The Grand Exalted Ruler is authorized by the laws of the Order to appoint 148 District Deputies. Grand Exalted Ruler Anderson has made such appointments. A list of his District Deputies appears on page 46 of this issue.

Each of these Deputies has solemnly sworn that he will faithfully execute the duties of his office.

In the selection of these personal representatives of the Grand Exalted Ruler consideration has been given to the qualification of each for the responsibilities entrusted to him.

The purpose has been to appoint members of the Order well qualified by ability, loyalty and experience properly to represent the Grand Exalted Ruler and to supervise the activities of the lodges in their district.

It becomes their duty to show fidelity, courage and determination in seeing that the laws of the Order are consistently observed by every lodge in their jurisdiction.

It is their duty to make their visits to the lodges in their district in a dignified and impressive manner. They always should remember that they are making official visits as direct representatives of the Grand Exalted Ruler.

It is their responsibility to see that the officers of the lodges perform their duties faithfully and exemplify the ritual of our Order impressively. They must not allow pleasant social contacts or flattering receptions to draw their attention from the prosecution of the serious work entrusted to their charge.

It is their duty to make at least one official visit to every lodge in their district and report faithfully and conscientiously to the Grand Exalted Ruler the conditions found to exist in each lodge.

Our Order has grown to 1529 lodges. That the Grand Exalted Ruler cannot visit so great a number is evident. As our Order increases, the visit of the Grand Exalted Ruler's representative becomes more important each year in safeguarding the maintenance of the high standards of our Order.

Let us bear in mind that the respect which we accord the District Deputy is the direct expression of our respect to the high office of Grand Exalted Ruler. On the important occasion of the District Deputy's visitation, it is incumbent upon all lodge officers to make every effort to be in attendance and it lies in the power of the members to pay a sincere tribute by turning out to honor the one entrusted to act as the personal representative of our Grand Exalted Ruler.



## "SEE YOU TOMORROW"

It was the sixth inning of a major league baseball game. The visiting team was in the lead, 6 to 0. In the seventh inning the home team tied the score; in the last half of the ninth, it scored the winning run.

The radio announcer was enthusiastic. "It is rallies like this," he shouted into his mike, "that make baseball the best

loved American sport. Never give up the game until the umpire says, 'That's all! See you tomorrow'."

We knew a family the members of which never said "Goodbye" to one another but always "See you tomorrow". Any sadness or disappointment of the day was forgotten as they turned attention to a bright and happy "tomorrow".

Our Order was built by men of that character. They never despaired, never quit, until the last batter was out. They thought not of today's parting, but of tomorrow's reunion.

To borrow some lines from Byron—

The true Elk is "the rainbow to the storms of life,  
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away  
And tints tomorrow with prophetic ray".

"See you tomorrow" represents an excellent attitude toward life to adopt today when the news is burdened with such sober topics as communist infiltration, the death-dealing power of the atom, the cold war, business uncertainty, strikes and threats of strikes; when pessimistic writings and utterances stare at us out of headlines and dominate the air.

"See you tomorrow" expresses the spirit of Elkdom. It is representative of the faith and confidence that have made the Order great.



## PUBLIC RELATIONS

Experts in modern public relations work are constantly on the alert to discover messages to the public of the type which stimulate good will—the kind of printed messages which go in one eye and into another ear. In short, they seek messages such as we find in every issue of *The Elks Magazine*.

The officers of a number of our lodges, keenly aware of the influence of good publicity, have emulated those experts by circulating this concrete data of the patriotic, fraternal, charitable and civic activities of our Order recorded in your Magazine. Some have ordered extra subscriptions to be sent to select groups. One lodge concentrates on high schools; another on boys' clubs; another on nearby aviation officers' clubs. Other lodges accomplish the same end by appointing members to pass on their personal copies, after they have read them, to libraries of institutions located near their homes.

The Magazine itself does its part in spreading news of our Order's wonderful activities by mailing complimentary copies to hospitals for veterans and civilians, although it is limited by postal regulations and present high publication costs in the number of free copies which it may supply.

It is apparent to all of us that the newsworthy information of our Order's outstanding activities deserves an increasing public eye. Every issue of your Magazine records the climactic moments of hours of planning and hard work in our lodges to translate noble and generous impulses into tangible civic betterments. Stories and pictures of sizable gifts to hospitals, awarding of scholarships to worthy students, creation of camps for underprivileged boys—humane acts in most interesting variety—are found in every issue. We see them so often that there is danger of our regarding them as commonplace. Let us keep their real value in mind. They are not commonplace. They are part of the great benevolent effort in our land that nurtures the vital organ of democracy.

Because of their importance, we feel that such messages of Elk accomplishment ought to receive wider attention. They might be made available to patients who read publications as they await their turn in offices of professional men—doctors, dentists and others—through subscriptions ordered from the Magazine. Or they should be relayed to non-Elks in the community by members who will pass along their copies, after they have read them, to their neighbors.

Such public relations work will bring its own immediate reward. It will gain wider appreciation of the important, and often dramatic, role which the Elks play in the community, and it will win, too, wider cooperation on the part of your fellow citizens.

**ANOTHER 30 MILLION ACRES  
WILL BURN THIS YEAR —**

*unless you are careful!*



*Remember - Only you can*  
**PREVENT FOREST FIRES!**

*Hansen*



..... **I**nsist on  
White Horse Scotch  
with its rare distinc-  
tive flavor and let  
your palate decide.

**WHITE HORSE**  
BLENDED  
SCOTCH WHISKY



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