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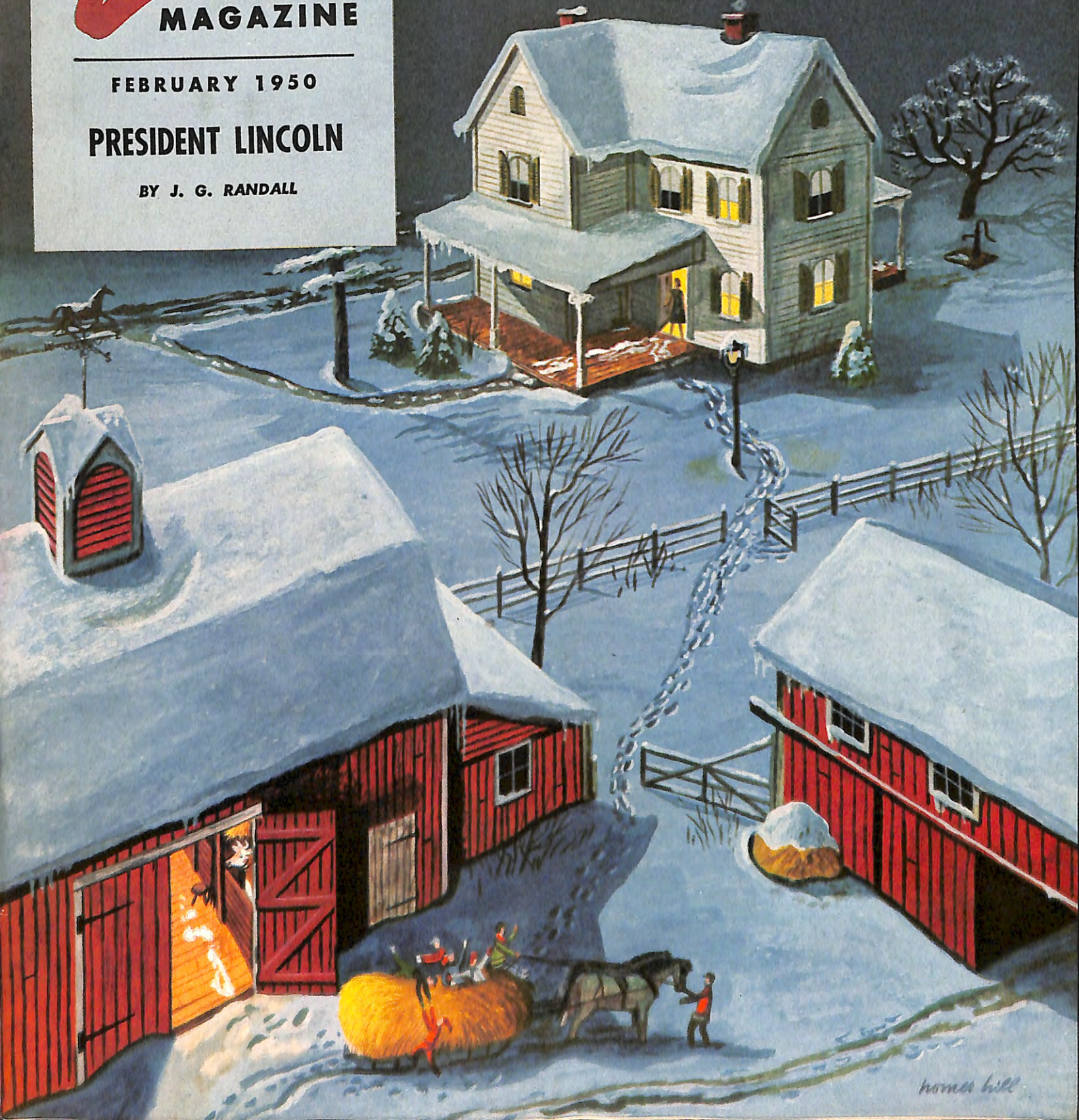
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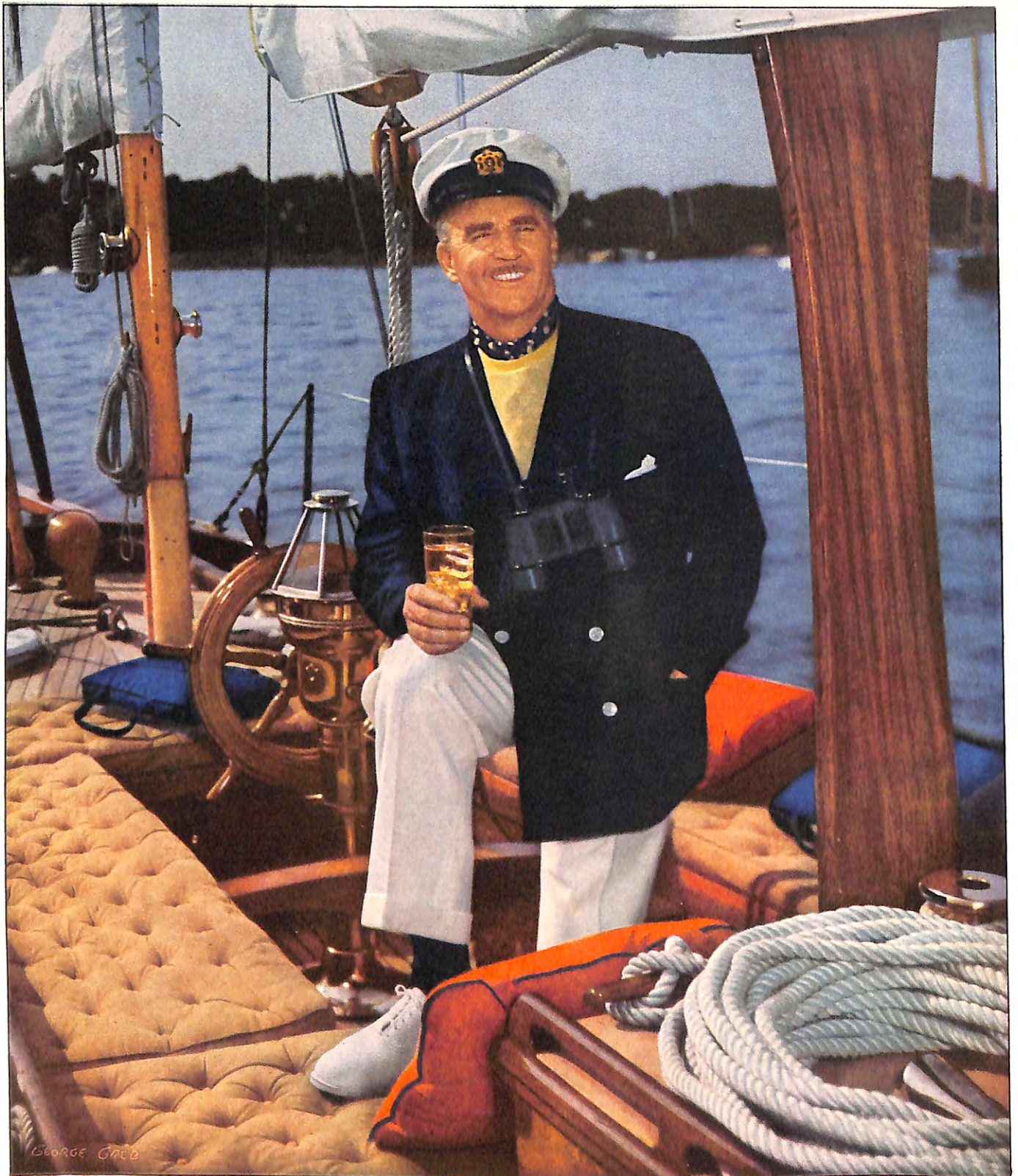
MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY 1950

PRESIDENT LINCOLN

BY J. G. RANDALL





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THE **Elks**

VOL. 28

MAGAZINE

No. 9

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

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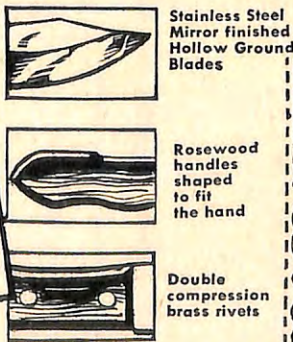
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TO MIAMI—

FOR THE 1950 GRAND LODGE CONVENTION



Ewing Galloway Photo

Any Elk who attended the Grand Lodge Convention of 1928 knows what is in store for him when the Order meets once again in Miami, Florida, this year. One of the beauty spots of the East Coast, Miami is growing steadily both as a metropolis and a year-round resort. With modern hotels, sandy beaches, hundreds of unusual and interesting places to visit, and the hospitable people of Florida to welcome you, Miami offers every possible attraction not only to the delegates, but to the members of their families as well.

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What Our Readers

Have to Say



Want to tell you that I think the November issue of *The Elks Magazine* was one of the best I have ever read. Vice-President Barkley's article was very interesting—perhaps more so because I heard him talk at a dinner recently and was very much impressed by his ideas. The story by Octavus Roy Cohen was fine and also the football article by George White.

Harry R. Garrison
Warrensburg, Mo.

In the article "160 lbs. of Dynamite" (about the middleweights, Ketchel, Greb and Walker) the author states that Greb was born Edward Henry Greb. It is my impression that he was born Berg.

Col. T. F. McCarthy
Waltham, Mass.

We checked Ring Magazine, the authority on boxing, and they advise that for some time there was a general belief that Greb's real name was Berg, but the report later was denied by Greb. However, Ring has no definite data on the point and it is quite possible that Col. McCarthy is correct.

This is to call attention to an error in the "Elk Newsletter" in the December issue. The writer states: "The oil line now under way will have its eastern terminus in the Duluth area". The eastern terminus is entirely in the Superior, Wis., area.

Fred Michael
Superior, Wis.

That was a wonderful article by Ambassador Austin in the December issue. This is to request permission to reprint the United Nations "Personal Performance Scorecard" which appeared with the article.

Mrs. Phyllis Saltz
Lewiston, Ida.

NEXT ISSUE

For our February issue, George S. Counts, of Columbia University, will contribute an article on what the American citizen can do, as an individual, to combat the threat of Communism. Mr. Counts is an authority on the Soviets and is the author of the recently published book, "Country of the Blind".

Our sports article will be written by Stanley Frank and will be about Frank Frisch—great second baseman, manager of the memorable "Gashouse Gang" and current pilot of the Chicago Cubs.

OUR GRAND EXALTED RULER

TALKS SHOP

BIRTHDAY THOUGHTS

I WISH to use our own Magazine to express my sincere appreciation to the hundreds of members who sent me greetings at Christmas time. The cheery cards, many with little penned notes expressing devotion to the Order, gave me not only a thrill but an inspiration to "do things" and to be worthy of this confidence. I am grateful for the kind thoughts.

★ ★ ★

Today I had my first glimpse of the January issue of *The Elks Magazine* and was definitely impressed with the make-up and content. We have the finest fraternal magazine published and I commend it to every one of our members. It is alive, colorful and full of today's news. Every Elk and every American can feel a sense of pride in the powerful and dignified editorial on the great American jurist, Judge Medina. Read it again!

You no doubt have read the statement of our position as Elks with regard to the pro-Soviet infiltration plan, as set forth on page 3 of the January issue. We stand today as we always have—America for Americans who will accept any challenge to protect our heritage!

★ ★ ★

Our splendid District Deputies have about completed their first task for Elksdom and sent in their reports on our subordinate lodges. I appreciate their efforts and know they will assume further responsibilities in their districts, and promote all things that are for the good of the Order. We are growing steadily and hundreds of fine American gentlemen are choosing the Elks as the great American Fraternity. We must always be worthy of this faith.

★ ★ ★

Nearly a million American hearts can swell with just pride as we hear of the efforts of our 1538 lodges, which, at Christmas time, brought cheer and happiness into the lives of so many children and their parents who needed and deserved our attention. Food, clothing, candy and other goodies—Christmas trees and Christmas hope—gave encouragement to those we were privileged to help.



Our fiscal year in Elksdom closes as of March 31, 1950. Now is the time for each of us to take a keen fraternal interest in our membership. Let us be alert to the danger of losing members carelessly. I urge you to assist your Exalted Ruler and your Secretary, when asked, and to help curtail the problem of lapsation, thereby saving many fine friends for the Order.

★ ★ ★

February will be a busy month for me and I will be privileged to participate in the institution of several new lodges, as well as joining in 50th Anniversary programs of many others.

I trust that this month, which marks the birthday of our great Order, will also mark the successful conclusion of our campaign to number a million members on our rolls.

We are on the forward march—because you are sincere, enthusiastic and generous in your support!

Sincerely and fraternally,

Emmett T. Anderson

EMMETT T. ANDERSON
GRAND EXALTED RULER

DEEP DIVE

BY CHARLES YERKOW

ILLUSTRATED BY
CHARLES ANDRES

***Nobody knew diving and pearls like
Toby Dykes, so Farrell took a chance.***

TWO bad pearling seasons call for one good one, young Johnny Farrell reasoned as he peered through the porthole at the moonlit lagoon and jutting reef wall off the anchored schooner's starboard. The strip of island beach gleamed under the silhouetted tufts of jungle foliage; he listened to the waves lapping quietly against the counter and to the rigging, creaking wearily.

The shell haul would pay off his debt to Trader Simms back in Darwin, Farrell thought absently, but he'd need a couple of big pearls to give him the cash and courage to ask Neda to marry him. The only pearls so far had been no better than seed stuff, yet Farrell was sure his partner, Toby Dykes, could explain it, if he wanted to—if he wanted to admit he was cheating. . . .

A thin smile curved Farrell's mouth. You try to help a man like Toby and he pays you back good. Maybe you've got to chalk it up to experience, for this was the lonely and desolate Arafura,

lonelier and more desolate than the worst jungle-choked islands he'd known off the Papuan coast or the forgotten inlets of Australia. The big native Sohli mate, Kari, had brought them here and had proudly said, "Plenty good place; find big fella purls ollo same." Toby Dykes had chuckled. Farrell knew now that he should have taken more seriously the warnings of men who knew Toby Dykes better than he.

Farrell sat awake on the hard bunk, his bare sweating shoulder propped to the warm bulkhead, his heavy-lidded eyes absently tracing the moonlight on the black little waves. His ears heard only the sounds of sea and rigging; the longboat kept bumping against the ship; he knew the four boys and Kari were sprawled sleeping on the forward deck. Shrewd old Toby Dykes was in the cabin across from his.

Bitterness welled inside the young skipper as he thought of the man. He had felt sorry for Toby, had wanted to help

him regain his confidence by taking him in as one-third partner. Only a few years back the man had been the luckiest pearler from Broome to Samarai. Had his own ships and divers. Whether the wrong friends, or the incident in which the diver he was tending lost his life to a shark, had caused Toby to lose his grip on himself, no one knew. He had put up his ships for sale and then began spending his time around the waterfront pubs, and most everyone said, "You can't tell a man like Toby he's picked the wrong





Only a few years back the man had been the luckiest pearler, from Broome to Samarai.

woman. Margie'll play him for a fool. She works for the pub. Wait and see."

It was in the pub he had given Toby his proposition, and the one quality he had liked about the man was his frankness.

"Looka here, Matey," Toby had said cynically. "You're a young kid, and my luck's all shot. Go find yourself another man. Cripes! Haven't you heard the stories about me?"

Farrell had ignored that. "I've a Sohoh black for a mate. Kari's a skin

diver and doesn't understand helmets and valves, and this shell's in over sixty feet of water. What say? I'm green at diving myself, but I can be your tender."

Toby had been eying Margie, but the girl had a nasty habit of smiling at other men while she talked.

"Cripes!"

"I've a good ship," Farrell had urged. "I'll cut you in a third." A few of the men had raised their brows at that offer, but Farrell ignored them.

"She don't give a damn for me," Toby

had mumbled into his ale. "How I'd like to come back with a fat money belt! I'd show her! I'd show her good!" He stroked his chin. "Drink up, Matey, and I sure hope your Sohohi boy knows his islands."

Farrell remembered how elated he had been, yet he wasn't sure even then whether it was due to the prospects of a good season or the fact that he had succeeded in pulling Toby away from the crowd at the pub. To him Toby had

(Continued on following page)



Toby averted his eyes, squinting down at the deck.

always been a sort of legendary person—he'd never forgotten about Toby Dykes' fishing the two great pear-shaped pearls off the Pitaman reefs to the tune of forty thousand dollars. That was something to try for; he had often talked to Neda about it.

But before they sailed, Trader Simms took him aside.

"You gotta know how to handle Toby Dykes, now that you got him. He's kinda down and out, you know, and I s'pose he'll try some tricks against you, Johnny. Nobody hereabouts knows diving and pearls like Toby, so you gotta watch him all the time. Mebbe he's on the square with you, Johnny, your taking him in and what, but me, I wouldn't give him a bit of a chance to cheat me."

And Neda—she had quickly hidden her disappointment when Farrell told her he'd taken in Toby Dykes, then she had smiled. "Oh, Johnny Farrell. Always feeling sorry for someone, always trying to help. I'm certain you'll put Toby back on his feet." Jokingly, lifting a small flask of perfume, she had teased. "Would the captain care for a sample of Oriental fragrance?"

He had tried to joke back. "My mate Kari'll like it—if it's free, ma'am."

"It isn't." She had slowly replaced the flask. Her eyes had become deep, her voice held a tremor of concern for him. "Be careful, Johnny." He knew she was

thinking of men who had killed for the possession of a fabulous pearl. "And hurry back, even if you don't find what you're looking for."

"This season'll be a good one, Neda. My mate knows the islands and Toby knows his diving."

And now, in the darkness of the stuffy cabin everything traced through his mind and seemed to have happened a long, long time ago. He lifted his hand slowly and rubbed sleep from his eyes. He was young, he had his whole life ahead of him, he told himself, trying with such rational thinking to control his mixed emotions. He had Neda to go back to and there would always be other seasons, other pearls. Rather than act foolishly and get tangled into a mess with the Resident Magistrate, why not make a wise decision? Weigh anchor and make for Thursday Island. Tell Toby to clear out . . . chalk it all to experience. . . .

HE EASED himself off the bunk and stood barefooted, listening, his senses sorting out the night sounds. He heard one of the boys sleepily searching for a softer deck bed. Farrell's eyes narrowed at the thought that Kari might be stealing into Toby's cabin . . . the mate carried a long-bladed knife, as did every man on board the ship—

Farrell shook his head angrily to clear his thoughts. He decided Kari's wild

urgings were just that—wild. "Killim *tabada* Dyke—killim!" Farrell knew he'd not try to kill Toby; and Kari was a good man who'd obey orders and leave the matter in the skipper's hands. For his own part, he'd go on working in silence, he'd watch Toby, he'd slowly learn to hate the man he had tried to help; he'd handle the lines while Toby worked sixty feet below.

A young skipper in the *Arafura*, with a cheating partner and a mate urging him to action, Johnny Farrell was determined to use his head.

He tried to catch what he thought were voices on deck, but all he heard was the creaking rigging and the occasional bump of the longboat alongside.

Farrell ambled into the dark passageway and felt his way toward the faint mast-lantern light falling on the ladder leading to the deck. He wondered if Kari was awake too. . . .

He recalled how the big mate roughly shook him awake two nights ago; he recalled standing by the rail and watching the log-improvised catamaran bobbing off the reefs far astern where the day before they had worked the beds. Kari's guttural whispers were almost real in his imagination. "*Tabada* Dyke send up no-good shell . . . keep fo' he-self ollo good purls." The trick was a simple one: Toby complained he couldn't sleep on board and went ashore some nights; he built the catamaran, took some line and a basket. Then, when he dived, he sent up poor oysters while he cached away the best he could find, and when they moved farther down to another bed, he'd use the catamaran at night to haul up the pearl-shell and take it ashore to open. Yes, he risked his life to sharks when he dived without his suit, but he now might have a fortune of a pearl hidden in his bunk.

When his first suspicions were aroused, Farrell had made up his mind not to search Toby's cabin. He just couldn't bring himself to do it; he wanted Toby to make the first move.

Out on deck, Farrell glanced at the weirdly playing shadows as the mast lantern threw its swaying light. The sound which had been nudging his senses all along again came to his ears. A blade cracking against shell.

He stood listening, his brain clearing. Even before going forward, he knew what to expect. He found Kari and one of the boys huddled over a heap of pearlshell; the big native was breathing hard and his body gleamed with sea water. He had dived to the great depths, had wrenched a few oysters from the sea bottom.

Farrell came up behind the men, quietly asked, "You expect to find a big baby, Kari?"

The mate caught his breath, looked up. "Mornin' Cap'n," he said awkwardly in a hushed tone. The other boy backed to the rail and sidled out of sight.

"Morning yourself!" Farrell picked up

(Continued on page 45)



At a banquet held by Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge during one of the most enthusiastic meetings attended by the Grand Exalted Ruler on his visitations, left to right: P.D.D.'s M. B. Lytle and Congressman R. V. Mack, Chairman Edwin J. Alexander of the Lodge Activities Committee, Mr. Anderson, E.R. G. K. Day of Aberdeen Lodge, D.D. H. L. Odlund, State Pres. V. P. McNamara, E.R. James Bean of Raymond Lodge and E.R. W. C. Dillaway, Jr., of Hoquiam.

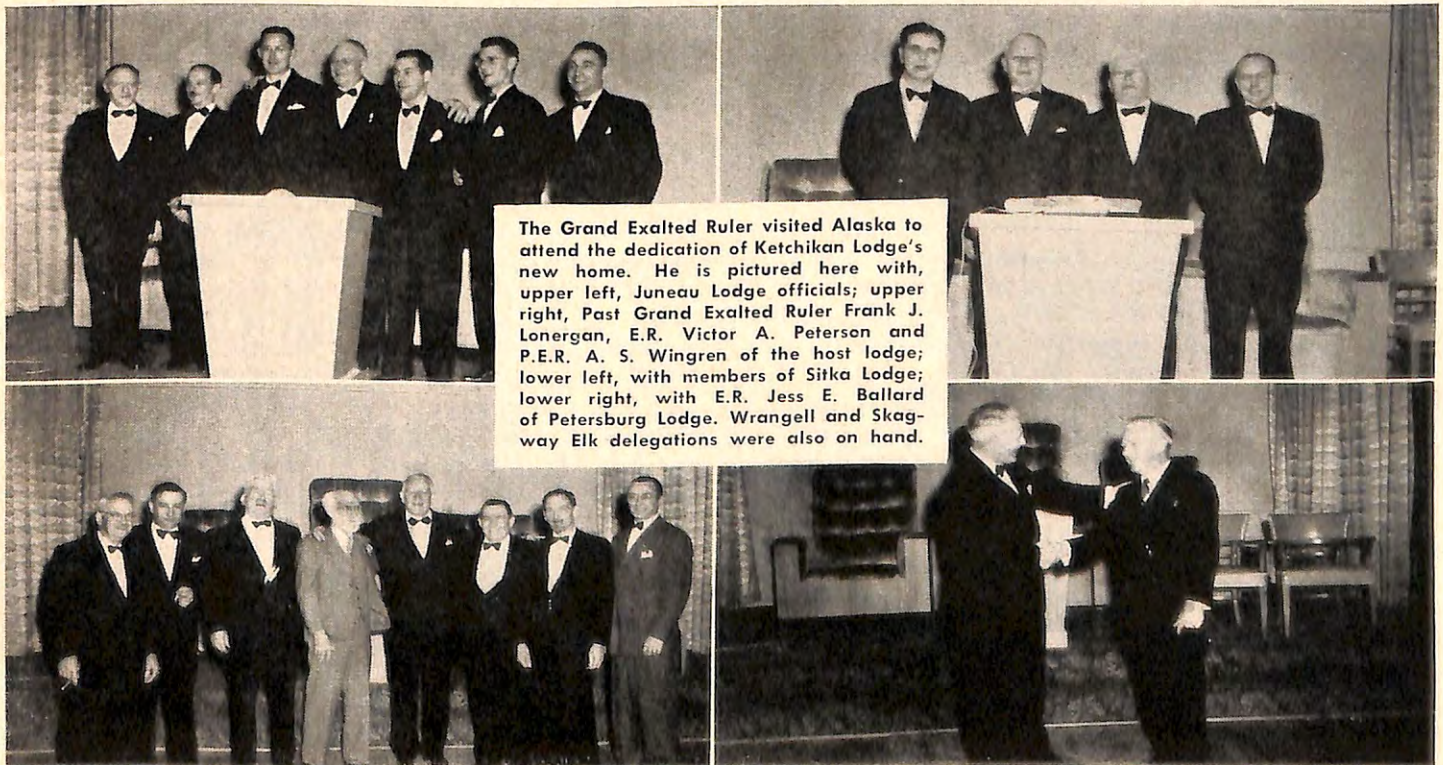
THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S VISITS

THE month of December found Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson of Tacoma, Wash., visiting many lodges in his own State. On the 1st, **ABERDEEN LODGE NO. 593** entertained the Order's leader and his party, and **PUYALLUP LODGE NO. 1450** turned out on the 6th to greet Mr. Anderson, Chairman Edwin J. Alexander of the Lodge Activities Committee, D.D. H. L. Odlund, State Pres. V. P. McNamara and officers of neighboring lodges. This meeting had an attendance of 400 Elks who had the pleasure of seeing 44 men join their ranks.

On Dec. 7th, 425 Elks were on hand for the **CENTRALIA LODGE NO. 1083** visit when the Grand Exalted Ruler was accompanied by those officials mentioned above, and P.D.D. George B. Simpson, Chief Justice of the State Supreme Court, who shared speaking duties with Mr. Anderson. This was the first visit made to Centralia Lodge by an incumbent leader of the Order in 32 years, and it drew city-wide interest.

Several other Washington lodges sent delegations to **HOQUIAM LODGE NO. 1082** on the 13th, bringing the attendance to 350. Present were Mayor Frank R. Anderson, P.D.D. Frank H. Lamb, senior P.E.R., and all but three of No. 1082's other former leaders. Again, Mr. Anderson was the first Grand Exalted Ruler to visit this lodge, and he took great pride in conducting the formal opening of the Hoquiam Elks' home which has been tastefully renovated at a cost of \$120,000. The new lodge room was filled to capacity with local and out-of-town members.

(Continued on page 32)



The Grand Exalted Ruler visited Alaska to attend the dedication of Ketchikan Lodge's new home. He is pictured here with, upper left, Juneau Lodge officials; upper right, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan, E.R. Victor A. Peterson and P.E.R. A. S. Wingren of the host lodge; lower left, with members of Sitka Lodge; lower right, with E.R. Jess E. Ballard of Petersburg Lodge. Wrangell and Skagway Elk delegations were also on hand.

President LINCOLN

Tactician of Human Relations

By J. G. Randall

A

FRIEND from home, we have been told, once asked Lincoln: "How does it feel to be President of the United States?" In reply, so the story goes, he referred to a man who was tarred and feathered and ridden out of town on a rail. When someone in the crowd asked how he had enjoyed it, the tarred-and-feathered one answered, "If it were not for

the honor of the thing, I'd much rather walk."

To those who seek the dazzling preëminence of the Presidency it is the supreme goal. What of those who have attained it? It is not of record that Washington enjoyed the position, which brought him a world of grief and kept him away from his beloved Mount Vernon.

What of Lincoln? He was never tarred and feathered, but once when a caucus of senators launched a severe drive against his administration, aiming their darts especially at his cabinet, Lincoln said to his friend Browning of Illinois, "Since I heard . . . of the proceedings of the caucus I have been more distressed than by any event of my life". "They wish to get rid of me," he said, "and I am sometimes half disposed to gratify them."

It will be the purpose of this article to see Lincoln at work on his job, to learn how, in his work, he believed men should be handled, and to seek an understanding of a quality in him that was so carefully developed that it rose to the level of an exquisite art: the art of human relations. Without an understanding of that art—both in theory and technique—one cannot appreciate the finer points of Lincoln's performance as President during a time of domestic crisis.

WITH all due respect to those who spoke, or sat, in Congress, and those who commanded armies, Lincoln's was the biggest job of all. It included so much that it can hardly be comprehended. It had its tremendous but also its trivial aspects. It was portentous in its tragically serious issues, but it was never free from the persistence of petty squabbles and nagging details. The American presidency, then as now, was the greatest executive job in the

world, but it was at the same time cluttered up with minor duties of a highly distracting nature.

Lincoln had to see things in the large, to plan far ahead, to consider the broader perspective of a vast country with a destiny and a future. For the sake of that destiny he labored to save the nation, to win the war which he had tried to prevent, to promote the Union cause. He tried to keep that cause itself free from abuse, to carry it forward undefiled, to keep the nation's wings from being clipped by exploitive motives and stultifying partisanship. Preserving the elements and vital force of democracy was always in his mind.

He viewed the task before him as a world problem. It embraced, he said, "more than the fate of these United States". Government by the people was on trial. The democratic experiment was in peril. It was the mission of America to set an example, to show that a democracy can "maintain its . . . integrity against its own domestic foes," to demonstrate that ballots are better than bullets. It was "a people's contest".

That unflinching tendency to identify the Government with the interests of all the people was one of Lincoln's main characteristics. He did not envisage a frustrated or do-nothing government. As a young man in the Illinois legislature he had vigorously promoted a program of public works which, for that day, was far-reaching and ambitious. As President he favored, as he said, "that form and substance of government whose leading object is to elevate the condition of men—to lift artificial weights from all shoulders, to clear the paths of laudable pursuit for all; to afford all an unfettered start, and a fair chance in the race of life".

In Lincoln's advice to Congress it is remarkable to note how confidently he spoke of affairs aside from the war, of matters that were natural and peaceful. In addition to what he outlined as to war-making, at the same time trying to undo or mitigate the effects of war, he wrote earnestly of the greatness of the enduring nation and of his plans for its future. Eloquently, he developed the idea of emancipation, of "freedom disenthralled". (Continued on page 41)



Portrait of Abraham Lincoln made by Mathew B. Brady about 1862. No. 64 in the Meserve Collection.

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

The splendid work of this invaluable Commission continues all over the country.



A group of VA patients at an Albuquerque Hospital are absorbed in watching one of the New Mexico Elk programs.



The "Fish Fry" put on at Kennedy VA Hospital by the Tennessee Elks was a big success.



Hospitalized veterans enjoy the performance of one of the entertainers on a recent Elk program at Marion, Ill.



Talented Arkansas State Elks Association entertainers hold the interested attention of an audience of convalescent servicemen and their guests.



Santa Rosa, Calif., Lodge's entry in a recent patriotic parade was designed to remind the spectators not to forget. Eight disabled veterans manned the float which displayed products repaired or produced by VA patients.



Nutley, N. J., Lodge's Annual Servicemen's Dinner is growing more popular each year. Over 250 persons attended the most recent banquet.

"To Our Absent Brothers..."

ONCE again, traditionally, the memory of those Elks who passed away during the year was honored by the subordinate lodges at special services the first Sunday in December.

Once again, for the second time, the Lodge Activities Committee had requested that reports of these services be submitted for consideration with regard to judging the relative merits of the planning and execution of the ceremonies under three groups—Group I, for lodges of over 1,000 members; Group II, for lodges of between 500 and 1,000 members, and Group III, for lodges having less than 500 members.

Once again, honors for Group I go to Nashville, Tenn., Lodge, whose program in 1948 also was considered the most outstanding. The 1949 exemplification of the impressive Elks Memorial Service at Nashville was carefully thought-out, with specially prepared announcements inviting the public broadcast over five radio stations which donated the time gladly. Newspapers were generous with space, giving much publicity to the Services, both before and after they were held. That all this was successful was evidenced in the attendance of over 2,000 persons.

Held in the War Memorial Building auditorium of Nashville, the ceremonies took place in a beautiful setting. Gov. Gordon Browning was the principal speaker, keeping this appointment at considerable personal inconvenience inasmuch as he had to fly back from New York after an unexpected call took him from Nashville. No. 72 was again fortunate in securing the talented St. Gregory Chorus to furnish background music for its services.

Group II had a new winner this year, with Cumberland, Md., Lodge, No. 63, making by far the best showing. Not only was the ceremony itself well planned, but the report as submitted was also extremely carefully prepared. The members met at the lodge home and, all wearing carnations, marched in a group to the Maryland Theater which was well filled with interested citizens. Many of these were relatives of the deceased members, and were in the audience on special invitation from the lodge. Congressman J. Glenn Beall gave a most inspiring Memorial Address on this occasion.

A most arresting tableau was an unusual feature of Cumberland's program, when, at the calling of the names of the departed Elks, the stage curtains opened to reveal a scene depicting St. Peter at the Golden Gates of Heaven. As each name was called, a star appeared in the



Here are the officers, Trustees and Past Exalted Rulers of Nashville, Tenn., Lodge, with a few of the St. Gregory Choristers who furnished the music for the lodge's magnificent Memorial Services.

background, beyond the "Gates". P.D.D. John H. Mosner, as St. Peter, after repeating the name of each Brother, delivered the Eulogy.

Athens, Ohio, Lodge, No. 973, held the outstanding Services for lodges in Group III. Not only were announcements published in the newspapers, but special window cards were prepared by the Committee in charge for display throughout the city. P.D.D. Harold V. Tom, Past Exalted Ruler of Zanesville Lodge, one of the finest speakers in that section, gave the principal address at these ceremonies which were held in the tastefully deco-

rated high school auditorium. The splendid voices of the Interchurch Youth Choir of Athens added much to the beauty of this program.

Many more lodges submitted reports this year than last. Consequently the list of Honorable Mentions is longer, and it is fully expected that the contributions in 1950 will be even greater.

These lodges, which achieved Honorable Mention, are listed alphabetically, by groups, with no effort being made to categorize them, since the ceremonies of all were equally effective.

(Continued on page 32)

This view of the setting for Athens, Ohio, Lodge's impressive ceremonies shows the Interchurch Youth Choir, in their robes, and the Elks who participated in the program, in the moment of prayer.



5,000 Greetings a Minute

BY DICKSON HARTWELL



Americans are spending \$200,000,000 a year wishing each other well with greeting cards.

LAST month began the 1950 stanza of a phenomenon which is so peculiarly American—and profitable—that foreigners learning of it are first incredulous, then dubious and finally amazed. They find it inconceivable that a solid and important industry grossing somewhere around \$200,000,000 a year could be built out of the transitory inclination of one person to wish another well. Needy French readily embrace their dispensable perfume industry. Perfume helps a woman get her man; could anything be more practical? Hungry Russians understand their vast vodka business; vodka dulls a sense of shame. The hard-pressed British know why they drink tea; it's an excuse to relax. But how even the Americans could parlay the quaint medieval

custom of sending embellished poems of affection on St. Valentine's Day into a highly competitive business selling a year-round average of 5,600 printed greetings every minute—this, understandably, foreigners do not comprehend.

Psychologists probing the question have multi-syllable answers which add little to the explanation of a lady who was asked why she had sent a greeting card to somebody every day for years. "It's fun," she said.

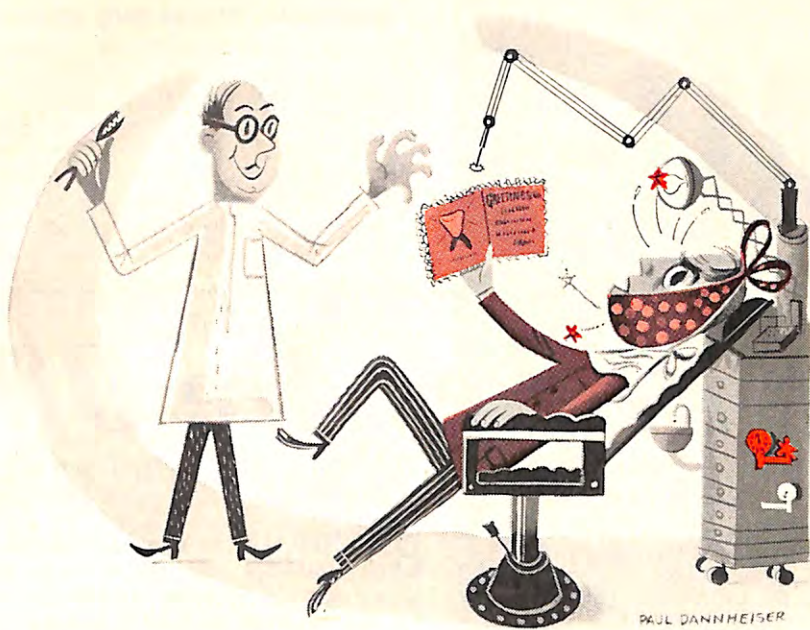
It must be great fun. The average U. S. family sends about 75 cards a year, most of which reaffirm their faith in the benevolences of life on this turbulent planet. This figure is misleading, however, because there is an impressive number of people who have never seen a

greeting card and possibly many of them never want to. There are some 2,500,000 adults who couldn't read a card if they got one—an unlikely circumstance. Obviously, those who do send cards mail a great many of them. Moreover, they spend \$100,000,000 a year for postage, which is ten per cent of all first-class mail revenue.

They're sending 2,000 a minute more than they did ten years ago when wise money said things had gone about as far as they could go. Nobody knows where they will stop, the leveling-off in the last couple of years may be just a lull before the next booster charge goes off.

Unhappily, the next charge may turn out to be a new Day on an already overburdened calendar of observances. Mother's Day, Father's Day, Christmas Day, Valentine's Day—practically every Day but Dennis and Clarence is now celebrated by the exchange of a million or a billion greetings. Now, to coin a phrase, a new Day is dawning. It is Sweetest Day, a product of American confectioners who promote it at considerable expense hoping it will be observed by 100,000,000 people giving candy to one another. Already this repugnant prospect is in full bloom in places such as Cleveland, Detroit and Cincinnati, and in bud, at least, elsewhere. But the trustful candymakers will not meet their toughest competition from organized public resistance, strange as that may seem; it will come from the greeting card publishers. About the time candymakers get Sweetest Day established so every man who ignores it becomes a heel, the card publishers will take over. Instead of selling a hundred million pounds of candy, another half a billion cards will flood the mails. Once the publishers get into the saddle, Sweetest Day will be here to stay.

Look what happened to the Secret Pal Clubs. About 1930 or 1931, a period of considerable idleness and uncertainty, Midwestern salesmen got requests for cards captioned, "To My Secret Pal." Investigating, publishers found some clubs formed—entirely of women, let me hasten to add—whose sole purpose was to stimulate anonymous greetings from one "secret pal" to another. Each member drew the name of another member, a pal to send gifts or greetings to on



Even "Greetings on an Aching Tooth" is a possibility.

appropriate occasions or any time, just for kicks. Here, the publishers quickly recognized, was fissionable material with chain-reaction possibilities. They started the presses and made the verses fly, to coin another phrase, and quickly were compounding such stuff as:

*I could tell my identity
But I don't think I shall,
'Cause I'm your secret pal,
you see,
And that's my secret, Pal.*

And this gem, the work of an obviously desperate poet:

*A little thought from a secret
pal
And a wish for your happiness.
If you want to know who sent
it,
Well, you'll have to guess.*

Secret Pal clubs were self-perpetuating, a fact the card publishers did not find disenchanting. After a month or more of secret messages, when neither party could bear the suspense any longer, there was an unveiling. The secret pal revealed herself, with an appropriate card, in the manner of Grover Whalen pulling the cord on a new piece of public statuary. Then the process began again with new secret pals all around. With the publishers in full production nationally, 3,500,000 adult women happily play the game. Some of them belong to several clubs and play secret pal to as many as a half-dozen members. About 130,000,000 secret-pal cards are sent each year at a cost, with postage, of around \$10,000,000.

It isn't high prices alone that swell the gross. Greeting cards sell for as little as a penny to a top of around \$5. (The fancy lace-frilled cards of two generations ago cost as much as \$25.) Price is determined by the number of colors,

the quality of paper, the difficulties of printing and the amount of flitter, flocking and bump-up. Flitter is the pulverized cellophane of realistic snow scenes. Flocking makes animal fur look and feel real, a quality more often tested by grown-ups than children. It is done with granulated fabric. Bump-up is "tradese" for embossing—raising a letter or a figure above the surface of the paper.

What sells best is a sort of universal

sock sentiment calculated to touch the heart of anybody. Here is one entitled, "To Let You Know I'm Thinking of You," which is illustrated by a basket of pansies:

*Pansies always stand for
thoughts—
At least that's what folks say,
So this just comes to show my
thoughts
Are there with you this day.*

That has been a ten-year top-seller because it is simple sentiment. Another best-seller is effective because a man could conceivably sign it without his chest hair falling out. Captioned, "Gee, I'm Glad I Gotcha!":

*I wantcha when I'm happy,
I wantcha when I'm blue,
Even when I'm mad atcha
I wantcha—yes I do!*

*Whether you are far away,
Or near where I can watcha,
I wantcha every single day.
Gee, I'm glad I gotcha!*

The humorous touch—called whimsey—is a comparatively recent development. One of the early examples was written by a salesman who turned up with this, one of the most widely imitated of all cards:

*I can't send no gorgeous present,
I can't send no diamond ring,
I can't send no automobile,
I can't send a doggone thing—
Except—Merry Christmas!*

Price and sentiment are closely related. (Continued on page 37)



To by-pass expensive headaches, publishers are using more animals.

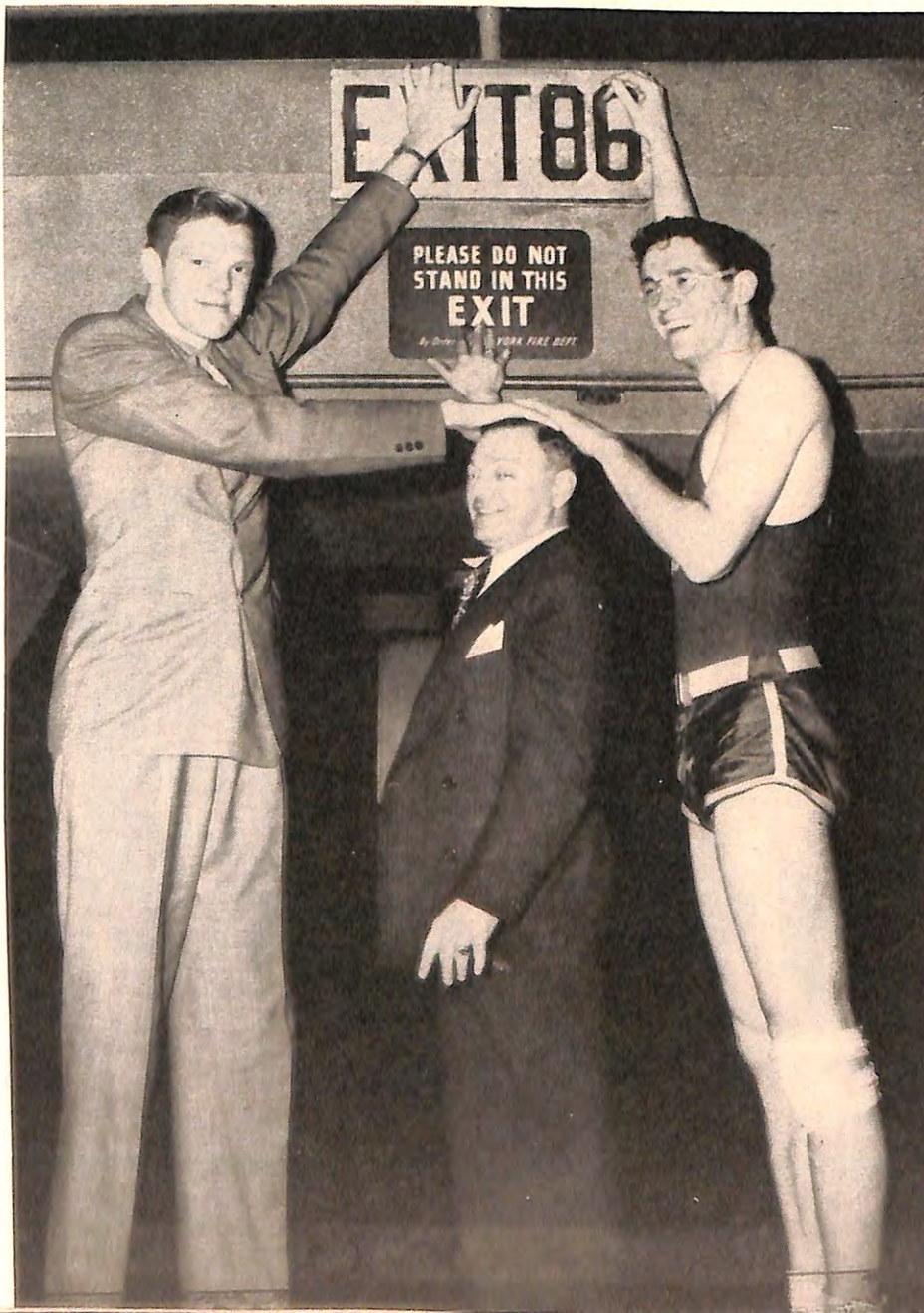
BY JOHN P. CARMICHAEL

Sports Editor, Chicago Daily News

BASKETBALL-

The Brakes Are Off

Basketball has evolved into a streamlined, high-velocity game, with emphasis on the human skyscrapers who reach the basket.



BASKETBALL stuck another candle on its birthday cake a few weeks ago. The game was 58 years old last January 20 and not even its fearful inventor, the late Dr. James A. Naismith (who died in 1939) ever envisioned the spectator appeal which his brain-child enjoys today, although he did live to see it accepted, in 1936, as a competitive phase of the Olympic Games.

From a slow, methodical contest in which the athletes passed and shot with studied grace, basketball has evolved into a streamlined, fire-engine affair with astronomical scoring. College teams play before capacity throngs in such arenas as New York's Madison Square Garden, Chicago's Stadium, Philadelphia's Convention Hall and San Francisco's celebrated Cow Palace.

A 17-team National Basketball Association has been the outgrowth of several attempts to stabilize the game on a professional basis. It has been such a highly-commercialized sport that George Mikan, the former De Paul University star, and now center for the Minneapolis Lakers, is paid better than \$20,000 a season for his efforts.

Five years after Naismith hung up the peach baskets at the Y.M.C.A. college in Springfield, Mass., and explained the crude set of rules to teams which then played nine men to a side, the first bona-fide college game was played. Yale beat Pennsylvania, 32-10, in comparative privacy. Nowadays, if one standout player doesn't count anywhere from 25 to 40 points a night, he charges the failure to a bad game in his system.

In Naismith's original 13 rules for conducting the game, he specified there should be no "shouldering, holding, pushing, tripping or striking the person of an opponent . . . that a player guilty of two fouls should be disqualified (sent

Bob Kurland, 7-footer, and George Mikan, 6-feet, 9 inches, tower over "Cappy" Lane, 5½-foot timer of events at Madison Square Garden.

to the bench) until the next goal was made . . . that either side making three straight fouls automatically gave the other side a goal . . ." etc.

A couple of months ago two teams played to a 69-69 tie in which the total fouls numbered 83 and the game had to be called because of injury to the referee. Do the customers like this "atomic" game, with its fast-breaking, point-a-minute scoring despite all the whistle-tooting by harassed officials? Well, upwards of 100,000,000 fans will have seen the 1949-50 games from Coast to Coast by the time the curtain falls in March . . . and in the combined areas of Illinois and Indiana alone, more than 1,600 high school teams are in action every year.

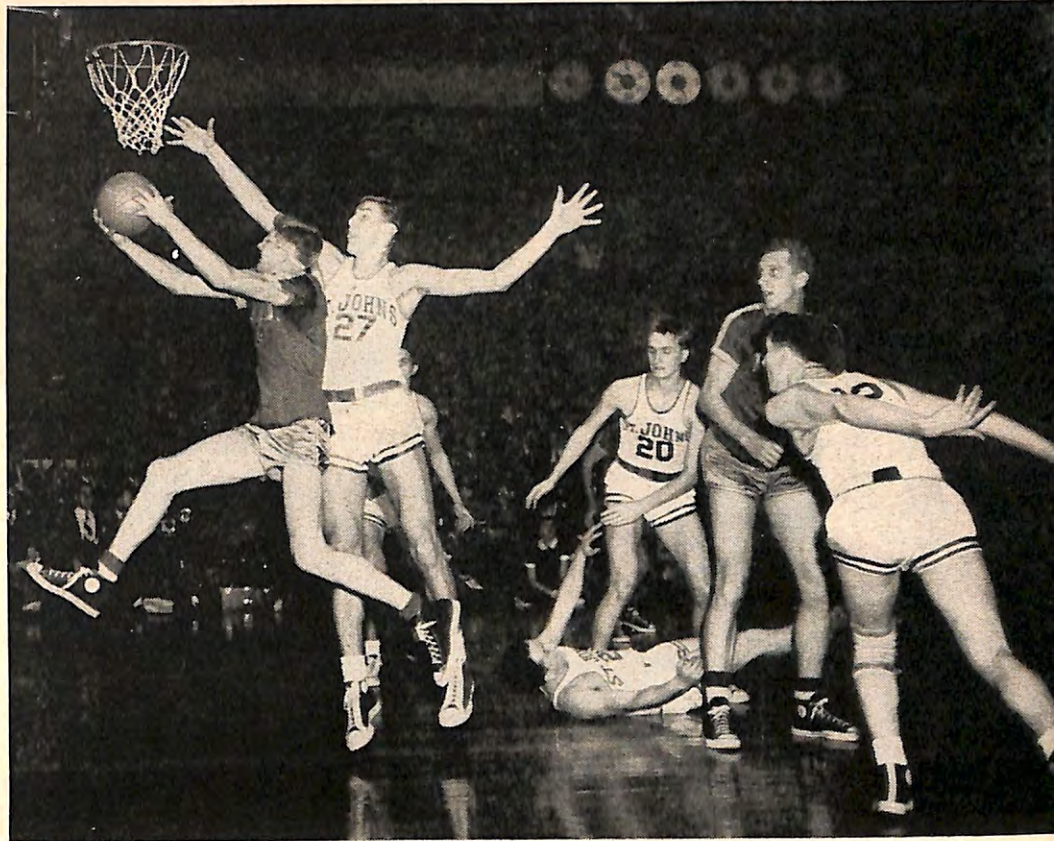
Towns of 2,500 people draw 3,000 fans. Towns where the high school enrollment won't number 200 boys have won, and will win, state prep titles as Jasper, Ind., and Pinckneyville, Ill., have in the immediate past. Big Ten colleges such as Wisconsin, Minnesota, Indiana and the like take capacity crowds of 14,000 and up in stride. Especially in the Middle West is basketball the "life blood" of winter sports . . . the fastest thing in shoe-leather of the day and age.

It's a far cry, of course, from the old game; even from the days of the center jump which has been outlawed no more than 15 years. Plenty of youngsters playing today never saw the center jump. Basketball has kept pace with the action and speed and the demand for sustained color and excitement which has characterized the American advance in every line of athletic endeavor since the days of the Roaring Twenties when the urge for non-stop entertainment became a by-word in the land of free-wheeling.

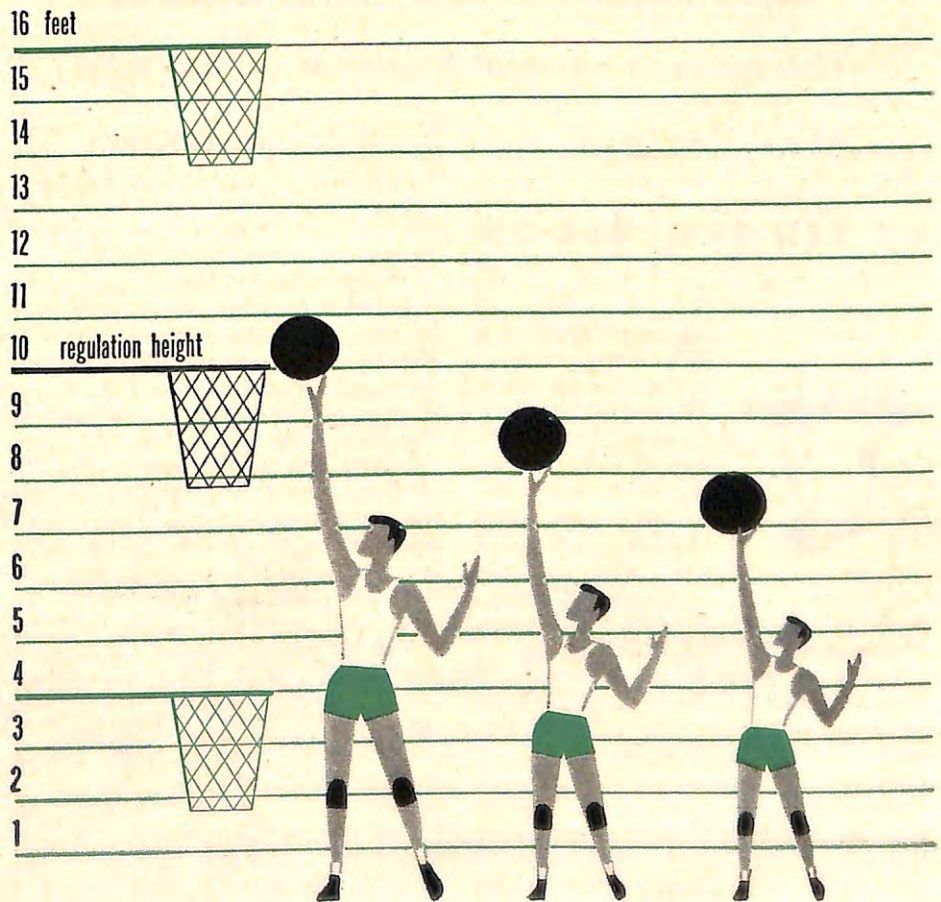
In both amateur and pro basketball, as it has been played since, say, 1935, the accent is on offense. The idea is to score more points than your opponent, no matter how many said opponent racks up. These days, the losing team posts more points than both teams did no more than two decades ago. There are few defense-minded coaches left in the business, the outstanding example being Hank Iba of Oklahoma A and M—and even he surprised Coach Tom Haggerty of Chicago's famous Loyola team of the past winter by pulling a fast-break on him in a 48-40 A and M triumph.

(That was nothing like what was pulled on a carnival owner in Little Rock, Ark., a few years ago. The "carny" was offering prizes for "free throwers", so much for one out of three tosses, more for two out of three and a choice of anything in the house if the customers made three out of three. A young woman sauntered up, laid down a dime and nonchalantly hit the hoop thrice. She tried it again, with the same results. While the open-jawed concessionaire watched, she hit 30 straight throws, winning everything but the tent. In the wake of her departure, the stricken owner was told

(Continued on page 33)



Action in a typical collegiate game: Louisiana State vs. St. John's.



A perennial controversy: how high should the basket be? Some say, raise the height from the standard 10-feet to 16 feet. Seeking to end the discussion on a note of humor, Red Smith suggested moving it down to four feet, thus giving both tall and short boys a chance.

ROD AND GUN



King of the varmints—the coyote. Photo by Ross Hall, Sandpoint, Ida.

The modern varmint hunter is a man who likes fine guns and hard-to-hit targets.

BY TED TRUEBLOOD



A VARMINT is a critter that ought to be shot. This article is about shooting them. However, if you are hunting directions for disposing of your wife's cousin Leffingwell who, with his wife and five brats, periodically

infests your household in search of free bed and board, turn the page.

I have no doubt that Leffingwell is a varmint. Judging solely from my own somewhat disillusioning experience with my wife's relations, I could drum up at least a dozen reasons for shooting him. I've even thought of sporting ways to do it. The trouble is, however, that I don't believe in shooting even a varmint on the "set". The second-cousin varmints who latch on to me don't do anything but set—usually at the table. After each meal, of course, they make a short flight from the table to the best chair in the house,

but I've never been quick enough to pick them off en route.

No, we're thinking here about a different kind of varmint—the critters which, because of predatory tendencies or a weakness for farmers' crops, are not protected by game laws. A dyed-in-the-wool varmint hunter is a man who was born 50 years too late.

During the golden age of American hunting, from 1870 to 1900, when game was more abundant than it ever will be again, when the breech loader, smokeless powder and repeating arms were being developed, and when there were millions of acres of unposted land, there probably were no varmint hunters as we know them today. There was too much game and the limits—in places where there were limits—were too liberal to encourage anybody to spend his time hunting chucks, coyotes, jack rabbits or crows.

Our modern varmint hunter is a man who loves a fine gun—usually a rifle—and likes to shoot it. Furthermore, he is not particularly interested in punching holes in paper. He is an individualist. He likes to be outdoors alone, or with one or two companions, shooting at

difficult targets over unknown ranges.

The very term *varmint hunter* has come to be almost synonymous with rifleman, although varmint is a corruption of the English *vermin*, meaning birds or animals that prey on game. In this sense crows and hawks also are varmints and the man who shoots them with a shotgun is as much a varmint hunter as the rifleman who concentrates on coyotes. Of course, in this country the word has been expanded to include various non-game animals such as woodchucks, jack rabbits and ground squirrels.

Around the turn of the century, a man could become a fine shot hunting game. There was enough of it. Even after limits were established, the daily quota in many states was more than the average hunter takes in a season now—25 quail per day in Oklahoma, for example.

I can remember when the limit of ducks was 25 per day. Now it is five in the West; four in the East. Nobody ever became a good shot killing four ducks per day. The average sportsman who is able to hunt maybe two or three times a season gets eight or 12—if he's lucky. That isn't enough even to reach speaking terms with his gun.

Likewise, the early-day rifleman in the West shot more big game in a year than most young hunters today will get in their lifetime. Col. W. D. Pickett killed 23 grizzlies during the 1881 season. An old ex-market hunter of my acquaintance told me about killing 32 bighorn sheep in one day. We don't now, and we never will again, have game enough for that kind of shooting.

Today's varmint hunter then, whether his gun be rifle or smoothbore, is a man who loves to hunt and wants to fire more than one shot a day—or in a season. He has been forced by the advance of civilization to shift his attention from big game and game birds to the more abundant varmints.

The woodchuck is given the benefit of a closed season in Pennsylvania, and possibly in a few other states. With these exceptions, the varmints have thrived without any protection whatever. In fact, the coyote has been persecuted with every means of destruction known to man: rifles, traps, hounds, poison—even airplanes—have been used in the pursuit of the wily, little dog. There still are coyotes and probably there always will be. In the West the marmot, or rock chuck, the western cousin of the woodchuck, has been poisoned by individuals and the United States Fish and Wildlife Service. Jack rabbits are poisoned systematically by various state and federal agencies. Crows are shot, trapped and harassed the year around.

In spite of all this the varmints manage to hold on and, in some instances, even to increase. They are the only "game" left in sufficient numbers to furnish sufficient practice for anyone to be-

(Continued on page 39)



Faust explains about greyhounds—why they never learn that they are chasing a stuffed rabbit.

in the Doghouse

ANYONE brash enough to discount dog racing can get a red-hot argument from a devotee of the sport, and if that enthusiast is well informed on the subject, he will cite statistics that should clinch his argument.

Your dog-racing fan will claim that this is one of the fastest growing sports in America, and he may be right. Here and there throughout the country there are some 20,000 or 25,000 dogs whose lives are devoted to the chasing of a mechanical bunny they can never catch. Between 8,000 and 10,000 of these dogs are in active competition. By far the greater number of these racers are greyhounds; although there is some whippet racing, as a sport it takes second place to the greyhound meets.

As may be suspected, the greyhound isn't very bright; no matter how many times he is sent out after that rabbit he never learns that he is being hoaxed. Some folks who seem to know a lot about it claim that the hounds don't care and that they race for the pure thrill of competition. I don't pretend to know what goes on in a greyhound's head, and, with due respect to the breed's admirers, I'm not convinced that its mental machinery is highly geared. Occasionally I've been asked why it is that the racing Fido never gets wise to the fact that he chases a stuffed rabbit. The answer lies in the

fact that these hounds are what is known as "sight" hounds. Because of their great speed they can depend upon their eyes to keep their quarry in sight, hence their scenting powers are secondary and much inferior to that of the "scent" hound, or other dogs that have keen schnozzles for game.

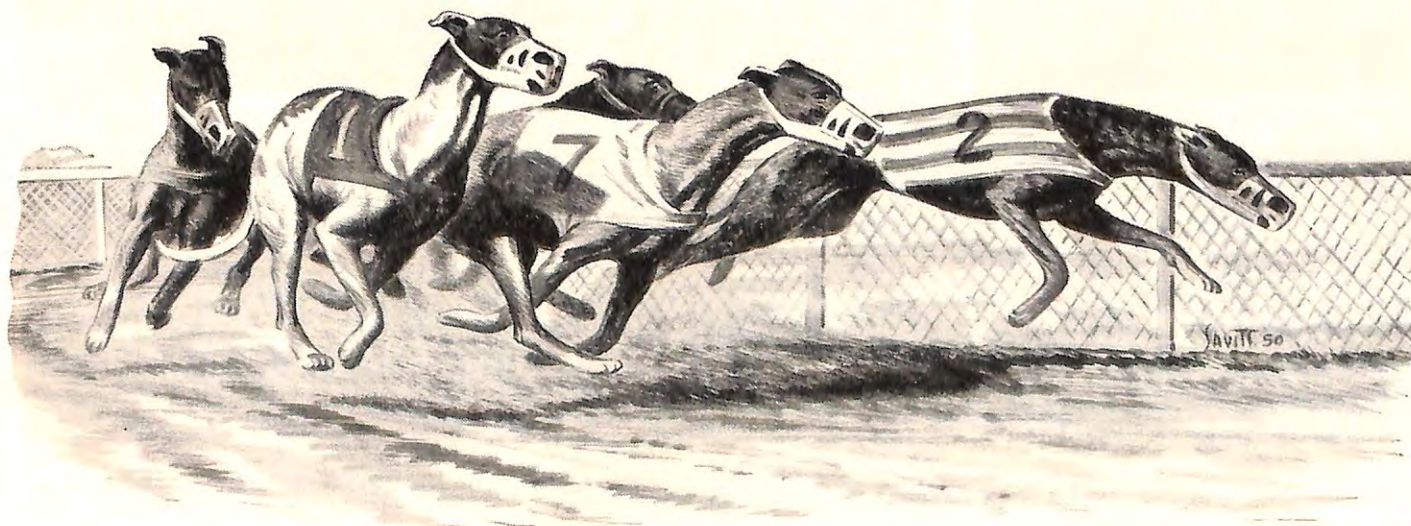
A well-conditioned greyhound is a subject for an artist's brush. In character, however, he's rather dull and indifferent and doesn't make a particularly good pet. Of course, there are exceptions, but not many, and I speak of the breed as a whole. Although the greyhound is endowed with courage, he's generally quarrelsome and is as temperamental as a prima donna. In his kennel, he is usually kept apart from the other dogs, with separate sleeping quarters and runs. Once in a while, perhaps, two will get along well together, but such soulmates are rare. This tendency to go to war at the slightest provocation is one of the reasons why the greyhound is raced muzzled; any interference would provoke a Donnybrook that would ruin a race.

Incidentally, the name of the breed is said to come from a corrupted condensation of the words *Greek hound* and, should little Willie ask you, the name *whippet* is said to derive from a description of the whistling sound made by a sharply cracked whip, as an indication

of speed. Greyhounds are one of the most carefully bred of all dogs, and their pedigrees are watched as closely as are those of a Man o' War. Throughout the United States there are some forty States in which there are kennels that breed nothing but these dogs for racing. Without question, the greyhound is the fastest dog on earth; he's all chest and rear quarters, both of which make possible his tremendous bursts of speed. He's a sprinter, not a long-distance record-holder, although he can negotiate a long, but slower, run when necessary. Record speed for the quarter-mile course is 26 seconds, or almost 35 miles per hour.

Even more than race horses do these canine runners require pampering, for they are extremely delicate and, perhaps because of their great lung capacity, are easy victims to pulmonary illnesses. Breeders frequently lose 60 per cent of a litter before the dogs are old enough for the track. A breeder of any other dog would leave that breed strictly alone after one experience, but the greyhound breeder doesn't feel that way since the dogs that finally reach the track—even if only mildly successful—are very valuable. Prices for a well-trained dog, termed a "maiden", or one that has yet to run in a formal race, may range from \$250 to \$350. The average for a winning dog may

(Continued on page 36)



News of the Lodges



● **COLUMBUS, GA.**, Lodge, No. 111, one of the oldest in the State, is right up to the minute in all its activities and boasts a valuable air-conditioned home with one of the finest dining rooms in the community. That many civic organizations are aware of this is evidenced by the popularity of the Elk restaurant as a luncheon rendezvous.

The lodge's recent Old Timers Night honored all Columbus Elks who have been affiliated with the lodge prior to 1937. P.D.D. J. Arthur Lynch, P.E.R. of the lodge, made the principal address.

Columbus Lodge recently held a reception for Gov. Herman Talmadge, Judge Charles Worrill, Congressman George Andrews of Alabama, State Senate Secretary George Stewart and James S. Peters, Sr., Chairman of the State Democratic Executive Committee, who were in town for the Georgia-Auburn football game.



Left: This impressive group of new Elks of Kansas City, Mo., Lodge made up the class initiated in honor of Grand Treasurer Joseph B. Kyle.

Below: At Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge's annual County Fair Night, left to right: E.R. Harry Faull of Pomona, Fair Princess Barbara Steele, her mother, and host E.R. George Beck, Jr.



Above: Grand Trustee Thomas J. Brady, second from right, receives a gift at a dinner at Brookline, Mass., when hundreds paid him tribute. Pictured, left to right, are: E.R. Dr. N. Brooks Morrison, Mrs. Brady, P.E.R. Harold J. Field, Mr. Brady and P.E.R. Mason S. McEwan.

Below: Columbus, Ga., Lodge recently paid tribute to its Old Timers among whom were, left to right: J. J. Julius, Wm. T. Heard, Frank J. Bickerstaff and Henry Flemming.



Above: Officers and members of Burbank, Calif., Lodge pose for a photograph in their regalia as the cast of the lodge's second Annual

Minstrel Show, which played four evenings in Burbank and at Christmas performances at several VA and General Hospitals.

● **VENTURA, CALIF.**, Lodge, No. 1430, is a very active branch of the Order. Service Pin Night found many Elks receiving 20-year pins, with two, Claude S. Gallentine and S. S. Beaman, getting 35-year mementoes. On his official visit, D.D. W. Jerry Hawkins was welcomed by a large group of Past Exalted Rulers including P.D.D. Roscoe W. Burson.

Early in December, No. 1430 entertained over 1,200 persons at its Annual Charity Ball.

● **WALLACE, IDA.**, Lodge, No. 331, completed remodeling its home in time to celebrate the occasion in conjunction with the lodge's 53rd Annual Roundup. The building's lodge room and lounge were redecorated at a cost of \$100,000. The improvement program included the installation of a complete air-conditioning and heating system.

More than 2,000 Elks and their ladies took part in the dinner, dance and vaudeville program, the last of which was held in the city's new \$300,000 auditorium, to the construction which No. 331 contributed \$62,500.

● **GREAT FALLS, MONT.**, Lodge, No. 214, welcomed D.D. Max B. Cebulla on his official visit, marking the event with a dinner and the initiation of 24 new Elks who heard addresses by D.D. Cebulla and State Pres. W. Les Hill.

Several days later, a "Dad's Night" and Court of Honor were held for No. 214's Boy Scout Troop. About 20 fathers were on hand, with the full complement of 28 young men, four of whom received 2nd Class Scout awards. Over 20 new youngsters were initiated into the Tenderfoot rank.



Officers of Laconia, N. H., Lodge receive the cup awarded to them as Ritualistic Champions for their State. Left to right: Candidate J. H. Killourhy, Esq. E. J. Ramsay, Secy. E. L. Lord, P.E.R., Lead. Knight Wm. H. Nadon, Loyal Knight D. W. Maclsaac, State Pres. Edward Therault, Lect. Knight Edward E. Hubbell, State Association Secretary Carl Savage, Chaplain Bernard Boutin and Inner Guard Wm. E. Dodge.



New York, N. Y., Lodge plays host to the four outstanding soldiers of the month, chosen by First Army Hdqts. Left to right: Secy. Augustus Groll; M/Sgt. E. E. Wells; P.E.R. Phelps Phelps, Chairman of the lodge's American Activities Committee; 1st Sgt. Jose De Diaz; M/Sgt. C. J. de Freitas; 1st Sgt. P. J. Egan, and 1st Sgt. R. L. Webb.



Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge welcomed this group of new members in honor of D.D. J. Thomas Williams, pictured with the lodge officers and State Vice-Pres. L. A. Krebs, in background.



Above: Mrs. Robert F. Daugherty, Pres. of the Lady Elks of Three Rivers, Mich., Lodge, watches Mrs. Jasper J. Naylor, Chairwoman, present a check for the purchase of a resuscitator to Supt. W. E. Erickson of Three Rivers Hospital. The money was realized through a card party held by the ladies who have also purchased an incubator for the hospital and who make many regular donations to local charities.

Left: Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, eighth from left, and State Associations Committeeman Hollis B. Brewer are pictured with Charter Member Alf Diefenderfer and the officers of Sheridan, Wyo., Lodge at the lodge's 50th Anniversary celebration.

NEWS OF THE LODGES

● **EVERETT, MASS.**, Lodge, No. 642, lost its home in December, 1947, as the result of a disastrous fire. Less than two years later, at special ceremonies attended by many dignitaries of the Order, its new \$200,000 building was dedicated.

The afternoon of Nov. 20th saw the presentation of a Flag and flagpole, accepted by E.R. John F. Golden, Jr., from General E. Leroy Sweetser, a member of No. 642 before 2,000 spectators.

Accompanied by Charter Member James H. Fitzmaurice, senior P.E.R., E. R. Golden cut a ribbon barring entrance to the new home, and the official ceremonies began, with a reception and inspection in which over 800 persons participated, followed by the actual dedication, at which Gov. Paul A. Dever, Mayor James F. Reynolds and Mr. Golden spoke briefly. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson gave the principal address and D.D. James L. Kelleher, assisted by his Grand Esquire, J. Frank Kelley, and members of Medford Lodge, conducted the dedication ceremonies. A buffet lunch and floor show closed the day's activities.

This was only one feature of the Dedication Week; special programs were put on nightly—a dinner-dance, Sports Night, D.D. Kelleher's official visitation, Ladies Night, Open house, and, finally, a housewarming for the exclusive enjoyment of the proud owners of the building.

● **ELKS NATIONAL HOME** members observed Memorial Sunday in their customarily impressive manner. Past Pres. Simpson Stoner of the Indiana State Elks Assn. gave the main address of the program which took place in the Fred Harper Memorial Auditorium in the presence of many members and guests.

The Home Lodge lost 45 of its members during the past year, the memory of all of whom was honored at these outstanding services. E.R. Daniel F. Edgington and his officers exemplified the Ritual, and the Christian Church Choir of Bedford furnished background music, with several appropriate selections, including a duet by Miss Barbara Scott and Miss Nita Rowlett, and a solo by Miss Ruby Parish.



Present for the dedication of the new \$200,000 home of Everett, Mass., Elks were, left to right: Senator Summer G. Whittier, Past Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan, Edward Spry of the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, former Grand Treas. John F. Burke, State Pres. J. A. O'Brien, E.R. J. F. Golden, Jr., J. Frank Kelley, D.D. J. L. Kelleher, Charter Member J. H. Fitzmaurice, P.E.R., Mayor J. F. Reynolds, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley and P.D.D. Wm. F. Hogan, Dedication Committee Chairman.



F. L. Crews, Pres. of the Caldwell, Ida., Elks Home Assn., presents Caldwell Lodge's \$26,000 check, final payment on its pledge of \$51,000, to Pres. T. W. Dakan of the Memorial Hospital Assn. Foreground: Home Assn. officers and Hospital Administrator J. L. Sundberg; background: Lodge officers and D.D. Andrew G. O'Leary, Sr., fourth from right.



Officers of North Adams, Mass., Lodge with 28 of the 50 candidates they initiated to commemorate the 50th Anniversary of the lodge. Seated sixth from left is D.D. Wm. C. Thompson.



Here is the class of 61 men initiated recently by Hemet, Calif., Lodge in the presence of D.D. W. O. Rife.

LODGE ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE BULLETIN

With the month of February, the campaign to secure a million members is reaching its successful conclusion, with the initiation of "Millionth Member Classes" taking place in lodges throughout the country. These ceremonies are bringing into the Order men who are not merely "joiners", but "doers", continuing our policy to stress the *quality* of our lodge groups rather than the quantity.

At the same time, this Committee wishes to impress upon the subordinate lodges the importance of preventing lapsation of those men who are already Elks but whose interest in lodge activities has flagged to the extent that they might drop from our rolls. This contingency must be precluded, if the vitality of our Order is to progress and increase. Lodge officers are urged to do everything possible to bring these members back into active membership in our great Fraternity.

Special effort should be put forth to reinstate erstwhile Elks. Back records should be searched for the names of men who were formerly on the rolls, and committees appointed to contact those men and revive once again that interest which prompted them to become Elks in the first place. The magnificent record of our Order is all the promotion material required to convince one-time Elks that they will find great satisfaction in helping to build and augment our future record.

Once again, lodges which are proud of their bulletins are reminded to submit sample copies for consideration by the Lodge Activities Committee. These should reach Clifton B. Mudd, Elks Temple, B. P. O. Elks Lodge No. 336, Salem, Oregon, *no later than March 31st.*



The Elks' "Most Valuable Student" awards are presented to two Taunton, Mass., students. Left to right: E.R. William Viera, Nancy C. Doyle, Herbert L. Vieira and P.E.R. Arthur J. Shaw.



Above: San Francisco, Calif., Lodge's Billiard Team entrains for a series of matches with Santa Barbara Lodge's players.

Below: Chairman Earl E. James of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, pictured as he addressed the 400 people who attended the banquet celebrating Muskogee, Okla., Lodge's Fiftieth Anniversary.



When Sandpoint, Ida., Lodge honored its P.E.R.'s they occupied all Chairs. Standing, left to right: T. L. Gibson, L. E. Pietsch, Ross Hall,

L. J. Davis, John Page, A. R. Nelson, G. W. Congdon. Seated: L. E. Ulrich, E. J. Elliott, J. D. C. Guy, Wm. McClellan, C. A. Coons, H. W. Bliss.

LODGE NOTES



Square Dances are growing in popularity across the Nation, **CAMBRIDGE, MASS.**, Elks hold them regularly, with a special feature of them being that admission is made by showing a paid-up membership card, entitling the holder to bring a guest . . . **SANTA MONICA, CALIF.**, Lodge proudly announces that its Boy Scout Troop walked away with the coveted Campbell Award Trophy for appearance. Considered one of the best equipped, most active and altogether outstanding troops in that section, these boys have won Blue Ribbon (1st) honors for the Area Commissioners' Inspection . . . The fact that he is a paraplegic World War II veteran did not deter John Chieffa from accepting membership in the Order. **PATERSON, N. J.**, Lodge welcomed him as an initiate at ceremonies attended by P.D.D. Joseph F. Bader, Chairman of the N. J. Elks Paraplegic Committee . . . We know you will be as surprised as we were to see that the same photograph appears on page 26 of our January issue and page 32 in November. With all our worries about space limitation, and all the rules we have had to adopt to prevent publicizing any one lodge too often, a peculiar error gave a "break" to **MT. PLEASANT, MICH.**, Lodge, and put a blush in our editorial face . . . **SANTA ANA, CALIF.**, Lodge welcomed D.D. Willard O. Rife on his official visit not long ago. Mr. Rife witnessed the initiation of a group of outstanding men at this event . . . **E.R. H. Kenneth Cline of TOWA CITY, IA.**, Lodge had the pleasure of initiating his 76-year-old father into the Order during the visit of D.D. John F. Ready . . . **SISTERVILLE, W. VA.**, Elks like to travel. A group of 39 paid a visit to Parkersburg Lodge not long ago, and later on, 47 members journeyed to Martins Ferry, Ohio, in a chartered bus. Both visits were extremely enjoyable.



Officers of Port Townsend, Wash., Lodge are pictured with D.D. James C. DeWar, second from right, foreground, on the occasion of his official visit.



Plattsburg, N. Y., Lodge's "Millionth Member Class" is pictured with the lodge officers.



Officials of Franklin, La., Lodge burn the mortgage on their home.



These officials were on hand when State Pres. F. W. Beckstead visited Dallas, Tex., Lodge.



A handshake between E.R. H. E. Stover, Jr., left, and City Burgess H. C. Funk, before representatives of war veteran groups, marks the presentation of the beautiful \$17,000 Memorial Retreat in a Waynesboro, Pa., park by the local Elks lodge. The ceremonies, honoring the area's veterans of all wars, were attended by more than 2,000 persons. Lt. Col. W. P. Yarborough, Army Director, third from left, was the principal speaker.



Above: L. B. Abele, polio patient at St. Anthony's Hospital, was the first patient to use St. Louis, Mo., Lodge's gift of a Respir Aid Bed. This bed aids patients' breathing through its power-operated rocking control. With him are Elk Committeemen C. H. Bush, C. H. Watson, Coroner P. E. Taylor, Treas. of the Elks Boy Scout Troop, V. E. Quigle, Erwin Zacher, Committee Chairman R. J. Connelley, Sister Pulcharia, Polio Division Supervisor of the Hospital, Dr. M. J. Glaser and Hospital Supt. Sister Hyacinth.



Above: Bellaire, Ohio, Lodge presents a 16 mm. sound projector and screen to the Belmont County Children's Home. The lodge has contracted with the Movie of the Week Club to send a 2 1/2-hour movie to the Home each week, and a \$700 fund has been set aside for the procurement of future movies. Left to right: Robert Holloway, Trustee Walter Lewis, E.R. John Cinque, Jr., Judge Harry Albright, Supt. J. Douglas, Mrs. Douglas. P.E.R. Clyde Heil and Harry Mendelson.



Above: An Elks National Foundation Scholarship of \$100 is presented to John W. Parker, son of Secy. V. W. Parker of Clifton, Ariz., Lodge, right, by E.R. Roger Stevens.



Above: E.R. La Rue C. Thomas and Lead. Knight George Stephenson of San Pedro, Calif., Lodge present a Flag to the Blue Star Mothers of America at their installation ceremony.



Houston. "The Elks News"

Left: Mayor Oscar Holcombe opens the famous Mile O'Dimes of Houston, Tex., Lodge for the twelfth consecutive time. E.R. A. J. Manson, Jr., Mrs. L. C. Hadley, annual provider of the public address system for the Mile, and 1949 campaign Director L. H. Mapp look on.



Above: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin presents Elks National Foundation and Conn. State Assn. scholarship awards to Janet Cooney of Bridgeport and Chester Natumewitz of Bristol, as former State Pres. Thomas J. Clark looks on.



Below: The float entered by Lambertville, N. J., Lodge in the city's 100th Anniversary Parade is graced by the presence of Miss Eldora Musselman, recent polio victim, pictured before the lodge home.

NEWS OF THE LODGES

● **MUSKOGEE, OKLA.**, Lodge, No. 517, celebrated its 50th Anniversary a few months ago with a most enjoyable program at which E.R. R. Stanley was Toastmaster. The principal speaker was Past State Pres. J. Thad Baker, and Chairman Earl E. James of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary and State Assn. Pres. Kenneth Aldrich also spoke briefly.

The program, which was attended by about 400, preceded a banquet and dance at the lodge home. An interesting history of Muskogee Elksdom was delivered by Judge Fred P. Branson, whose personal loan of \$5,000 several years ago saved the lodge from foreclosure of its home.

● **IOWA ELKS ASSN.** delegates met at Fort Dodge for their midwinter meeting in November. Pres. Harry J. Schmidt presided at the gathering which was attended by 600 Elks representing the 30,000 men who make up the membership of the State's 39 lodges. Chairman Jack White of the Assn.'s Elks National Foundation Committee, outlined the Iowa Elks' scholarship program and a report revealed that the Iowa Assn. is sponsoring a series of entertainment for veterans at two hospitals, with plans under way to take care of patients at a third. Memorial Services were conducted by State Chaplain Rev. Patrick N. McDermott, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner was the principal speaker at the business meeting.

It was decided that Des Moines would be host to the 1950 annual meeting in June and that the State Billiard Tournament would be held in Ottumwa this month; the Bowling event in Davenport the weekends beginning March 4th through the 25th; the Golf Tourney on the Iowa State College Golf Course at Ames next August 26 and 27th; the Trapshoot dates will be announced later.



Officers of North Adams, Mass., Lodge are pictured with 27 of the 50 candidates they initiated to commemorate the lodge's 50th Anniversary. Seated sixth from left is D.D. Wm. C. Thompson.



Wash. State Elks Championship Trapshoot Team of Spokane Lodge. Left to right: R. A. Doerschlag, W. D. Meyerhoff, Mayor Art Meehan and V. Y. Preston. Absent fifth member is Carl Carbon.

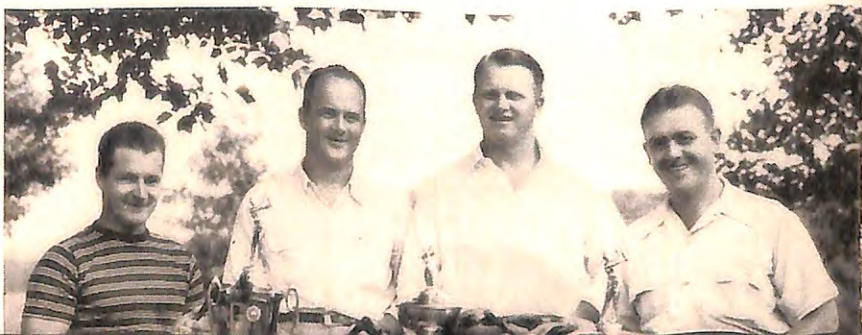


Above: Wauchula, Fla., Lodge sponsors this handsomely uniformed band of Hardee County High School. Equipped by the Elks at an original cost of \$5,000, including the uniforms, the band's Elk allotment is \$750 each year.



Above: Past State Pres. Ed. W. McCabe presents the Tenn. State Ritualistic Championship Trophy to the officers of Knoxville Lodge.

Right: Ashtabula, Ohio, Lodge's State Championship Golf Team. Left to right: Babe Narhi, J. P. Dunnick, Edward Jaskela and John W. Kinnunen.



EMMETT T. ANDERSON CLASSES

*The Order grows as its leader
is honored throughout the country.*

Here are a few representative groups of men who were initiated into the Order in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler. Lodge officers appear with these candidates, and, in many instances, District Deputies and State Association officials are also pictured.



ASHLAND, KY.



WARRENSBURG, MO.



MALONE, N. Y.



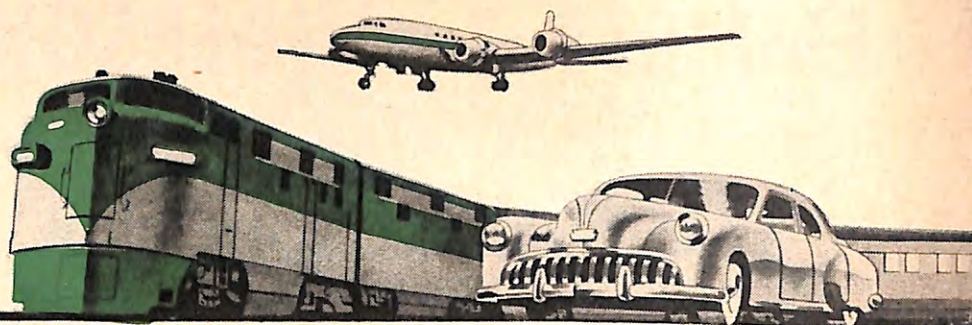
DEER LODGE, MONT.



BANGOR, PA.



MINOT, N. D.



FOR ELKS WHO TRAVEL

From Miami—1950 Convention City—it is but a commuter's hop to Havana.

BY HORACE SUTTON

Lakeland, Fla., No. 1291

Located in Lakeland's downtown district, two blocks from R. R. Station. 22 comfortable rooms. Excellent service. Good food, well served. One of Lakeland's better eating places.

Reasonable Prices.

More than just a stopping-off place—a comfortable residence with a club atmosphere, a place to meet friendly Brother Elks.



ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., No. 461

One of the Southwest's finest Elks Clubs offering hotel accommodations.

For men only, with preference given to Elks.

75 well-appointed rooms with or without bath. Hot and cold running water and telephone in every room.

Elevator service. Club's own parking lot next to building. Located in the heart of the business district, convenient to everything. Entire first floor devoted to lodge and club activities. Courteous attention to guests; every effort made to make your stay pleasant.

PLANNING A TRIP? Travel information is available to Elks Magazine readers. Just write to the Travel Department, Elks Magazine, 50 East 42nd St., N. Y., stating where you want to go and by what mode of travel. Every effort will be made to provide the information you require.

ELKs moving on Miami for the Grand Lodge Convention in July can take a commuter's trip to Cuba in exactly sixty-five minutes, or as long as it takes a suburbanite in Westchester County to get to his job in New York. Planes leave from Miami's International Airport every half hour bound for the country where a peon or a presidente can afford to smoke a Corona-Corona; where to stop a bus, or hail a waiter, or call a salesclerk, the citizens hiss; where the coffee is served with a pot of hot milk and a shaker of salt; and the traffic rattles through town like the racers around the Indianapolis Speedway.

The tourist life in Havana is not notoriously cheap in winter, but in summer the hotel rates drop from twenty-five to fifty per cent, and the restaurant and nightclub prices are pared to match. Cooled by the trade winds, Cuba's climate in summer averages 79.3 degrees, or just five degrees hotter than its temperature in winter, and two degrees cooler than Miami in summer.

Cuban women are fond of wearing black in the evenings, but the tourist ladies, summer or winter, wear the clothes they might wear at home in summer. Cuban men, for business or pleasure, wear the *guayaberra*, a shirt with intricate pleats running up the front and back, worn with the tails hanging over the side. It is perfectly proper worn with tie and without jacket, for dinner and dancing, and since it is infinitely more practical than the rigs with which we encumber ourselves during the hot weather here at home, it is often affected by American men.

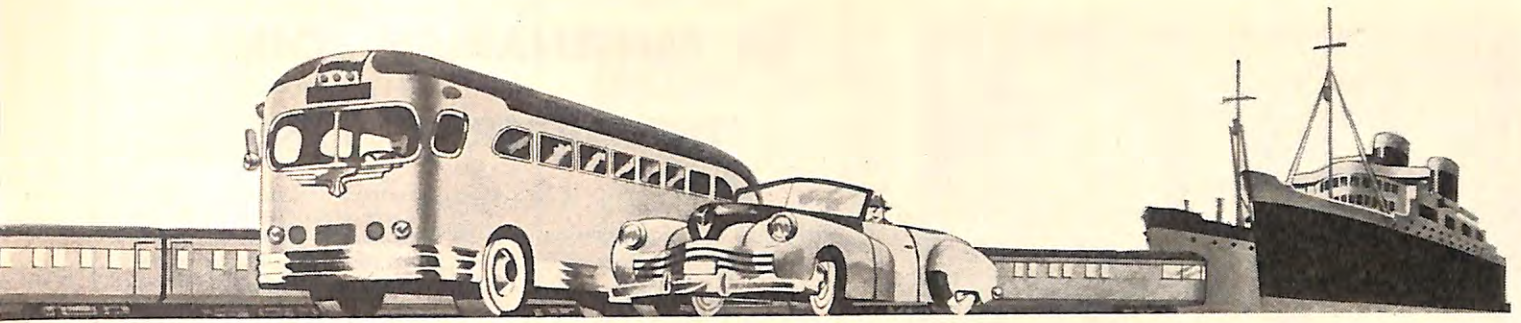
Out of tradition a cannon is fired every night at nine o'clock. Originally a signal for soldiers to return to their barracks, it is now a means by which Habaneros can set their watches, rather than a curfew. Dinner and nightlife in the city begins late and goes on and on. There is, in the first place, Sloppy Joe's, one of the world's most famous saloons, as much a meeting place for Americans abroad as

the Ritz bar in Paris or Harry's Bar in Venice. Probably it is a little less ritzy than either, but certainly no less popular. A dank, distinctly tropical place, it has a long bar, saloon doors, a coterie of habitués and a widespread reputation which is verified by the photographs of celebrities on the walls. Sloppy Joe's sells some of its elixir, suitably labelled with the seal of the house, which you can take home for souvenirs.

Tourists with a pioneering spirit and a cast-iron stomach can try such Spanish fare as *arroz con pollo*, which is chicken and rice seasoned with saffron and red peppers; *ajiaco*, a stew of meat cooked with a variety of vegetables; or *caldo gallego*, a melange of boiled beans, cabbage, potatoes, onions, and meat. Moorish crabs, hot or cold, are an island delicacy. The Dagwood sandwich of Cuba is the concoction known as *surtido de flauta*, literally, an "assortment of flutes." Between crusty Cuban bread it contains cheese, ham, turkey and roast pork. The hotels serve both American and Spanish food, and among the restaurants you should do well at the Miami, the Florida, and the elegant El Patio where you eat in the garden out of doors.

Unless you have a right-cross to match Dempsey's, and a lightning-like reflex to duck, you will be healthier if you stay out of Havana's waterfront cafes. The big nightclubs are on the edge of the city, set in the open, under the palms. There is nothing to a Havana nightclub, really, except the marble dance floor, the band shell and the kitchen. There is liable to be a minimum, usually something under five dollars, and usually relaxed in the summer anyway. You can count on a floorshow, mostly in Spanish, and dance music that alternates between standard American, and sambas, tangos, danzons and the son. Arthur Murray has opened a huge new school in Miami in case you would rather learn the signals before flying over.

Bullfights have been outlawed in Cuba, but they still put on the *charlotadas*, a



burlesque in which the bull escapes with his life. Cockfights are within the law, and may be seen on Thursday, Saturday and Sunday afternoons at the Club Gallistico in Vedado, a residential center. Doubtless the fastest sport in town with the exception of what goes on at the baccarat tables of the National Casino, is Jai Alai, the old Basque game of pelotte, in which the players throw a hard goat-skin ball against a cement wall with the aid of baskets strapped on an arm.

For outdoor sport Cuba has some of the best fishing grounds in the Caribbean, an attribute which has drawn such famous deep water anglers as the late President Roosevelt and Ernest Hemingway. The Gulf Stream off Havana carries swordfish, dolphin, marlin, and barracuda, among a number of other types.

HAVANA hotels, you will find, have high ceilings. The windows often have wooden shutters that keep out the heat during the day and at night open on tiny balconies that overlook the glittering city. Largest in the city is the famous Nacional de Cuba, with 549 rooms, all with bath. It has a newly built outdoor swimming pool and cabana club just outside the door. Perhaps Havana's most fashionable hotel, its winter rates are almost equal to the highest-priced houses across the water in Miami Beach. Summer rates slip to \$10 to \$14 a day double European plan, but a special arrangement for visiting Elks (coming to the Grand Lodge convention) has been made for \$64 for six days. Among the other houses the Presidente is in a quiet setting at the west end of town overlooking the Gulf of Mexico. It has a dining terrace famous for its cuisine. For those who like the big city bustle, the Sevilla Biltmore on the Prado y Trocadero is handy to everything in downtown Havana.

Cubans are proudest of displaying their national capitol, a gleaming white building which covers two whole city blocks. Five thousand men worked day and night in eight-hour shifts for four years to complete the structure. It cost \$16,640,743.30, according to the official tally, a tab which includes the price of Italian Renaissance ceilings, inlaid Italian marble floors, French chandeliers, Cuban mahogany furnishings, and Bohemian stained glass windows. The most dazzling decoration was El Brillante, a twenty-four carat South African diamond which was do-

nated by the laborers, and actually set on a gold base into the floor directly under the dome. Cubans were fond of measuring official distances from the diamond, it being, for example, 600 miles to Santiago on the west end of the island, and 113 miles to Pinar del Rio on the west. One dark night some dark souls pried up the diamond from its base and stole it right out of the capitol.

It is entirely possible to take your car over to Cuba with you, either as baggage, should you come by boat, or as delayed baggage if you come by plane. You can drive it at no charge on your regular state license plates for 180 days. It isn't far to Varadero Beach on the Atlantic, direct as a plumb line due south of the southern mainland tip of Florida. There are three daily flights to Varadero from Havana, forty-five minutes flying time away. South of the Central Highway, below Varadero, ninety-one miles from Havana, is San Miguel de los Banos which the local chamber of commerce calls the Vichy of the Americas. A mountain-surrounded spa, it gushes medicinal sulphurous water. Beyond is Trinidad, third oldest city in Cuba, founded by Velasquez in 1514. And down beyond Santiago, near the tip of the island, are the towns of Siboney and Daiquiri which have been made famous by their alcoholic ambassadors. Nearby is the U. S. Navy's base at Guantanamo Bay in case anyone is homesick for a stateside face.

**FT. WORTH, TEX., LODGE,
No. 124, WELCOMES YOU**

One of Elkdom's most outstanding lodge buildings.

Here are 45 comfortably-furnished rooms for Elks and non-Elks. Both men and women welcomed. Single rooms range from \$2.25 to \$3.50; double rooms from \$4.00 to \$6.00. All rooms with private baths. No meals served but a good eating place faces the clubhouse, where there's an excellent cuisine. Elks receive first consideration for reservations.



SPRINGFIELD, ILL., No. 158

One of Springfield's finest. 103 bedrooms. Men only. Club room breakfast, lunch and dinner. Handsome cocktail lounge for both men and women. Bowling alleys, gymnasium, steam room and swimming pool. Air conditioned. Ballroom capacity 1,000 persons (for lodge meetings), 600 for banquets. Rates reasonable.

**24 well-equipped rooms,
many with baths.**

Good food in our handsome Rainbow Lounge prepared by our own chef noted for excellent cuisine.

SCRANTON, Pa., No. 123

A few accommodations available. Advance notice appreciated.

- 15 comfortable rooms. Rooms available
- to Elks or non-members. Recreational facilities. A place where you'll feel at home.

Room limitations make advance notice for reservations advisable.



EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO, No. 258.



A CENTENARIAN JOINS THE ORDER OF ELKS

THEY live many years in the Northwest, and they get smarter all the time, as proved by Hiram R. Gale, pictured here as he received his Elk emblem pin from E.R. Wilbur A. Dennis of Seattle, Wash., Lodge.

Seattle's oldest citizen, a former Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic and Washington's only living Civil War Veteran, became a member of the Order of Elks as part of the observance of his 103rd birthday last November 8th.

Seated in his wheelchair at Marine Hospital, in the temporary lodge hall set up in the hospital's recreation room, Mr. Gale proudly accepted membership in the Order in the presence of Mr. Dennis, Secy. Victor Zednick, Bert L. Swezea, Chairman W. L. Moran of the Elks' Sick Committee and Mr. Gale's son, Edgar, who has been an Elk for many years.

Born in Vermont in 1846, Mr. Gale migrated to Washington in 1887 and has resided there since 1889.

With all the wisdom of a real American, he declared on initiation, "I belong to a good many patriotic orders. I feel very thankful toward the Elks. This is certainly a happy day for me."

1950 GRAND LODGE HOUSING COMMITTEE ANNOUNCEMENT

Members of the Order who wish to make arrangements for accommodations for the 1950 Grand Lodge Convention in Miami, Florida, July 9th to the 13th, will be interested to learn that Mr. Joe H. Adams, El Comodoro Hotel, Miami, Florida (Telephone 2-7491) has been appointed Chairman of the Housing Committee for the Convention.

Block hotel reservations will be made for each State Association and a deposit of \$5.00 per room must accompany the request.

Further information and data will be published in the Magazine from time to time, in order that lodges throughout the Country may have the benefit of preparations being made for their delegates, and other members and their families who are planning to attend the Convention.

SCOUTS IN THE HEART OF TEXAS

FOR the past two years, Odessa, Tex., Lodge, No. 1630, has shared sponsorship of Scout Troop 80 with a local church, whose congregation supplied the adult leadership, while the Elks carried the financial burden.

Early last year, the Charter lapsed. When the Elks learned this fact in May, E.R. J. A. Purhoy promptly appointed a Committee which in turn suggested that the lodge take over full responsibility for the Troop. By the middle of that month, the boys were reorganized under complete Elk leadership. Institutional Representative being O. V. Alexander; Committeemen, P.E.R. Chick Fair, Chairman; A. L. Holcomb, Secy.; C. G. Karnes who is now Asst. Scoutmaster, and Mr. Alexander. Scoutmaster is R. A. Downey and the second Asst. Scoutmaster is T. A. Wanzell, both of whom have sons in the Troop.

Present registration is 14 active boys, all of whom were Tenderfeet Scouts in May, a fact which makes their progress since then far above average. One became a Star Scout in October and the group has earned over 30 Merit Badges since reorganization, acquiring by transfer another Star Scout who is now a Life Scout.

At a Court of Honor in October, a complete set of Colors was presented to the Troop by the lodge. A Mothers' Club is now being organized, comprising mothers of the Scouts and the wives of the Elk leaders.

The Boys' sponsors expect at least 25 per cent of the Troop to become Eagle Scouts before long, with an eye to a goal of 50 per cent.



J. H. Biggs, D.D. E. C. Bunch, D. B. Moody, W. O. Shaffer, A. L. Holcomb, Chick Fair and E.R. J. A. Purhoy, L. to R., stand behind the Odessa Elks' Scout Troop, and the Scoutmasters, at its Court of Honor.

**GRAND LODGE YOUTH
ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE
SCHOLARSHIP
ANNOUNCEMENT**

This Committee announces that \$3,300 in scholarship awards, separate and distinct from the "Most Valuable Student" awards, will be made at the 1950 Grand Lodge Convention, through the generosity of the Elks National Foundation.

Qualities of leadership and activities in promotion of the Elks National Youth Program in their communities will be stressed in consideration of the applicants, both boys and girls, who must be eligible for college entrance, but not necessarily honor students.

The membership has been divided into 11 zones, with one \$300 scholarship for each, to be used by the winning student for the first year college tuition. Zones, with territory included in each, and the committeeman in charge, follow:

Zone 1, Alaska, Ida., Ore., Mont., Wash.; Zone 2, Calif., Guam, Hawaii, Philippines; Zone 3, Ariz., Colo., Nev., New Mex., Tex., Utah, Wyo.—R. C. Crowell, 87 S. San Marino Ave., Pasadena, Calif.

Zone 4, Ia., Kans., Minn., Neb., No. Dak., So. Dak.; Zone 5, Ill., Mo., Wis.; Zone 6, Ind., Mich.—H. H. Russell, 206 N. Holden St., Warrensburg, Mo.

Zone 7, Ky., Ohio, Va., W. Va.; Zone 11, Ala., Ark., Fla., Ga., La., Miss., N. C., So. Car., Okla., Puerto Rico, Tenn.—B. A. Whitmire, Elks Lodge, Hendersonville, N. C.

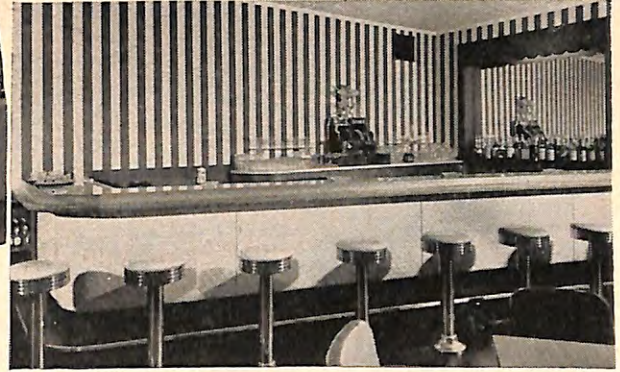
Zone 8, Pa., Md., Dela., D. C.; Zone 10, Conn., Me., Mass., N. H., R. I., Vt.—E. A. Spry, 60 Westland Ave., Boston, Mass.

Zone 9, Canal Zone, N. J., N. Y.—John F. Scileppi, 102-23—29th Ave., East Elmhurst, N. Y.

All members of this Committee mentioned above will furnish an application blank on request, to be typewritten as part of the student's presentation. Other requirements follow: the presentation must be neat, bound on the left side, listed chronologically; applicant's photograph included, with the student's hand-written summarization of his activities, qualifications, in less than 300 words; a less than 200-word letter from a parent or guardian giving the story of applicant's family situation and need for financial aid; a letter of recommendation from at least one school authority; two or three letters of endorsement from the Exalted Ruler or Secy. of the lodge in the jurisdiction of which the student resides, attesting to the accuracy of all material submitted.

The verified applications **MUST BE FILED WITH THE COMMITTEEMAN IN CHARGE OF THE CORRECT ZONE BY APRIL 1, 1950**, to be forwarded to the Chairman no later than April 15.

Lodge officers are requested to notify high and preparatory school principals and college deans in their vicinity of these awards, to publish notices in lodge bulletins and local newspapers; members should make this announcement known to all qualified students.



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The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 9)

On the 15th, **SEATTLE LODGE NO. 92** welcomed the Grand Exalted Ruler, Mr. Alexander, John E. Drummey, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, Past Pres. Arthur Ochsner and D.D. James C. Dewar, all of whom addressed the 250 local and visiting Elks.

A banquet and meeting attended by 350 occupied Mr. Anderson on the 19th at **RAYMOND LODGE NO. 1292**. In the 37 years of its existence this lodge had never before entertained a Grand Exalted Ruler and the event was marked by the initiation of 77 men who made up the largest class in the lodge history. The local high school band met the visitors and presented a fine concert.

The next day, 550 men were on hand at the home of **VANCOUVER LODGE NO. 823** to welcome the Order's leader and his party which this time also included Past

Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan, D.D. Charles A. Howard, both of Oregon, and State Hospital Program Chairman Lee L. Hodgert, Judge Lonergan, Judge Simpson and Mayor V. B. Anderson joined the Grand Exalted Ruler in addressing this splendid meeting which followed a visit to Barnes Veterans Hospital where Mr. Anderson visited ward patients, some of whom are members of the Order.

A joint meeting of **KELSO NO. 1482** and **LONGVIEW NO. 1514** lodges was held on the 21st, with 600 Elks participating. The program included a luncheon at Longview and a banquet and lodge session at Kelso in the evening.

Wherever Mrs. Anderson and the wives of other officials accompanied the party, the ladies of the host lodges entertained them most pleasantly.

"To Our Absent Brothers . . ."

(Continued from page 13)

Those lodges receiving Honorable Mention in Group I are: Albany, N. Y., No. 49; Albuquerque, N. M., No. 461; Atlantic City, N. J., No. 276; Baltimore, Md., No. 7; Binghamton, N. Y., No. 852; Canton, Ohio, No. 68; Cheyenne, Wyo., No. 660; Denver, Colo., No. 17; Grand Rapids, Mich., No. 48; Hamilton, Ohio, No. 93; Longview, Wash., No. 1514; Miami, Fla., No. 948; Philadelphia, Pa., No. 2, and Williamsport, Pa., No. 173.

N. Y., No. 226; Hackensack, N. J., No. 658; Malone, N. Y., No. 1303; Meadville, Pa., No. 219; Mount Carmel, Ill., No. 715; Quincy, Mass., No. 943; Staten Island, N. Y., No. 841; Towson, Md., No. 469; Valparaiso, Ind., No. 500; Wapakoneta, Ohio, No. 1170, and Warren, Ohio, No. 295.

Those lodges receiving Honorable Mention in Group II are: Butler, Pa., No. 170; Coeur D'Alene, Ida., No. 1254; Gettysburg, Pa., No. 1045; Gloversville,

Those lodges receiving Honorable Mention in Group III are: Claremont, N. H., No. 879; Deer Lodge, Mont., No. 1737; Martinsville, Va., No. 1752; Muskogee, Okla., No. 517; Nevada, Missouri, No. 564, and New Britain, Connecticut, No. 957.



The officers of Cumberland, Md., Lodge, pictured with their guest speakers on the stage of the Maryland Theatre during the lodge's Memorial Services, considered the most outstanding in Group II.

Basketball—the Brakes Are Off

(Continued from page 17)

that the gal was Hazel Walker, national girls' free-throw champ and member of the Little Rock girls team, national champs.)

From time to time coaches decry the high velocity basketball of the present era which engenders such a percentage of fouls that it is not unusual to see a game in which more points are made from the free-throw circle than on buckets from the field. But as long as John Q. Public keeps coming through the turnstiles, the game probably will withstand any and all attempts to tamper with it further, at least at the present time.

"Back in the days of slow breaks and tight defense, people stayed home or tried to find a rousing chess game," said one coach who preferred to remain anonymous. "The fan doesn't know too much about rules and regulations, but he can see the ball go through that hoop and that's what he likes to watch.

"Americans want action. As a baseball fan, I know that 'Wee Willie' Keeler once hit 199 singles in one season, but because Babe Ruth once hit 60 home runs in a season, he was paid \$85,000 a year. When college football relied on line-bucking to gain yardage and played the game close to the vest for 'moral victories', it didn't break any attendance records. It wasn't until the forward pass and the open formations were put into play that schools built bigger stadiums."

Perhaps the biggest rule change basketball ever made was abolition of the center jump in 1937. Theoretically, it gave the smaller team a break by enabling it to put the ball in play from out-of-bounds and thus minimized the height advantage of a taller team. Actually, however, there are more "skyscrapers" playing basketball today than ever before. Adolph Rupp, the brilliant Kentucky mentor, insists that he has established an infallible system for selecting his material.

"The door to my office is six feet, two inches high," said Rupp. "If any kid can walk through there without having to stoop, I don't even bother to shake hands with him."

(The current star of Kentucky's 1949-50 quintet is seven-foot Bill Spivey, a sophomore who, in his spare time, has a job in a drug store at Lexington, Ky., cleaning, and replacing, the fluorescent lights which hang from the ceiling. He doesn't need a ladder and his daily chores draw such a crowd of admirers that the store does a landoffice business. Of Spivey it is said that "he is better, right now, than Mikán was as a sophomore at De Paul.")

But elimination of the center jump did put new zest into the game by eliminating waste motion. Under the old system, maybe a dozen free throws and 20

field goals were made during a game. That meant that the referee must lug the ball back to center, for the jump, 33 times. If it took 15 seconds to set the stage for the next drive, that meant that 15 minutes were lost because time was "on" during all these maneuvers. All this waste motion has been eliminated.

Another coaching reaction to the abolishment of the center jump was the claim that ability had been legislated away; that a "hot" team would be handed the ball so often it couldn't help scoring beyond its true capabilities and that a team scored upon had not earned the ball and, therefore, the right to launch an attack of its own. But all these objections, and others, have been wiped out of mind by the development of the game to its present status.

The premium still is on the tall boys of the court, and probably always will be, and no amount of legislation will deprive them of their natural advantages. Back in 1946 (just about the time the six-foot, nine-inch Mikán was closing out his De Paul career and 6-8 Jim McIntyre of Minnesota was starting his) the national basketball committee was subjected to a lot of pressure to penalize the towering kids by changing the rules so as to nullify the effects of their height and weight.

There was agitation to raise the baskets from ten feet from the floor to 12 feet. There was talk of a rule to keep a player from stationing himself under his own basket in order to get set for "dunk" shots. (A previous rule had eliminated "goal tending" by prohibiting the big guys from touching the ball above the rim of the basket while on defense.) There was chit-chat of widening the foul lanes from six to 12 feet and putting a time limit on how long a player could stand there.

THIS "stir up" prompted "Red" Smith, then writing in the *Philadelphia Record* (now sports columnist of the *New York Herald-Tribune*), to suggest that "instead of hoisting the nets to 12 or 14 or 16 feet, they should be lowered to about four feet off the floor . . . this would definitely put an end to the tall man's advantage over the little guy . . . it might also put an end to basketball, but at least it would stop all this nonsensical talk."

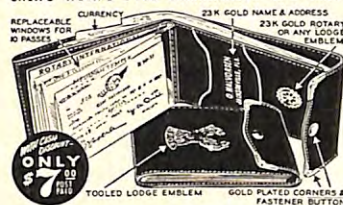
Then the cage "do-gooders" took another tack. They suggested a flexible change in value for field goals and foul shots, depending upon what "zone" of the court they're shot from. Baskets made outside a 21-foot arc would count three points, while those free throws would be from either (a) 21 feet out or (b) 15 feet away, with the fouled player having his choice from either distance. Shoot-

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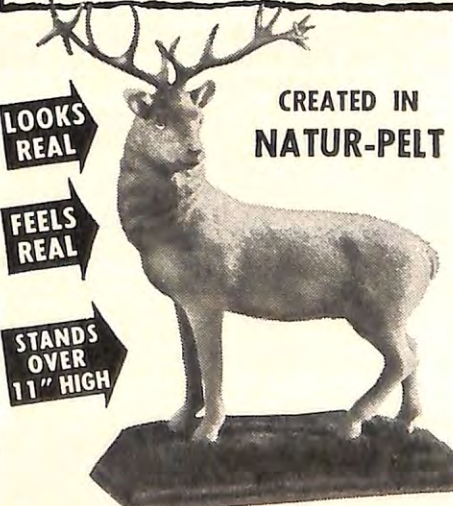
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ing successfully from 21 feet out would, of course, count three points; the other two.

This idea got as far as the experimental stage and Columbia and Fordham volunteered to be the guinea pigs. Columbia won 73-58 under the proposed rules. It would have won 59-44 under the old system.

(While all these changes were being bandied about, a kid named Charles Mathias, who played for Macon, Ill., high school and was a scant half-inch over the six-foot mark, scored 32 baskets and six free throws for 70 points as his team beat Illiopolis, 122-37. Three Illiopolis players also were over six feet.)

In the last few years the sports writers have made quite a to-do about the "platoon system" in football whereby big-time coaches have offensive and defensive teams (Notre Dame, Michigan, Army, etc., among the outstanding) and also in big-league baseball where such managers as Billy Southworth (Braves) and Burt Shotton (Dodgers) have reversible outfields for right and left-handed pitching and even stand-in infielders for emergencies. Basketball has employed the platoon system almost since it got rid of the center jump.

"The minute the center jump went, the need for additional reserves was obvious," said Jack Friel, veteran mentor at Washington State College. "A fast-breaking game meant a harder driving game and by using two five-man teams, if possible, you can keep up a terrific pace. Moreover, by using reserves more, you may suddenly find that they develop beyond expectations. The second team, so-called, makes the first team step to keep its job and the over-all picture is better.

"Placing the entire burden on one team of five or six men slackens something."

How much good the two-platoon system did Friel may be gleaned from the fact that in the 1940-41 campaign his Cougars nosed out Wisconsin for the NCAA title.

RIGHT now the bitterest cage controversy ranges around what is known as the "two minute rule", the NCAA regulation which stops the clock on any provocation in the final two minutes (jump ball, out of bounds, etc.) and also gives the fouled player his free throw and the ball as well. Such outstanding coaches as Ray Meyer of De Paul, "Dutch" Lomborg of Northwestern, Tom Haggerty of Loyola and even Sam Barry of the Southern California Trojans, scream loud and often against this one.

"Worst rule in the book," growls Meyer. "If a team is behind in the last two minutes it may as well pack up its uniforms and go home." He bases his opinion, of course, on the premise that the team leading in the final two minutes can invite fouls (which isn't hard to do in basketball) and not only get a free

shot but retain possession of the ball. Barry, who is tabbed as one of the original advocates of this law, is asking that it be junked. "Why time the last two minutes of a game any different from the first 38?" he asks. "The other night it took us 18 minutes to play those two."

(The Big Ten, tired of that NCAA version, has adopted its own rule. The clock is not stopped in the last two minutes—and any team fouled must take its throws (no declining) and the ball remains in play after a charity toss. Moreover, most of the Midwest schools which don't favor the book rule are inviting their opponents to play under the Big Ten version.)

IT IS almost 40 years since Chicago and the Midwestern area began to become known in basketball circles. The old Cornells of Armour Square (a site where Comiskey Park, home of the White Sox, stands today at 35th and Shields on the South Side) won the Central AAU title in 1910 and went on from there. As representatives of the Illinois Athletic club from 1913 through 1918, the former Cornells played 700 games and lost only four, including two defeats in National AAU tournaments.

Later, the famous Whiting Owls and the Chicago Big Five were outgrowths of the old Cornells. The famous Stagg Tournaments at the University of Chicago and the National Catholic Basketball tournaments spotlighted a host of high school stars who later made even more glamorous names in collegiate circles. As far back as 1925 the first Chicago professional team—the Bruins—was organized by George Halas, present owner of the fabulous Bear football team, and such greats as Nat Hickey and Nat Holman, Tillie Voss, Benny Borgeman, Ralph Miller and Pat Herlihy struggled through five years. But Chicago wasn't ready for that type of basketball—if any—even in those halcyon days of sport.

One December night in 1938 a few thousand fans struggled to the musty interior of an armory at Rockwell and Madison Streets in Chicago to watch the first college double-header from hardwood bleachers. Within a few years more room was needed and the game was switched to the Coliseum, which has a capacity of 9,000. It wasn't long until the Stadium, with its capacity of 18,000 basketball spectators, was hired. By the end of the 1945 campaign Stadium crowds were averaging 13,500 per night, with De Paul and Northwestern acting as hosts to invading teams, both independents and of Big Ten affiliation.

By the end of that season, too, Big Ten teams had come up with facilities to match their drawing power. Iowa, with a capacity then of 13,000, sold out for four Big Ten games. Illinois, not equipped to handle more than 7,500 fans per game, put a building to seat 18,500 fans as the first item on its postwar building program. If Dr. Naismith

were to walk today among the frenzied players and fans which his game created, the only thing he'd recognize as still his own would be the height of the baskets—ten feet. (There's still a clique of coaches who want the hoops raised to 12 feet.)

When this 1949-50 season still was in its infancy, the forecasts for titular standing included such perennial strong Midwestern teams as De Paul, Loyola, Minnesota, Notre Dame, Indiana, Purdue, Bradley and St. Louis, with the ever-present Kentucky, Oklahoma A and M, Michigan State, Southern California, Oregon State and others as most formidable among the invaders of this territory. Some of those teams have held up; others got knocked off early, although any basketball team which goes through one of these seasons undefeated is a miracle-worker.

Last year Loyola was nosed out by San Francisco by a single point in the invitational final at Madison Square Garden. The loss of Jack Kerris left Haggerty's men in such a depleted state from the standpoint of veterans that, up to the first days of 1950, they were struggling to maintain a .500 rating, having lost to Minnesota, Oklahoma A and M, De Paul and Wisconsin in their first dozen starts. Best bet is a kid named Ralph Klaerich who isn't even six feet tall; he is five-ten.

De Paul also was tripped early and most of the Big Ten outfits were buffeted about in their traditional "practice stands" against Pacific Coast invaders and such teams as Kentucky (conquerors of Purdue), and Bradley (with an 8-1 record by Christmas time). Notre Dame, (believed to be stronger than last year, with guys like Kevin O'Shea, All-American guard, and John Foley returning), got

whipped by Northwestern and Wisconsin right off the bat and seems headed for a so-so season.

Oddly enough, "Phog" Allen, the volatile Kansas coach who for years has been urging the National Rules committee to legislate against the tallest cage teams, now comes up with a seven-foot center, among others, and his team might wind up dominating the Big Seven conference.

Playing modern basketball calls for speed, stamina and almost a 400 percentage in shooting from the field. The rules are many and complicated. The late Nick Kearns, who refereed thousands of games in the Big Ten and among independents, always claimed that the officials' jobs were made twice as tough as they should be by coaches who taught blocking and other illegal tactics and then cried to heaven of persecution when caught in an epidemic of fouls.

Today, basketball probably is the most contagious of contact sports, because there hardly is a second when somebody isn't brushing somebody else, however unintentionally. It is a long way back to the two-handed dribble and the leisurely aim for the basket. Enthusiasm and tempers get the better of many players in this era of sustained action. But as far as the game being injurious to the talent, Dr. H. C. Carlson, who turned out many a rousing squad at Pittsburgh, says it's all nonsense.

"Boys can run until their tongues hang out and they're not nearly as tired as they think they are," he once said. "Few players, or teams, ever approach the limits of normal, healthy fatigue."

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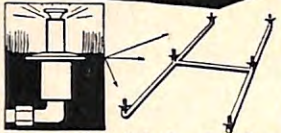
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In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 19)

soar to \$1,000, and the price for an unusually swift, top-flight, consistent winner may go as high as \$7,000. Because greyhounds are difficult to raise, kennel costs are much higher than for even the finest bench show dogs. Since they must be kept apart, greyhound kennel layouts are larger, and the frailty of the breed calls for closer supervision and more frequent attention from the veterinarian. Then, too, their diet is a matter of great concern; only the finest quality food is given in a carefully balanced blend of fresh vegetables and choice meats. They require all the usual kennel equipment, plus extra muzzles and a considerable amount of time and patience during training periods. This training is pretty much the same as that given to a race horse. Some of the larger kennels have their own exercise tracks and the dogs are given daily work-outs, while being trained for the circuit (a designated number of dog tracks on which they are scheduled to race). They are "walked" every day, too, the length of the walk depending upon how close it is to racing time. Again, as with the race horse, special attention is given to their legs and feet, as any racing animal is only as good as its underpinnings.

RACING usually starts when the dogs are between 15 and 18 months old. Racing life is far shorter than for the average race horse, three and a half competitive seasons being considered good. In view of the high cost of the breeding, maintenance and training of racing dogs you'd think that the purses these pooches run for would be high, but they're not anywhere near as great as those offered at the horse tracks. Winners may get from \$200 to \$300 a race. How, then, can folks afford to bother with these dogs? Well, just as in breeding fine exhibition purps, it's a sport, and the pay-off doesn't always matter. Only those who can afford it take on this job. Occasionally, the exhibition-dog breeder may finish ahead or break even, but not often, and the breeder of racing dogs is pretty much in the same boat. I may add that there's always the betting angle to help.

Distances run on the dog tracks vary from 330 yards to 770. Once again, as with horses, distances are determined to give the sprinters, with less endurance, a better chance in the short runs. Most dogs go to the "post" about twice a week, the post being the starting box. Dogs which are run more often quickly lose their racing edge; those raced less frequently suffer to a lesser degree. Prior to racing they are fed lightly, sometimes not until the race is over, and then, an hour or so later, they are given the heaviest meal of the day.

Whenever possible, eight dogs are started in each race, and the program

usually features eight to ten events. These races are run on hard-packed tracks as soft going is tough on the dogs' feet. Events usually are held at night on brightly lighted tracks, with starting time about 8:15 and the last race often ending after midnight.

Racing dogs weigh from 50 to 80 pounds, the maximum being some ten pounds heavier than that specified for an exhibition greyhound. Before every race, each dog is examined with great care by duly appointed track officials and the markings are noted and recorded to prevent "ringers"—i.e., substitution of a fast dog unfairly entered against slower competitors. Each dog has an official number and the weight of each also is recorded. All dogs are weighed before the start of a race and if an entry doesn't weigh within one and a half pounds of its recorded weight it is scratched. Recorded weights are known to track officials, of course. While horses are handicapped by artificial weight with bars of lead carried in lead pads underneath the saddle, dogs are handicapped or matched by their own weights. Among horses and dogs, such handicapping gives the slower animal a chance against his faster competitors. Dogs cannot very well be handicapped by artificial weight; hence they are matched by their own weights.

After the dogs are examined, weighed and approved, they are led by their handlers to their starting boxes, each dog wearing a blanket bearing the number corresponding to the one on the program which is very similar to that issued at horse races. Blankets are colorful and the colors are usually those of the kennel that owns the dog. In the matter of "colors", the dog sportsman gets a break over the race-horse owner who is charged out of all proportion to the intrinsic value of the equipment, the idea apparently being that anyone who can afford to maintain a race horse should be able to pay the price of the outfit.

WHILE the examinations and other preliminaries are taking place, the pari-mutuel windows are besieged by bettors. However, at the sound of a warning bell all betting stops. Each dog has been put into a separate starting box and they are all ready to go. Starts are automatic, the starter pressing a button which releases all doors simultaneously, immediately after the fake bunny has started its way around the track. The rabbit mechanism is regulated so that the rabbit leads the dog by about 20 feet all the way. For some reason or other, the bunny is called "Rusty" and is regulated by an operator. Rusty scoots around the track at the end of an arm that hugs the inside rail. This decoy has been known to fall off its perch, but does that stop Fido? It does not, and this, perhaps, is

why those who are in the game claim that the dogs are fired by the spirit of competition and don't run just because they see an object moving away from them that must be caught. Here the dog-racing fans bring up a point in favor of dogs over horses as racers. With much justice, they claim that the dogs always do their best, while horses have been known to sulk and refuse to "give their all". From my own experience—I rode the horses when I was knee-high to a greyhound—I can assure you that this is all too true.

There's a finish line—not the imaginary kind on the horse tracks, but a real, visible line—made by a beam of light that is broken automatically by the winning dog when he passes through it, which automatically stops the timing. Dead heats? Sure. That happens, but photo-finishes eliminate many just as they do at the horse tracks. After the race the dogs are "cooled out" by walking

5,000 Greetings a Minute

(Continued from page 15)

lated. A funny Valentine, for example, will be a best-seller at 25 cents or less. At a higher price, the buyer wants his money and his intentions taken more seriously. Birthday cards are getting more comic, but sick people want to be amused, greeting card psychologists say. Not more than one person in ten buys a humorous card for Christmas.

Group prejudices censor greeting cards as effectively as they do radio programs. The Southerner resents a Tobacco Road touch; the Irish object to clay pipes, and farmers find straw hats and pitchforks repugnant reminders of a bygone bucolic era incompatible to their tractors, television and Buicks.

Brunettes resent greeting cards illustrated by blondes. A drawing of a young person is inappropriate for the elderly. Since greeting cards are planned about a year ahead, women's changing fashions are a serious problem. The New Look and the plunging neckline quickly outdated valuable stocks and the innovation of the scanty French bathing suit made its two-piece predecessor old-fashioned almost overnight. An unanticipated style-switch in women's hats from small to large once scrapped nearly a million cards.

To by-pass such expensive headaches, publishers are using more animal illustrations. Evolution being a relatively slow process, fashions in animals have a reassuring stability. An elephant can reasonably be expected to resemble an elephant for the next 10,000 years, while no man can be sure what his wife will look like in the next ten days. The anatomical structure of tiny bears, puppies, kittens, ducks, rabbits, wild birds and chick-

and they are blanketed so that their muscles won't stiffen.

Formal dog racing was instituted in this country at Emeryville, California, and it's a matter of debate whether the United States or England originated the sport. Coursing, a form of dog racing, goes back thousands of years to ancient Greece and Egypt where hounds were used to race after real game. Coursing today is still indulged in, but without the formality of race tracks, professional attendants or betting which are an integral part of dog racing today.

Principal States for dog racing are Florida and Massachusetts. In Florida, 11 tracks are known to have taken in as much as \$45,000,000 in betting money during a 90-day meet. This represents the attendance of millions of people for all 90 days—not different people for each session, but a sum total of all for the duration. Your dog-racing fan is by no means a casual visitor.

ens is regarded by publishers as at least the equal in dependability of the U. S. Treasury, although they admit the recent development of a wingless chicken is ominous.

Hen and rooster combinations are popular on husband and wife cards, providing the all-essential whimsey. Turkeys are used only for Thanksgiving; their symbolism has become an American fixation no sane publisher would try to change. Ostriches and giraffes are so obviously appropriate for victims of tonsillitis they now constitute a major hazard to what was once simple surgery. Immediately following a tonsillectomy, say psychiatrists, an avalanche of ostrich and giraffe cards with whimsically painful throats could have a lasting effect on small, and impressionable, fry. But nurses say most greeting cards do have real therapeutic value.

Successful greeting-card publishers are rarely color blind. Because of some inexplicable imperfection in human glandular balance, our tastes in colors fluctuate wildly. A card of the wrong color is more certainly doomed than one with the wrong sentiment. One recent Christmas bright red poinsettia cards were the top-sellers. The next year poinsettias were a dime a dozen, while blue cards hit the jackpot. After blue came du-bonnet and brown. Last year, the old reliable red, green and gold were back again. Nobody knows why. It just happened, that's all.

Apparently the most dangerous ground of all—in the greeting card business as in real life—is in mother-in-law cards. It seems impossible to concoct a sentiment that precisely expresses what anyone thinks of his mother-in-law. One major company has just a single mother-in-law card in its huge line, a cautious,

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middle of the road number which sends "Birthday Greetings to My Mother-In-Law". The safest of them all is captioned, "To the Mother of the One I Love Best".

At one time popular comic Valentines of often sadistic cruelty doubtless encouraged schizophrenic symptoms among a generation of young girls. These cards have almost vanished, but one of the most popular birthday cards was the inspiration of a not-too-sensitive publisher. Printed in large red letters on a worn, brown paper sack, its message is, "From one old bag to another—Happy Birthday!" Some 19,000 women laugh at that one every month.

These novelty ideas are pure inspiration. Greeting-card creation is mostly hard work. In the Kansas City, Mo., office of Hallmark, giant of the industry, a staff of twenty—sixteen girls and four men—comprise the sentiment department. They create verse and humorous, nimble or tender phrases on order from the merchandisers and planners who keep a sensitive finger on the public pulse. If the merchandisers know that "Greetings on an Aching Tooth" will sell, the little band of sentimentalists gets to work on the posey aspects of distressing dentures.

It is a laborious process. A greeting card should seem to the recipient to have been addressed as specifically to him as if captioned, "To My Friend Joe who has an Aching Lower Bicuspid." Actually, cards are designed to have the widest possible use. The perfect card is one that could appropriately be sent by any man, woman, child or group, to any other man, woman, child or group, regardless of race, color, creed, previous condition of servitude, or whether they are lame, halt, blind or have any teeth at all. This takes some doing but is often achieved. Most anniversary cards, for example, could be used not only for any wedding anniversary but for an anniversary of a divorce, an automobile crack-up, or any such memorable event.

One of the biggest sellers is tied to the most unusual of all dates, the fiftieth wedding anniversary. Last year one publisher's "Congratulations on Your Golden Wedding" sold 360,000 copies, to top every other card on the list.

By designing cards that meet wide range of human ills and celebrations Hallmark feels it manages to have a card suitable for any occasion. When Emily Post once complained that there was no ready-made announcement on the adoption of a baby, Hallmark proudly sent her one from stock entitled, "Introducing Me."

*My folks think I'm so cute and sweet
That's all they talk about,
But then they may be prejudiced—
You see—they picked me out!*

This stuff is cooked up in meetings of the sentiment writers in which trial

verses are read and criticized aloud. With twenty people spouting sentiments the honey may drip, but it's efficient honey. A verse that clashes like stripping gears can be kicked around in a few minutes into a shape as streamlined as a thought-for-the-day by Edgar Guest. Guest, incidentally, was once a successful greeting-card verse-writer. J. P. McEvoy, the humorist, was another. They still draw royalties.

Greeting-card composers are seldom bothered by the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Literally scores of thousands of people compose verses and submit them, but rarely does one click. Writing for from fifty cents to a dollar a line, a really successful freelance writer is hard pressed to earn \$8,000 a year.

Only about 60 firms of all sizes belong to the National Association of Greeting Card Publishers but they do more than 85 per cent of the total U. S. business. Trained sales staffs cover the major retail outlets for the established firms. Many organizations employ huge field crews of part-time canvassers. About 500,000 of these push door bells from June till Christmas, when half the year's output of cards is sold.

GETTING into the greeting business isn't easy but most newcomers start by selling. That's how the industry's leader, Joyce C. Hall, president of Hallmark, got started. Beginning as a helper at the age of ten in his brothers' book and stationery store for \$18 a month, he managed to save \$180 in four years. Two of his brothers matched his investment and he put his modest fortune in fancy postal cards, a turn-of-the-Century fad which got a shot in the arm from the 1904 St. Louis Fair. He hit the road to sell his stock and the first trip out cleared \$450 for himself. Working vacations and holidays, in three years he had saved \$3,500, and at 17 was ready for the big time. Five years later Hallmark was cleaned out by fire and the firm was \$17,000 in debt.

This disaster built character but it was the Depression that made Hallmark top dog in the industry. With little businesses folding like Arab tents in the night, Joyce Hall got into his car and toured the country calling on Hallmark dealers. He found them discouraged—their stocks dog-eared, hidden from sight and fly-specked. The only buyers were a few customers who came to the store for that purpose. Something more was needed.

Returning home he designed a display rack to show off his cards. The device served a purpose now universally recognized as essential to volume business with low-cost merchandise. It took advantage of impulse buying—the buying that accounts for profit margin sales in five-and-dime stores. He backed his displays with national advertising, and became the first greeting-card publisher to do so. Five years later Hallmark had

climbed from peanut position to a leader of the field. Now there are 5,000 different Hallmark cards and Joyce Hall knows every one of them.

Hall's latest enterprise was initiated in December, 1949, when the winners of an international art competition for prizes totaling \$28,000 were announced in New York. Prizes for Christmas card art are not new; they were given by the first U. S. publisher, Louis Prang, in 1880. But widening appreciation of art has recently built up a demand for Christmas cards that have artistic merit as well as sentiment and their sophisticated and well-to-do buyers comprise a small but notably profitable "mass market".

Two years ago Hall walked into the lush Wildenstein art galleries in New York City and asked to see the Cézanne masterpiece, "Melting Snow at Estaque." He said he wanted to use it for a Christmas card. With studied politeness he was told such a card might be rather expensive. The painting was valued at \$50,000.

Hall said he didn't want to buy it; merely the right to reproduce it. How many reproductions would he want to make? Hall didn't know offhand. "We turn out about a million cards a day," he said. The clerk swallowed a gulp of astonishment and promptly introduced Hall to the proprietor, George Wildenstein, a connoisseur who wants everybody to see and enjoy great art. Wildenstein gave Hall the right to reproduce any pic-

ture he wished. The price: nothing. "Reproduce them accurately," he said. "Help me teach others to appreciate them, and you can use anything in my collection."

From this association developed the Hallmark Art Award, one of the richest prizes in the art world. More than 10,000 French and American artists competed in this, the first major international art competition in 25 years. Some winning paintings will be in the Hallmark Christmas line for 1950.

Aside from the implications of Sweetest Day—and the possibility that the Soviets may try to perpetrate a Caviar Day and the Hawaiians a Pineapple Day and so forth—the nation seems reasonably safe from exploitation by greeting-card men. There is a sort of unwritten agreement among the big publishers that however great the temptation may become, they will never, never create and promote a synthetic Day of their own.

There has been real temptation too. Among a basketful of proposals they have turned down are Shut-In's Day, Good Neighbor's Day and Grandmother's Day. But the most rousing of them all came from a clergyman. He had a plan for twelve Christmases every year, one on the twenty-fifth of each month. The publishers shuddered a quick refusal, but they couldn't help thinking what a bonanza it might have been.

For such sacrifices above and beyond the call of duty we can safely call greeting card publishers, "Friend."

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 18)

come a really good game shot with either rifle or shotgun.

Last winter, four of us decided to shoot a crow roost. They had been using a brushy island for a bedroom for a month or so when we arrived one afternoon about four o'clock. We concealed our boat and stationed ourselves at spots about 25 yards apart. Two of us had calls.

The black rascals began to show up one at a time and in pairs and trios as soon as we were settled. We got a few. About dusk, a long, undulating, black line appeared down the river. As it drew closer it separated into countless black dots—thousands upon thousands of crows.

Straight for our island they came. I was kneeling in some low brush, and I opened another box of shells and set it on the ground in front of me. The leaders soon were circling overhead. The black string of roost-bound crows trailed out down the river as far as we could see.

We began to talk to them. We took our crow calls and said, "Well, come on, let's go. What are you stalling around for?"

Suddenly they began to pitch in. Crows a hundred yards in the air cupped their wings and dropped down. Hundreds of

them, thousands of them, all coming down to our waiting guns. The only sight I have ever seen that could compare with it was a huge raft of bluebills that cut loose all holds and pitched a hundred yards to the water in one roaring dive.

The air above us was full of crows. Crows in the willows; crows ten yards above them; crows that brushed our gun muzzles, and others still up out of range. We started shooting then. We had a three-shot automatic, two three-shot pumps and one double. We shot 11 times in the first volley.

The instant my gun was empty, I caught my call between my teeth and started talking as I stuffed more ammunition into my gun. The other call took it up. We told them everything was all right.

Above the island, well out of range, a great, black mass of crows milled in an angry cloud. There may have been 10,000 or 50,000. Singles darted here and there, close. We plastered every one within range—that we could hit—meanwhile keeping up a continuous chatter on the calls.

Soon the main flock poured down again. It was getting dark and they were anxious to roost. I emptied my gun

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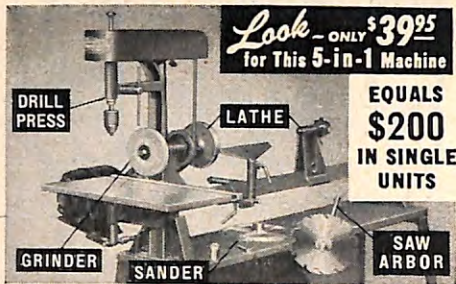
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and reloaded; emptied my first box of shells and opened a second, then a third. It was the hardest kind of shooting. Crows were flying in every direction—right, left, incomers and outgoers. Some were climbing while others were pitching down. One might be barely moving, with wings outspread to perch, while the next would be barreling past as though his tail were on fire and it was 40 miles to water.

It probably didn't last more than an hour, but by the time it became too dark to see a crow against the sky, the four of us had done more shooting than we had during the entire duck season of the preceding fall. We had fired a little more than four boxes of shells apiece—a total of 17 boxes, or 425 rounds. I don't know how many crows we killed. This, of course, was not a record shoot, by any means. It probably was about average.

Just as the shotgun man can get more practice in a few days' shooting crows than he can during an entire fall of water-fowl and upland hunting, so the rifleman can learn more about his gun and how to shoot it in one day after jack rabbits, coyotes or chucks than he can in several big-game seasons.

Last fall, I dropped a deer at 100 yards and, when I had walked up to about 40 feet, it got up and started away, so I shot it through the neck. I didn't shoot at a bear—although I saw one—but if I had, and if my shooting had been about like that on the deer, I would have fired four shots to kill two big-game animals. Actually, since the war, I have killed four head of big-game with seven shots.

Firing a rifle seven times teaches a hunter just as much about it as riding once in an airplane teaches an Eskimo about gasoline engines. And I've been lucky. Most riflemen don't get to hunt so much, and the average sportsman does extremely well if he averages one deer or bear a year.

Of course, if he wants to become a good game shot, the answer is to hunt chucks and crows or coyotes and jack rabbits, depending on whether he lives in the East or West. This practice-shooting at an indistinct target over unknown range, is the finest possible for big-game hunting. Your target on the range is a clear black bull against a background of white at a known range. You have time to adjust your sights for the proper distance.

When you get a shot at a chuck, however, he may be anywhere between 30 and 300 yards away and his grizzled coat blends into the background surprisingly well. Suppose you estimate the range at 250 yards. Your rifle is sighted for 200. Do you change your sight adjustment to compensate for the extra 50 yards? Some chuck hunters do, of course, but to become a good game shot you should hold up slightly to allow for bullet drop and shoot, just the same as

you would if the target were a deer that you knew might disappear into the brush within a matter of seconds.

A good target shot always has a great advantage in hunting over the man who doesn't pick up a rifle from one deer season to the next. He knows how to hold and squeeze off his shot and he has confidence in what his rifle will do. A good varmint shot, however, has as great an advantage over him. He can do everything the target shot can and, in addition, he has had invaluable experience in estimating range, stalking and shooting under field conditions.

The coyote undoubtedly is the king of the varmints. He is smart, fast, game. He knows all the tricks. If you are hunting birds with a shotgun and jump a coyote he will stop a hundred yards away and grin at you. He knows he is out of range. If you are hunting him, however, and are properly equipped with a good, long-range rifle, he won't stop to look back until he is a safe 500 yards away—and he'll gain that distance behind the protection of sagebrush, rocks or other cover if there is any chance to do it. I know a number of experienced hunters who would rather get a coyote than a deer.

The Westerner who gets a chance to hunt jack rabbits in an area where they haven't been cleaned out by poison has the best practice there is for deer hunting. A bounding jack has a gait not unlike that of a deer, and the rabbit at 40 yards provides a target equally as difficult as a deer at 200. If you can kill a sitting rabbit at 200, of course, there just isn't any chance of your missing a standing buck at any range that won't strain your rifle.

Hawks are good targets. The sharp-shin, Cooper hawk and goshawk are not protected anywhere. These are the fast, long-bodied, blunt-winged, pursuit-plane kind that can catch a game bird in flight any time they feel like it. They are the ones even the bird lovers concede are "bad".

The others, the broad-winged, slow-flying, clumsy hawks such as the marsh hawk, the red-shouldered, Swainson and red-tailed hawks, are considered "beneficial". These hawks are protected in some states. The difference between the two types is purely one of ability, not of intent. Any of the slow hawks will take a game or song bird just as surely as a goshawk will—if he can catch it, that is.

One day several years ago, the state game department released 50 nine-week-old pheasants on my father's farm. There was not a hawk in sight. The next morning when we went out to the fields we saw several marsh hawks circling around. By noon, we could count half a dozen. After lunch we took our guns along when we went back to work, and we killed four or five that afternoon. We got a couple more the next morning. But we didn't kill them in time to keep

them from picking off eight or ten of the innocent, pen-reared pheasants, and there would have been few left if we had not killed some of the hawks and driven the others away. They would have "benefited" those little pheasants to death.

I have an idea that a hawk's diet consists of the food that's easiest to get. If there are a lot of mice, a broadwing hawk will eat them, and if baby grouse are easier to catch, then he's going to eat grouse. Nevertheless, it's a good idea to check your state laws before you start making holes in any hawk that flies slowly enough for you to get a shot at him.

Next to a bench-rest shooter, your typi-

President Lincoln— Tactician of Human Relations

(Continued from page 10)

Though he did not lightly turn to superlatives, his visions of the country's growth sometimes led to over-statements. There were men then alive, he thought, who would live to see the United States contain a population of 250 millions. He wrote of America's health and harvests, of western territories, of regions untouched by war, of areas of hope, of prospects of "new States" in the Union. He wrote of the nation's economy, of labor and capital, with marked emotional emphasis and solid argument on the dignity and human rights of labor.

Above the ruin and abnormality of war he looked to the day when the public concern would be healing, making whole, restoration, and healthy progress. Referring in December, 1861, to the growth of the nation's population since 1790, he showed that his thought was not merely of numbers. "The increase of those other things which men deem desirable has been even greater," he said. All this he considered an argument for democracy, showing "what the popular principle, applied to government . . . has produced in a given time; and also what, if firmly maintained, it promises for the future." He declared that "the struggle of to-day is not altogether for to-day . . ."

TRIVIAL and incidental duties took their daily and hourly toll. Such was the custom, and, under Lincoln, such was the expectation that there was no escaping these exactions. To be called upon constantly to say and do the appropriate thing on every occasion, giving attention to each small duty with alertness and without revealing boredom, is one of the exhausting trials of a public man. Yet the people wanted to see their President. For thousands it was precisely these small occasions for which Lincoln as a person would be remembered.

The record of Lincoln day by day—where he was and what he did each day—has been worked out and published up to, but not beyond, the day of his first inauguration. If such a record were

cal rifle-toting varmint hunter is the worst gun crank there is. He uses the best rifle he can buy, puts a high-power telescopic sight on it and handloads his own ammunition. He is never satisfied. He wants a gun that will hit a chuck in the eye at 200 yards and with a trajectory so flat that he can hold dead-on all the way from 100 to 400 or 500 yards. His clan has been responsible for the development of a number of our best rifles and cartridges.

All in all, he's a good citizen and a pretty good egg, but he has a weakness. Don't ever ask him how long his longest shot was. So far as you know, he's an honest man. Let him stay that way.

made for the presidency, with any fullness, it would show a pageant of notable activities, but it would also show him subject to innumerable wearisome demands upon his limited time. Dinners, receptions, matinees, concerts, perhaps a picnic for Negroes on the White House lawn, serenades (for which informal remarks were expected), ceremonial introductions, parades, reviews, generals to greet, foreign dignitaries to receive, crowds shaking (or jerking) the President's hand, studio pictures to be posed

A NOTE ABOUT DR. RANDALL



For the month of February, we asked Dr. J. G. Randall to write about Lincoln as a personality. Dr. Randall has been a professor at the University of Illinois since 1920. For many years he has been a student of Lincoln and he has written a number of books and articles about this great figure. His book, "Lincoln the President: Springfield to Gettysburg", is regarded as one of the most definitive works on this phase of Lincoln's career. Dr. Randall also is the author of "Lincoln the Liberal Statesman", "Lincoln and the South" and, most recently, "Living with Lincoln".

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for, delegations or committees to be heard and answered, Sanitary Fairs (for soldier relief) to be attended or addressed by letter, speeches to be made, soldiers to be visited in camp or hospital, presentations, openings, dedications, inspections—no end to the continual round, while through it all the nation's existence and destiny depended on the manner in which Lincoln's cruelly grave problems were faced and handled.

IT IS SO, perhaps, with any President's job. It has its broad, searching and nobly challenging aspects, while also, for the daily and hourly task, it carries its tedious, back-breaking burden of minor, or closely personalized, activities. Lincoln's working hours were woefully overcrowded, and his sleep disturbed, by the miscellaneous grist that was brought to the presidential mill. Men and women constantly demanded to "see" the President and press their personal affairs upon him. It might be a couple in Helena, Arkansas, complaining of military molestation, or an "old lady of genteel appearance" facing military eviction from a Washington boarding house on which she depended for a dwelling and means of livelihood. A "fair, plump lady" from Dubuque "was passing east and came from Baltimore expressly to have a look" at the President, while from Keokuk came a request for a presidential ruling as to conducting a local raffle for a benevolent purpose. The affair in hand might be reciprocity for the Sandwich Islands (Hawaii), or it might have to do with Chippewa Chief Hole-in-the-Day, or with the request that Brigham Young be authorized to raise a force to protect the property of the telegraph and overland mail companies in Utah Territory. On a typical day, September 25, 1862, Lincoln referred to "the multitude of cares" claiming his "constant attention", because of which he had been "unable to examine and determine the exact treaty relations between the United States and the Cherokee Nation".

If he had had nothing to look after except matters of patronage and clemency, they would have occupied his time fully. Patronage could not be dealt with in the large. Each single appointment presented a complicated situation, with rival claims, recommendations, clashes of antagonistic factions, interviews and politicians' demands. People continually tried to exploit him. He was asked to recommend cotton traders to the military authorities. The answer came that the President could not write "that class of letters". Always ready to save human lives and alleviate the distress of war, he listened patiently to tragic appeals for clemency, often presented by women, which tore at his heart strings while requiring individual study and producing serious trouble with the military establishment. Sometimes the deadline for a soldier execution was tragic in the extreme, especially if the President was

hard to reach, say, while spending a weekend at Soldiers' Home, and the execution scheduled for early Monday morning.

Difficulties never came singly. They were tossed into the President's lap in heaps, with exhausting repetition, bursting at times into an acute crisis. In colloquial phrase, these crises could be called "headaches". There was the Missouri neighborhood-war headache, the Missouri radical headache, the Cameron headache, the Chicago Scripps-versus-Arnold headache, the Vallandigham headache, the Chicago Times headache, etc.

If a matter was small, that did not mean it was easy. It was not the simple things that came to Lincoln, matters for which a ready answer was possible could presumably be handled as department business. It was the bothersome, explosive, baffling or painfully difficult aspects of a situation that would reach the President.

ONE perhaps may think of the President's job as legal, or official, having to do with executing the laws, sending messages to Congress, serving as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, preserving, protecting and defending the Constitution. It is all of this, but it is much more. Beyond the duty that was official, Lincoln had to remember the adjustment that was personal. In addition to laws, orders and constitutional matters, he had the constant challenge of human situations.

To see him at work signing commissions or holding cabinet meetings is not so fascinating as to observe his performance in that art which is the greatest of them all—the art of human relations. When we say performance, we mean theory and performance. He did not approach this problem in any rule-of-thumb manner. He had thought it out. He had turned over in his mind the techniques of friendship, human adjustment and personal dealing. He did this not merely to pursue the main chance or to get on in the world. To show that his contemplation was on a higher level one needs only to consider his words. He believed in "malice toward none". (Considering some of those he had to work with, there may have been those who would have preferred the parody, "malice toward some".) He spoke for temperance, but refused to believe "that all . . . drunkards were utterly incorrigible, and therefore must be turned adrift, and damned . . ." During the war, and the preceding crisis, he denounced disunion, but he had kind words for Confederate leaders. Southerners recognized him as a friend.

The strongest appeal he could think of was that "the human heart is with us". Hatreds and personal difficulties he would not tolerate. Let "bygones be bygones", he said; "let past differences as nothing be". Late in the presidency he said, "For

my own part, I have striven, and shall strive, to avoid placing any obstacle in the way" of a nonpartisan effort to "save our common country". He said, further, "So long as I have been here I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom".

Mrs. Lincoln, whose statements concerning her husband are eminently worth studying, said, "He would say to me, when I talked to him about Chase and those others who did him evil, 'Do good to those who hate you and turn their ill will to friendship'".

It is correct, though the subject is too large for treatment at this point, to characterize his ideas of human conduct as essentially and sincerely Christian. There was nothing preacher-like or sanctimonious about him. He did not "profess" religion or join a church (not that he criticized those who did); nor could he fit his mental processes into pious orthodoxy, or doctrinal finalities, or ecclesiastical authoritarianism. Yet for his belief and his conduct at its best one finds the keynote in the Golden Rule and the Sermon on the Mount.

In his thought as to human relations he did not omit broad precepts. As far back as February 22, 1842, at the age of thirty-three, he delivered a comprehensive statement of procedure and technique in approaching and influencing fellow men. It is one of the best statements of his life. What you wish, he said, is to win the man by convincing his reason, but the heart is "the great highroad to his reason".

If you try to dictate or force a man's judgment, or set him down as one to be despised, said Lincoln, "he will . . . close all the avenues to his head and his heart; and though your cause be naked truth itself, transformed to the heaviest lance, harder than steel, and sharper than steel can be made, and though you throw it with more than Herculean force and precision, you shall be no more able to pierce him than to penetrate the hard shell of a tortoise with a rye straw".

THE art of human relations, which we are considering here, is sometimes designated as "tact". That was part of it, but tact is not one thing alone. It is a number of qualities working together: insight into the nature of men, sympathy, self-control, a knack of inducing self-control in others, avoidance of human blundering, readiness to give the immediate situation an understanding mind and a second thought. Tact is not only kindness, but kindness skillfully extended. Charity does not always please, while even a reproof can be given tactfully. Human tact involves *savoir faire*, restraint, patience, ability to reach a person indirectly rather than by frontal attack, thinking in terms of adjustment rather than of a deadlock or "show-down". Tact requires poise, a potent factor in self-control; it is the opposite of brusqueness, clumsiness or the im-

pulsive blurting out of one's feelings.

The greatest tact is in terms of the greatest need, or the most intense provocation to be un tactful. Such provocation faced Lincoln constantly. Lincoln was not only considerate; he was considerate toward Seward, his secretary of state, who calmly planned to take over his administration from him; toward Chase, who became the center of a radical intrigue to displace him; toward Stanton, who was described by men of that day as "mercurial", "discourteous", "unreliable", "brusque", "uncivil", "dictatorial", "disrespectful to the President", and almost impossible to deal with; toward Sumner, who offended people even when he was right, as he sometimes was. Abraham Lincoln kept the most diverse and troublesome kind of men in his cabinet; at least he kept them there so long as that was the place where they could do the least harm.

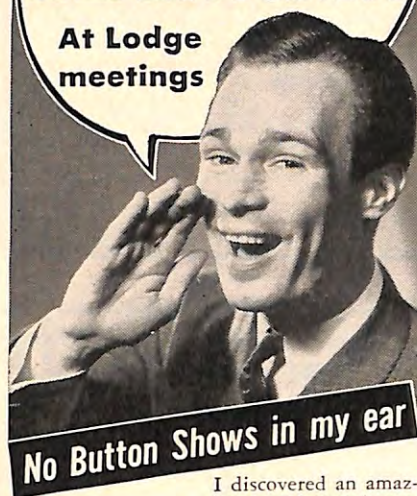
IT WAS not that Lincoln was always gentle. If a man's conduct called for reproof, he would let him have it. Lobbyists for special interests crowded the hotel bars and could by no means be kept out of the White House. One of these is pictured by one of Lincoln's secretaries (W. O. Stoddard, *Inside the White House in War Times*, 58) as coming out of Lincoln's room, propelled by a large foot. Some of those who sought to use Lincoln, said Stoddard, were "thieves, counterfeiters, blacklegs—the scum and curse of the earth". Perhaps it was of such gentry that Lincoln was thinking when he said, referring to the miserable by-products of war, "Every foul bird comes abroad and every dirty reptile rises up". Toward such men Lincoln was not tactful. He was decisively blunt.

Lincoln's personal adjustment was suited to the special case. Toward General Meade, his kindness showed itself partly in what he refrained from doing. For Lincoln had that priceless wisdom to write a letter—an excellent one, carefully phrased—and then withhold it. At Gettysburg, Meade had fought off Lee's invading host, which was a notable triumph, but Lincoln did not think it was enough. The President, with an intensity that must be recaptured if his feeling is to be understood, wanted the whole, wretched war ended. For long years it had been a matter of stinging defeat (under McDowell, Pope, Burnside, Hooker) or of hope deferred. Then came Gettysburg with its shining opportunity. The President could hardly bear the realization that the retreating army was not being pursued effectively. He sat down and wrote a letter to Meade. He used strong words. "He [Lee] was within your easy grasp, and to have closed upon him would . . . have ended the war. As it is, the war will be prolonged indefinitely. . . . Your golden opportunity is gone, and I am distressed immeasurably because of it."

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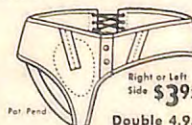
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dent felt bitter, but if he had sent that post-mortem missive it would seriously have hurt the feelings of a high-minded general who had felt sufficient distress, whose services were needed, and who had asked to be relieved of his command. Lincoln thought it over; then he decided to withhold the letter. On the envelope, in his own hand, he wrote: "To General Meade, never sent or signed". The President's almost unbearable distress was somewhat relieved by putting his thoughts on paper (a kind of mental therapy); but his wise second thought, as well as his patience and kindness, were shown in sparing Meade the pain of a presidential rebuke.

NO LETTER of a President to a general, perhaps, is more famous than the one Lincoln wrote when, after Burnside's failure at Fredericksburg, he put Hooker at the head of the Army of the Potomac in January, 1863. It was of the kind that he sometimes wrote but did not send. This time he did send it. His fatherly advice to Hooker is a gem. Remembering that he had promoted the game of undermining a former general in the same position, Lincoln wrote: "I much fear that the spirit which you have aided to infuse into the Army, of criticising their Commander. . . will now turn upon you. I shall assist you . . . to put it down. Neither you, nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army, while such a spirit prevails in it. . . Beware of rashness, but with energy, and sleepless vigilance, go forward, and give us victories".

One of the governors, Hamilton R. Gamble of Missouri, had written a letter to Lincoln on July 13, 1863, complaining of a letter Lincoln had written to General John M. Schofield. Gamble called the President's letter a "wanton . . . insult"; its language, he said, was "unbecoming your position". In suiting his action to the Gamble case Lincoln simply replied: "My private secretary has brought me a letter, saying it is a very 'cross' one from you. . . As I am trying to preserve my own temper by avoiding irritants so far as practicable, I decline to read the cross letter". He went on, however, to say that he "was totally unconscious of any malice or disrespect" toward the complaining governor.

This small incident shows that self-control is something one must work at. Composure in the face of personal irritation does not come automatically. With Lincoln it took deliberate, conscious, unremitting effort.

One of Lincoln's most exquisite acts in the field of human relations was his reprimand to a young captain, J. Madison Cutts, Jr., brother-in-law and devoted admirer of Stephen A. Douglas. In the course of his war service, Captain Cutts received severe battle wounds and in later years he was awarded a triple medal of honor. Quarrels and feuds, however, led him into personal difficulties, and in

1863—at Cincinnati, while on Burnside's staff—he was subjected to court-martial trial. The sentence, to be dismissed from the service, was commuted, and it was then ordered that Cutts rejoin his regiment after a reprimand by the President. When the Lincoln papers were opened in 1947, the President's own handwritten memorandum of that oral reprimand came to light. It reads as follows:

Although what I am now to say to you is to be, in form, a reprimand, it is not intended to add a pang to what you have already suffered upon the subject to which it relates. You have too much of life yet before you, and have shown too much of promise as an officer, for your future to be lightly surrendered. . . . The advice of a father to his son, "Beware of entrance to a quarrel, but being in, bear it that the opposed may beware of thee" is good, and yet not the best. Quarrel not at all. No man, resolved to make the most of himself, can spare time for personal contention. Still less can he afford to take all the consequences, including the vitiating of his temper, and the loss of self-control.

Yield larger things to which you can show no more than equal right; and yield lesser ones, though clearly your own. Better give your path to a dog, than be bitten by him in contesting for the right. Even killing the dog would not cure the bite.

In the mood indicated deal henceforth with your fellow men, and especially with your brother officers; and even the unpleasant events you are passing from will not have been profitless to you.

The patient President facing the young officer and administering a reprimand that became a gracious interview (of which we have Cutts' record) has been passed by in Lincoln biography, but this classic comment on quarreling and contention—this supreme improvement on Polonius—will henceforth be kept in memory. It is so with many another neglected episode. One can take the more famous things that Lincoln did—the lofty eloquence of the Gettysburg address, the generosity and wisdom of his design for peace, the whole complex of official tasks—and to all this must be added that priceless element of human thoughtfulness and personal understanding. Such understanding did not come by chance. Like other things with Lincoln it was the result of planning and study. The very fact that it was close to earth and part of his everyday job is significant, for there is inspiration for more people in the thought of Lincoln working steadily at a hard job day after day than in matters that are remote and high-flown. Though applied in dealings that seemed small, this craftsmanship in the human art was one of Lincoln's greatest achievements. It was an attribute to freedom and equality, to man's dignity, to self-discipline, to the niceties of courtesy, to successful living with others—in a word, to democracy itself.

Deep Dive

(Continued from page 8)

one of the opened shell halves; it was ridge-backed, with a silver lip, the size of his two palms. Good pearl oyster, he thought. "Find anything?" he asked dourly.

"No, Cap'n."

Kari still had some shell to open and Farrell leaned lazily against the rail to watch. He refused to permit himself to hope for a good pearl find, but, as the mate worked, Farrell nervously edged closer and finally squatted next to the native. He held his breath every time Kari's fingers dug into the white meat, and he thought about Neda waiting for him back in Darwin.

Suddenly, Farrell heard the mate's hard breathing stop—Kari was trying to suppress his excitement as he held a large blob of pearly nacre for him to see. In the faint overhead light the pearl gleamed.

"Looka! Plenty big fella purl, Cap'n! Looka! Looka!"

Farrell felt his own pulse quicken. His first flash vision was again of Neda, then he thought of the pearls Toby might have fished. Anger mixed with joy as he reached out for the pearl in Kari's black palm; he evaluated it boldly, he dared to imagine its peeling into a warm-colored, lustrous gem to sell for a fortune; And—and back in his brain he heard Kari's voice: "Killim *tabada* Dyke! Killim!" If the mate's one dive brought up this pearl, what did Toby cheat them out of?

"Good fella purl, Cap'n," Kari repeated close to his ears. Then the skipper heard the thud as the mate slammed the knife into the deck. "What do now, Cap'n?"

Kari was asking about Toby—about the show-down.

Farrell checked his own feelings. Slowly, he pretended to examine the pearl's surface.

"Killim," Kari repeated dully.

"You're hot in the head," Farrell retorted sternly. He watched the mate rock the knife free and sheath it. "Tell Buta to keep his mouth shut."

The shadows struck downward over Kari's bland face. Farrell saw the eyes flash fire, but he knew he could trust the Soholi to do as he was told.

The mate padded away. Farrell found himself alone. He knew the mate wouldn't sign on next season. The way Kari reasoned—why not search Toby's cabin, why not have a show-down?

Farrell went below, placed the pearl into the strongbox, then tried to get some sleep. Indecision kept his brain whirling. With the first flush of dawn he calmed and fell into a dazed stupor. His last thought was that he'd soon be on deck again—to tend Toby's lines. . . .

In the morning Farrell found the coffee tasting bitter and the bacon rancid. He was too restless, he told himself; he

couldn't shake off the feeling that everything was closing in around him. The Soholis chattering their native-talk annoyed him; Kari yelling at them something about the pumps; the island birds screaming overhead, and Toby brazenly joking about the great luck they'd have before the end of day!

As Kari helped get Toby's helmet on, Farrell cursed himself inwardly, for even now he felt sorry for the man. Why? Was it that he knew his partner's life would soon be in his hands?

He sensed Toby was watching him. Toby averted his eyes, squinting down at the deck. Then the older pearler was peering thoughtfully out the open front glass, and then his gaze shifted to Kari at the port bow lowering the basket and crowbar.

Farrell wondered what was going on in Toby's mind. He lighted a cigarette and handed it to him; their hands touched for an instant.

Then the pump plunger behind them began beating out a steady rhythmic clacking sound. After a few puffs, Toby flipped the cigarette away. Farrell closed the front glass on the helmet and Toby made his way to the ladder leading over the side; here he paused, and Farrell knew he was waiting for the customary pat on the helmet—the signal that all was ready and safe.

Farrell gave the helmet a pat. Toby then descended clumsily, finally sinking into the tepid depths, the trailing air bubbles marking his path.

Farrell worked absently, paying out the lines until Toby signaled to take in the slack. Toby was on the bottom, Farrell told himself; he took in the slack, and thereafter, on his partner's signals, paid out more line or took in the slack.

They worked a half-hour, then Toby came up to rest. On the second dive, when Toby was sinking out of sight, Kari edged up to the skipper.

"What cap'n do?" he taunted.

Farrell didn't want to think about that. He could search Toby's cabin. He could find the pearls and confront his partner. But that was not the way he wanted to solve his problem.

Farrell angrily waved the mate away.

Kari returned to the bow, sullenly hauled up four baskets of poor shell, and then showed his feelings by picking up one of the worm-eaten oysters and tossing it straight down into the sea.

One of the boys pointed away at the fin of a cruising shark cutting the sea surface.

"Sha'k, Cap'n! Sha'k!"

Farrell tensed as he watched the huge fish sweep by. The fin glistened in the sunlight, sliding silently through the water. Farrell held his breath as he watched.

He noticed Kari standing motionless,

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his eyes fixed on the fin as the shark circled and returned.

Farrell had a glimpse of the long tapering body, judged the shark a good twenty-five-footer. Bad sign, he thought. One shark meant more sharks in the vicinity. If the fish became inquisitive and sounded to the bottom, Toby'd find himself in trouble.

The shark swept around again, then passed close in. Farrell thought of getting the rifle, but it was too late. The huge fish turned and suddenly sounded out of sight.

"Cap'n!" Kari called out excitedly.

Farrell waved his arm, kept his eyes scanning the sea. Soon he saw the plume of air rush to the surface. Toby was scaring away the shark by dumping his air. Toby still had his knife—if the shark attacked. The sea surface was quiet and still in the sunlight.

Kari shouted to the boys and the pump plunger clacked faster to build up the lost air pressure for the man on the bottom.

The skipper and the mate watched intently now, wondering if Toby was fighting the shark. The lines did not tug their signal. Kari turned to look at the boys on the pump. A stillness seemed to pervade, and then the steady flow of air bubbles told them Toby had succeeded in chasing the shark. For a time, anyway.

Farrell smiled to himself. The mate had reacted by habit, had shouted for more air for the men below even though he hated Toby.

When Toby came up he rested a longer time, and Farrell saw him eye Kari and the boys opening shell on the forward deck. A glance was enough to tell Toby the mate was angry.

"What's eatin' him?" he asked.

"Poor shell," Farrell said drily. "Guess we better clear out of here."

Toby rubbed his bristly chin. "Give it a couple more days. Matey."

The skipper checked his temper. Toby was planning to sleep ashore again tomorrow night; he'd use the catamaran and haul up the best shell he'd cached under the reef wall.

"Let's go," Toby drawled.

Farrell moved mechanically as he lifted the helmet on to Toby's breastplate—the next thing he knew the front glass of the helmet was closed and Toby was descending the ladder. Farrell frowned, deep in thought about Neda, about the things Trader Simms had told him and about this being his third bad season.

He gave line slack, but he wasn't aware that he was doing it. Sixty feet down, in those murky depths, his partner was working. He held his life in his hands. Sharp reef projections meant danger—the lines might catch and snap. They'd not snap if the diver and tender were careful, but still—accidents often happened. Farrell was sure Kari would say the right things when the Resident Magistrate conducted an investigation. *Tabada* Dykes' death was an accident.

He knew he was planning murder! He was planning to chop Toby's lines! Farrell looked at Kari standing in the bow, and he told himself he could fight off this madness if he kept his thoughts on Neda. If he continued to look down into the sea where his partner was moving helplessly at the bottom, he'd do a crazy thing. He'd kill a man!

But then he recalled the big pearl of last night, and his brain whirled.

As the undersea current threw Toby off his feet, the lines suddenly pulled tight in Farrell's hands. The lines slackened again. But Farrell wasn't clearly aware of this. He moved like a man in a dream—he knew he could not fight off his crazed feelings, his plan to kill Toby.

THE clacking sound of the pump fell heavily on his senses. Time seemed to stand still. The heat was unbearable and the screeching birds overhead called as if from an unreal far-away world. He knew he was laying the lines side by side, he was reaching for the knife in his belt; he knew Kari was watching him with a fixed stare and a crooked half-grin.

The lines tugged again but he held them tightly in place. He did not try to understand the line signal. His temples pounded. He felt sick inside.

But Toby tugged hard, with frantic suddenness, signaling, the lines breaking the little waves into irregular sloshes, and even before Farrell realized their meaning he was telling himself it was too late. The lines had been chopped . . . he would never again feel sorry for Toby.

"Sharks!" Toby had signaled. "Sharks!" As if he were waking up, the signals took on their meaning for the skipper. Sweat stood out on Farrell's face. Toby was alone . . . the lines were cut—

"Send down knife!" was the rest of Toby's signal.

Farrell moved away from the rail and lifted his right hand holding the bright blade before his eyes. Then the mate's guttural voice crashed into his ears. He heard the *Soholis'* chattering, excited voices, the pumps going swiftly, the mate running toward him. In the sea triangular shark fins cut the surface in wide, sweeping arcs, then sounded out of sight. Farrell knew Toby had dropped his knife . . . the lines were cut . . . sharks were closing in, working up their courage to attack.

Now Farrell had no time to think. He dived into the sea with one thought in his mind. He'd get his own knife to his partner, and then he'd try to find the cut lines and come up with them. He and Kari could try and haul Toby up—

He swept powerfully toward the deep bottom, kept his eyes open and the knife before him. He wondered if he'd be able to hold his breath for sixty feet—and come up.

A gray tapering shape circled once around him; another shark edged closer, then veered away as he swept his knife

arm at it. He knew the big fish would return, knew they'd work up courage and close in to finish him.

He saw the shark's flat head coming at him, the small pig-eyes, the fins and the weaving tail. He thought briefly about Neda. Then the hum in his ears grew louder and his lungs began aching.

As the huge fish loomed before him, Farrell exhaled all his air. The shark veered in fright. Farrell lashed out with his knife and the blade caught the fish. The suddenness of the impact tore the knife from his hand, and now panic closed around him. His ear drums seemed to crush inward, his eyes hurt as if the salt of the sea burned at them. The exhaling of air eased his aching lungs, but only for the instant. He needed air, instinctively wanted to open his mouth wide and gulp for it. He knew he could never reach Toby. He had no knife to give him . . . he'd never find the lines in the bottom gloom with sharks darting toward him.

The feeling of defeat seized him as he fought upward to reach the sea surface. When he burst into the glaring light of day and air, he doubled up with pain, gasped for breath and covered his ears with his hands. When he opened his eyes again his first thought was of sharks attacking him. He looked around. The sea nearby was quiet. He saw the ship, saw Kari and the boys by the rail heaving up the lines.

Farrell kicked out with his legs and began swimming toward the ladder. Then he saw Toby's helmet break the surface, and Toby's arm reaching up to grab the ladder.

"Looka, Cap'n!" Kari was shouting.

Toby was pulling himself out of the sea, slowly climbing the steps. The boys were grinning at Farrell, shouting their native-talk, helping Toby struggle to the deck.

Farrell swam blindly. He wasn't certain of his thoughts nor of his actions; as he dragged himself up the ladder steps, his eyes darted at the lines and he saw they had not been cut. His reeling senses had fooled him. He stumbled over a coil of rope, groped his way into the tarpaulin shade. No one heard him say, "Thank heaven."

Kari, with a grin on his black face, was trying to get Toby's helmet off, having a clumsy time of it.

"First you help a guy, don't you?" Farrell said, panting.

Kari just kept grinning and hitting the helmet in an effort to loosen it from the breastplate. "Cap'n do brave thing," he said.

Farrell got up and helped him get the helmet off, then he watched in silence as Toby, coughing hard, pointed out marks on the suit where a shark had rolled against him. He told how the suit had taken in water and how it had sloshed into the helmet when he lost his footing.

"You shoulda given me more slack, Matey."

"Cough up the sea," Farrell said. He

cupped his hands over his own ears in an effort to ease the pain.

"Damn!" Toby said. Then he stomped to the hatchway and went below.

Farrell got out of his wet ducks and jumper and laid them over the rail to dry in the sun.

"Ollo shark chase one fella shark."

"I know," the skipper sighed. "I cut him."

The mate chuckled. "Ollo good. Ollo good."

IN HIS own cabin, Farrell put on a dry shirt and ducks.

He heard Toby coughing. The older man was standing inside the cabin, shifting restlessly, his eyes averted.

"What's on your mind, Toby?" Farrell asked.

"That was a close call, Matey," the other said without looking at the skipper. "I'd like to talk."

"Go thank Kari for saving your life."

"I will. I'm thankin' you, too. If you hadn't cut that shark I'd have—"

"Sure, sure," Farrell said. "You want to talk. About Margie?"

Toby frowned. He didn't say anything for a time, then, "She's no good for me, Johnny. I'm through with her and all the—"

Farrell heard the drone of words. For the first time, Toby had called him Johnny. He wasn't listening to Toby telling about Margie and the punks at the waterfront pub; he was seeing the man's graying hair, the little wrinkles around the eyes, the small veins protruding on the temples. Farrell couldn't help but again feel sorry for him. He felt, strangely, that he now knew the man better, that he could now trust him. Sure. Pearls were a temptation, a hard temptation. Men have killed to have them. Toby had merely tried to cheat.

Toby was talking. "I've something to tell you about myself, Johnny. It's a sorta confession, I s'pose." He stepped to the bunk and extended his arm. "Look here, Johnny."

Johnny Farrell looked at the gnarled old hand and smiled to himself. A while ago he had had an awful problem but now he was over it. He wasn't bitter, he wasn't angry at Toby, for, from the time he thought the lines had been cut by the knife in his hand to the time he had come up from the deadly depths of the Arapura, an exchange of values had taken place. Toby Dykes was welcome to keep

the pearls, if he had any. He, Johnny Farrell, had not killed a man. . . .

He looked at Toby's hand poised over the bunk. The fist opened, and three large rosée pearls rolled onto the blanket.

"Sure, they're big babies," Toby said, frowning, "but they're a curse to me! You gotta hear me out, Johnny, but I won't blame you for hatin' me afterwards."

"I'm not listening to you, Toby," Farrell said abruptly. "Tell me some other time. Go get some rest now."

"Hear me out, Johnny. Get me to the first port, and I'll be off your hands. Just do as I'm tellin' you."

"You're as bad as Kari. Hot in the head."

The older man took a deep breath. "When you hear me out you'll think different." He shifted his weight again. "You're not listenin' to me, Johnny. I want you to listen."

Farrell looked away from the three pearls on the blanket, looked out the porthole at the jungle-choked island, at the desolate beach and the birds wheeling over the hidden reef wall showing under the disturbed sea. On deck the boys were still chattering excitedly; the rigging was creaking the same as always.

"I told you," Farrell said quietly. "You and I, we're partners, Toby." He paused. "After what happened, you and I are real partners. We're sticking together. Maybe someday we'll have a story to tell one another, but not today." He paused again, grinned. "Go get some rest, Toby."

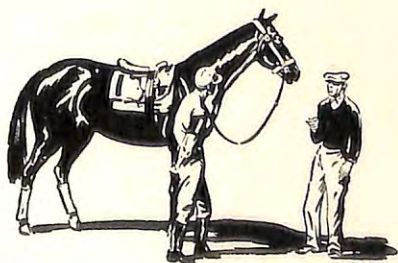
Farrell kept looking out the porthole, so that he didn't see the older parler's reluctant nod. It was barely perceptible, but it showed humble gratitude.

The silence caused the skipper to face around. He saw the older man square his shoulders as he turned to leave, and Farrell liked the way he did that. Toby looked like a man who had got rid of a terrible weight.

"Feel like working any more today?" he called after him.

Toby stopped in the passageway to look back. "Sure. I'm gonna look after the gear right now." He went off.

Farrell sat on the bunk and looked down at the three big pearls. As he reached out he noticed that his hand was trembling—he touched the pearls and carefully rolled them across the blanket. Then he shouted for Kari to come and see. . . .



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editorial

AN EIGHTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY



This month tells the 82nd year in which our Order has sent forth its message of fraternalism and of service to our country. It is a month in which to pause and review the record.

The Order was instituted on February 16, 1868, a few short years after the end of a Civil War which had left deep scars on the hearts and minds of our countrymen. It was a most propitious time to present to our people the opportunity to join in fraternal association based on the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity. It helped materially in easing the bitter memories of that strife with inter-sectional understanding and friendships.

In two great global wars the Order established records of service to our Country and the personnel of its armed services that will stand forever as outstanding examples of civilian organization accomplishments in patriotic service.

The magnificent Elks Memorial Building in Chicago stands as a tribute to our members who served in those two world conflicts.

At the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia the Order maintains a substantial home for aged members where they may spend their declining years enjoying fraternal associations and the comforts and conveniences of life.

High on the list of the Order's accomplishments stands its practical interpretation of the principle of charity. Since 1880, the earliest available notation of beneficent expenditures, the Elks have devoted \$34,000,000 to rehabilitating crippled children, to making higher education available to worthy students, to providing needed equipment for hospitals, to aiding underprivileged families, to building playgrounds and summer camps and to many other humane activities appealing to the great heart of Elksdom.

It established the Elks National Foundation which now has a fund of over two million dollars, a fund that is continuing to grow, the principal of which cannot be expended but the interest on which is being devoted to promoting the charitable and humanitarian activities of the Order.

These worthy things, and many more, our Order has done in the 82 years of its life.

Its membership of nearly one million—which actually may be one million on our birthday this month—may well review these accomplishments with pride.

NEW YOUTH PROGRAM



The Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee, created at the Cleveland Convention last July, has already swung into action under the leadership of Chairman John F. Scileppi, a member of Queens Borough, N. Y. Lodge.

Establishment of this Committee is a reflection of the ever-growing emphasis which our Order is placing upon the importance of youth work. There is scarcely a lodge that does not make some constructive contribution to its community in this field of activity and many of our State Associations have broad, well defined programs that are outstanding.

The first action of the Grand Lodge Committee was directed soundly enough toward the objective of encouraging those lodges not now active in youth work to undertake such a program and, further, to stimulate greater activity in those lodges which already have youth programs. The Committee has given each Exalted Ruler a list of suggested activities of proven value for consideration and possible application to their own communities, and has coupled with it the practical advice that no project be undertaken unless investigation shows that it will serve a definite need, and that the lodge is amply prepared to carry the work through to a successful conclusion. Every lodge that does not now have a Youth Activities Committee is urged to appoint one at once.

The Committee's plan to award eleven college scholarships in recognition of the qualities of leadership displayed by the recipients is an inspired idea, and will help to fill a real need. All of us know deserving boys and girls who have outstanding abilities as leaders but whose average scholastic marks make them ineligible for the many scholarships which, rightly enough, are awarded on the basis of classroom attainments. This new program is a practical step toward solving that problem. There is hardly a better way for our Order to serve our Country than by aiding in the development of leaders devoted to furthering our democratic principles.

These scholarships are made possible by a grant of \$3,300 from the Elks National Foundation. The Foundation's Board of Trustees are to be commended for their cooperative action, which demonstrates once again the Order's good fortune in having available such an agency as the Foundation.

The Youth Activities Committee has made an auspicious beginning. Every lodge, every Elk should cooperate with it to the utmost. The Elk habit of doing thoroughly whatever is undertaken is a sufficient guarantee of that cooperation.

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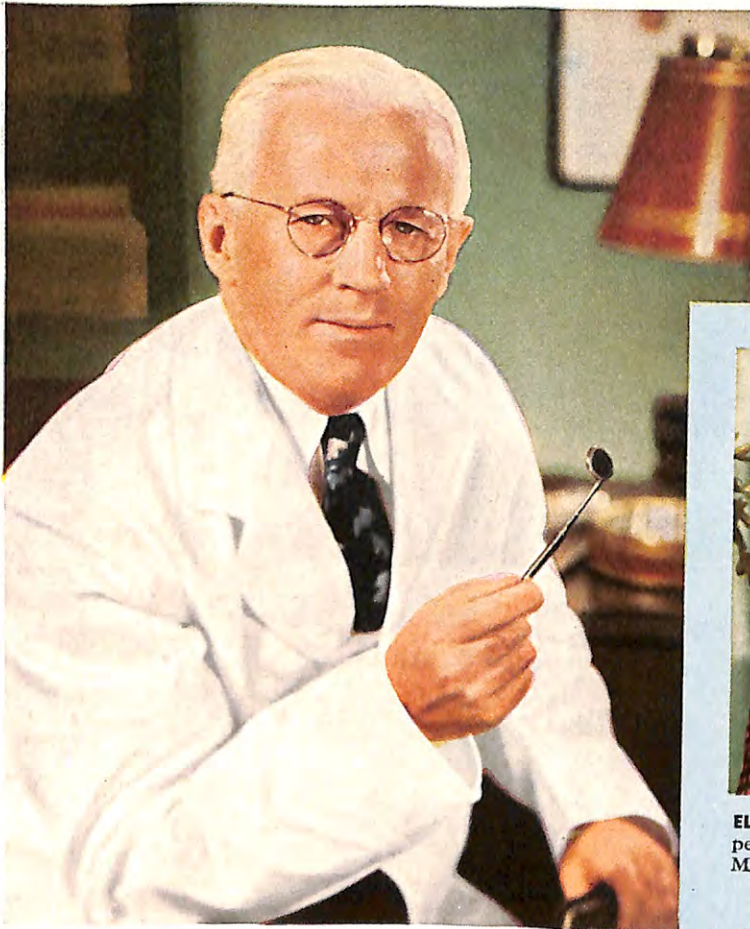
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