

THE
Elks
MAGAZINE

MARCH 1950

MEETING THE
COMMUNIST CHALLENGE

BY GEORGE S. COUNTS





The Armstrongs see the country...

Like he always promised, Dad has bundled the family into the car to show them this great big country. There's lots to see—and they've seen lots. Historic places, mountains, deserts—new things—strange things—and wonderful! Seems like they're full up to here from looking.

Not everything is strange, though. Stores all the way across the country carry the products the Armstrongs know and recognize. And how do they recognize them? By brand name—the name the manufacturer gives a product so that people can tell it from any other.

Actually, the Armstrongs know, buying by brand name is the *only* way to get exactly what they want.

Brand names mean *protection*, too. By knowing brand names you make the manufacturer responsible for the quality of products that bear his brand name. Any manufacturer knows that if you find

his products good, you will buy them. If not, you won't—and the manufacturer will be forced out of business.

Brand names mean *progress*. Each manufacturer works to improve his products so his brand name stands for even better value and quality.

See that you get *quality, protection* and . . . *exactly what you want*, by buying products by brand names. You'll find some of America's finest brand names in ads right on the pages of this magazine.

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OUR GRAND EXALTED RULER

TALKS SHOP

IT'S ELECTION TIME AGAIN

FOR 82 years our great Order has grown and prospered and assumed its rightful position of importance in the 1,538 communities where we have lodges, because great care has been exercised in the selection of officers. Their leadership not only has developed great lodges but has given color and distinction to community activities and played a splendid part in the building of a great nation.

I urge every member to continue to give due consideration to the selection of your lodge officers so that our enviable record is maintained and the success of your lodge is assured.

I trust that the installation of officers will be a happy and yet dignified meeting and will definitely reflect the importance of the occasion.

To all new officers I extend my sincere good wishes and, to the retiring leaders, my deep appreciation for their loyalty and devotion to the Order. I hope their keen interest and experience in Elkdom will always be available to benefit our lodges.

★ ★ ★

Another birthday has given added stature to the Order and the rich experiences of its 82 years give a background for a further measure of service to the fine people of free America.

★ ★ ★

The records encourage me to be most hopeful that our goal of a million members will very shortly be a reality. Our Brothers have shown a remarkable interest in asking their friends to join them as members of our Order, thereby being of great assistance in curtailing lapsation. We are bound to succeed and grow with that kind of cooperation. I am grateful for your splendid efforts!

★ ★ ★

In a few short months another great National Convention will be held in the beautiful city of Miami, Florida. The Statutes require the Exalted Ruler or his Alternate Delegate to attend the Grand Lodge Session at the expense



of his lodge. It isn't too early to start planning and I encourage Exalted Rulers and State Association Presidents to get the spirit now.

The efficient Convention Committees already are developing plans for your entertainment and pleasure. The colorful and hospitable city will outdo itself in your behalf. Hotel accommodations, floats for the parade, and your other requirements must be considered now so that the Committees have enough time to care for you adequately.

★ ★ ★

The first six months of this administration have been most pleasant and your fine cooperation gives me the encouragement and inspiration to strive to make the entire year outstanding. Every meeting I attend proves definitely that the Elks are proud of this Order and their country.

Sincerely and fraternally,

Emmett T. Anderson

EMMETT T. ANDERSON
GRAND EXALTED RULER

In perfect tune
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P.A.* means
Pipe Appeal and
Prince Albert

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neat cigarettes, too."

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

THE ELKS

VOL. 28

MAGAZINE

No. 10

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

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What Our Readers

Have to Say



In the January issue, I read with interest W. C. Bixby's article, "Reported Missing".

There was one error in the article that I would like to point out: The Danish training ship *Kjobenhavn* (not Kobenhavn) was not a wooden ship, but was built of steel—even the masts, yards and standing rigging. It carried no cargo at the time it was lost, but was in ballast. It is possible that the vessel was caught aback in a violent squall and capsized before any sails could be taken in . . . When the vessel turned over, most likely the ballast shifted, with the result that the ship quickly filled and sank. Of course, that is only a theory, but a very likely one. It has happened before. The peculiar thing was that no floating object ever was found. The undersigned, a retired pilot, saw this vessel at close quarters some time before she was reported lost.

W. H. Peterson

Santa Monica, Cal.

I find a mistake in the article "Reported Missing", by W. C. Bixby, in my January issue. Mr. Bixby states that the five-masted barque *Kobenhavn* was of wooden construction. I wish to correct that to steel construction.

As for some of her history: She was built at Leith, Scotland, for the Danish government about 1923 or 1924. She made her maiden voyage to Honolulu with barrels of Danish cement for the Aloha Tower and docks and my father and I went on board while she was here.

J. M. Muir

Hilo, Hawaii

Reading with interest your column—"Woodcock or Ruffed Grouse?"—in the December issue, I concluded that the grouse in the midwestern states must differ widely from those found along the

eastern seaboard. Mr. Turley's description of the flight pattern of a grouse described, with one or two exceptions, a perfect take-off for one of our woodcock. It has been my experience that woodcock, but never grouse, are found in black alder patches. When flushed, the woodcock is forced to zig-zag in order to reach the tops of the alders. Upon gaining open flying space, these birds appear to hesitate momentarily, affording the hunter a fairly decent shot, and then fly a horizontal course for a short distance before landing.

Our grouse in Pennsylvania are normally found in thick laurel patches or in hemlock groves. In a dry season, it is almost impossible to obtain decent shooting at a grouse, since they will get up out of range, or run behind a hemlock thicket or laurel patch before leaving the ground . . . I enjoy hunting both birds, but give me a grouse every time for one of the smartest and sportiest game birds.

Dr. R. G. Johnson

Berwick, Pa.

Dr. Johnson refers to a discussion between our Rod and Gun writer, Ted Trueblood, and L. A. Turley, of Oklahoma City, as to whether woodcock are smarter than ruffed grouse. Apparently, the discussion is still open.

Undoubtedly the Magazine will immediately come to the conclusion that those publicity hounds from the Lakes Region of the Granite State are at it again and, perhaps, justifiably so. But may we call your attention to an error in the January issue.

Quoting from the Laws of the State of New Hampshire, 1933: "Be it enacted by the Senate and the House of Representatives in General court convened: The Lake which is . . . shall be known as Lake Winnepesaukee". However, in Robert Froman's article "X Marked the Spot", and in the accompanying illustration, it is spelled Winnepesaukee".

Spell it anyway you wish, however, and it's still the most beautiful in America, and we're glad to be able to live near it, drink of it, and enjoy it the year 'round.

Don MacIsaac

Laconia, N. H.

APRIL ISSUE—THE STORY OF THE RADIO-TELEPHONE

The vital role of radio in the telephone communication of tomorrow will be told in our April issue by Frederick R. Kappel, Vice-President of A. T. & T. in charge of operations, "as told to" Stanley Frank. Graduating from the University of Minnesota in 1924, Mr. Kappel's first job was telephone lineman. He held many other positions in the Company, advancing step by step in the Northwestern Bell Telephone Company. Prior to his present position, he was Assistant Vice-President of A. T. & T. and Vice-President of the Long Lines Department.

Mr. Kappel will describe the growth of telephony, through wire, cable and radio, to the point where you now can reach 96 per cent of the telephones on the globe. He will discuss the new microwave radio relay which promises to expand greatly the scope and facility of television, radio and telephone communication. Be sure to read the fascinating story of the radio-telephone in *Elks Magazine* for April.

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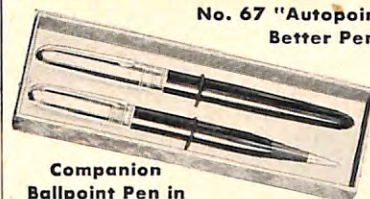
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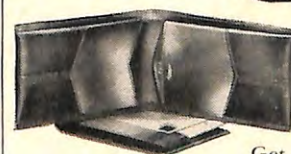
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Meeting the Communist Challenge

BY GEORGE S. COUNTS

TODAY, we in America face the greatest challenge of our history. We face the challenge of changing conditions of life at home, brought about by revolutionary developments in science and technology. We face the challenge of changing relations among the nations of the world, brought about by these same forces. The great oceans, east and west, which guarded our venture in popular government for three centuries have lost their power to protect us. We stand fully exposed to all the passions and storms of the world. The earth has become a little neighborhood. And in this little neighborhood we face, as the supreme challenge, the challenge of Russian Communism.

We have arrived at a position foreseen more than a century ago by a great Frenchman—Alexis de Tocqueville. As a young man he visited our republic in 1831-32 and returned home to write the most profound work on our institutions ever written by a foreigner—*Democracy in America*. At the close of his first volume, published in 1835, he predicted the rise of both the United States and Russia in words of remarkable vision. "Each of them," he said, "seems marked out by the will of Heaven to sway the destinies of half the globe."

This century-old prophecy is the central political reality of our time. The other "great powers" of a generation ago—Britain, France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Italy and Japan—have been either destroyed or greatly weakened. In the little earthly neighborhood of today, on this little planet of instant communication, of rockets and guided missiles and hydrogen bombs, these two giants con-

front one another across the narrowed seas.

The tragedy of our epoch, an epoch that has seen the vision of a just and lasting peace for all men, lies in the fact that these two giants are profoundly different both in history and outlook. Tocqueville drew the contrast in words that are true today. The American, he said, "relies upon personal interest to accomplish his ends, and gives free scope to the unguided strength and common sense of the people; the Russian centres all of the authority of society in a single arm. The principal instrument of the former is freedom; of the latter, servitude." We should add today that the Russian ideal is committed to world dominion.

When the long-expected revolution broke in March, 1917, the entire free world rejoiced. At that time, before the contemporary totalitarian state had appeared in any one of its several forms, we assumed that the Russian people would inevitably establish a regime of popular rule based on constitutional guarantees. Even after the Provisional Government was overthrown and the Constituent Assembly dispersed by force of arms in November, 1917, and January, 1918, many could not believe that the Bolsheviks were destined to continue and even strengthen the ancient tradition of Russian absolutism. We were all still living under the comforting illusion of the late nineteenth century: that human liberty was on the march everywhere and that all roads were leading to democracy.

The reality of today belies the great hopes of a generation ago. In the name of the emancipation of the workers of all countries the Bolsheviks established a ruthless dictatorship at home, launched the Third International abroad and de-

clared war on the "system of capitalism" throughout the earth. An immediate response in a number of countries was a counter-revolutionary movement which went by various names—fascism, national socialism, falangism, or some other—and which borrowed heavily from the methods and morals of Bolshevism. The result was the Second World War which destroyed the counter-revolutionary foes of the Russian Communists and left the "men of the Kremlin" in a vastly strengthened position.

In the meantime, under the impact of domestic and world forces and under the dictatorship of Stalin, Communism itself has been profoundly changed. Beginning as an international movement with headquarters in Moscow, it has become wholly a Russian movement with branches in other countries. Today Communism constitutes a strange synthesis of Marxian doctrines, Russian expansionism and Russian Messianism. In a word, the Soviet leaders see the spread of Communism over the earth under the inspired guidance of Moscow and through the extension of Russian power. Like the Slavophiles of the nineteenth century, they believe that Russia is destined to bring salvation to all mankind. And this is to be done under the god-like leadership of Stalin—the "greatest man of all ages" before whom the peoples of the Soviet Union "bow down to the ground" and whose "praises" they promise to "sing forever and ever". Their unparalleled triumphs during and following the war in extending their rule in Europe and Asia confirm these men in their doctrines. They are profoundly convinced that, in the words of Molotov, "all roads today lead to Communism".

We must realize that we are faced

with a fact, and not merely a theory. The liberal and democratic forces of the world are under relentless and pitiless attack by a small band of men who within a single generation have extended their sway over approximately one-third of the human race and who believe with the dogmatism of religious conviction that the forces of history are working inexorably on their side. Through the All-Union Communist Party and its subsidiaries in other countries, organized like a political army, they seem to be able to mold the minds of the peoples under their rule according to any desired pattern and to marshal their human resources for any purpose. In confronting this situation, the American people, as the leaders of the free world, face the greatest and most fateful challenge of their history.

If we are to win in the present worldwide struggle with the forces of Communist totalitarianism and of other forms of totalitarianism recently driven beneath the surface of our civilization, we shall have to develop a strategy commensurate with the task. In view of the nature of the adversary, it is clear that nothing short of the best will suffice. The immediately urgent task is to undertake any and all measures within our power which might persuade the "men of the Kremlin" that they are mistaken now, as

(Continued on page 35)

**ILLUSTRATED BY
RONALD McLEOD**



RM

BY STANLEY FRANK

The Old Flash Still

**A great fielder, "money player" and umpire baiter,
Frank Frisch is a true disciple of John J. McGraw.**



IT IS COMMON business practice to reward a faithful retainer with a watch and sentimental speeches of gratitude for decades of knocking his brains out in behalf of the firm. Baseball, a funny business, has a characteristically funny way of showing its regard for Mr. Frank Frisch, who has been in the public eye and ear for 32 years. Its official spokesmen, the umpires, frequently give Frisch the time and warm, little speeches in the following vein: "You have exactly ten seconds to get out of here."

Such cavalier treatment of the National League's oldest manager, in point of service, really is a southpaw tribute to the qualities that have made Frisch what he is today—a duly enshrined ball player in the Hall of Fame and a manager now enduring his fifteenth season. It so happens that antiseptic baseball currently frowns upon the high, emotional temperature Frisch brings to his work, but the brass hats secretly admire his hyperthyroid aggressiveness, without which he would have been in his father's linen business these many years.

The great American game of baseball has known only one other man who hated to lose more than does Frisch. Only one other man was thrown out of more ball games for giving violent expression to that antipathy for defeat. The exception in both cases was John J. McGraw, the most successful manager of all time, and it is no coincidence that our man Frisch was the old devil's disciple.

Frisch is a throwback, one of the last links to an era that plunged into each game as though it was a crusade. They say the old Fordham Flash's tactics are too tough for the present-generation players, but it is significant that he has replaced three managers who were let out because they were too easy with the help. Frisch succeeded the St. Louis Cardinals' Gabby Street in 1933, the Pittsburgh Pirates' Pie Traynor in 1940 and the Chi-

Flames



GIANTS



PIRATES



cago Cubs' Charley Grimm last June.

It also should be noted that Frisch lost his jobs at St. Louis and Pittsburgh when the front office, in accordance with long-established custom, found it easier to get rid of the manager than rebuild aging, over-the-hill ball clubs. It may come to pass that he will get his walking papers from the Cubs, who finished last in 1949, but until that time comes—sometime after 1951—one thing is certain: the Cubs will not lose ball games because of lack of hustle. Their pitchers may get their large, sensitive ears pinned back and their hitters may disturb nothing but the winds that blow in from Lake Michigan, but as long as the Flash draws breath, the Cubs will be in there to win, which is more than can be said of some recent collections of languid athletes.

Frisch, undeniably, is rough on his men, but he asks no more of them than he gave of himself for eighteen years. Throughout the long history of baseball, perhaps a dozen men have made the big leagues without spending a day in the minors. They were George Sisler, Ted Lyons, Nap Lajoie, Frank Chance, Jack Coombs, Chief Bender, three or four others—and Frisch. When he left the Fordham campus in June, 1919, to join the Giants, Frisch had no outstanding physical qualification but speed. He batted cross-handed, a curious holdover from childhood; he was a joke at short-stop, the position he had played in college. He weighed only 140 pounds.

The skinny, awkward kid had nothing to recommend him but spirit, and he parlayed it into a brilliant career with few precedents. A "money player" second only to Babe Ruth, Frisch appeared in eight World Series, the all-time National League record. He still holds the record for scoring the most runs and making the most hits in World Series play. His overall major-league batting average was .316. He accepted more fielding chances

in one season than any second baseman and he was an old geezer past 36 when he nailed the championship to the mast for the Cardinals in 1934 by belting a double with the bases full in the final game of the Series.

Flaming competitive drive made all those achievements possible and Frisch exhibited it almost as quickly as the law allows. On August 8, 1919, six weeks after he signed with the Giants, the Cincinnati Reds went into the Polo Grounds for three successive doubleheaders. The Reds were destined to win the pennant, but at that time the Giants had a chance to go into first place by winning four of the six games. The bubble burst when the Reds won the first doubleheader and the next day, McGraw, looking ahead to the future, replaced Larry Doyle, the team's captain and second baseman, with Frisch, the college boy who batted cross-handed. The first play of the game was a sharp grounder hit directly to Frisch. He manhandled the ball and it hit him

As player and manager, Frank Frisch has traveled half-way around the National League circuit, having been with four clubs. Above left: When Frisch played second base in John McGraw's great 1922 infield of Kelly, Frisch, Bancroft and Heinie Groh.

in the chest and bounced away, but Frisch pounced on it and threw out the batter at first base.

"That was all I wanted to see," McGraw said later. "Another kid would have been so upset when the ball got away that he would've lost the play. Frisch was scared, of course, but scared or not, he hustled to save the out. Make no mistake. The boy is a ball player."

McGraw, the most astute judge of talent on the hoof who ever lived, never was more correct in his analysis of a rookie. Men whose natural talents far exceeded Frisch's flickered and faded. The flame in Frisch flared ever higher until it became an all-consuming passion. Success did not assuage it when he was a player and adversity has fanned it since he turned to managing.

If Frisch has one fault as a manager it is his refusal—or inability—to realize that all players are not possessed by the fierce desire to win that was his stock in

(Continued on page 52)

BY HUGH B. CAVE

ILLUSTRATED BY
JAMES LOCKHART

IT'S THE FIGHT

**It was the final day of the Tuna Tournament
and there was a 800-pound bluefin to beat.**

THERE'S a commotion on the dock." Garrity called down from the cabin roof as the *Maysie* plodded up the channel. "Fair-sized fish on the hoist, too. Somebody's luck was good, even if ours wasn't."

The winding channel was too narrow for Emmett Harden to release the old lobster boat's wheel, but he took in a slow breath and his tired hands whitened with pressure on the wheel-spokes.

"Get set for a ribbing," Garrity said. "What we got this morning won't be nothin'."

He was wrong, though. When the ancient *Maysie* felt her way up to the dock between the sleek and shining sport cruisers, no one gave her a glance. The

big bluefin tuna on the hoist had just been brought in, and excitement was at fever pitch. Emmett, leaving his helper to make the lines fast, shouldered an empty chum barrel and trudged up the ramp to the scales.

"Watch it, Harden," a voice warned.

He halted, and Oliver Forslund motioned him back. It was a little ridiculous, the short, fat New Yorker in his baby-blue sport shirt pushing back a husky young six-footer born and brought up within casting distance of the Baker's Island pier, but there was a reason for it. The fellow from the Development Commission up in Augusta was taking pictures.

"Think you'll get a bigger one than

that before tomorrow night?" Forslund gloated.

Emmett, the barrel still on his shoulder, looked hard at the fish, the girl posing beside it, and the scoreboard beyond.

"My daughter landed that beauty in three hours and twenty-five minutes," the plump man declared proudly.

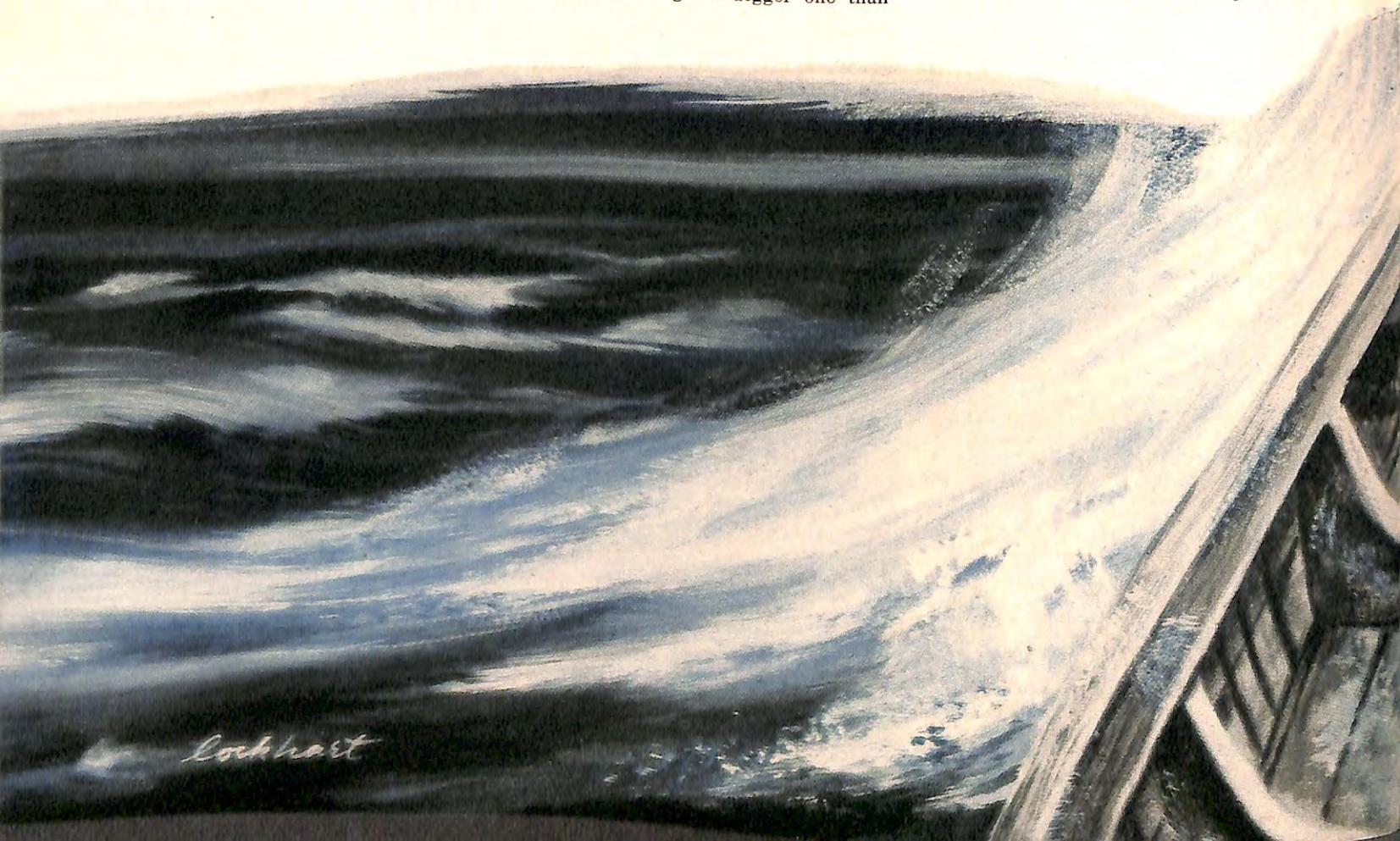
The girl, not the fish, was the center of attraction. True, a bluefin tuna weighing seven hundred and fifty pounds is a handsome prize. Many a big-game angler has proudly hung the mounted tail of a smaller one in his trophy room. But Baker's Island had seen bigger tuna in previous tourneys, even bigger ones caught by women. On the other hand, the daughter of gloating Oliver Forslund, self-elected rajah of big-game fishermen, was in a class by herself—especially in that canary yellow slack suit.

Emmett circled the crowd of islanders and summer visitors—everyone came down to the dock, evenings, during the three-day tournament—and halted before the scoreboard. Old Cap'n Whittaker, sitting there on a nail keg, glanced at him shrewdly out of weathered blue eyes and said, "I guess you didn't have luck today."

Emmett grimly shook his head. Of the eleven boats entered in the competition, ten had reported in. All but the *Maysie* had brought back at least one fish. The board gave him this information.

"You suppose Rita Forslund will take
(Continued on page 40)

**Sue, dead weary after a half an
hour of struggle, gamely hung on.**





THE GRAND



Above: The New Year's Day Tournament of Roses Parade was viewed from the Pasadena, Calif., Elks Reviewing Stand by, left to right: D.D. W. Jerry Hawkins, Mrs. L. A. Lewis, Mrs. John J. Cabot and E.R. Cabot, Mrs. Emmett T. Anderson, Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis, Mr. Anderson, and Mrs. Robert J. Craine, wife of State Assn. President Craine.



Right: The Grand Exalted Ruler hands the trophy to Andy Cope, winner of first prize in the football prognostication contest held under the auspices of the Elks National Service Commission as one of the projects of Walla Walla, Wash., Lodge, during his visit to the Veterans Hospital there. Left to right: Est. Lead. Knight Gene L. Cherry, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan, Mr. Anderson, Dr. J. J. Beatty, Hospital Manager, State Pres. V. P. McNamara, and veteran Cope.

GRAND EXALTED RULER and Mrs. Emmett T. Anderson of Tacoma, Wash., were welcomed by a distinguished group of Californians on their arrival in PASADENA on Dec. 31st, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Horace R. Wisely of the Lodge Activities Committee and Past Grand Est. Lead. Knight and Mrs.

F. Eugene Dayton. The welcoming delegation included Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis, D.D. W. Jerry Hawkins, State Pres. Robert J. Craine, Raymond C. Crowell of the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee, E.R. John J. Cabot and officers and former leaders of the host lodge, including P.E.R. Harry

L. Mitchell, Chairman of the program. This important group, joined by their wives, Past Grand Est. Lead. Knight M. H. Starkweather of Arizona and Mrs. Starkweather, were present in Pasadena as guests of Lodge No. 672 for the entire New Year weekend. Festivities started on the eve of 1950 with a banquet and dance.

LODGE ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE BULLETIN

March 31st marks the end of our fiscal year and it will tell the tale of whether we are an organization of *almost* a million men, or that we will be able to boast proudly that we are, in fact, an organization of ONE MILLION AMERICAN GENTLEMEN.

The Chairman of your Lodge Activities has learned that you must not sell the conquering enthusiasm and spirit of Elkdom short. Therefore, I am completely satisfied that when the history of 1949-50 is written on March 31st, it will record for the first time a membership of one million loyal Americans.

What a pleasure it would be to report that *you* have accomplished this goal. But, Brothers, there's much work to be done before we can look back with satisfaction on this accomplishment. Therefore, I urge every Exalted Ruler and officer, every individual Elk, to join us in this all-out drive for the month of March.

Each Brother lost through the back door of lapsation cancels a new Brother gained in through initiation. Step up your Reinstatement Program. Bring back those Stray Elks.

Be alert to the many fine possibilities for recruits among the patriotic Americans living in your own communities who are worthy to become united with us through our nation-wide Millionth Member Class scheduled for this month.

Your Lodge Activities Committee accepted a challenge from Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson when we named this Class. Can we meet the responsibility we assumed? With your enthusiastic effort and your great love of our Order, I think we can.

LODGE ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE

Joseph M. Leonard
Horace R. Wisely

Edwin J. Alexander, Chairman
Clifton B. Mudd
M. B. Chase

On Monday, Jan. 2nd, the distinguished group watched the Tournament of Roses parade pass from the reviewing stand before the lodge home. Both Mr. Anderson and Mr. Lewis spoke over the radio and appeared on television from their vantage point in the stands. At noon the Grand Exalted Ruler was guest of honor at a luncheon at the lodge home, and then, of course, the entire party attended the Rose Bowl Game, that will go down in football history as one of the most exciting contests ever played.

On their way to Richmond on the 4th of the New Year, the official party stopped at the home of SAN RAFAEL LODGE NO. 1108 where Secy. William Pinkey was a capable host.

That evening, 500 members crowded the home of RICHMOND LODGE NO. 1251 for a banquet at which Mr. Anderson and Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis spoke. D.D. J. Ernest Durand, State Assn. officials, many Past District Deputies and the Exalted Rulers and other officers from the 15 lodges in the Bay District were present at the meeting later, which was one of the finest ever

EXALTED RULER'S VISITS

Below: E.R. Howard E. Caldwell and his officers welcome Mr. Anderson to Centralia, Wash., Lodge.

attended by Mr. Anderson. The occasion marked the formal opening of Richmond Lodge's handsome new lodge home.

WALLA WALLA, WASH., LODGE NO. 287, welcomed Grand Exalted Ruler Anderson, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan, Chairman Edwin J. Alexander of the Lodge Activities Committee and D.D.'s H. S. Holmes, James C. Dewar and Herbert L. Odlund on January 13th and 14th, when 1,000 members of all 28 lodges in the State were represented, as well as many branches of the Order from Oregon and Idaho. This two-day meeting was the 47th Annual Mid-winter Convention of the WASHINGTON STATE ELKS ASSN. Tacoma, Spokane and Bellingham Lodges placed in that order in the State Ritualistic Contest. The Washington Elks are doing a splendid job as the leaders in a fine traffic safety program, on selection of the National Safety Council. The report on this project was made by Lt. Robert W. Denslow of the State Patrol. State Pres. V. P. McNamara presided at the meeting during which Mr. Anderson delivered one of his compelling addresses, as did Judge Lonergan. Ida. State Pres. William S. Hawkins brought the best wishes of his Assn. to the Wash. Elks. Two banquets took place on the evening of the 14th—one for the men, and the other for the ladies at which Mrs. Anderson was the guest of honor. Dancing followed at the lodge home. Two radio broadcasts were made by Mr. Anderson, Judge Lonergan, Mr. McNamara and Mr. Alexander in a round-table discussion over Stations KNJ and KWVB. Both Judge Lonergan and Mr. Anderson addressed patients at the U. S. Veterans Hospital, where the Grand Exalted Ruler had the pleasure of presenting handsome trophies to the servicemen who won prizes in the Football Prognostication Contest conducted by Walla Walla Lodge's Veterans Service Commission, headed by Lead. Knight Gene L. Cherry.

In spite of a terrific snowstorm, this meeting was a great success, but the bad weather continued, causing a \$1,000,000 damage to Tacoma alone. Therefore Mr. Anderson's scheduled visits to Eugene, Grants Pass and Ashland, Ore., Lodges for the 18th, 19th and 20th of the month had to be postponed.

Right, center: Officers of Seattle and Tacoma, Wash., Lodges, with Mr. Anderson at Seattle.

Right: At Olympia, Wash., left to right: State President V. P. McNamara, Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson, E.R. Roy L. Kelly, D.D. Herbert L. Odlund and Chairman Edwin J. Alexander of the Lodge Activities Committee.



ROD AND GUN

Florida fishing has variety and—best of all—tarpon.



Landing a tarpon like this from a small boat is big-game fishing at its best.

Ten Thousand Islands—and they're pouring into the famous passes up the West Coast: Captiva, Boca Grande, Pass-A-Grille, and the like.

I take tarpon as they come; that is, I don't fish for them specifically. I cast a plug for come what may. There's no telling what it will be: snook, drum, jack, or maybe an odd species like a silly little triple-tail. It can be anything from a sand dab to a shark, a ten-inch snapper to a tarpon.

The strike of a tarpon invariably comes as a terrific shock, but it isn't a complete surprise. It's worse that that. A fisherman always has the sneaking hope that one may be lurking around and will hit at any minute, an expectation that amounts to an apprehension, that keeps something wound up inside him like a coiled clock spring. When the strike comes and the giant fish bursts into the air like an exploding depth charge all in one instant, a fellow doesn't have time to do much but whoop and holler and then get busy with the rod and reel.

SOME Florida fishermen don't want to have any truck with tarpon. I can understand it; it's nerve-racking business. But, fortunately, in Florida there's a form of fishing to suit every mood and temperament, every degree of angling skill and experience. A man can take his choice.

In general, there are the following types of salt-water fishing: pier and bridge fishing; offshore trolling for the big stuff; walking, wading and casting the key flats, the beaches and the canals; exploring among the islands and bays with a rod, skiff and kicker.

Pier and bridge fishing requires the least in the way of means and experience. Many ardent pier fishermen use only a cane pole with a short length of stout line and wire leader; yet owning even this simple rig isn't a requirement. Most fishing piers have such poles to rent, and they also have for sale an ample supply of the choicest bait of the season.

As a method, a beginner merely must do as his neighbor—and he'll have plenty of company lining the pier rail from which to take his cue. Most of these will be fishing patiently with bait: shrimps, fiddlers, sand fleas and what not. A few are specialists, casting with such as a lead-filled seashell, known as a Panama Roller, for the delectable pompano. An-

(Continued on page 50)

BY DAN HOLLAND



MAY is the month. May is the time and south Florida is the place—if you like to fish, that is. If you do, if you're like me, then that's where you can play with a cast of underwater characters a half-mile

long, from angelfish to zebra-striped sheephead.

Of course, May isn't the only month. There's always some good fishing down that way, at least for those who know where and how to look for it. It's plenty good in the middle of the winter, but, in my experience anyway, it gets better and

better as spring advances until by May it is really busting loose: the snook and redfish are working along the beaches and moving up the rivers, sea trout are traveling along shore in large schools, bonefish are roving the key flats in numbers and the Gulf Stream is an express highway of a wild assortment of scaly creatures.

But I'm prejudiced. The real reason I like May is tarpon. There are at least a hundred species of fish a man might catch in Florida waters, but for my way of fishing the tarpon leads the pack. It's the box with the ribbon on it, the chocolate eclair with the whipped cream on top, the girl with the green eyes. It has its head above the crowd. The tarpon stands out like headlights on a raft. That's the way I feel anyway. And May is the month when they really get to rolling. They're more plentiful than ever in south Florida—in the keys and the

ACTIVITIES SPONSORED BY THE ELKS NATIONAL SERVICE COMMISSION



Above: The Lead. Knights of Calif. So. Cent. lodges, with General F. W. Rollins, D.D. W. J. Hawkins, State Vice-Pres. Frank Lorenzi and State Elks Veterans Committee Vice-Chairman T. B. Roberts, with the television sets presented by those lodges to San Fernando VA Hospital, as part of their own special Christmas program to veterans hospitals in the area.



Above: La Junta, Colo., Lodge, through a special Christmas fund of its own, gave \$1,000 in gifts, a few of which are shown here with Committeemen, to the veterans at Fort Lyon Hospital.



Above: Grand Tyler John L. McIntyre, standing sixth from left, is pictured with other members of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge's Hospital Activities Committee, with some of the patients at the Naval Hospital who received Yuletide gifts in a program sponsored entirely by the lodge.



Above: Some of the servicemen at Reno Veterans Hospital who were entertained recently by the Nevada Elks pose with their benefactors.

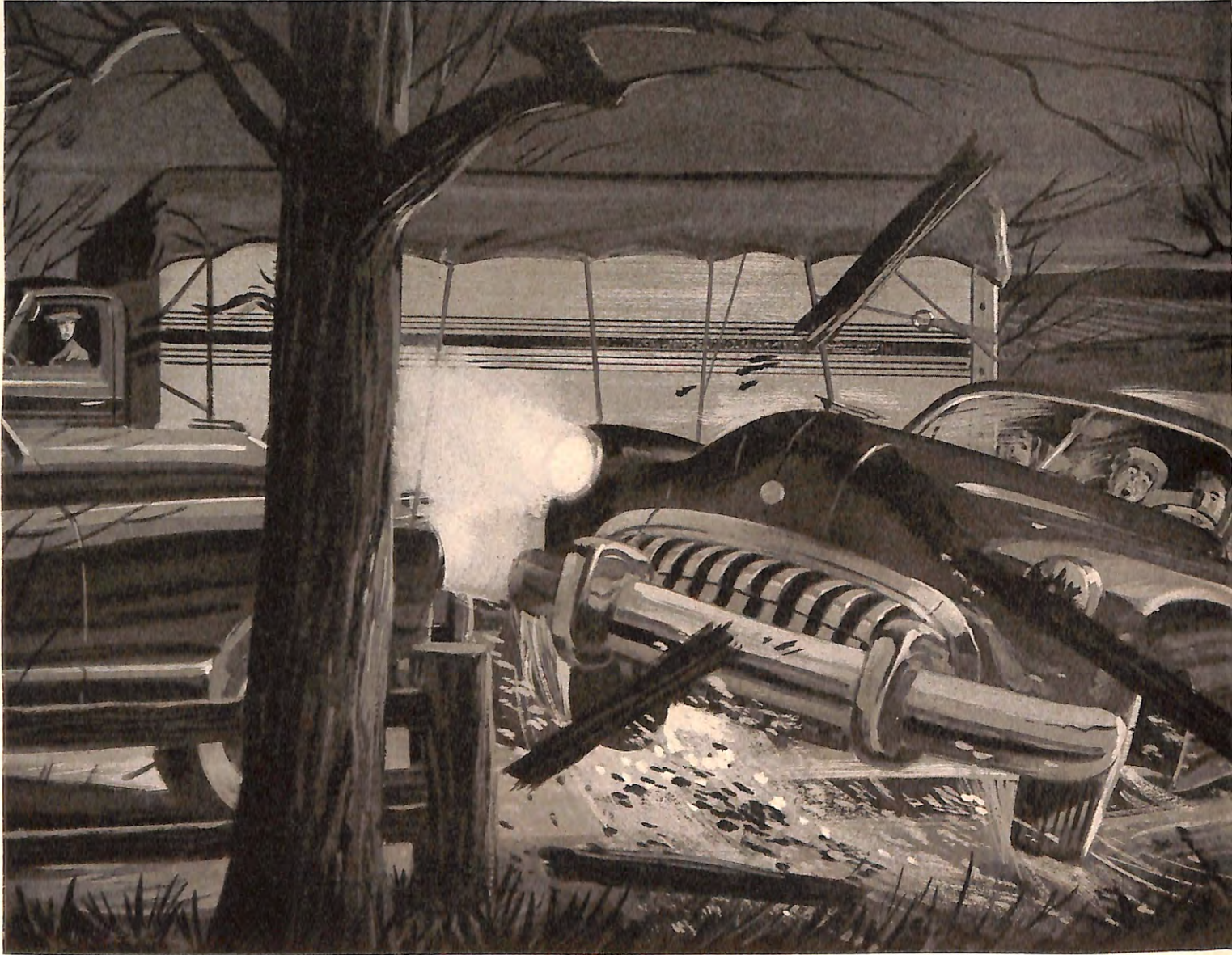


Above: Elk ladies join Senator Arthur A. Capper, an Elk for 50 years, during one of the regular programs provided by the Kansas Elks for the enjoyment of the veterans at Winter General Hospital.

Below: With the help of their ladies, Maine State Elks entertained 20 veterans from the Togus Hospital at the home of Waterville Lodge not long ago. The program included a chicken dinner and various games. State Veterans Committee Chairman J. P. Waller, P.E.R., was present.



When you lend your



His last-second maneuver saved the lives of three people, but the jury awarded them \$32,000.

Here is what can happen when the family car is involved in a serious accident.

IT STARTED with a little high school game called "Sand 'em". By swinging your car around Science Corner fast enough you could spray loose gravel on the legs of people on the walk. Boys jumped. Girls squealed. All good fun—until the day young John had a try at it in his father's car.

His speed was just right when he hit

the corner. Gravel fanned up beautifully over the shoes of three passing students, but one of the rear tires played tiddlywinks with a stone, snapping it out like a shot, straight into the eye of a young man wearing glasses. After anxious days in the hospital his eye had to be removed.

Later, the injured student sued John's

father who owned a small grocery store and a frame house which was worth no more than \$6,000. No insurance. The jury said damages were \$15,000, and the law reached out, took the family's home and the grocery business. John's father was not only ruined financially but thrown out of employment as well, and still had \$2,000 to pay on the judgment.

Freak case? Yes, so far as the accident was concerned. Nothing unusual, though, about the legal lightning that blasted John's father. According to an estimate of the National Safety Council, there were over four million automobile

car

BY WILLIS LINDQUIST

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY KOSKINEN



accidents caused by drivers under the age of 25 in 1948. How many thousands of fathers were exposed to financial disaster in civil court as a result of these accidents is not known, but the number was high. Many of those who did not carry insurance—and some who did—were stripped and pauperized for life.

When your son or daughter drives the family car, you are risking your home, business, life savings, their future education—in short, your financial neck.

One evening not long ago a boy was demonstrating the speed of the family car to a couple of friends, nudging 80

miles an hour, when he had to turn out to pass several cars bunched behind a large van. He saw the oncoming car too late. To avoid a head-on collision, he took to a shallow ditch, tore through a fence and smashed into a tree. His skillful last-second maneuver saved the lives of all three. But it did not save his father from being sued by the injured passengers. The jury said one should have \$2,000, and the other, suffering permanent injuries, \$30,000.

But are fathers always responsible for their son's accidents? No. Not always. The two cases mentioned came under a statutory law making the owner of the car responsible for accidents caused by the negligence of anyone who is driving his car with his permission. Twelve states and the District of Columbia have such a law.

Eight states have a law providing that anyone furnishing a car to a minor must stand responsible for accidents caused by that minor.

In 20 states there is a law on the statute books which imposes liability for damages caused by a minor's negligence upon anyone who endorses the minor's application for a driving license.

Several states have more than one of these laws, but in all there are 32 states which have statutes of some sort which, in effect, make the father liable for accidents caused by his son.

Your state may not have such a law, but that fact will not save you. Over a period of many years civil courts have been able to weave a tight network of legal theories that few fathers can escape. In at least 15 states, for example, courts have evolved the "family purpose" doctrine, under which, with minor exceptions, the father is responsible for accidents caused by the family car, no matter who in the family may be driving at the time of the accident.

Then there is the simple agency theory, under which a father may be held liable in any state in the land. When you give your car key to your son and tell him to drive down and get you some cigarettes, or pick up his small sister at school, or drive his mother to a club meeting, you have made him your agent. In the eyes of the law, his acts of negligence are yours and you stand responsible.

There is another theory, followed by courts in general, under which the auto-

mobile owner is held responsible for all accidents caused by the failure of known defective safety equipment. This means that if something is wrong with your brakes, lights, tires, steering gear, wheels, rear-view mirror, windshield wiper, muffler or horn, you will be held accountable for any accident caused by that defect, no matter who may be driving.

Because the defective hand brake did not hold when a boy parked on a hill, the car crashed into a building, setting it afire and causing \$23,000 in damages. The boy's father had to pay since it was his negligence, his failure to keep the car in perfect condition, that had caused the accident.

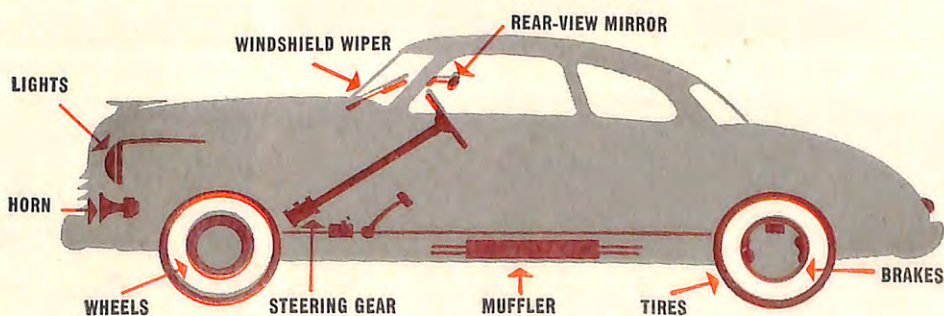
Unless you have had your car checked recently, it probably has defective safety equipment at this moment. According to the Inter-Industry Highway Safety Committee, one out of every three cars tested at official inspection stations have such defects.

MR. SMITH kept his high-priced car in perfect condition, and his heart came into his throat whenever his son sat behind the wheel. The boy was reckless, drove much too fast, and twice in a matter of months escaped death by inches and the car arrived home with crumpled fenders.

What to do? They lived more than a mile from the nearest shopping center, the boy really needed the car to get to school. Furthermore, Mr. Smith had heard somewhere that parents could not be held legally responsible when the son drove his own car. So Mr. Smith bought a second-hand car for his son. It seemed like the perfect solution: not only was his expensive car spared further damage, but he had washed his hands of responsibility for a reckless son as well.

Unfortunately, it didn't work out that way. A few weeks later the son killed himself and a girl-friend in a head-on collision. The girl's parents and the survivors in the other car sued Mr. Smith, contending that the boy had a reputation for wild driving and that Mr. Smith was at fault in placing an automobile in his hands. The jury agreed and held Smith responsible.

This case illustrates one of the broadest
(Continued on page 47)



Owners can be held responsible for defective safety equipment.



NEVADA, MO.



CHADRON, NEB.



N. Y. EAST CENTRAL DISTRICT (NEWBURGH)



LANCASTER, PA.

EMMETT T. ANDERSON CLASSES

Highlights in connection with a few of these events are reported on page 22



CONNELLSVILLE, PA.



NEWARK, OHIO

Below: EAU CLAIRE, WIS.



GREELEY, COLO.

Below: AKRON, OHIO



"More Than Chance"



BY ROBERT M. SAND

MY CHIEF objection to the mechanistic theory of the origin and meaning of life is that it fails to explain the phenomena of personalities like Freddie Stephens and Nick De Falco. It must have been more than coincidence. Last Sunday evening I read H. M. Parshley's review of George Gaylord Simpson's new book, "The Meaning of Evolution", as published in the *New York Herald Tribune*. And then I went to the Elks Memorial Service at the Ridgewood, N. J., Lodge and met Freddie and Nick.

"Man," says Professor Simpson, "is the result of a purposeless and materialistic process that did not have him in mind. He was not planned. He is a state of matter, a form of life, a sort of animal, a species of the Order Primates."

I remembered those words as I watched a group of husky Elks carry Freddie and Nick in their wheeled chairs up the stairs and wheel them over to choice places near the organ. Why, I asked myself, should a group of "unplanned primates" be so concerned about a couple of "states of matter"?

I am not an Elk, and until then had never been seriously impressed by the ritualistic formalism of their proceedings. I am not temperamentally susceptible to pageantry, but somehow it seemed different last Sunday night, with the memory of Professor Simpson's conclusions still fresh in mind, and with Freddie and Nick in the audience.

I had seen and heard it all before: the dimmed lights; the illuminated clock slowly intoning the eleventh hour; the rollcall of those who did not answer; the ritual designed to emphasize brotherly love and immortality. What was it about this particular Service that made it so realistic—so convincing?

And then I knew. It was Freddie and Nick, sitting in their wheeled chairs over there by the organ.

Freddie and Nick are paraplegics. Once they were strong, vigorous specimens of the "Order Primates". Nick was a baker. Freddie was a builder of houses. Then Uncle Sam laid his finger on them, and when it was over they came back—doomed to spend the rest of their lives in wheeled chairs.

Out at Allie Faber's party after the Service they told me—each trying to out-talk the other—about the Elks Paraplegic Committee.

"Don't write about us," Freddie said. "Write about the Elks. If it hadn't been for Rod Pierce, Ed. Ladd, Doc Tracey, Garry Nyland, Herb Black and the rest, we probably wouldn't be here now."

"And don't forget the women," Nick added, referring to Mary Tillinghas and Ethel Nyland, the auxiliary's members on the committee.

BUT Charlie Webb, Exalted Ruler of the Ridgewood Lodge, wanted to talk about the boys. "Every time I look at 'em," he said, "I'm ashamed of ever complaining about anything."

Freddie, despite his handicap, is back in the contracting business again, building houses for—that's right—paraplegics! He built Nick's house in Oradell and is now building one for himself in Ridgewood.

"Of course I need the money," he said, "but that isn't the important thing. I had to prove to myself that a man can rise above his misfortunes."

Nick is learning the watch repair business. The County Vocational School sends an instructor to his home for ten hours' instruction each week.

"I'll soon be in the business for myself," Nick said. "I'm having a wonderful time!"

Freddie was the first paraplegic to become an Elk and is a member of the Paraplegic Committee. Nick is think-

ing about joining the organization, too.

Who am I to question the wisdom of the scholars? Professor Simpson is curator of fossils at the American Museum of Natural History and teaches palaeontology at Columbia University in his odd moments. It would be presumptuous to question the profundity of his scholarship.

But after talking with Freddie and Nick and watching the Elks pay tribute to their "Absent Brothers", I should like to ask the professor a few questions:

1. If man is no more than an unplanned cosmic accident why should we be concerned about paraplegics, or why should paraplegics be concerned about themselves? All the other species of the "Order Primates" would have left them to die of their wounds without another thought.

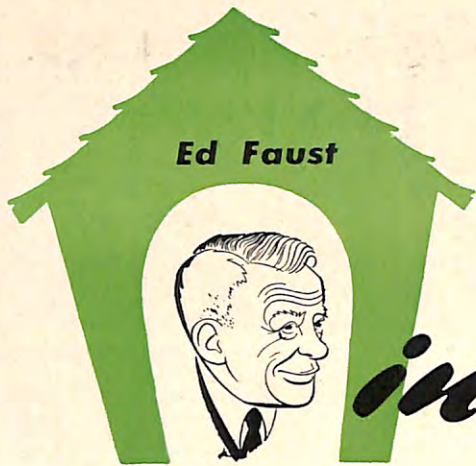
2. If man is only a "state of matter", by what incentive does he strive to prove himself the master of his misfortune?

3. If he is but a "sort of animal" (like the ape or the gorilla) whence comes his spiritual sense of personal dignity or his ethical sense of social obligation?

Professor Simpson in his "The Meaning of Evolution" appears to have made an honest, scholarly attempt to find answers to some of the mysteries of life, but he has left the greatest mystery of all unsolved.

I would not reject the evidence of the fossils but I would superimpose upon it the evidence of the spirit of man. The evidence of the fossils does not explain Freddie and Nick and the Elks' Paraplegic Committee. For that I know of nowhere else to turn except to the less profound but simpler philosophy—"In the beginning—God . . ."

This article is reprinted by permission of the Ridgewood, New Jersey, Sunday Sun, where it appeared in Mr. Sand's column, "Sandscript".



Faust returns to the question his readers ask most often—What is the proper diet for a dog?

in the Doghouse

AXIOMS have long given me a pain in the neck, probably because when I was a small boy they played such an unpleasantly prominent part in my schooling. Particularly did I loathe those that gave out about the penny-saved business, and the early to bed, early to rise idea. Of more recent vintage is the one that holds it's a great life if you weaken—or have I got that wrong? Offhand, the only old saw that applies to dogs that I can recall becomes the text for this month's sermon. It's the one that says, "Tell me what you eat and I'll tell you what you are." Particularly is this applicable from the standpoint of the dog's health. It has some bearing on the pup's disposition, too. The well-fed, but properly-fed, dog is likely to be healthy and therefore is more liable to be amiable.

Now, there are a lot of scientific do's and don'ts about dog feeding which are the concern mainly of those who raise show dogs and their aristocratic papas and mamas, but for the owner of an average house pet, the rules are few.

In my queries from readers, questions about feeding outnumber all others. For the benefit of those who may not have read what I wrote on the subject some years ago in your Magazine, I'm going to outline a few precepts relating to Fido's dinner pail.

To begin with, most dogs of the house-

pet variety are fed too much and too often. Beginning with the puppy, one from two to four months old should get four meals a day—morning, noon, afternoon and evening. From four months to a year, three meals are sufficient. After that, one large meal, preferably at night, will do, and if you are especially indulgent, then add a light snack for breakfast. Note that for the grown dog I've specified a *large* evening meal. This will keep the dog from being restless during the night; however, if you want your pet to act as night watchman, then give him the bigger meal in the morning, with nothing at night, and a supplementary snack during the afternoon. When a dog's stomach is full he is likely to be more quiet and sleepy; hence, to keep him alert as a watchman at night, withhold all food during the evening hours.

WHAT to feed him? We'll get on to that a bit later. A few simple rules are in order first. Among these are: be sure to make available to him plenty of clean drinking water at all times, making certain that his drinking dish is clean. Since it is close to the floor, a film of dust quickly collects on the water and while this is not poisonous, your dog won't exactly relish it. Both in summer or winter the water should be pleasantly cool; never hot, never cold. While your dog is

growing, add a tablespoon of lime water to his drinking water, for it helps to build bone by providing calcium. In the summertime, when the thermometer misbehaves, an occasional piece of ice, a very small piece, may be put in the water or given to the dog to chew. Some dogs are very fond of such "chewing" water. If, during the summer, your dog's water pan is kept out of doors, see that it is placed in a shady spot, away from the direct rays of the sun. Not only should the dog's drinking dish be kept clean, but also his food dish. Both dishes should be washed thoroughly every day and it is a good idea to scald the food dish if any meat meals contain fats.

Don't change your dog's mealtime from day to day; he likes his vittles at regular hours, just as you or I. His stomach is much more an alarm clock to him than is the stomach of his owner. Besides, to Fido, since he is still a primitive, the business of eating is one of the biggest—yes, the biggest—thing in his life. Another rule is to keep one spot as his restaurant; don't switch from place to place. Dogs like to think that certain parts of the house belong to them, and most of them have developed their sense of possessiveness to a high degree, which, incidentally, is one of the reasons why a dog will defend his master's life and

(Continued on page 46)

Pups do not have much sense about eating and need careful watching. It's well to feed them often—about four times a day for young ones.





A YOUTH MOVEMENT PROGRESSES



AS JUDGE John F. Scileppi, the capable Chairman of the Youth Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, is a Past Exalted Ruler of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, it is not surprising that this branch of the Order has set the pace in the Youth Activities Program, one of the most important projects ever sponsored by the Grand Lodge.



Covering the entire County, the Queens Borough Elks are sponsoring a league of 16 basketball teams of 160 boys between the ages of 12 and 15 who have not had the opportunity to participate in basketball in school or other leagues in the County. The league is divided into two sections, with the winners in each group playing for the championship this month.



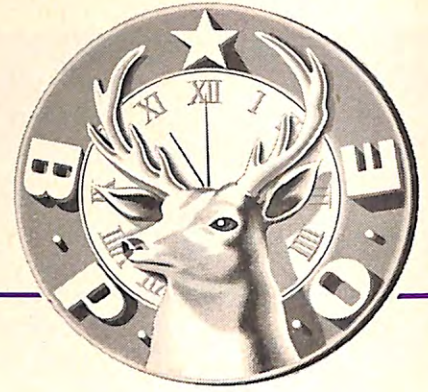
The lodge's Youth Committee has made arrangements for the young men to use the gymnasiums of various public grade and high schools. At the lodge home, all of the boys were given a thorough physical examination by ten doctors, all Elks, who volunteered their services. Each team has two Elk supervisors, pictured on this page with their respective charges, who are responsible for the boys' safe transportation to and from games, in Elk-insured vehicles. No. 878 also carries a policy covering any possible claims for personal injury sustained by the boys during the games.



The example set by Queens Borough Lodge augurs well for the success of the Youth Activities Program of our Order.



News of the Lodges



The officers of Ridgway, Pa., Lodge are pictured standing behind the seated candidates they initiated in honor of the homecoming visit of D.D. Charles P. Grieco, standing sixth from left.



The officers of Modesto, Calif., Lodge were photographed with Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Harry B. Hoffman, extreme right, when they laid the cornerstone for their new lodge home.



The three performances put on by this Jackson, Mich., Elks Minstrel Show cast were extremely well received.

● **SAN JOSE, CALIF.**, Lodge, No. 522, celebrated its Golden Jubilee with a most complete program, which included the initiation of a class of 42 new members and 17 by transfer dimit, reinstatement and reaffiliation, the largest number initiated in over ten years.

D.D. Sheldon Gilmer was one of the speakers and had the pleasure of accepting No. 522's annual \$100 payment for a \$1,000 Elks National Foundation Certificate from E.R. William Fieldcamp. P.D.D. Alexander Sherriffs and P.E.R. James Shanly, one of the Order's Old Time Members, who is affiliated with Oakland Lodge, gave interesting talks. Dignitaries on hand included Past Grand Est. Lead. Knight F. Eugene Dayton, Horace Wisely of the Lodge Activities Committee, State Chaplain Rev. David Todd Gillmor, State Vice-Pres. Roy Ladra, and P.D.D.'s John Morey, Ben Loveall, George Smith, Roy Emerson and George Rucker.

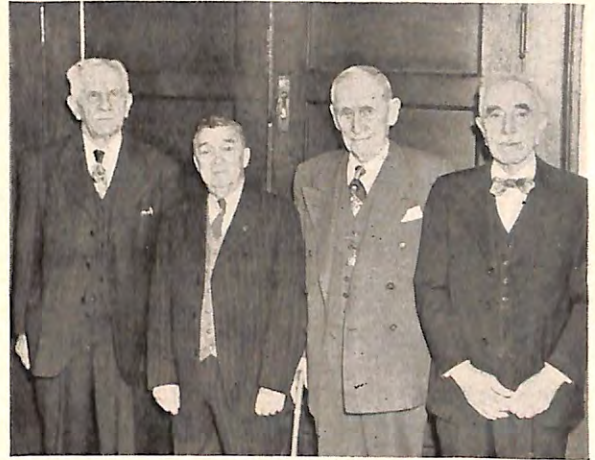
The three surviving Charter Members of No. 522, Albert Kayser, A. F. Brosius and Wm. Binder, were introduced to the crowd of 600, which included delegations from many neighboring lodges.

● **ST. LOUIS, MO.**, Lodge, No. 9, has made available to many charitable organizations, as well as to all lodges, Elks and their friends, the use of its Beechcraft Bonanza plane. Manned by a commercial licensed pilot at all times, equipped for day, night and instrument flying, the four-place plane has been utilized by the Red Cross, doctors, nurses, the Polio Foundation, etc. Anyone in need of the plane should contact Carl Oehler, 613 N. Euclid, St. Louis, Mo.

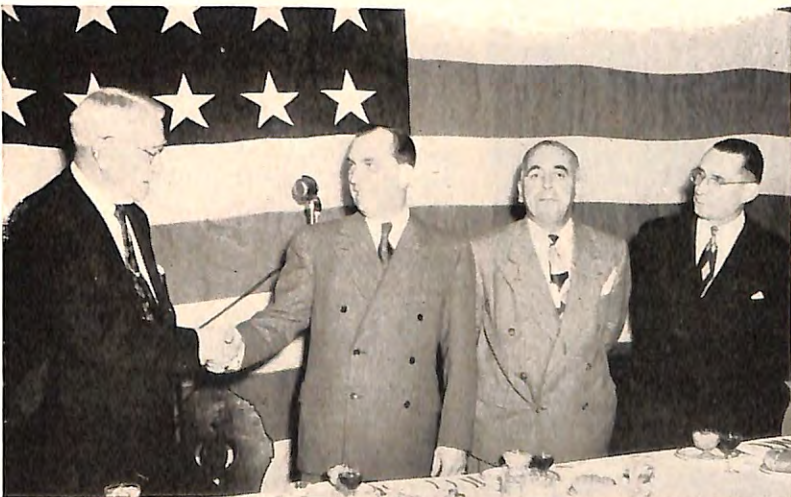
Right: Schenectady, N. Y., Lodge pays the second installment on its pledge of \$65,000 to the city's new St. Clare's Hospital. Left to right: P.E.R. and Secy. J. Harold Furlong, E.R. Eric Karlson, Lead. Knight F. J. Kindt, Esq. A. H. Volpe, Sister Mary Lamberta, Loyal Knight T. H. Moynihan, Chairman F. J. Bottleberger, Board of Governors, and Treas. Jay DeForest.



Above: Pictured with the bus presented by the Conn. Elks Assn. to the Newington Home for Crippled Children, left to right: Recreational Director Frank Formica; patients Peggy Bushey, Helen Cotton and Alfred DeMauro; Executive Director B. E. Foss and James L. McGovern, former Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee.



Above: At a recent dinner meeting of the P.E.R.'s of Madisonville, Ky., Lodge, these four former leaders, whose combined ages are 355 years, were present. Left to right: J. G. B. Hall, 93 years old; sole surviving Charter Member J. H. Franceway, 82, the lodge's first Secretary; James R. Rash, 97, and P.D.D. John L. Grayot, 83, Past State Pres.



Above: Past Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall shakes hands with New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge's only surviving Charter Member, Wm. F. Harkins, at the dinner celebrating the lodge's 54th Anniversary. E.R. Vincent R. Loftus stands at Mr. Hall's left and State Pres. Harold Swallow is at the extreme right.



Below: E.R. Dan Stuelpnagel and Lead. Knight Curtis Gustad, Charity Committee Chairman, present Yankton, S. D., Lodge's gift of a stroller for polio patients to Sacred Heart Hospital Superintendent, Sister Radegund, left.

Right: Officials of Glens Falls, N. Y., Lodge, with D.D. Ambrose A. Scully, left background, and State Vice-Pres. John M. Coleton, Sr., third from left, background. Past State Pres. John J. Sweeney stands third from left, foreground.



NEWS OF THE LODGES

NEW YORK STATE ELKS BOWLING BULLETIN

The 2nd Annual New York State Elks Bowling Tournament will be held under the auspices of Niagara Falls Lodge No. 346 on April 22 and 23, April 29 and 30 and May 6 and 7, at Rienzo's Niagara Bowling Center, situated a few blocks from Niagara Lodge and the hotel and business center.

The tourney has been increased to include doubles and singles, as well as the five-man event, and will be divided into three classes—A, B and C—according to averages, without handicap, in order to give all bowlers an even chance.

The 1950 Tournament officers, who plan a fine prize list, are Maurice L. Lane, Chairman, Utica Lodge; Darcey Whittmore, Co-Chairman, Binghamton Lodge; Floyd H. Goodnough, Secy.-Treas., Utica Lodge, and John McKelvey, Tournament Director, Niagara Falls Lodge.

All New York lodges will receive literature, posters and entry blanks and it is hoped that this year will see a large entry with every lodge represented.

● **LOS ANGELES, CALIF.**, Lodge, No. 99, continues to be one of the most active branches in the Order. Two recent interesting events were "Fathers and Sons Night", to which Elk fathers bring their sons for a pleasant evening's entertainment, and "Sons and Fathers Night", when Elk sons entertained their fathers. Prizes were awarded to the youngest Elk with the oldest father, the oldest Elk with his father, and the youngest Elk who, together with his Elk father, boasted the greatest number of years' membership in the Order.

American Legion Night at No. 99's handsome home was marked by an impressive ceremony which did a job which should be unnecessary—selling the American Way of Government. Chairman for the evening was Asst. Inner Guard "Ole" Olson, Past Commander of the Los Angeles County Council of the Legion. One of the guests was Lewis K. Gough, Commander of the Department of California of the Legion.

Los Angeles Elks are justly proud of their handsome prize-winning float entered in the Newport Harbor Tournament of Lights. This is one time when the term "float" was accurate, as the Tournament took the form of a water pageant. An appreciative audience of over 250,000 persons enjoyed the magnificent singing of No. 99's Chanters who received a beautiful trophy as the finest singing group in this Festival, which is an annual event.

● **EMMETT T. ANDERSON CLASSES** are being initiated in special ceremonies throughout the Order, and there are many interesting facts to take note of in connection with several. For instance, the NEVADA, MO., Class of 22 was the largest in the lodge's history, and the ceremony was preceded by a banquet attended by over 200 Elks. The event at NEWBURGH, N. Y., Lodge was a N. Y. East Central District affair, with D.D. Isadore L. Benjamin in charge when 65 men were initiated in the presence of Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, William S. Edelmuth, a member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; D.D. Sol Werner; Chairman James A. Gunn of the State Scholarship Committee, P.D.D.; and P.D.D.'s Thomas A. Shankey, Anthony Lehmann, H. J. Rehrey, R. S. Kelly, R. A. Henry, F. H. Newman, Clarence Seaton, J. A. Decker and W. T. Hawkins, and District lodge officers. The LANCASTER, PA., Class of ten was initiated by the lodge officers assisted by their three-time National Championship Drill Team, and the Hanover Elks Chorus which won top national honors twice. Over 200 were present including D.D. Carl E. Snyder. The 14 candidates initiated by STATE COLLEGE, PA., Lodge included John Reed, the son of D.D. Herbert G. Reed, who was making his homecoming visit that evening. Others present were Howard R. Davis, Home Member of the Board of Grand Trustees, and State Assn. Pres. John H. Bennett, D.D. Lewis R. Blank and N.E. Dist. Pres. Wm. T. Leach saw this class initiated at BANGOR, PA., Lodge; D.D. C. D. Locklin was a witness at the MINOT, N.D., ceremony; D.D. J. P. Ratcliffe was present for the ASHLAND, KY., affair, and State Pres. L. B. Pratt, Past State Pres. H. R. Garrison and Past State Secy. John E. Mills joined D.D. J. Howard Hannah at the initiation of the WARRENSBURG, MO., group.

Photographs of some of these groups appear on page 16 of this issue.



Above: Left to right: Secy. F. J. Cone, Committee Chairman J. Lamar Pierson, E.R. E. M. Shelton and Hospital Supt. Ralph Heibel look over the hospital cribs purchased by Montgomery, Ala., Lodge for the Pineview Manor Hospital for Handicapped Children. The donation also included pillows, foam-rubber mattresses, chairs, tables and lamps.



Right: A sterilizer is given to Mercy Hospital by Auburn, N. Y., Lodge. Left to right: Chairman Maurice I. Schwarz, P.E.R., Sister Mary Francine, George M. Frank, Past Exalted Ruler Wm. K. Young and Sister Mary Aurelia.



Left: George W. Hopkins, right, and Club Steward Charles C. O'Keefe, left, both in charge of Fall River, Mass., Lodge's Charity Box to which members contribute voluntarily each month over \$50 for each of the organizations represented by the pictured recipients, hand one month's contributions to Sister M. Matthew, in charge of the Rose Hawthorne Lathrop Home for Cancer Patients; Mother Ignatius and Sister Edith, White Sisters of the Poor, and Capt. E. Worthy of the Salvation Army.



Mercy Hospital, one of the nine to benefit from the proceeds of Springfield, Mass., Lodge's "Elks Frolic", received the operating room light shown here. Left to right: John F. Kennedy, Charles I. Guyer, Dr. Richard A. Rochford, Dr. Joseph P. Derby, P.E.R. Michael F. Coyne, Philip J. Callan, Charles J. Donovan and Dr. J. M. Baker.

● **SPRINGFIELD, MASS.**, Lodge, No. 61, recently revived an old and very popular activity—the annual "Elks Frolic". P.E.R. Michael F. Coyne, who led his lodge in 1948-49, is responsible for getting this show going once again, and there's no doubt that it was a success. All proceeds were applied to local hospital charities and through the wholehearted cooperation of the willing members of various committees, gifts totaling over \$4,000, were made possible. A \$400 donation, requested by the Mass. State Elks Assn., was made from this fund to the Children's Hospital in Boston and a cash gift went to the building drive of Ludlow Hospital. Donations of hospital equipment were as follows: a shadow-proof operating room light was given to Mercy Hospital; a proctological table to Springfield Hospital; a stainless steel stretcher with air-foam pad and other utensils to Wesson Maternity Hospital; furniture and utensils to Wesson Hospital; a stainless steel nurse's desk to Shriners Hospital; a suction machine and a stretcher with air-foam pad to Ware Hospital, and stainless steel operating room furniture to Palmer Hospital.



City officials and Elk Committeemen, pictured at the public presentation ceremonies, when this Iron Lung was given to the community by the Elks of Freehold, N. J.

● **OWEGO, N. Y.**, Lodge, No. 1039, put out the velvet carpet not long ago for the official visit of D.D. Joseph A. McCarthy. A reception was followed by a dinner, lodge meeting, and the initiation of a class of candidates. Also present were Past State Pres. John T. Gorman, P.D.D.; Past State Vice-Pres. Wright Johnson, and P.D.D.'s Arthur B. Stiles and Douglas L. Grant.



D.D. N. W. Mandich, Sr., seventh from left, center row, pictured with officers, P.E.R.'s and the new members initiated in his honor on his

Homecoming Visit to Bishop, Calif., Lodge. Grand Est. Loyal Knight Harry Hoffman, ninth from left, center row, was also honored at this meeting.

LODGE NOTES



TOLEDO, ORE., Lodge reports that its annual Charity Ball was a great success, with receipts and donations exceeding \$1,000 . . . Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis was on hand when **HUNTINGTON PARK, CALIF.**, Lodge presented a \$5,000 check for the Elks National Foundation to D.D. W. Jerry Hawkins on his official visit there . . . **DOVER, N. J.**, Lodge sent 15 members to the N. J. Orthopedic Hospital to give a surprise party and entertainment for the patients there as a gesture of gratitude to Dr. H. W. Smith and his staff. Their cooperation in the treatment of cases submitted for care by the lodge's Crippled Children's Committee has been outstanding . . . For the first time in years, **ANCHORAGE, ALASKA**, Elks are participating in city-wide sports. Their recently organized basketball team is chalking up a nice tally . . . When D.D. J. Paul Kuhn made his homecoming visit to **AURORA, ILL.**, Lodge he found 200 Elks of the N.E. Dist. on hand, including State Pres. W. G. Maltby and the Exalted Ruler of every lodge. A class of 24 men was initiated in his honor . . . Our editorial face is a nice shade of purple this month. If you think you've found a familiar picture on page 26 of the February issue, you have. It appears on page 22 too. No one knows exactly how or why it happened; we only know that it did. It's the picture of **NORTH ADAMS, MASS.**, Lodge's officers and new members and there are 28 of them, not 27, and D.D. Wm. C. Thompson is seated seventh from left, not sixth, and when we make a mistake we certainly make it a good one, don't we? . . . **SAN FERNANDO, CALIF.**, Lodge announces that 15 representative citizens joined its ranks at a recent meeting . . . The young ladies of the Villa Maria at the House of Good Shepherd have the **GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.**, Elks to thank for their handsome new television set.



At the 25th Anniversary Dinner of Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge, left to right: Chairman John F. Scileppi of the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee; Past Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall; P.E.R. T. N. deGiacomo, Freeport; E.R. R. J. Glennan, Hempstead; State Vice-Pres. W. S. Gagel; Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan; D.D. H. A. Vollmer; Anniversary Committee Chairman P.E.R. Wm. F. McMahon; Rev. J. A. Smith; W. J. Jernick, former Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee, and P.E.R. B. P. Ingwertsen, Anniversary Committee Vice-Chairman.



Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Elks hold Memorial services for their late Brother, Franklin D. Roosevelt.



Keglars of Nampa, Ida., Lodge which will be host to the State Elks Bowling Tourney this month.



Liberty, N. Y., P.E.R.'s pay tribute to D.D. Isadore L. Benjamin, fourth from left, foreground.

Old Timers who were honored by Stevens Point, Wis., Lodge surround the guest of honor, J. W. Dunegan, who received a Life Membership in recognition of his 32 consecutive years of service as Treasurer of the lodge. A Charter Member since 1900, Mr. Dunegan holds the framed certificate presented to him by his lodge at this meeting.



The officers of Holland, Mich., Lodge, top row, pose with the dignitaries they entertained at a recent banquet and initiation. Among the guests were State Pres. Frank J. Duda, Chairman of the State Assn. Trustees Wm. T. Evans, State Vice-Pres. Edward J. Allard, P.D.D.'s Ernest J. Hoos and Edwin P. Breen, and D.D. Henry J. Kroll, the first Holland Elk to be so honored.



Calif. State Assn. Pres. Robert J. Craine, left foreground, with State Vice-Pres. Frank Lorenzi, is pictured with the officers of Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge wearing the new set of jewels Mr. Craine presented to these officers on an official visit.



D.D. Owen V. Cummings, seated fifth from left with the officers of Torrington, Conn., Lodge, was honored on his homecoming visit by the initiation of the 19 men standing at rear.



Valley City, N. D., Elk officials stand behind the class initiated in honor of the visit of D.D. Clarence D. Locklin, standing center with P.D.D. David S. Ritchie on his right and P.D.D. A. C. Thorkelson on his left.





Grade-school children ride the popular float entered by Demopolis, Ala., Lodge in a recent civic parade.



Members of the baseball team sponsored by Washington, Mo., Lodge, winners of the District Championship Cup.



Dignitaries on hand for a special meeting of Needles, Calif., Lodge honoring Past District Deputy G. P. Campbell, photographed as they joined a large crowd in singing "Auld Lang Syne". Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis stands at right.



Winona, Minn., Lodge welcomed D.D. Phillip T. Johnson recently, and initiated N. J. Walz's third son into the Order. Left to right, State Vice-Pres. E. J. Curry, Donald A. Walz, N. J. Walz, Sr., D.D. Johnson, Jack N. Walz and Norman J. Walz, Jr.

● **PLATTSBURG, N. Y.**, Lodge, No. 621, accepted 15 new members in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler, during the official visit of D.D. John E. Keough. Approximately 300 Elks from the host lodge and Mr. Keough's home lodge, Saranac Lake, were on hand, including P.D.D.'s Bert A. Harkness, Frank Fitzgerald, Golda H. Douglas, former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, and Benjamin F. Feinberg, Chairman of the N. Y. State Public Service Commission, who was the principal speaker and whose son, Robert, was one of the initiates.

Some time later, State Pres. George A. Swalbach and Vice-Pres. William S. McMillan made their official visit to Plattsburg Lodge.

● **CONNELLSVILLE, PA.**, Lodge, No. 503, observed its 50th Anniversary recently with a four-day celebration.

The program included the initiation of a large class in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson and E.R. D. H. Bayard, and a banquet at which Wm. H. Soisson, Jr., son of a Charter Member, gave the principal address. Another event was Founders Night for Elks and their families, and, finally, the Golden Jubilee Ball. All phases of the program were well planned and most successful.

OHIO ELKS AMERICANISM PROGRAM

The Ohio Elks Assn.'s Un-American Activities Committee has inaugurated a most commendable program which should do much to counteract any damage done by the enemies of our Democracy.

During February, the birthdays of our two great Presidents, Washington and Lincoln, are observed all over the country. The birthday of our All-American Fraternity also occurs that month.

The Committee recommended that every Ohio lodge take advantage of the patriotic thinking contiguous to these celebrations by holding "I Am An American Night" sometime during the month, with appropriate programs to which the public might be invited wherever possible.

A report of these programs will be published in an early issue.

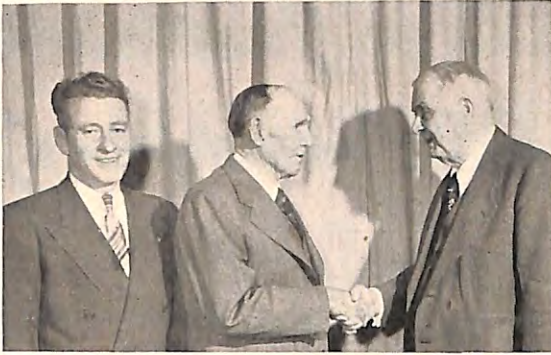
● **GREELEY, COLO.**, Lodge, No. 809, sent 32 members of its Chorus to Fitzsimons Hospital in Denver not long ago, where the singers entertained servicemen patients in the auditorium and three wards. Dr. Joseph L. Haefeli, Leonard Lamb, Jack Ward and Joseph Bachman accompanied the group.

● **KANSAS CITY, MO.**, Lodge, No. 26, paid tribute to Grand Treasurer Joseph B. Kyle recently with the initiation of a large group of outstanding citizens in his honor.

Guests on hand included Mr. Kyle, H. H. Russell of the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee; M. F. Thurston, former member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; P.D.D. Harry Garrison, Mayor of Warrensburg, Mo.; P.D.D. Joseph N. Miniace, and several other out-of-town Elk officials. The visitors were entertained at a dinner at the Continental Hotel, and a buffet supper and dance followed the initiation. About 700 persons were present.

● **DECATUR, GA.**, Lodge, No. 1602, welcomed D.D. John D. Allen early in December. The occasion was marked by the initiation of an outstanding group of 30 men in the presence of many members.

● **QUINCY, MASS.**, Lodge, No. 943, celebrated its 25th Anniversary with the initiation of 15 new members in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson. The ceremony was preceded by a dinner attended by over 300 Elks, all of whom received inscribed Elk pencils and pocketknives. Speakers included D.D. Arthur J. Shaw, and P.E.R.'s Mayor Charles A. Ross and Laurence A. Trainor.



At the celebration of Joplin, Missouri, Lodge's Fiftieth Anniversary, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell of East St. Louis, Ill., right, had the pleasure of exchanging greetings with Peter E. Burress, the only surviving Charter Member of Joplin Lodge. Exalted Ruler Guy D. Moore stands at the left.



The Chairman of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, U. S. Senator Brien McMahon, is now a Norwalk, Conn., Elk. Left to right: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin, Senator McMahon, E.R. Charles R. Mitchell, P.D.D., and James L. McGovern, former Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee.

NEWS OF THE LODGES

● **JOPLIN, MO.**, Lodge, No. 501, celebrated a half-century of progress with an enjoyable program. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell was the principal speaker, commending the 900 members of Joplin Lodge for their charitable enterprises and their cooperation in civic endeavors. A history of No. 501 was delivered by E.R. Guy D. Moore.

Missouri State Elks Assn. activities were reviewed by Past Grand Est. Lect. Knight H. H. Russell, a member of the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee. Other dignitaries on hand were State Pres. L. B. Pratt, D.D. J. Howard Hannah, State Vice-Pres. Ben Reid, P.D.D. Eldon R. Welton, Mayor Harry R. Garrison of Warrensburg. Past State President, and Judge J. R. Garrison, P.E.R. of Warrensburg Lodge.

The observance included a dinner and a most pleasant musical program, which were enjoyed by Elks, their ladies and special guests among whom was Mrs. Campbell who was greeted by the wives of Joplin Elk officials.

● **CLEVELAND, OHIO**, Lodge, No. 18, sponsors an organization called Possibilities Unlimited which was conceived and founded by a civilian amputee, George Kruger, five years ago, with the idea in mind that older, adjusted civilian amputees might aid in rehabilitating the younger war veteran amputees. One hundred members of Cleveland Lodge were hosts to 200 members of Possibilities Unlimited at a dinner which marked the organization's fifth anniversary. The program was originated by P.E.R. Larry McKenna, P.D.D., at whose instigation the amputees have been given the use of certain lodge rooms. They also may use the lodge's beautiful swimming pool.

Mr. Kruger who is a member of Cleveland Lodge and other officials of the guest organization were joined at the speakers' table by the following Elks: D.D. Cyril A. Kremser, former Grand Esquire, State Pres.-elect Nelson E. W. Stuart, E.R. E. E. Ashley and several of his fellow officers, Committeemen and Trustees, P.E.R. Wm. F. Bruning, former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, Municipal Judge Andrew Kovachey and Mr. McKenna.

The Cleveland Elks are both generous and fortunate in their sponsorship of this organization, through which so much good may derive to both groups. Similar organizations have been started elsewhere, patterned after the Cleveland club.

● **NORWALK, CONN.**, Lodge, No. 709, held one of the most important events in its history when 18 men, led by U. S. Senator Brien McMahon, Chairman of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, were initiated in the presence of two Past Grand Exalted Rulers, Raymond Benjamin and James R. Nicholson. Both addressed the gathering, and James L. McGovern, former Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee, highlighted Senator McMahon's spectacular career.

Sharing the limelight with the initiation ceremony, exemplified by a team of P.E.R.'s of various Connecticut lodges, was the presentation of Honorary Life Memberships to eleven Norwalk Elks, six of whom were able to attend, who have been affiliated with No. 709 for over 35 years. E.R. Charles R. Mitchell traced the history of the lodge from its institution in 1901. (Continued on page 32)

Below is a view of the speakers' table and a few of the guests who attended the anniversary dinner of Possibilities Unlimited, an organization of amputees, which is sponsored by the Elks of Cleveland, Ohio.



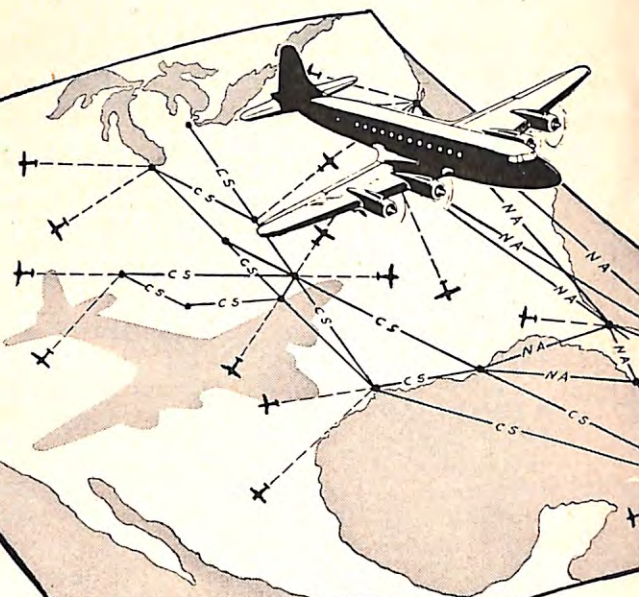
Above: The Massachusetts Elks Assn.'s \$6,000 check is donated to the Children's Hospital in Boston for the decoration of the three playrooms used by mentally deficient, crippled and convalescent children. Left to right: Past Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan, Archbishop R. J. Cushing of Boston, the Mother Superior of the Hospital, Past State Pres. J. E. Fenton, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley and State Pres. J. A. O'Brien.



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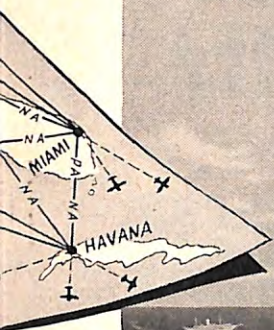
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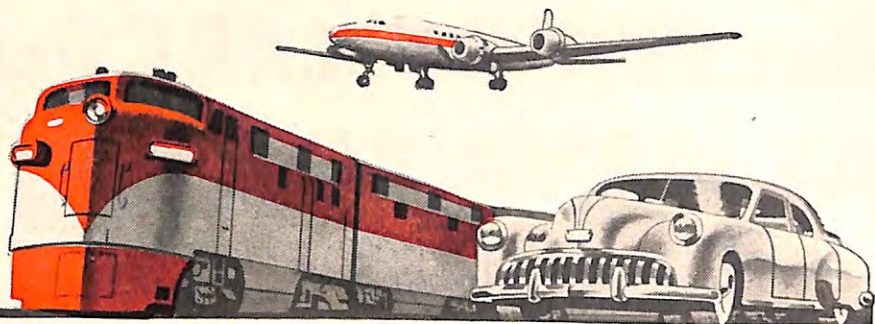
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FOR ELKS WHO TRAVEL

The Southwest has everything—climate, scenery, bomber bases and dude ranches.

BY HORACE SUTTON

IT MIGHT prove more pleasant, if not more sensible, to buy a pair of spurs instead of a pair of galoshes and spend the ensuing deep freeze days down in the Southwest. Around Tucson, Arizona, as a pretty fair example, the average daily high temperature nudges up around seventy degrees. The humidity is lower than a desert rattler, the days are warm enough for swimming and the nights are cool enough for a blanket.

Tucson's Chamber of Commerce, which admittedly is partial, claims that the city is one of the two healthiest places on earth. What's more, the C-of-C adds, the other place is somewhere in the middle of the Sahara Desert, which, unless you have an apartment in the Casbah, is not nearly as handy as Tucson. Not only does the Air Force base its B-50 bombers there because of the clear weather, but the mail order houses import New York models to Arizona every winter to take the photographs which eventually appear in the mail order catalogues. Tucson also is the home of various Redskin tribes, among them the Papago Indians who live on nearby reservations, and the Cleveland Indians who come down each year for Spring practice.

Most of Arizona's accommodations come in three types—resort hotels, working ranches and plain dude ranches. The de luxe ranch is operated solely for the tourist, whereas the working ranch is in the cattle business and takes guests on the side. Almost all the places are on

the American plan, primarily because they often are miles away from town and from each other. Virtually all the elegant establishments have open air swimming pools, but nowadays many of the ranches have them too. The Tucson Sunshine Climate Club will be happy to find you the type of accommodation you seek in its area. Ranches and resort hotels cost about \$80 to \$90 a week American plan. You can also find places as low as \$40 and as high as \$140 a week. Before November and after March or April the rates sink faster than the winter sun. Tucson offers a packaged seven-day vacation for a flat \$69, which, of course, does not include your transportation. It does take in, however, your room and board, daily horseback rides and all the liniment you need. It includes, as well, a 160-mile auto trip into old Mexico, which is only 65 miles over the border. It's a 390-mile drive over a newly paved highway to Guaymas, Mexico, where you can fish in the Gulf of California for sail or marlin. On the other hand, if you would prefer to stay in Tucson and just meditate, there are 53,000 acres of Saguaro cactus land set aside 17 miles east of the city. That's room enough for any man.

It isn't altogether necessary to spend all your waking hours in boots and saddle. There are three golf courses in town and some of the fancier resorts have links right on the grounds. Western horsemen race their steeds without most of the big city *fol-de-rol* at the Rillito Race Track each and every Sunday.

Phoenix, up in what they call the "Valley of the Sun", has grown from a town of 5,500 in 1900 to a city of a quarter of a million. It is the home of such famous Southwest resorts as the Camelback Inn, which features a New England-bred staff and a tract of some 10,000 desert acres. You can buck the competition at bridge or buck a bronco. Camelback offers all the facilities of a ranch or a resort. La Fonda Fiesta, on the south slope of

Camelback Mountain, is a converted estate. It can take some 34 guests, has a swimming pool, citrus and date trees and a magnificent evening view of Phoenix. Also on Camelback's south slope is Jokake Inn, one of the Sun Country's largest. They pronounce it jo-cock-ee, after an old Indian who, helping with the construction of an adobe desert house many years ago, kept repeating jokake, jokake, over and over. Someone asked him what it meant, and he said "mud house". Jokake Inn has any number of mud houses designed in Spanish and Indian pueblo style, colorfully decorated. There is a swimming pool on the premises, of course, and an excellent stable of western horses. Chuck wagon dinners at the Jokake are held on the desert, and if you aren't handy with a horse they'll allow you to lasso your Ford V-8 for the ride out. The wranglers cook the steaks over charcoal. All you have to do is eat them, listen to the western orchestra and look out on Superstition Mountain, which still retains the secret, they say, of the Lost Dutchman Gold Mine.

THE most luxurious way to see a foreign country is in your own car. Those who've been hamstrung by red tape and hog-tied by the expense of such a prospect will be happy to hear that an international driving treaty has been drawn up by 21 nations and may go into effect this spring. Reporting before a forum of the American Automobile Association, H. H. Kelly of the State Department said the treaty would promote inter-nation motoring on a world-wide basis. The cost for shipping a car abroad is coming down. The technicalities for permitting you to drive in a foreign country are being eliminated. When five nations ratify the treaty it becomes universal law. The U. S. Senate will get the treaty for action this spring, and the whole plan may be in effect by the time the travel season opens.

(Continued on page 40)

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. Because of seasonal changes in road conditions, if you are traveling by car be sure to state the exact date that you plan to start your trip.



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UNDERSTANDING... THROUGH TRAVEL... IS THE PASSPORT TO PEACE

● **AUBURN, N. Y.**, Lodge, No. 474, came through in an emergency again. Recently the Boy Scout Executive for the district invited representatives from 25 organizations to a meeting to sell them the idea of sponsoring Scout Troops. In looking over the Council territory, the Scout Executive decided the Auburn Elks were the ones to ask to undertake the financing and operation of this dinner meeting. The response was immediately willing and enthusiastic. The Elks took over, and the meeting turned out to be the best of its kind ever held in that Scout Council.

● **ELKS NATIONAL HOME** members enjoyed a glorious Christmas and Holiday Season. The grounds and the buildings were beautifully decorated and lighted, and every evening during Christmas week the residents enjoyed motion picture films in the Fred Harper Memorial Theatre.

At eleven o'clock Christmas morning, Supt. Robert A. Scott distributed gifts, checks and Christmas baskets to the Home Elks at the giant tree in the main building, and then the delicious Christmas dinner was served in the Home's handsome dining room.

● **ONTARIO and POMONA, CALIF.**, Lodges, No. 1419 and No. 789, got together successfully on a campaign for the Casa Colina Home for Crippled Children. Joined by Anaheim, Huntington Park and several other branches of the Order, \$2,400 was collected for the purchase of a much-needed station wagon. A delegation of Ontario and Pomona Elk officers made the trip to the Home to present the check as well as to put on a fine party for about 170 of the youngsters hospitalized there. Est. Lead. Knight Robert Snider of Ontario Lodge was in charge of the event.

GARY, IND., LODGE PRESENTS A CANDIDATE FOR GRAND EXALTED RULER

GARY, IND., Lodge, No. 1152, takes great pleasure in presenting Past Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Kyle as a candidate for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler at the Grand Lodge Convention to be held in Miami, Fla., in July.

Born in Duncanville, Pa., on January 4, 1890, Mr. Kyle attended Valparaiso University in Indiana, where he was active in college athletics. Upon receiving his degree in 1908, he was attracted to the growing industrial district of northern Indiana where he has resided ever since, and is now listed in "Who's Who in the Calumet Region" as "one of the builders of the Calumet district". Married in 1911. Mr. and Mrs. Kyle have two sons and two daughters and four granddaughters.

Mr. Kyle became a member of Whiting, Ind., Lodge, No. 1273, in 1924. After taking up residence in Gary in 1926, he dimitted to that lodge and immediately became active in local, State and national Elk affairs, going through the Chairs to be elected Exalted Ruler of Gary Lodge in 1934. From 1936 to 1949, he served as Trustee of Gary Lodge. During Mr. Kyle's term as leader of No. 1152, his lodge decided to leave its heavily mortgaged \$350,000 home. Largely as a result of his fine leadership, foresight, courage and promotional ability, Mr. Kyle's lodge now boasts a beautiful, debt-free \$150,000 home, a membership of 1100, and a comfortable cash reserve.

In 1937, the Indiana State Elks Association elected Mr. Kyle as its Fourth Vice-President, and he subsequently served through the Third, Second and First Vice-Presidencies to become President in 1941. During his Presidency, he established a remarkable record, the most outstanding achievements being a substantial gain in membership and the affiliation of every lodge in Indiana as a member of the Association for the first time in its history.

Mr. Kyle's brilliant record as a leader of Indiana Elkdom led to his election as Grand Tiler in 1935. In 1936 and 1937 he served as Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, establishing an Association in every State for the first time. A member of the Board of Grand Trustees for five years, he passed his fifth year as Chairman of that group. He acted as Director and Housing Chairman for the 1944 Chicago War Conference, immediately after which he served the Order as Grand Esquire. In 1946 Mr. Kyle was Director of the Rededication Committee of the Elks National Memorial in Chicago. He is now serving his third year as Grand Treasurer. As Special Deputy under many Grand Exalted Rulers, Mr. Kyle displayed rare organizational talent in rehabilitation work of a most comprehensive nature which received wide

acclaim and resulted in countless permanent benefits.

The business career of this prominent Indiana Elk has kept pace with his steady progress in the Order. Although an auditor by profession, Mr. Kyle is now a well-established public relations counselor. Always vitally interested in civic affairs, he served Whiting, Ind., two years as President of its Chamber of Commerce; two terms as a member of the School Board, and was twice honored as his party's candidate for the office of Lieutenant Governor. He is an organizer of the Community Chest and a director of the Red Cross. His fraternal affiliations include the Loyal Order of Moose, the Masonic Order, Alpha Epsilon Fraternity, the Consistory, the Shrine and the Indiana Society of Chicago. He is a member of the Presbyterian Church.

The record of Indiana's Number One Elk speaks for itself and it is therefore with justifiable pride that Gary Lodge's officers, Past Exalted Rulers and the entire membership, joined by the Indiana Elks Association of 66 lodges and 40,000 loyal Elks, commend Grand Treasurer Kyle for the important position of leader of our great Fraternity for 1950-1951. We ask your enthusiastic support.

COMMITTEE

R. D. Leever, Exalted Ruler	Albert W. Brown, Secretary
Alex D. Torie, E.L.K.	Eli Mandich, Inner Guard
George E. London, E.L.K.	Harry J. Nawrot, Chaplain
Gillett A. Blank, Esquire	Blair Headrick, Tiler
	Paul Bassin, Treasurer
Clyde Hunter, P.D.D., P.E.R.	Ted T. Thews, E.L.K.
<i>Honorary Chairman</i>	<i>Chairman</i>

Past Exalted Rulers

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John A. MacLennan, P.D.D.	Wm. G. Huettner, Trustee
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James V. Hague	George A. Robertson
Floyd Saxton	Leo J. Joint
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Weyman Alger	George M. MacLennan
E. H. Heilstedt	Ralph F. Alger
Charles H. McCarty	Walter Pickart
Bruce Miller	Vincent K. McCormack
C. R. Babcock	John Berbesque
Oliver R. Heward	Ward Calder

Trustees

John W. Cofield, William V. Harrison, Dan Noonan

Members

Frank Dewey, Chester Anderson, John K. Templeton

News of the Lodges

(Continued from page 32)

● **CALIFORNIA** Elks give valuable assistance to hospitalized veterans through the cooperation of the Elks National Service Commission. At Christmas time, however, they put on their own special program for these servicemen. The members of the 21 lodges of the South Central District donated over \$4,000 to this special fund, with assistance from the East and South Districts, to purchase gifts for the four hospitals in its area, two of which are the largest in the State. In addition to many small gifts, a 16mm projector went to Birmingham Hospital, a piano to Wadsworth General. 500 head sets for bed radio programs went to Long Beach Naval Hospital, and three 16-inch television sets were received by the San Fernando Tubercular Hospital.

The South District lodges, donating \$1,500, gave parties at San Diego Naval and Pendleton Marine Base Hospitals. Every ward at San Diego got its own Christmas tree and decorations, with individual gifts for all the patients.

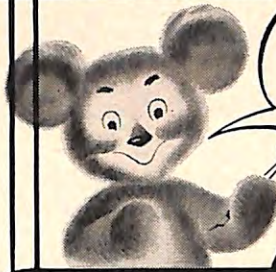
All lodges of the other Districts also conducted special programs in the various hospitals in their respective areas.

● **PANAMA CANAL ZONE** (BALBOA), C. Z., Lodge, No. 1414, and the boys of the Scout Troop it sponsors deserve great credit for their recent splendid efforts to secure food for the poor families of the Isthmus. About 2,000 cans of food, soap and other necessary items were collected in a one-night house-to-house canvass made by the boys for the Ten Neediest Cases chosen by the local newspaper, *The Nation*. Each of these ten families received two cartons overflowing with food, plus the so-called "luxury" items of cigarettes for the adults and toys and candy for the children.

● **McALESTER, OKLA.**, Lodge, No. 533, takes special interest in the granting of citizenship to new Americans. No. 533 gives each new citizen of the District a silk American Flag, accompanied by an inspiring printed message, on the real meaning of the Flag. This program, in effect since May, 1947, is handled by No. 533's Americanism Committee.

● **NUTLEY, N. J.**, Lodge, No. 1290, had a rare treat not long ago when 250 Elks saw the initiation of William J. Jernick, Jr., and Robert H. Jernick, sons of the 1948-49 Lodge Activities Committee Chairman. Mr. Jernick's staff of installing officers included several P.D.D.'s, among them State Pres. Harold Swallow, Charles McGovern and Joseph Bader, State Elks Paraplegic Committee Chairman. On hand were Past Grand Exalted Rulers James T. Hallinan, and George I. Hall, and D.D.'s Charles Ori, Charles Molz, Charles Rorke and Emanuel Eckstein.

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332	Pacific Northwest and Canada.....	13	_____
369	California and Pacific Northwest.....	15	_____
366	Yellowstone, Pacific N. W., Banff, Lake Louise.	14	_____
379	Jasper Park, Yellowstone, and North Coast.....	15	_____
353	New Orleans, Texas, Calif., Pacific N. W., Montana.	14	_____
403	Yellowstone, Colo., Calif., Grand Canyon.....	15	_____
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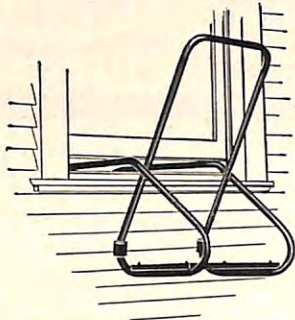
30 rooms. One of Wisconsin's handsomest Elks club buildings.

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Gadgets and Gimmicks



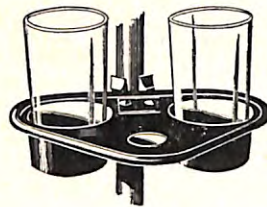
THERE is little or no point in falling out of a second-story window just because your wife has forced you to wash the windows. That's no way to get even with her. Instead, when she hides your golf clubs and hands you a pail of water and a brush, whip out this sturdy steel and hardwood step, place it on the sill and step out on it safely and with an air of triumph. Now you can wash the outside of the windows from the outside and won't have to go into contortions to do the job. Weighing just 11 pounds, this steel contrivance is adjustable to fit almost any wall thickness, is locked by the force of gravity and will support 1,000 pounds of sheer avoirdupois.



SOME people drive around the country looking at the scenery. Others drive around searching for a place to fish. For these devoted fishermen, here is precisely the thing to keep in your brief case, car glove compartment, knapsack or, for that matter, coat pocket. It is a small casting rod of tried and proved ability. The blade of the rod is made of heavy chrome-plated steel; the reel seat and fittings are of aluminum alloy and the handle is of extruded cork. This makes the entire rod happily rustproof. It weighs a negligible 4 ounces and, when retracted, measures 12¾ inches; extended it is 17¼ inches. So maneuverable is this mighty midget that it can be cast quite accurately underhand whenever brush and low-hanging trees jeopardize your aim.

WITH all the automobile design advances in the last few years, it still is not a simple chore to get a cold engine to spring to life in the middle of winter. And, furthermore, if your battery happens to be weak and you sit there watching your breath freeze on the windshield while your engine turns over with decreasing enthusiasm, you could be in a predicament. To avoid being caught in this manner, we present a small, easily installed carburetor pre-heater that will

overcome the situation admirably. It goes between the carburetor and intake manifold, if you know where that is, while the terminal wires attach into the battery line. Since warm gas ignites more quickly than cold gas, this gas pre-heater item will give rapid starting in all weather. The units are available for cars in the lower and medium-price range.

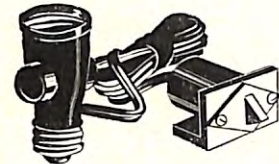


ASHES mixed with a gin rummy game or ice cubes on a Canasta table are occupational hazards for card-playing families. Until now, there seemed no place to put an ash tray or glass within easy reach of the card player's hand except on the table. In addition to marring the bridge table, ashes and spilled drinks habitually interrupt the thought processes of the men who are debating whether to try to fill their inside straight or to be intelligent and toss the hand in. This item is easily attachable to the legs of a bridge table and, made of plastic, holds two glasses and an ash tray just where they should be—off the table but within reach.

GETTING lost is a sportsman's privilege which is exercised with apparently unflagging enthusiasm year in and year out. All old-timers have their favorite ways and means of becoming located again but some of their formulas are rather complex. The method of checking the overworked moss on the supposed north side of a tree is not only tiring; it sometimes can't be used. (For example, on a desert where trees are scarce and moss is scarcer.) By taking the simple precaution of strapping this wrist compass to your arm before plunging into the wilderness, you can avoid having to look for trees, or anything else. Encased in brass and possessing a luminous dial, this compass will work well for you. There's one place, however, that it is not likely to work properly. On an ore boat. So never get lost on an ore boat if you can help it.

WITH the advance in paper work during the past decades has come a series of devices to hold the papers together. Among them are staplers. These staplers, familiar to all, have two main drawbacks: (1) they are always

in the other office or room; (2) they are empty. Aside from this, staplers work very well. To eliminate drawback number one, here is a precision-made, efficient, pocket-size stapler as large as, but no larger than, your fountain pen. It is only 5 inches long and weighs but 1½ ounces. It will staple twelve sheets of paper together just as easily as two and it holds 100 staples. As far as drawback number two is concerned, there is little anyone can do about that except yourself. This small stapler would be ideal for home use, too—stapling bills to bills to bills.



HAVING a light in your clothes closet is a step forward, there's no doubt, but you are more than fortunate if you haven't opened the closet door some bright morning and found you had left the light on all night. In addition to running up the light bill, this sort of thing can do irreparable damage to your confidence. If you left the light on, who knows how many other things you have forgotten, such as mailing letters, putting out cats and the like. To restore your already waning self-confidence, here is a small mechanism that will turn the light off for you. All you have to do is remember to go out and get one of these switching arrangements. Anyone with a light socket in the closet can install this switch in a minute. Then, whenever you open the door, the light goes on; when you close the door, the light goes off.



HELP for the invalid is found in this new type walking aid. Eliminating the need for conventional crutches which tire the unskilled user, this four-legged walking aid gives the invalid security while walking or standing. Made of lightweight hardwood and steel it is collapsible for storage or transportation. The height of the support is such that the user can stand easily in an erect position. It is excellent for persons either permanently invalidated or for those who are recuperating and regaining the use of their legs.

Meeting the Communist Challenge

(Continued from page 5)

they have been mistaken in the past, and even as Marx and Engels and Lenin were mistaken before them, regarding the imminence of their revolution and the universal triumph of Communism on the earth.

It can be assumed that the one and only consideration which will lead them to abandon their great hope of the moment and cause them to revive the doctrine of the "temporary stabilization of capitalism" is a recognized and substantial change in the power relations of the world, and to their disadvantage. As long as their power position and the revolutionary wave seem to them to be advancing, they will pursue their present aggressive policy with ever greater vigor and determination. To anyone who has studied the records of these men this is elementary.

If the liberal and democratic forces are successful in achieving this first objective, a still more difficult long-range task will confront them. At the present stage in the history of the Communist drive for world domination, the decision to come to terms with "capitalism" again will not mean final defeat. On the contrary, it will only mean a postponement of the decisive struggle between the systems of liberty and dictatorship. The Soviet leaders will merely adjust their policies to the new realities and await the return of favoring conditions. The long-range strategy of democracy therefore calls for measures which in the course of decades, perhaps generations, will expose to all the world the fallacies in the doctrines of Lenin and Stalin and cause the Communist theologians to doubt the authenticity of their revolutionary vision. The development and elaboration of this strategy should be the first responsibility of all men and women who make the slightest profession of liberalism and humanism.

The broad outlines of strategy for the achievement of both the immediate and the more remote aims suggested here are fairly obvious. And the course which we should follow is clearly indicated, even though we may not follow it. Besides clarity of understanding, it will require heavy sacrifice, stoutness of heart and steadfastness of purpose. Offensive as well as defensive in conception, it should embrace the following elements, measures, and policies.

FIRST, we should do everything possible to build the foundations of world peace through international organization. We should become the most loyal supporter on earth of the United Nations. We should drive stubbornly to strengthen its structure and operations, fight in and out of season to limit the paralyzing handicap of the veto, and accept willingly



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the necessity of limiting national sovereignty. We also should promote vigorously and imaginatively a program of universal and genuine reduction of armaments, lead in the struggle for the establishment of an international police force adequate to enforce the decisions of the Security Council, and advocate on every occasion the enactment and codification of law to govern the relations among the nations of the earth. All of these policies should be presented with the clarity, the vigor, the boldness and the consistency necessary to stir the enthusiasm and enlist the confidence of the governments and peoples of the free world.

The United Nations may seem a slender reed on which to lean in the present terrifying crisis, but if it crashes to the earth the hope of peace will crash with it. Everything short of surrender of fundamental principles to hold Russia in the organization should be done. Moreover, while guided by a realistic view of Communist purposes, we should be ever ready to welcome and encourage any moderation of Soviet policy. But if the Kremlin continues to sabotage all efforts to make the United Nations an effective and dependable agency for keeping the peace, the free peoples of the world should proceed steadfastly on their course without the Soviet Union. Indeed, they must be prepared for the voluntary withdrawal of the Russians and the setting up of a rival organization. If the Communists should get possession of all Germany, it seems likely that this is the course they would follow.

SECOND, we should do everything possible to keep our country strong. The Soviet leaders, in both domestic and foreign relations, have never shown the slightest respect for weakness. On the contrary, as in the case of all military dictatorships, weakness on the part of the opposition has always encouraged their aggression. With great cunning and without taking unnecessary risks they will use every ounce of their strength to advance their purposes and to extend their sway over the earth. Under their system of control they can direct at will the energies of their people toward any end whatsoever, without consulting them in advance. The men of the Kremlin will never be driven to war or peace by public opinion, and they will never go to war on their own initiative unless they are confident of easy victory.

Therefore, until the United Nations gains sufficient strength and authority to bear the burden of maintaining the peace, we must support a powerful military establishment. At the same time we must maintain our economy at full production. An industrial crisis or depression would be absolutely fatal to success in this struggle for the survival of democracy and human liberty. The Soviet leaders are counting on just this catastrophe for the free world. To undergird both

military and economic strength a fundamental and comprehensive program of scientific and technological research, far more generous than anything to be seen above the horizon today, should be launched without delay.

THIRD, we should do everything possible to halt the aggressions of the Soviet government. Working through the United Nations and through supplementary measures permitted by its Charter, our representatives should take advantage of every opportunity to expose to the eyes of the peoples of the whole world Soviet aims and methods both at home and abroad, subjecting their boastful claim to represent "all progressive mankind" to pitiless scrutiny. No Soviet spokesman should be allowed for a moment to pose before any international tribunal as the champion of human rights, of political liberty, of intellectual freedom, of national liberation, of mercy and justice.

Our delegates to the United Nations should revive the Atlantic Charter, make it the touchstone of their own policies, judge all Soviet acts by its principles, and keep perpetually before the peoples of the world the many and continued violations of those principles by the Kremlin. America must show no fear of Russian military might, call every bluff, retreat before no threat, and calmly ignore all efforts at intimidation. Every successful bluff, threat, or intimidation,



GEORGE S. COUNTS

George S. Counts, author of the recently published book on Russia, "Country of the Blind", on which the materials of this article are based, is Professor of Education at Teachers College, Columbia University. A descendant of William Bradford, leader of the Mayflower expedition, he was educated at Baker University and the University of Chicago. In addition to a distinguished career in education at the University of Washington, Yale, University of Chicago and Columbia, Mr. Counts has studied education in the Philippines, Russia and Japan. He is the author of several books about Russia and has been a close student of the development of that country.

as Maxim Litvinov, Soviet Commissar of Foreign Affairs, once said of Hitler, will only encourage an aggressor to further assaults on the peace and security of nations. Also, we should enter into military alliances with any and all free countries for the purpose of resisting Russian advance through war and terror. Soviet aggression would seem to differ from fascist aggression only in that it is more concealed, more patient, more determined, more far-reaching in its operations, and more convinced of its righteousness.

FOURTH, we should do everything possible to halt the aggressions of the Third or Communist International. Since the day of its announced birth in March, 1919, it has been an international conspiracy, dedicated to revolutionary aims and patterned in methods, morals and principles after the Bolshevik Party and the Russian tradition of revolution by a band of professionals working secretly. Wherever it goes, it introduces profoundly undemocratic ethics—the ethics of war, the ethics of the lie, of deceit, of espionage, and of violence. Since the close of the 1920's it has been an international conspiracy directed from the Kremlin, completely subservient to the interests, domestic and foreign, of the Kremlin and dedicated to the overthrow by violence or other means of every government on the earth. That it was ever dissolved in May, 1943, is highly improbable, and the changing of its name to the Cominform in September, 1947, should deceive no one.

We should cooperate with the entire free world in the prosecution of a vigorous and relentless offensive against this conspiratorial body by all means compatible with the values of democracy. We should take advantage of every occasion in the organs of the United Nations, in diplomatic relations with Moscow, and in the general dissemination of knowledge, to reveal its true character to the gaze of all nations, including the peoples of the Soviet Union. We should demand its unqualified dissolution and repudiation in both word and deed. The offensive should also be directed toward the removal of the "iron curtain" so that Soviet citizens and citizens of other states may travel freely in and out of Russia and across the borders of all countries. Under such conditions the myth about the Soviet Union as a land of plenty and justice, on which the Communist International thrives, would be quickly dispelled. As long as this conspiracy exists, with its "fifth columns" operating in every country, the cause of peace will be in jeopardy and the fairest promises of the Soviet government will be justly under suspicion.

FIFTH, we should do everything possible to speed the economic recovery of Europe and the world. This is fundamental. Without such recovery all other

measures are certain to fail. The power and prestige, the arrogance and aggressiveness of Russia and the Comintern rise and fall with economic chaos and insecurity, both within a nation and among nations. The Soviet Union and Communism thrive on weakness and misery. This is precisely the reason for the bitter and irreconcilable opposition of the men of the Kremlin to any and all plans for the recovery of Europe and to any and all suggestions for the economic and political unification of Europe, even as, with all haste, they build an ever tighter and more extensive union of states under their iron control.

Democratic statesmen find themselves now in a situation almost identical with that which Litvinov described in his review of Soviet foreign policy on November 10, 1936. The only difference is, that whereas then they were confronting Hitler and Mussolini, today they are confronting Stalin. "From the organization of collective security, the conclusion of regional pacts, even the joint diplomatic action of peace-loving countries," said Litvinov, "they (democratic statesmen) shrink out of fear lest the aggressors interpret this as the formation of blocs. But the aggressors laugh wickedly, while forming a bloc among themselves."

The Soviet hand was revealed with amazing frankness by Andrei Zhdanov in his powerful speech in Poland in September, 1947, on the occasion of the launching of the Cominform. He exulted in the fabulous success of the Kremlin policy which had resulted in dividing the six powers in the enemy camp of "capitalism", destroying the three most aggressive, weakening a fourth to the point of impotence, reducing a fifth to a position of dependence, and leaving but one—the United States of America. He also exulted in the formation under Soviet domination of the bloc of "new peoples' democracies" in eastern Europe. The Russians will employ all of their resources, even proceeding to the verge of war itself, in order to halt the reverse process which would lead to the recovery of any one of the five former enemy states or to the emergence of some new independent power. It is for this reason, therefore, that America must strive for a united and prosperous Europe. Success here would mean a third great power in the world, and the strengthening of the British Commonwealth of Nations would mean a fourth. If such events should come to pass, and particularly if the Kremlin should also lose control over China, a profound shift in Soviet foreign policy based on the new power realities would follow inevitably.

SIXTH, we should do everything possible to support and nourish the liberal spirit and liberal regimes everywhere. With equal firmness we should refuse assistance to any regime which clearly represents the interests of a privileged class, unless by so doing we

could lead the regime in the direction of democratic methods and purposes. Any other course is obviously in accord with Soviet desires, because the Russian leaders know that the people are on the march everywhere and that feudal institutions and outlooks are on their way to the graveyard of history. It must be recognized that it would be a mistake to use the designations of "capitalism" and "free enterprise" to cover reactionary policies.

As a matter of fact, capitalism, as it existed in the nineteenth century sense, does not exist anywhere in the world today, not even in the United States. Mixed economies, involving a limited measure of socialization of productive property and of central planning and control, are the order of the day. This means that policies that cherish and protect civil and political liberties should be supported wherever they show strength. It probably represents the only hope of halting Communist and other forms of totalitarianism in Europe and perhaps in much of Asia. The men of the Kremlin undoubtedly hate and fear it more than "capitalism" because they are confident the latter will destroy itself. They bitterly oppose it also because, if it should succeed, their own brutal and cruel methods would stand forever condemned in the eyes of "all progressive mankind".

SEVENTH, we should do everything possible to liquidate speedily the entire colonial system and mentality. In the United Nations and in all diplomatic relations, the Government of the United States should take the lead in wiping out this heritage of five centuries of European aggression and exploitation. America, the first of the great colonies to shake off the rule of the Old World, should be the recognized champion of colonial peoples everywhere, assisting them to gain political independence, to acquire a mastery of science and technology, to develop their natural and human resources in their own interests, to achieve a higher standard of living in all of its aspects. President Truman's so-called "fourth point" constitutes an imaginative and statesmanlike proposal in this direction. The vigorous pursuit of such a policy will require eternal vigilance lest predatory individuals and enterprises prostitute that policy to purposes of private profit.

And as the world is casting off the remnants of an old and decadent imperialism, it should be made aware of the terrifying dangers inherent in that new and vigorous form of imperialism which deceptively carries the banners of national liberation and equality of all peoples—the imperialism of the Soviet Union, assisted by the Communist International. It is now entirely evident that all states and nations engulfed by the advance of the "iron curtain" move under a dominion surpassing in its tyranny the colonial system of the nine-



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teenth century. The states behind that barrier will be fortunate if they are not compelled to surrender their last vestige of independence and join the Soviet Union. The American people, while working for the demise of the old, should take advantage of every opportunity in the United Nations and elsewhere to expose the true character of this new imperialism.

EIGHTH, we should revive with power one of our most precious and glorious traditions. We should open our gates and offer our land as a bright haven of refuge to all who escape from the clutches of this twentieth century despotism. Today there are scores of thousands of these people in the camps for displaced persons in Europe, many of them men and women of highest character and superior talents, men and women of sublime courage, fortitude, and idealism. They should be welcomed to this ancient and celebrated sanctuary of the oppressed and persecuted of the earth.

Though poverty-stricken and crushed in spirit for the moment, they would not come empty-handed to their adopted country. Having lived so recently under tyranny, they would serve as a powerful bulwark of freedom and might even instruct some Americans of Jamestown and Mayflower lineage in the values of human liberty. They would certainly assist in smashing all domestic movements committed to totalitarianism in each and all of its forms. Also they would constitute a rich resource in the present struggle with Communism abroad. The more gifted and experienced among them would be invaluable in carrying the democratic offensive behind the "iron curtain" and into dictatorship's camp.

NINTH, we should do everything possible to fulfill the democratic promise of our history at home. The only thing that can be counted upon to defeat the false democracy of the Communists is genuine democracy.

It is at this point that our American system is most vulnerable to the Soviet shafts of propaganda, and for the simple reason that here is to be found the most conspicuous and scandalous failure of American democracy. The spokesmen of the Kremlin, whether inside or outside the Soviet Union, never miss an opportunity to broadcast and to exaggerate all instances of racial injustice in the United States. Every act of discrimination, every manifestation of hatred, therefore is in a sense morally treasonable because it actually means giving "aid and comfort to the enemy". One might assume that even the bigot who derives satisfaction from hating his fellow men would be restrained by love of country.

TENTH, we should do everything possible to rebuild the economic foundations of our democracy. This should be a central and anxious concern of Govern-

ment, labor, agriculture, and management, as well as all other citizens either as individuals or in their organized capacities. The fact must be recognized that the original base of free and abundant land, on which the Republic was built, is largely gone, and that as yet no other comparable base of economic security has been found.

Ever loyal to the democratic process and guided by the experimental method and temper, we must strive, without ceasing and without fearing bold social speculation and invention, to find the road to economic stability and security for all. The history of the present epoch shows that unemployment and fear of unemployment open the gates to dictatorship and the loss of all democratic liberties. And the achievement of economic security must be linked with the elimination of the extremes of poverty and riches and the full utilization of science and technology to raise the standard of living of all the people. In the present world struggle we are being challenged to demonstrate that free men can also be secure in their economic relations. This, the Soviet propagandists are telling the world, is not possible. Though they have yet to prove that they can achieve economic security under a regime of police tyranny, they proclaim their goal with such dogmatism that many take the proclamation of intent as accomplished fact.

ELEVENTH, we should do everything possible to acquire understanding of the strange and increasingly strange world in which we live. Near the close of his *Outline of History*, published in 1921, H. G. Wells observed that "human history becomes more and more a race between education and catastrophe". The next twenty years witnessed the greatest expansion in schools and agencies of mass education of all time. Apparently these agencies were either employed to hasten catastrophe or were so limited in conception or so remote from the contemporary world that they were ineffective. The thing needed today is a broad educational program for both young and old, and particularly for the mature, since time is fleeting, which is wholly and profoundly relevant to these times.

This program should give systematic attention to the material and spiritual foundations of human liberty and to the sources of totalitarianism in all of its forms. Both Communism and fascism should be studied by all of us with utter thoroughness. In their operations they are equally hostile to everything we hold dear. What each of these despotisms says about the other is not far from the truth. Abundant resources should be supplied to establish the finest research institute in the world to study Russian history, Marxism, Communism, and the entire structure and operation of the Soviet regime. We are quite unprepared to confront intelligently the challenge and the threat to our liberties which the

cataclysm of the Second World War has brought to our doorstep. Our minds are almost ideologically empty in relation to the demands of these times. We prize our liberties, but we are ignorant of the foundations of freedom in the present epoch. And no one knows how long or short may be the time to prepare for or to ward off the impending catastrophe.

TWELFTH and finally, we should move swiftly and surely to develop an educational program deeply dedicated to the values of free society. Understanding is indispensable, but understanding alone is not enough. We need an education, boldly and imaginatively conceived, which will cultivate in both young and old those loyalties to equality, justice, and civil rights on which political and intellectual freedom must ever rest.

The power of education should be harnessed to the task of rooting out of American life and institutions privileges and discriminations based on class, caste, race, or creed. It should be directed toward the fulfillment of the historic promise of America, of the ideals expressed in the Declaration of Independence, the Federal Constitution, the Bill of Rights, the Gettysburg Address, and the Declaration of Human Rights of the United Nations. The time has long since passed when we could afford to approach such questions in a spirit of complacency and indifference. We must realize that in this day we are being called to judgment by history to honor fully in life our democratic professions.

If the forces of freedom and democracy succeed in halting Soviet aggression at this time and in escaping fascist dictatorship, the struggle against Communist totalitarianism is apparently destined to be long and bitter. In the nineteen-twenties and thirties there seemed to be reason for believing that the Soviet dictatorship would relax, that faith in the Communist vision of a world cataclysm would decay under the pressure of events, and that the harsher features and the more uncompromising doctrines of Leninism would be softened or abandoned.

Following the war the exact opposite seems to have occurred. The Soviet leaders appear to have become more fanatical in their faith, more convinced of the truth of their special revelation, and more confident of their strength than ever before. And there is no evidence that they are likely to lose this fanaticism, conviction, and confidence in the near future. If the revolutionary wave, as they understand it, recedes, they may alter profoundly both their strategy and their tactics many times in response to changes in the power relations of the world. But it seems probable that faith in the ultimate world-wide triumph of Communism will dominate their thoughts and direct their policies for an indefinite period. We must be prepared materially and spiritually for a long struggle.



NEWSLETTER

WASHINGTON

PRELIMINARY REPORTS from across the country apparently are bearing out the business predictions made by Commerce Secretary Sawyer in his report to the President. Basing his analysis on a 15,000-mile personal tour during which he conferred with 3,000 businessmen and 1,000 labor leaders, Mr. Sawyer reported that economic prospects were good and that business probably would continue at its present levels "throughout at least the early part of 1950". So far, the indices are fulfilling his expectations.

Mr. Sawyer told the President that business wants (1) relief from wartime excess taxes and from double taxation; (2) liberalization of depreciation allowances; (3) easier credit for small firms; (4) more time to bid on government contracts.

THE OFFICE OF INTERNATIONAL TRADE has announced a new type of export barrier. This is a mandatory ban on shipments of technical data "of an advanced nature significant to the national security". Under the edict, long-standing restrictions governing "classified" material—"Secret", "Confidential", etc.—are carried over into the unclassified field as well.

ONE WASHINGTON COMMITTEE—the Joint Committee on the Economic Report has dipped into the field of family incomes and has found, among other things, that "despite the achievement in recent years of the highest levels of real income and consumption in our history", more than 9½ million families receive cash incomes below \$2,000. This group includes about one fourth of all families of two or more persons in the United States. In addition, almost six million single individuals have cash incomes below \$2,000, according to the committee's data.

OTHER SOURCES shed new light on the business population. Now estimated at 3,935,300 business firms, U. S. businesses have increased by more than 30 per cent in five years, although deaths of business firms now are running more than one third higher than births. Furthermore, the business population is shifting, increasing much more in the South and Far West than in other parts of the country. These regions accounted for 48 per cent of the total net increase in the number of firms from 1944 to 1949. Reflecting the new character of many of these busi-

nesses, the Office of Business Economics notes that discontinuances in the South and Far West also have been higher.

BUSINESS INVESTMENTS for new plants and equipment in the first quarter of 1950 are expected to dip about 14 per cent from the first quarter of 1949 level. This estimate is made by the Department of Commerce on the basis of reports submitted by corporations registered with the Securities and Exchange Commission, and by a large sample of unregistered manufacturing firms.

BEING AWAITED in many quarters is the first report of the President's new inter-agency commission on competition and monopoly. Officially titled the President's Committee on Business and Government Relations, the committee is seeking to frame an overall executive policy on competition and monopoly for the guidance of all Government agencies.

Committee members have outlined three objectives: (1) stimulation of the spirit and practice of competition in the business world, (2) strengthening and broadening of Government efforts to end monopoly and restraint of trade and (3) the building of "a sound basis of mutual understanding in the relations between business and government".

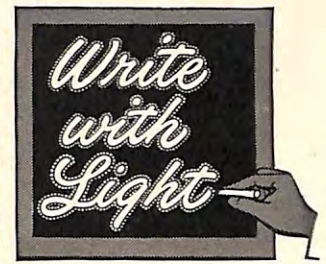
WITH IMPORTANT STUDIES affecting FM broadcasting, television, radio navigation and aircraft navigation and communication crowding its Washington laboratories, the Bureau of Standards has announced plans for a major radio propagation research laboratory at Boulder, Colo. Here, a 200-acre site has been donated by the Boulder Chamber of Commerce, a site which the Bureau regards as particularly desirable, since it is free of congested industrial electrical and radio facilities, is near a large university (the University of Colorado) and also is close to major air and rail traffic.

AMONG OPPORTUNITIES for foreign investment listed by the Office of International Trade are an electrical concern in India, a textile mill in Colombia and a marble quarry in Italy.

American businessmen who may wish to become importers are offered long lists of items available abroad, a recent one including everything from phonograph recordings of Belgian Congo chants to manually-operated portable carpet sewing machines from New Zealand.

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For Elks Who Travel

(Continued from page 30)

Among the signers, oddly enough, was Czechoslovakia.

The agreement calls for: 1. Reciprocity on drivers' licenses and owners' registration cards similar to the agreement now in effect between the 48 states. To offset the necessity of requiring foreign police to recognize so many different licenses, one international driver's permit may be required. 2. The practice of issuing standard customs bonds will be continued. The bond insures a government against loss of customs duty if a foreigner brings his vehicle with him and sells it

while abroad. 3. Driving rules will be standardized for safety. There are still six countries which drive on the right—United Kingdom, Ireland, Japan, Dutch East Indies and India. It will be a long time before the rest of the world can swing the traffic to the left, mainly because such a move requires the expense of altering road signs and changing street car installations. 4. Equipment requirements will be standardized, especially in regard to brakes and lights. All American brake and light practices are acceptable.

It's the Fight

(Continued from page 3)

top prize with that seven-fifty pounder?" Cap'n Whittaker asked, to make conversation while he took up the chalk and marked a zero beside *Maysie's* name.

"Maybe. If there were real big fish around, Cap'n, I wouldn't be in this crazy contest. I'd be out there with a harpoon, same as always, and you know it." Emmett, remembering the smiles with which the sports had viewed his boat when he set out that morning, jammed his thumbs into his belt and swung around to glare at the crowd.

But his bitterness faded quickly. He had no dislike for sport fishermen just because they owned fancy boats. They liked to fish, therefore they liked the sea, and between him and them was a bond. True, it was a slender bond—they fished for pleasure; he for a living. But most of them were nice friendly fellows whom he admired.

He didn't admire Oliver Forslund. Forslund was a downright fanatic, selfish and ruthless.

Emmett's gaze settled on the girl in the yellow slacks and he said grudgingly, "She's good, all right. It takes guts to outlast a fish that big."

"She's been big-game fishin' with her father since she was old enough to hold a rod." Cap'n Whittaker grunted. "It don't take guts when you know how, only when you don't. Ain't that Sue over there lookin' for you?"

"See you later," Emmett said, and made his way toward the girl at the edge of the crowd.

Sue Truden didn't wear yellow slacks. Even if she had, no one would have looked at her the way Oliver Forslund's daughter was being looked at. When Emmett halted before her, the kerchief tied about her dark hair came only to his Adam's apple. She weighed scarcely a hundred pounds, including the freckles on her nose.

Emmett took her arm with his free hand, the one not holding the barrel, and steered her toward the road that curled past the pier sheds and the post office. "I don't believe I'll have supper at your

place," he said. "Like to, but I'm done in."

Sue didn't contradict him, but glanced at the heavy barrel, saw how easily he carried it, and knew he wasn't done in. Not that way. She knew what the trouble was. Her own father had laughed at the idea of Emmett's putting a chair on board the *Maysie* and using her in a tuna tournament, competing with all those skilled sportsmen in expensive boats. Emmett, after two days of failure, was too proud to face him.

"Will I see you later on?" Sue asked.

"Why, sure." Emmett stopped to drop the barrel into Vic Garrity's truck—Garrity lived in Portland and would bring it back in the morning, full of her- ring from the sardine factory. "We could go for a walk, I expect."

"Emmett," she said, "don't be so down in the mouth. You still have tomorrow."

"One more day," Emmett muttered.

They passed through the village and on up the dirt road to the high ridge of the island, which was not an island at all, really, but the tip of a long, narrow peninsula linked to the mainland by bridges. The wind, cool and strong, ruffled Emmett's thick hair and blew Sue's skirt against her slim legs. Where the path to Emmett's house curved away from the ridge road, they halted and Sue said, "When will I see you, Emmett? What time?"

He hesitated.

"Pa's going to Brunswick after supper," she said. "Come over then."

"All right."

"Or would you rather I went to Brunswick with him?"

"You stay home," Emmett retorted. "And don't be putting words into my mouth!"

He walked up the path a little way and stopped to watch her as she went on down the road. She didn't turn her head to see him standing there but he watched her out of sight, his hands clenched so hard they grew hot and sticky. He knew what she wanted. A man didn't have to be told in so many words, when he'd gone

Twenty-eight hundred Americans took their cars to Europe last year; a hundred took them to South America and almost none were taken to the Far East. Over 70,000 American automobiles crossed the border into Mexico. Shipping a car under 3,500 pounds to Europe cost between \$150 and \$200 before the war. The current cost of \$375 represents a drop in price over the past three travel years. At that, many drivers may think the price is worth it just to be able to get away from United States traffic for a couple of weeks.

steady with a girl since grammar school. It almost killed him not to be able to tell her how important the tuna tournament was to him, but of course he couldn't. Not without repeating what her father had said.

He couldn't repeat that, but he would be a long time forgetting it. Mark Truden's outburst was stuck in his mind like a clamshell splinter, working its way deeper and hurting more every day. What made it even worse—Emmett hadn't gone up to Mark and said, "Look here. I want to marry your daughter." He hadn't planned on doing that until the house on the point was his, ready for them to move into.

No. Mark had waylaid him one night when he had innocently called around to take Sue to the movies up in Brunswick. "Let me tell you something, young feller." Mark had growled. "No man that lives in a tarpaper shack and don't have a dollar to his name is going to marry my daughter! You'd best understand that here and now!"

What could you say to a man who reared up in such fashion? That you'd been squeezing your pennies like a miser for years? That you never intended to get married till you had the finest house on Baker's Island to put your wife in? No. You could only clamp your teeth on your tongue to halt a retort that might do harm, and walk away.

Emmett trudged into the tarpaper shack, stripped, turned on the shower and let the cold spray cool his memory of Mark Truden's proclamation. Alone at the homemade pine table in the tiny kitchen, he sat to a supper of cold mackerel, warmed-over potatoes and black coffee. The place was not a tarpaper shack. He was not ashamed of it. It was small, sure, but a trimmer house couldn't be found on the island. He had built it himself, four years before, when his widowed father had sold the family house.

The food was tasteless but he ate all of it and was washing the handful of dishes when he heard footsteps. The door burst open before he got his hands

dried. Vic Garrity rushed in, wriggling like a live eel.

"You heard, Emmett? You heard about Birchall?"

"Heard what?"

"He brought in an eight-hundred-pounder!"

Emmett finished drying his hands, hung the towel on its hook and sat down. "Eight hundred pounds," he repeated slowly, then sat there like a prize fighter dazed by an unexpected, near-knockout punch. "Nobody'll beat that, with real big tuna so scarce."

"You should've been there at the dock to see Oliver Forslund's face when they weighed it," Garrity chuckled. A great little mimicker, he puffed his scrawny middle out in imitation of fat Oliver and let his lower jaw drop. But his chuckle was forced, and he too sagged into a chair when his act failed to win a laugh. With one of his three youngsters in a Portland hospital, money scarce and his wife nagging all the time, he was not a happy man.

"We should have stayed with the mackerel. They're runnin' better," he said.

"A man can't make a thousand dollars in three days with mackerel."

"He can eat."

Emmett had no answer to that. He had not told his helper why he had to have a thousand dollars, and he was in no humor for confidences now. "I have to go out," he said and, leaving Garrity sitting there, he went along the path to the road and down the road to Sue Truden's house.

SUE was waiting. Usually she didn't pretty herself up just to go for a walk, but this evening she had on a white dress, a party kind of dress, and Emmett knew she was trying to cheer him up. She thought he was down in the mouth because the sports had given him a riding. That's better than her knowing the truth, he thought.

"Let's go sit on the rocks," she said.

They took the long way around, not saying much, and came out on the point below the house that Emmett needed the thousand dollars for. He didn't look up at the house as they crossed the flat shelves of rock, but he knew Sue would, and she did. She never failed to.

It was one of the oldest houses on the island. For 50 or 60 years it had stood there on the edge of the rock-fall, defying the winds, yet it was still handsome and sturdy and commanded a view of the Atlantic that took people's breath away. Its last owner, Mrs. Stark, had put it in the hands of Jonathan Reeves, the real estate agent, and gone across the country to California where the winds didn't blow so hard. Emmett's thumb had landed on Jonathan's doorbell the day she left.

"How much for the Stark place?" he had demanded.

Jonathan was a sly one, a soft-voiced little man with a pinched-up face that was mostly nose. "That's a fine house,"

he declared, and went on, needlessly, to point up its virtues. "I doubt you could meet the old lady's asking price."

"I've a little money and I could get a mortgage loan from the bank."

"Well," Jonathan said shrewdly, "sit down."

One thing led to another. That first talk with Jonathan was followed by talks with the bank people and letters to Mrs. Stark in California, and before long the complications were so many that Emmett's head whirled. It ended with Emmett's turning over his savings on something called an option. What he paid out was not enough for a down payment, but the option would stop anyone else from buying the place until the first day of September, by which time he had to raise a thousand dollars more or lose out. He could raise a thousand in a month, he was sure.

Only he hadn't. The *Maysie's* patched-up engine had gone sour just when the mackerel were running good. He'd lost three days' fishing while overhauling her, and had to pay out nearly a hundred dollars for parts, in the bargain. Then there'd been a week of the ugliest weather imaginable, with no fishing at all, and when that cleared, the fish were scattered from hell to breakfast where a man couldn't find them.

He'd been able to hand over to Jonathan Reeves just three hundred of the thousand dollars needed, and that only by nearly killing himself and his helper. Entering the tuna tournament, with its top prize of two thousand dollars, had been a last-ditch desperation stunt. But what else could he do? Jonathan had told him bluntly the deadline couldn't be extended.

"Your option expires September first at midnight," Jonathan said. "That's the last day of the tuna tourney. 'Less you get the money, the house will be sold the day after, for cash. I'm sorry, but I can't help it."

"Sold?"

"Oliver Forslund."

"Why, he doesn't live on the island! Only comes here for the tuna fishin'!"

"Man's got his kind of money can do what he likes, I suppose," Jonathan said shrugging one pinched shoulder. "Anyway, you and Garrity better win that tourney or you're sunk."

THEY had been sitting on the rocks for half an hour, Emmett glumly remembering his last talk with the real estate man. Now Sue plucked at his arm and stood up. With her hair streaming in the wind and her dress blown hard against her, she looked like a little girl in grammar school, which was where Emmett had first made up his mind to marry her.

"Come up to the house," she said, pulling at him.

Emmett decided he couldn't feel any worse. Leaping from ledge to ledge, he followed her over the rocks till they

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reached the overhang at the top. When he took hold of her to boost her up onto the grass, she turned in his grasp, feather-light, caught hold of his hair and kissed him on the mouth, hard.

She didn't do that often. He had a sudden notion she was trying to tell him something, and wondered if she knew about his dickering with Jonathan Reeves. But that was foolish. Jonathan had promised not to tell a soul.

They stood together on the long veranda with their hands on the rail, looking seaward and listening to the roar of the surf in the rocks below. She loves this house, Emmett thought miserably. And if things had gone right, I could have given it to her. Now I can't. He was tempted to tell her he had tried, but it went against the grain to admit defeat. Perhaps if her father had been more understanding . . .

Above the sound of the wind he heard voices and, looking quickly to his left along the veranda, he saw Oliver Forslund trudging up the path. Rita, with him, was not wearing yellow slacks now but an all-white tailored suit that looked expensive. They halted by the side steps, unaware of Emmett and Sue. Oliver's squeaky voice was clearly audible.

"There isn't a better view on the whole Maine coast," he declared, waving an arm to take in the shelving rocks and the sea. "The house itself is old-fashioned, of course—on the verge of collapse—but we'll build a modern summer place."

Emmett felt Sue's hand on his arm, trembling. "It is not old-fashioned!" Sue said fiercely. "It's beautiful!"

"Sh!"

"It isn't ready to fall down, either. All it needs is a little fixing!"

Emmett tried to shush her but she wanted the Forslunds to hear, and they did. Oliver, surprised, climbed the rickety steps and came along the veranda, followed by his daughter. "Well, good evening!" he said. "Admiring my place, are you?"

"It isn't your place," Emmett retorted. The words were out before he could halt them.

"Will be," Oliver said with his triumphant smile. "By the way, Emmett, I've done you a dirty trick. Stolen your partner."

"You've—what?"

"Hired Vic Garrity for the rest of the tournament. He's waiting at your place to tell you. No hard feelings, eh?" His chuckle said plainly he didn't much care.

Emmett looked at him a moment and then turned away, shaking with anger. It was like the time he'd heard that angry proclamation from Sue's father—if he answered at all, he would only say something to be ashamed of later.

But Forslund had to have the last word. "Too bad!" he called. "But all's fair in love and fishing, Emmett!"

With Sue at his side, Emmett made for home. At first he walked with such ground-eating strides that Sue had to trot

to keep up, but then his anger wore itself down to despair and his pace became a drag. Vic Garrity, waiting on the bench outside the cabin, saw them coming and stood up, scratching nervously at his mouth.

"Is it true, what Forslund just told me?" Emmett demanded.

"He offered me a hundred dollars for the day, Emmett," Garrity muttered, gazing at the ground. "I got a hospital bill to pay and the tournament's over anyway, with Birchall bringin' in that eight-hundred-pounder."

"Forslund doesn't think it's over! Not if he's willing to pay you that kind of money!"

"Well, you know him—he's a crazy kind of man where fishin's concerned. He figured I'd know where the big ones are, bein' a commercial tuna man, and—well—I couldn't turn down any hundred dollars for a day's work, Emmett."

Emmett went over to the bench and sat with his chin in his hands, not really angry but hurt to know that Oliver Forslund's money could buy even a man's loyalty. Seemed there was precious little money wouldn't buy.

"Will I see you after the tournament?" Garrity asked, not looking at him.

"I guess so."

"Well, good night then. I sure hope you hook a big one." The little man nodded unhappily to Sue and went down the path to the road, where his truck was parked.

After a time Emmett stood up. "I'll walk you home," he said. "Between now and morning I got to find a partner somewhere."

"Where?" Sue asked.

"I wish I knew."

TUNA men don't grow on rocks like mussels, even on Baker's Island. Not having a telephone, Emmett had to get into his car. He drove all the way up the peninsula, stopping here and there to ring doorbells. Then he drove on down to Portland where he knew some commercial fishermen who might be willing to take Garrity's place. They wouldn't, though. The mackerel were running better than fair, they told him, and why should they give up a modest sure thing just to gamble on half of a two-thousand-dollar tournament prize which Birchall had already put in his pocket?

It took time, and when Emmett got back to the Baker's Island pier at half past ten in the morning, the tuna boats were out and the morning crowd of on-lookers had dispersed. Cap'n Whittaker sat on his nail keg, smoking his pipe. Gulls perched undisturbed on the pier posts. The place looked like the sleepy lobster port which most of the time it was.

"You goin' out?" Cap'n Whittaker asked.

"I am. Maybe I'll get no credit if I bring one back—having no witnesses—but I'm going!"

The captain hitched himself off his keg. "I'll tag along. Get tired of sittin' here. Garrity left a barrel of chum for you, there by the hoist." He stepped to the edge of the platform and called down, "Sue!" Sue Truden emerged from the *Maysie's* cabin, slim and small in the sunlight, squinting up.

"Bring the boat alongside and we'll put the chum aboard," Cap'n Whittaker said. Turning to Emmett, he grinned around his pipe-stem. "Sue and I figured you wouldn't get a partner. We've been here since daybreak, waitin'."

Emmett, silent, drew a breath at last and stepped forward to wrestle the full barrel onto the hoist, then hurried down the ramp to swing it aboard when the old man lowered it. When the job was done, Sue put a hand on his arm and turned him to face her.

"Did you get any sleep?"

"It doesn't matter."

She brought him coffee and sandwiches from the cabin while Cap'n Whittaker took the *Maysie* out the channel into the bay. The sun, blistering hot, looked white as milk in a sky the color of a blued gun-barrel. The bay was rough. Half a mile out the boat began to roll and the auxiliary wheel on her cabin roof swung back and forth through a 40-degree arc.

"We'll get some mackerel for bait," Emmett said. "I've lost faith in herring and feather jigs."

It took half an hour to locate a school of mackerel. By the time a dozen had been handlined aboard, the color had gone from Sue's face and her lips were pressed tight. She was so light that the constant pitching of the old lobster boat kept her off balance. Emmett peered at her and shook his head, knowing what it would be like if the sea got really rough. He knew the *Maysie* in bad weather.

"I'll be all right," Sue told him. "You tend to business."

While Emmett took up a tuna hook and sewed on a fat mackerel, they passed some of the other boats, some trolling, some drifting and chumming. Two or three came within hailing distance and Emmett mechanically waved in answer to the shouts, but he was looking for Oliver Forslund's boat, with Vic Garrity on board, and she was nowhere to be seen. He made the line ready while the *Maysie* plodded on out to sea. In the midst of the operation he paused to listen to the sound of the engine, a patched-up affair standing naked and noisy in the shedlike cabin.

The growling sound of the motor which had caused his frown ceased almost at once, but Cap'n Whittaker, at the wheel, had heard it too and said with a shake of his head, "We better be careful, Emmett."

Emmett glanced at Sue and set the rod in its socket before answering. "We'll stay close to home."

"You will not," Sue retorted. "You'll go where the fish are!"

"Fish are where you find them," Emmett said.

With the bait trailing at the tail of the *Maysie's* wake, he checked the chair before turning away. It was a homemade affair of rough-sawed boards and lengths of pipe. The harness had been given him four or five years ago by a sport whose disabled boat he had towed home, and the rod and reel he had picked up second-hand. The big-time anglers in their expensive cruisers were justified in smiling at such a rig, he supposed.

His gear checked, he nodded to Cap'n Whittaker and climbed to the cabin roof where he stood by the auxiliary wheel and scanned the sea for telltale fins while the boat pitched under him. He paused presently to shield his eyes with a cupped hand, then called down to the captain, who clambered up to join him.

"Tuna," Emmett said, pointing. "Small ones, though."

"Your eyes are better'n mine, Emmett."

Emmett said nothing and the old man, stepping closer, followed the line of his extended arm and saw the fins: dark triangles cleaving the water and leaving a hairline wake. "Mightn't be so little. We could try for 'em," Cap'n Whittaker said.

"And waste an hour getting a four-hundred-pounder aboard? No, thanks. Today's my last chance."

The captain listened to the *Maysie's* engine again, glanced at the sky and shook his head. "I wouldn't count on much more fishin' time. Looks to me like—" A sudden gust whipped his words away and heeled the boat over, all but throwing the two men from the cabin roof. The captain would have gone, surely, if Emmett, anchored to the wheel, hadn't grabbed him. Below, the engine wheezed for a moment, faltered, then caught again, but was laboring like a winded runner gasping for breath.

"Rough," the captain said, shaken.

Emmett made no answer. Maybe the

tears in his eyes were caused by the wind, maybe not.

The weather worsened quickly. The wind blew to a steady howl and the *Maysie* rolled so that standing on her cabin roof was next to impossible. The sky, low and black, soon was darker than the sea with its foaming whitecaps.

There should have been tuna boats at Mark Island Gully and Eastern Cod Ledge, but Emmett saw none. There should have been boats out by the Portland Lightship and over the hot grounds near the whistler at Halfway, but most of them had quit. Emmett knew he ought to quit, too. Even if he tied into a big fish now, there wasn't a chance in ten of getting it aboard before the storm bared its back teeth.

Cap'n Whittaker plucked at his arm. "There's your friend Forslund!" he yelled.

Oliver Forslund's black-hulled cruiser ghosted out of the storm, heading seaward, and someone waved. Emmett sighed. Forslund, with a boat like that, could face the weather. The *Maysie* was too old and too cranky.

"We'll try the gully once more," Emmett muttered. "Then I guess we're done."

It began to rain, not vertically but horizontally, the drops as sharp and cold as chilled needle-points. Cap'n Whittaker stuck to the wheel. Sue, in the cabin, hugged a fleece-lined jacket around her shoulders and shivered inside it, and couldn't stop shivering. Emmett went forward over the plank bridge to the harpooner's pulpit and braced himself there to make the most of his last chance. Under half-frozen lids his eyes searched every hill and valley of the sea for a tuna's fins.

He saw something. His hands closed hard on the pulpit rail and he opened his mouth to yell, "Tuna, dead ahead!" but the fins vanished. Mouth still open, he leaned forward, praying for them to reappear, while the heaving pulpit hurled

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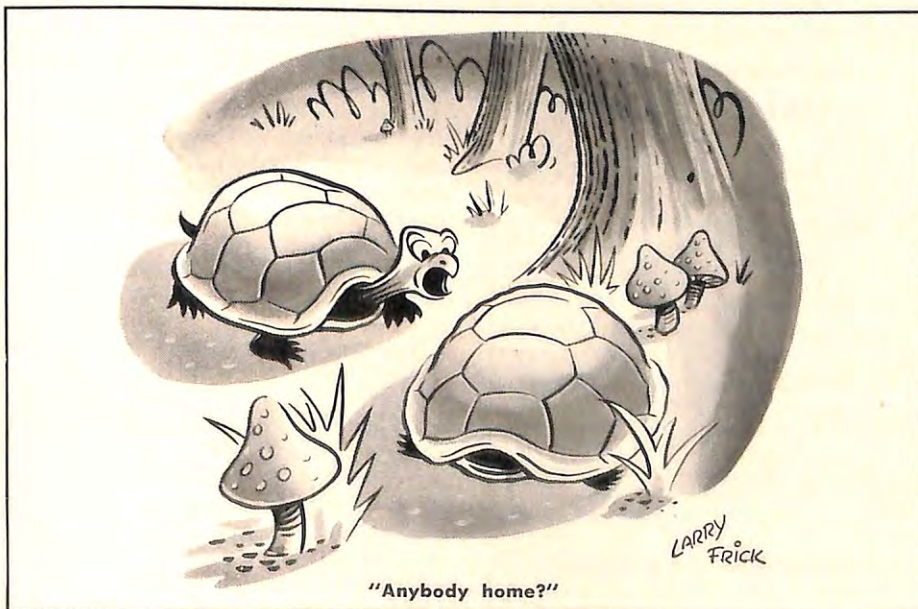
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"Anybody home?"

him skyward on the crest of every wave and dropped him in the troughs.

Hearing a wind-shredded yell from the cabin then, he pulled himself around on the platform and saw Cap'n Whittaker stumbling toward the fishing chair. The boat lost way in a mountain of sea and the captain fell to one knee, but got up again quickly. He yelled a second time and his voice cut through the wind's howl, "Emmett!" Then Emmett saw Sue.

She was leaning over the chair, reaching for the rod. The rod trembled in its socket like a flagpole in a gale. The reel-spool was spinning and the line was going out too fast for the eye to follow!

Emmett hadn't a chance to get from the pulpit to the chair in time to stop her. He made the forward deck in a prodigious leap and went over the cabin roof to save seconds, but she was in the chair, struggling to halt the fish, when he reached her. By the rules of the game it was her fish now or no one's. All he could do was wave Cap'n Whittaker back to the wheel, snatch up the harness and shout advice.

"Let him run! Never mind how much line he takes; let him run!"

Sue, following instructions, turned her head to glance at him. He had never seen a more seasick human being in his life—or a more determined one, either. Groaning, he slipped the harness around her, to give her back the support it had to have, and thrust the heavy straps under her arms, and snapped the swivels to the reel. It was up to her now, up to a hundred-pound girl, with no know-how at all, to halt the rush of a fighting bluefin tuna that probably weighed five or six times what she did. She didn't have a chance.

But she thought she had a chance; that made a difference. She braced her small feet against the heavy plank foot-rest and adjusted the reel-drag at Emmett's directions, and when the fish stopped running after stripping 300 hundred yards of line from the reel, she began to work on him.

Work? For a girl her size it must have been torture. "Set your feet," Emmett told her. "Now haul back on the rod—lean forward—reel up the slack!" It was the only way she had a chance: put her whole body into the heave, bring the fish in a few inches, then wind up the won line and let the reel-drag hold him while she got her breath for the next battle. It was back-breaking work, mean enough to pull her arms clean out of their sockets. But there wasn't time for anything else, with the weather growing uglier by the minute, the wind making up to a gale and the *Maysie* groaning in every tortured rib.

Emmett heard Cap'n Whittaker yelling at him from the wheel and turned his head to see the captain pointing to port, where another boat was plodding past them on its way in. It was Oliver Forslund's boat, with Oliver himself at the wheel, waving in what surely was a ges-

ture of triumph. The sportsman shouted something which Emmett failed to hear above the wind.

All at once two things happened. The *Maysie's* laboring engine voiced a high-pitched squeal and stopped dead. And the fish on Sue's line unexpectedly surfaced, over 200 yards behind the boat.

"My Lord, it's a big one!" Emmett gasped. "It's really big!"

It was impossible at that distance to tell just how big, but Emmett no longer had any interest in the engine, or in Oliver Forslund, or anything else in the world except the battle Sue was waging. He set himself beside her chair and glued his gaze to the line and rod, trying to foresee the tuna's rushes and warn her. Sue couldn't hope to halt a fish that size when it took a notion to go, and if caught unaware with too much drag on the reel she might be hauled out of the chair before the line broke. Nothing held her to the chair—only the pressure of her feet on the foot-rest. The harness around her body was fast to the reel.

Cap'n Whittaker struggled aft to Emmett's side. "Anchor's down but draggin'," he said. "What else can I do?"

"Nothing. Just hope!"

"Forslund's standin' by out there. That's a big fish, hey?"

"A whopper!"

"He saw it. He's got a big one himself, if I read his signs right. Bigger'n Birch-all's."

"Then he's praying for us to lose this one," Emmett said grimly. "And that's all the more reason we're not going to!"

The captain groped his way to the chum barrel and braced himself against it, ready to jump into action if needed. Tuna-hook in hand, Emmett held on and swayed with the violent lurching of the boat as she pulled her anchor over the sea floor until it caught and held. Sue, dead weary after half an hour of struggle, gamely hung onto her fish.

"Rest," Emmett said, and told her how to let the reel-drag hold the tuna while she got her breath. His own hands itched to seize the rod, but the itch slowly went

out of them as the minutes sped by. Sue was doing a good job. Every beat of her heart was dedicated to it.

"Emmett," she said.

"What?"

"I—I know about the house you're trying to buy. Jonathan told me. I know how important this fish is, and I'm not going to lose it!"

"You bet you're not!" Emmett shouted.

She turned her head briefly to look at him, and her eyes were shining. "This fish is my wedding ring. We're going to get married, Emmett!"

"We'll be married tomorrow!"

She took in 50 yards, an inch at a time. The tuna won it all back, and more, in a single run that made the reel smoke. Sue clenched her teeth, got a new grip with her feet and inched it back again, added some to it, and on his next rush the fish took less. So it went. At the end of two hours the tuna was still far stronger than she was, and the finish was not in sight, but the big fish was tiring; its rushes were shorter. The *Maysie* rolled at anchor in a wild sea, and Oliver Forslund's boat still circled as night came on.

Then, suddenly the fish seemed to tire quickly. "He's coming!" Sue gasped. "If my arms don't drop off!"

"Careful," Emmett warned. "Take in that slack. Keep reeling!"

Fifty feet from the boat the fish surfaced again. Three black triangles cut the shining wall of a wave—his dorsals and the top half of his tremendous tail—and then he rolled, showing the full expanse of his gray-white belly and mighty blue back. The sight brought Cap'n Whittaker bounding from his barrel.

"If that fish don't weigh nine hundred, I never saw one that did!"

Emmett took up the gaff and, trying to be calm, gave the exhausted girl in the chair her final instructions.

"Bring him right up to the boat, but be careful now. He's not as tired as he should be. If he starts to go again, you throw off that drag in a hurry or you'll go with him." With a glance at Cap'n Whittaker he stepped past her and set himself at the stern.

There was almost no light left. Sue, straining at the rod, was only a small dark shadow in the chair, and the fish was all but invisible. She brought him in, though. There seemed to be no fight left in him.

Then, ten feet from the boat, he came to life and took off for deep water like a diving submarine.

"Let him go!" Emmett shouted.

Maybe Sue didn't hear. Maybe she knew as well as he did that if she failed to bring the fish to gaff now, the storm and total darkness would put an end to the battle. She fought the tuna with all her strength, the heavy harness biting into her back as she braced herself. Emmett thought the straps would break. He was sure he heard them stretching.

The fish stopped running. Foot by foot

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she brought him back. Wide-eyed, Emmett set himself with the gaff again, praying the line would stand the strain. The enormous head came alongside, its door-knob eyes shining in the dark—close—almost close enough—

"Another foot!" Emmett begged. "Just another foot!" He could almost see himself handing Jonathan Reeves the money for the house on the point, with Sue standing proud and happy at his side.

Then he heard a ripping, tearing sound, and a scream.

It wasn't the line that had broken. It was the old, rotten deck planking where the chair-bolts had weakened it. The chair rose up into the dark, with Sue in it, as if it had wings. The rod spun from her hands and the butt, leaping from its socket, struck her in the stomach. She screamed again, this time in pain, as Emmett dropped the gaff and made a desperate flying leap to catch her before she went overboard.

Afterward, Emmett remembered seeing Cap'n Whittaker snatch up something and hurl it, but the gesture meant nothing at the time. He caught Sue and fell to the deck with her, struggling to free her from the harness. Rod and reel went thumping overside, towed by the fish. Emmett threw the broken chair off Sue's legs and lay in a wet heap with his arms around her, gasping. He didn't think of the tuna. All he knew was that she was safe—she hadn't gone into the wild black water where in the dark she almost surely would have drowned.

"It's all right," he told her. "You're safe. I've got you."

She was bruised and hurt; he picked her up and carried her into the cabin. Then he heard Cap'n Whittaker yelling at him for help.

"The gaff!" Whittaker was shouting. "Come with the gaff!"

A light blinked on, shining brightly through the storm: a searchlight on Oliver Forslund's boat, standing close by. In the glare of it Emmett saw Cap'n Whittaker braced in the stern, hauling on a manila harpoon line, and remembered seeing the captain throw something and realized what had happened. Cap'n Whittaker had snatched up a harpoon and put an iron into the big fish as the fish went away.

It took a few minutes to bring the tuna in, but he was tired—Sue would have had him on rod and reel, without question, if the chair hadn't broken. Ready with gaff and rope while the captain hauled, Emmett went through the motions mechanically. There was no joy in it, even when the rope was fast around the tuna's tail. A harpooned fish wouldn't win any tournament prize.

When the tuna was secured, he leaned over the side to estimate its weight. "Nine hundred, easy," he said glumly. "We'd have won top money, I expect."

Cap'n Whittaker said, "Maybe Forslund will give us a tow in, Emmett, now he can gloat to his heart's content."

A crowd was on the dock when the two boats came in. Sue's fight with the tuna had last well over three hours, and word had got around that two of the boats were overdue, which in bad weather might mean disaster. Oliver Forslund's prize, weighed first, bent the scales at eight-hundred-forty pounds. Birchall, a good sport, stepped forward to shake hands.

Emmett stood with an arm around Sue while her fish was raised on the hoist. "It's my fault," he told her bitterly. "If I'd built the chair right, you'd be collecting first-prize money this minute." His glance went to Oliver Forslund, proud as a peacock in the glare of the floodlights, and when he thought of Forslund owning the fine old house on the point, tearing it down to build a modern summer "residence", he had to look away.

Cap'n Whittaker read the scales. "Nine hundred fifteen pounds!" The crowd gasped. Harpoon or not, that was a handsome big fish.

Emmett felt a hand trembling on his arm and looked down into Sue's wan face. She was trying hard not to cry. "Emmett," she said, "can we go home now?"

Then Oliver Forslund, pushing through the hushed crowd, planted himself before them.

"Young lady," Oliver said, "I want to shake your hand."

Sue just looked at him.

"I'm an old-timer at this game," Oliver said, "and I've seen many a battle, but I never saw a more courageous fight than yours." He raised his voice, to be heard above the wind that swept the pier. "By heaven, I want the tail of that fish for my trophy room! May I have it?"

"Cap'n Whittaker will give it to you when the fish is dressed," Sue said.

"I want to buy it."

"Buy it?" Sue said helplessly.

"How about half the tourney prize—a thousand dollars?" Oliver said. "After all, if you'd had the equipment I have on my boat, you would have taken the whole prize away from me." Oliver was smiling, and it was not his usual smile now but an eager, small-boy grin. His good-looking daughter, at his side, seemed very proud of him.

"Just a minute, Mr. Forslund," Emmett said. "If you pay a thousand dollars for that fish, you lose the house on the point. It's only fair to tell you. I'm the one who has the option on it."

"I know."

For a moment there was silence. Then Oliver, still grinning, put an arm around Emmett's shoulders and the other around Sue's waist. "Why don't we have a little party and invite the real estate fellow to join us? That way we can settle the whole business."

"And—and all you get out of it is the tail of a fish?" Sue said weakly.

"It isn't the fish," Oliver Forslund declared. "It's the fight. That's all that matters."



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In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 18)

property—the only animal about which this is true.

Don't give your dog food directly from the refrigerator; allow it to warm to room temperature first. Furthermore, never let a dog eat food you have any doubts about. I realize that some pups develop appetites for strange and often unwholesome things, but such desires are morbid and warrant special attention. Usually, dogs don't relish spoiled food any more than you or I, and since their stomachs are sensitive, illness will surely follow if they're improperly stoked.

Now, this is a matter of personal choice and you may feel that it is none of my business, but it is not a good practice to feed your dog at the table during your mealtime. Too often the habit makes the pooch an annoying beggar and, furthermore, tidbits given to him between his mealtimes aren't good for him.

Any food left in the dog's dish should be removed promptly, particularly during the hot summer months when food spoils quickly if left uniced. If taken from the dish and replaced in the refrigerator, the food may be given to the dog at his next mealtime.

IT WILL do your dog's teeth and gums a lot of good if you give him a large bone to gnaw—a shin bone is excellent; or you may give him one or two hard dog biscuits—the kind that are not easily broken. Be sure that any bone given your dog is large and not easy to splinter; splinters, if swallowed, can penetrate the dog's stomach or intestines, often with fatal results. For this reason, never give

him steak, chop, chicken, rabbit or similar bones, as these splinter very easily. Fresh fish should be omitted from his diet, too, since fish bones are dangerous. If you must feed him fish, you'd better get one of the less expensive canned variety. Canned fish has been processed at the packing plant and usually is free of bones, although, to be absolutely sure, it is well to examine it before putting it into your dog's food dish. No matter what food you give your dog, a very, very slight sprinkling of salt on it will be enjoyed by him.

Now, as to what to give your pet: All meats—beef, mutton, lamb, veal—are good, but remember that all meat, except beef, should be cooked—veal especially well. Don't give him pork; it's hard to digest and there isn't too much nourishment in it anyway—at least, not as much as in other meats. Poultry is all right, but all bones should be removed first. Your dog probably will relish an occasional stew containing one of these meats with a mixture of vegetables, preferably greens. Don't give him potatoes; there's too much starch in them.

If you don't want to bother going to the butcher store to shop for food for your dog, there are quite a few fine packaged and canned dog foods that Fido can live on entirely. They contain wholesome meats—even the dry packaged foods—as well as other elements essential to your dog's health and his well-balanced diet. In these prepared foods you'll find such factors as protein, necessary to body- and muscle-building; carbohydrates for energy; vitamins which keep the eyes

clear and the gums and skin in good condition, and the minerals, particularly calcium, to help build strong bones and teeth. (A dog really is as old as his teeth.) There are also those fats in prepared foods which promote a healthy skin, a glossy coat and provide the heat a dog needs. Such prepared foods are a boon to the busy housewife who doesn't have the time to give much attention to Fido's menu.

Here and there you'll find certain prepared foods offered at so-called "bargain prices". Reputable stores, of course, do hold bargain sales in foods from time to time, but what I have in mind are foods that are sold consistently below prices asked for standard dog foods. Such bargains may be easy on your purse, but are likely to be tough on your dog's stomach, which is the seat of his well-being. It's always best to get the best, unless you are indifferent about how much you may have to spend on doctoring your dog. Any of the better known, widely advertised commercial foods are good. That may be a sweeping statement, but when you consider that these foods have the manufacturers' name and reputation behind them, it means a lot. The company that continues to put out inferior foods isn't going to last long in competition with those that adhere to high standards. Most of the better known dog-food packers maintain expensive experimental laboratories which seek constant improvement in their products, and you'd be surprised how much time and thought are given to the preparation of dog-food formulas.

PREPARED dry foods can be mixed occasionally with cooked green vegetables and, more often, may be moistened with milk, broth or gravy, or just plain water in small amounts. Vegetable and fruit juices may be added from time to time and, while the pup is growing, each dry meal really should be moistened with a variety of these juices. For young dogs it is a good idea to add a tablespoon of cod liver oil to their food, which, added to the juices mentioned, gives increased vitamin value to help build sound bone and body. A sprinkling of irradiated yeast, which you may buy from your grocer, to augment the food will benefit both the puppy and the grown dog, and table scraps containing no beans or potatoes may be mixed with the prepared foods for the sake of variety. Believe it or not, dogs do go for variety on their dinner plates. On the packaged foods you'll usually find explicit instructions which should be followed as closely as possible.

Once upon a time, fat was considered a harmful addition to the dog's diet, but it has been found that dogs can digest

What's your dog problem?



Here's a book by Ed Faust, *In the Doghouse* writer, that answers all usual problems of feeding, common sicknesses, tricks, training and general care of the dog. Its 48 pages are well printed and are illustrated with pictures of popular breeds. One authority says, "It is the most readable and understandable of all books on the subject."

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THE FRATERNAL INFLUENCE

From time to time we see some fine things in the lodge bulletins. Here is one that Past Grand Trustee John K. Burch contributed to *The Sault Elk*, bulletin of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Lodge, No. 552.

THERE are 700-odd fraternal organizations in this country. They vary in the size and scope of their activities and they have different aims, rituals and qualifications.

But it may be said truthfully that beneath their surface differences, they all share a common fundamental purpose—namely: "To make the world a better place to live in."

They have their own special ways of bringing this about, yet it is safe to say that the basic admonition taught in every ritual is simply this: "Be kind to your fellow man."

With nearly half of our adult men and women belonging to organizations which teach and practice helpfulness to others, it might be assumed that these people and these organizations must accomplish a great deal of good.

The influences of the fraternities on American life today, and the amount of good they accomplish, are incalculable.

That statement may be news to the other half of our adult population, whose only contact with the fraternities very likely has been occasional glimpses of some of their members at play.

"You can't tell me," I hear some of them say, "that those fellows parading down the street, wearing crazy costumes and making all of that noise with a lot of hands—you can't tell me that they do anybody any good."

WELL, the probability is that those fellows parading down the street are winding up a National Convention. And in that National Convention, which they attended because they wanted to, about all the good they did was to vote unanimously to establish and maintain an up-to-date Children's Hospital, at a cost of a million dollars to themselves and their kind; to set up a Free Scholarship Fund and to appropriate money enough to double the size of their home for the aged.

And beyond pledging anew to the daily practice of tolerance, charity, and justice, aside from these few items, the roisterers parade down the street and have done no good at all.

90 per cent of the common fats such as are found on meat, and even lard. An allowance of 15 per cent to each meal is not only harmless but, as mentioned before, is even beneficial to the dog's coat and skin. If your pet is underweight, a condition not often found in the healthy house pet, then this amount of fat should be increased.

If your dog skips a meal or two—a common occurrence—don't let it worry you. If he isn't well, he's simply doing this to doctor himself. A healthy dog will eat eventually, but if he continues to refuse his meals, or merely picks at his food, for three or four days, then watch him carefully for symptoms of real illness. The occasional skipped meal may

only be a temporary loss of appetite such as you and I have experienced once in a while.

An important rule to follow is that you should *not* allow strangers to feed your dog if you want him to be *your* dog. It's a bad practice and one that may result in a visit from a prowler who used this means to get into your dog's good graces.

How much to feed your pet? You'll have to watch the dog for this. If he consistently leaves food on his plate, then cut down the quantity; if he seems ravenously hungry after each meal, then increase the quantity.

If you have any questions about your dog's diet, or any other dog problem, drop me a line; I'll be glad to answer.

When You Lend Your Car

(Continued from page 15)

catch-all rules of law a parent must face. When you turn over your family car, or any other car, to an incompetent driver you will be held responsible for any accident resulting from his incompetence.

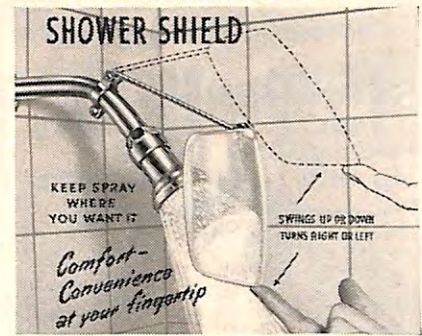
Who is an incompetent driver? In some states a child under 14, in others a child under 16, is incompetent by statutory law. In most states it is a question for the jury to decide. One father was held responsible for an accident caused by his 15-year-old daughter because of her in-

experience. In Georgia, a woman was liable for having turned her car over to a son who was in the habit of going out on drunken parties.

The fact that your son has a driving license will not protect you. If he is reckless, has the habit of speeding, if he is subject to frequent fainting spells or has poor eyesight, a jury could hold him to be incompetent and you would be liable.

Ordinarily an automobile owner is not liable for accidents caused by someone

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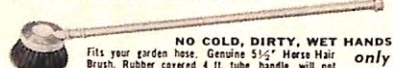
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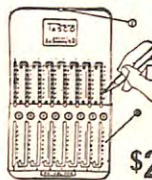
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using his car without his permission, but in the case of fathers the courts are quite handy at finding implied permission. A man in Kentucky, for example, had lectured his reckless son time and again about taking the car. Under no circumstances was the boy to use it. But the boy used it once too often and had an accident. In court there was evidence to show that the garage always was left open and the ignition key was kept where it was easily accessible to the son. The father was held responsible on the ground that the boy had implied permission since the key had been left where he could get it. Fathers who allow their incompetent sons to obtain possession of the car under any circumstances rarely escape with whole skins in civil court.

J. A. Mills, vice-president of a large casualty company, recently reported that the accident rate for the young-driver group is at least 50 per cent higher than that for older drivers. You undoubtedly have heard statistics to the same effect. Yet, with pardonable pride, you may feel your son is an exception. You perhaps know him to be a skillful driver. He probably is.

"As a group, young drivers are even better than their elders in keenness of vision, speed of reaction, and other physical characteristics," says J. Dewey Dorsett, General Manager of the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies. "The answer to the poor driving experience of teen-agers must then be explained as failure to exercise mature judgment and take a full share of responsibility in driving safely on the highway."

WHEN your children reach driving age your automobile liability insurance rates take a sharp upward leap. That's the logical time to dust off your

CONVENTION PARADE CHAIRMAN NAMED

All lodges and State Associations desiring to enter floats or marching units in the parade at the Grand Lodge Convention to be held in Miami, Fla., July 9-13, should write to Mr. Ernie Seiler, 615 S.W. 2nd Avenue, Miami. Estimates and sketches of floats will be submitted without cost to those requesting them. Requirements should be submitted at the earliest date possible so that definite commitments may be made.

policy to see if it still fits. You've probably had liability insurance for many years and feel you've done everything possible to protect yourself.

But have you?

Your circumstances have changed: instead of two drivers to protect, you now have three or four. Your property holdings are probably much greater now than when you took out your insurance. You have much more to lose. Furthermore, the risks of the road have increased gradually over the years—greater volume of traffic, more accidents, more civil suits, higher jury verdicts. In short, your policy may be sadly out of date.

Mr. Jordan's \$5,000/\$10,000 policy was an old four-cylinder job trying to carry an eight-cylinder load, although he didn't realize the fact until his son ran down a boy riding a bicycle. Verdict: \$35,000. The insurance company paid \$5,000 of this—the limit of the policy for the injuries of one person—and Mr.

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Jordan was left with the rest of it, a \$30,000 bite out of his bare neck.

According to insurance authorities, most automobile owners are now carrying the \$10,000/\$20,000 policy, and the trend toward higher limits continues in recognition of a trend toward higher jury awards and the diminishing value of the dollar. Only a high-limit policy can protect you from the kind of ruinous suit that could jam you into a financial strait-jacket for years to come.

But there is a less obvious way in which your policy can become outmoded as your children begin driving, and the files of insurance companies bulge with proof of parental ignorance on this point. Many a father apparently fails to realize that his policy does not offer as broad protection to his children as it does to himself—until a nasty jolt awakens him, too late.

Take the case of young Jim, for example. He was all set to pick up his date one evening when Pop put his foot down. No, Jim couldn't have the car again tonight. But with the persistence of young love, Jim borrowed a friend's jalopy, one of those no-fender, no-top affairs that resemble a bathtub on wheels. Later, with his girl beside him, stars in her eyes, and a great yellow moon hanging low over the treetops, he parked at the side of the road.

As a parking place it wasn't the best. The shoulder was narrow and soft. The rear of the car projected several feet over the pavement and, of course, Jim had turned off the lights to appreciate the moonlight.

Presently a truck came zooming around a curve. At the last instant the truck driver saw the jalopy. He swerved sharply and landed in the ditch across the road, his truck and \$6,000 in cargo going up in flames.

Because Jim's father had endorsed Jim's application for a driving license, he was liable for the accident under statutory law. His policy did not protect him while Jim was driving another's car, and he had to pay the damages himself.

Driving is a thrill and a challenge to teen-agers and they'll quickly avail themselves of every opportunity to drive strange cars, or to swap cars for an evening with a friend. When they do they are not covered by your insurance. Of course, if the strange car happens to be insured, the young driver will be protected under the owner's policy. But in the case of a battered jalopy, you are quite safe in assuming that it isn't insured. No insurance company would be likely to accept it as a risk. This means that the injured victim would probably sue you, trying to hold you liable under same statute or under the theory of agency. If your son were doing an errand for you at the time of the accident, for example, you would be liable and your insurance would not protect you.

Under the terms of the standard policy now used by about 90 per cent of the in-

surance companies, you are protected when your son or anyone else drives your car with your permission. You are also protected when you or your wife drive a car belonging to someone else. This drive-other-car coverage, however, does not extend to your children.

You can easily mend this hole in your insurance protection by purchasing drive-other-car coverage for each of your sons and daughters. Fortunately, the charge made for this additional coverage is nominal—usually only a dollar or two for each child.

Let's suppose you purchased drive-other-car coverage for your son and daughter. Suppose, further, that in addition to your insured family car you also have a station wagon for local use which you have never bothered to insure. Why insure it when you all have drive-other-car coverage? It looks like an insurance bargain—two cars insured for the price of one. But wait. The bargain aspect immediately vanishes if any of you have an accident with the station wagon. Papa's neck will probably find itself caught in a legal wringer—but good!—and with no insurance protection.

The simple truth is that insurance companies do not insure two cars for the price of one. To prevent drive-other-car coverage from having this effect, its application is limited to the driving of cars not owned by anyone in the household of the policy holder. Consequently, if two or more cars are owned or regularly being used by your family, none of you is fully protected unless you have insurance on each car. This applies, as well, to a car owned by your son, and is perhaps as good an argument as any for not allowing him to own a jalopy, which no company would be likely to insure. If he did own one, both he and you would be constantly exposed to risks against which you could not protect yourself.

IF YOUR son must have a car for some reason, it should be a good one. Before you buy, check with your insurance company to make certain they will accept the risk. Most insurance companies refuse to insure cars owned by young drivers, but sometimes will insure them as a courtesy to fathers who have held policies with the company for a long time.

What if your son lends the family car to a friend without your permission? In the event of an accident you would probably have a very close case in court. The question for the jury would be whether or not there was implied permission. If there was, your policy would apply; otherwise not. At any rate, your son's habit of lending the family car to others undoubtedly increases your chances of becoming involved in an accident and may lead to the loss of insurance benefits.

Insofar as protection from civil suit is concerned, insurance experts agree that you have done everything possible if you carry adequate liability insurance on each car used by the family, and have



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drive-other-car coverage for each of your teen-age drivers. But even this protection is not 100 per cent proof without the cooperation of your children. For this reason they should know what your insurance policy covers, what it does not cover, and what are its limitations and conditions.

BUT insurance protection cannot restore amputated limbs or breathe new life into dead bodies. Insurance experts share the view of various automobile clubs and highway safety organizations that driving attitude is by far the most important factor in the automobile accidents of teen-age operators.

A sense of responsibility, courtesy and respect for the rights of others on the highway—these play a large part in the driving attitude of your children, and these are things which you, as a parent, can do something about.

You can do something about them by setting a good example. You can do something about them by insisting your children have adequate training before they take over the wheel—preferably in one of the excellent driver-education courses now being offered by many high schools.

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York 7, N. Y., for information as to how such a course may be added to the curriculum of your school.

In addition, you can deepen your son's sense of responsibility by sharing your automobile and insurance problems with him. Statistics and blunt facts about your legal responsibility for his negligence are likely to be far more impressive than all your scoldings and threats, and more appealing to his sensitive, young-man ego.

He should know that the daring and the showing-off and the willingness of young drivers to take chances is adding 125 million dollars annually to parents' premium charges, and that his driving the family car has increased your own insurance costs anywhere from 30 to 60 per cent.

He should also know that usually he, too, will be sued in the event of an accident and that a judgment against him often can be enforced ten or twenty years later when he has property of his own.

The teen-ager driving problem rests squarely upon the shoulders of each parent. The law recognizes this fact by holding you responsible for the destruction caused by the high-powered, high-speed automobile you place in your children's hands.

Upon your ability to mold a sane and courteous driving attitude in the minds of your sons and daughters rests the ultimate hope for the safety and financial security and happiness of your family.

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 12)

other "figure-of-eights"—he fishes at night with a long cane pole and a short wire leader, dragging his lure on the surface of the phosphorescent water in a figure-of-eight motion. He's after big snook.

Such fishing is where you find it. Many coast towns, such as Naples on the Gulf Coast, have a large pier jutting out into the open water erected for the sole purpose of fishing. When a September hurricane comes by and takes the pier with it, as it often does, the townsfolk get busy and build a bigger and better one. These people like to fish. Many of the bridges, aqueducts and jetties around the Miami and Palm Beach areas provide such fishing. It's not difficult to tell where. A pier when the fish are hitting looks like a giant centipede about to walk away, the many fishing poles on both sides working up and down like a thousand legs.

Offshore trolling, such as practiced in the Gulf Stream, requires no previous fishing experience for an opportunity of success, although, if it is done as a regular thing, it does require a certain affluence, a reasonable ability in the art of check writing. A good guide boat will cost up to sixty dollars a day. It will accommodate four fishermen comfortably, however—two trolling over the stern and two from outriggers; so a party of four

fishermen can make a day of it at a reasonable cost to each.

This "big-game" fishing is something every visitor to the Florida East Coast should try at least once. The Gulf Stream is the home of the graceful, tail-walking sailfish, the high-leaping marlin, the brilliant and incredible-appearing dolphin, and other world-famous battlers. In fact, if a man cares to go in for some real back-breaking exercise, it offers the opportunity to work out on what is perhaps the most powerful of all game fish, the giant bluefin tuna. The northward migration of these huge fish is in full force during May, although as far as is known at present they follow a route along the eastern edge of the Gulf Stream nearer to Bimini and Cat Cay than Florida.

THE off-shore fishing captain will supply not only the boat but also the know-how, the bait and even the tackle. All the fisherman needs to bring aboard is enthusiasm, plus a reasonably strong back in case he runs afoul of something big. Boat tackle is designed in such a way that even the last requirement is not too essential. The boat captain will rig the outfits and the bait, locate the fish, troll by them, instruct the fisherman

when to set the hook, then maneuver the boat in such a way as to play the fish to the best advantage after it is hooked. This all makes it sound pretty dull for the fisherman, and it would be, except for the fact that the hooked sailfish or marlin puts on a show so spectacular that nothing else matters.

I have an admitted weakness for the third-mentioned type of fishing, and it is surprising how much sport there is open to the foot fisherman in south Florida. Calculating roughly, I can think of at least 20 species of fish I have taken while casting from shore or wading on the flats. The principal species fished for in this manner would include bonefish on the key flats, baby tarpon in the canals, and snook, trout and redfish in the surf. Redfish, by the way, is the Florida name for the surf fish known as channel bass farther north along the Atlantic Coast.

The expense of such foot fishing is nil, of course, except for replacing the occasional lure some eager fish has run away with. There are some requirements of the fisherman, however, before he can enjoy it. These are to have a casting outfit, either fly or plug, and then be able to use it. The tackle is the same as that used by fresh-water fishermen all over the country. Anyone who ever has presented a fly to a rising trout, or cast a plug successfully to a bass or pike, is qualified.

Any bass rod and reel will serve fine. I like a casting rod five feet long to give leverage for a long cast, but a shorter one will do. The reel should be filled with 30-pound-test nylon squidding line. This line is so fine for its strength that more than enough of it will fit on most any level-wind reel. Thirty-pound-test may sound heavier than necessary, but the end of a line takes a beating in salt-water casting and a lighter one has often lost its gimp by the time it is needed. There's nothing to be gained by leaving more plugs than necessary in the mouths of good fish.

The fly rod for salt-water fishing should be stout in order to handle the popping bugs which are so effective. A nine-foot, six-ounce rod of good quality will serve. At least it is what I use. Some fishermen prefer a rod around eight ounces in weight. Split-bamboo rods impregnated with bakelite tend to be a little more powerful for their weight than untreated rods and they also stand up well under the weathering effects of salt water.

In fly fishing for bonefish there's an additional tackle requirement: a reel which will hold a couple of hundred yards of stout backing. The most distinctive feature of bonefishing is the incredibly long run of the hooked fish, and it's well to have tackle to accommodate it. The where of bonefishing comprises the flats around the keys which stretch down from the southern tip of the state. The northernmost keys, those nearest the mainland, afford the best bonefishing. There are numerous places available to the foot fisherman near the road, but the beginner at this sport would be wise to make use of the services of a guide for a few days. After this—after he has seen the type flats which the fish use, notes the stage of the tide when they come up to feed and learns to spot them working in the water—he can roll his own.

BABY tarpon are found in the canals, such as those bordering the roads which cross the Everglades. They are not found at random, however, but prefer certain holes for no reason I have yet determined. They are also fickle in their affections and often desert a once-popular feeding place completely. The best way to locate a school is to ask questions of other canal fishermen or tourist-camp operators who may know where there's some fishing. Uninitiated fishermen often mistake for baby tarpon leaping mullet or splashing garfish in the canals. They may spend hours trying to catch one. No harm is done; in fact, they enjoy themselves as long as they think they're

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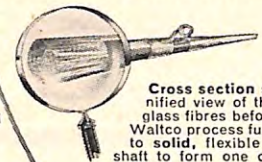
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fishing for tarpon. A mullet won't take a hook, and a gar is an armor-plated, prehistoric creature with a mouth of bone which is impervious to a hook; so, all in all, these two are almost as difficult to catch as baby tarpon.

Beach fishing covers a vast area. Open beaches anywhere provide some sport, although the results are usually best near the mouths of passes. This is a miniature form of surf casting. Normal bass bait-casting tackle is used. Sometimes, with the use of glasses with polaroid lenses, the fisherman can see fish cruising along shore, and that's when it is most exciting; other times it's hit and miss. In winter, beach fishing is spotty; by May it is occasionally terrific. When the big snook are in, it can't be beat.

The fourth type of fishing, with small boat and outboard, is probably the most universal and satisfying of all methods. However, it demands time. It takes a while to get acquainted with the local waters, to learn the habits and seasons of the various fish and how best to catch them. For instance, old hands at the game wander off independently all through the Ten Thousand Islands where it would seem that only wise men or fools

would dare to venture. At times that maze of little islands appears the way I imagine the hairs on a dog's back look to a confused flea.

Small-boat fishing is something to be taken on gradually. The best way to start—in fact, the only way to be sure to get off on the right foot—is to make use of a guide for a few trips anyway. If a man is going to be in Florida for a short while only, he'll want to use a guide exclusively. It's a different sport from what most fishermen are accustomed to and it can't be learned overnight. Even after having fished down there off and on for 20 years, I still like to indulge in the luxury of a house-boat trip for several days down deep in the Ten Thousand Islands.

There's endless sport fishing on and around this continent. Each area, each type of fishing, has something special to offer. Nothing can equal the splendor of the Alaskan scene, the fascination of trying to tempt a wise old New England trout to a fly, the charm of a Southern moss-draped bass river, the thrill of exploring little-known waters of the Arctic—or the variety of Florida's fishing. Florida has variety and it has tarpon. That's more than enough for anyone.

The Old Flash Still Flames

(Continued from page 7)

trade. Like most great players, he is impatient with mediocrity, but what really drives him wild is the disposition to accept defeat complacently.

Critics claim that Frisch's wild-eyed rages and his harsh disciplinary measures antagonize players. They substantiate the charge by pointing out he has won only one pennant in 14 years. It is admitted that Frisch did not have pennant material during his seven-year regime in Pittsburgh, but some people believe he should have won more than once in St. Louis with the established stars and the flock of fine rookies siphoned into him by Branch Rickey's farm system.

Let's examine the accusation which, if it is true, is an indictment of Frisch's leadership. In 1934, his first full year as a manager, he won the pennant by whipping his men into a frenzy that enabled them to pull the greatest stretch drive in recent times. On Labor Day of that year, the world-champion Giants were six and a half games ahead of the Cardinals. The Giants still led by three games going into the last week, but the Cardinals picked up the marbles with the Dean brothers winning the team's last seven games, then defeated the Tigers in the World Series with the Deans accounting for the four victories.

In 1935, the Cardinals lost the pennant as spectacularly as they had won it the previous season when the Cubs put on a 21-game winning streak in September. The crucial game that practically decided the issue saw Lon Warneke shade Dizzy Dean by 1-0 in a terrific battle. All

right. The Cards blew the pennant—but Frisch called the turn two months earlier. I was traveling with the Giants that season as a baseball writer when we barged into St. Louis early in August trailing the Cardinals by a few games. The New York contingent of reporters promptly descended on Frisch, always an entertaining subject to interview and an astute, forthright commentator on the current situation. We asked the Flash how things shaped up for the Cardinals who had won the world championship the previous season with the same team. The answer was a surprise.

"Ah, these bums won't win the pennant," he said morosely. "I don't know whether your guys will win, but mine won't. They're not hungry enough. They're too satisfied with themselves."

Frisch was right, of course. The complacent Cardinals bogged down in the clutch and somehow we've always felt that Frisch blamed himself for having relaxed his tight, tough hold on his men. He probably swore he never would make the same mistake again, but he immediately was confronted by another problem. The Cardinals literally began to crack up while he looked at them.

The Dean brothers, who had won the staggering total of 96 games between them in 1934 and '35, were afflicted with the arm miseries that shortened their brilliant careers. Bill Delancey, the finest catching prospect since Bill Dickey, was cut down by tuberculosis at the age of twenty-two. Pepper Martin played so hard that he actually broke himself up.

Frisch and Leo Durocher, the double-play combination, were approaching the end of the line. Frisch was caught in the switches of the end and beginning of eras. The key men who had helped win three pennants in the early Thirties were living on their past reputations and the bright, new stars who were to win four pennants for Billy Southworth and Eddie Dyer in the Forties—Musial, Slaughter, Moore, Marion, the Coopers, Pollett and Brecheen—had not yet arrived.

FRISCH always had been a harsh, demanding taskmaster, but he became noticeably tougher during his last three years with the Cardinals when he was expected to win with material wearing thin around the edges. His intense will to win made him increasingly critical of players since his own active career had just ended and he had no other outlet for his nervous energy.

It was about that time, too, that Frisch became known as an umpire-baiter. It is true that he has given the men in blue, sometimes called the three blind mice, more headaches than all managers put together, including Mr. Leo Durocher, the resident master-mind at the Polo Grounds. There is good reason to suspect, however, that Frisch's violent tirades against the umpires are a psychological gimmick to steam up his own players. Off the field, Frisch is on cordial terms with most of the umpires and he repeatedly lauds their integrity.

"They have an awfully tough job," he says. "I wouldn't take it for the gold buried at Fort Knox. They can't satisfy everybody. The only time I really eat them out is when they don't hustle on a play and boot it because they're not in position to call it properly. Sure, they've kicked me out of maybe a hundred ball games, but most of the time it's because I kid around with them."

That this is not so much sweet soothing syrup is proved by an incident that never has been given the general circulation it deserves. It happened in 1946, when Frisch was trying to keep his sanity and keep the Pirates out of the cellar. The umpires misinterpreted a rule in the book that did not involve a matter of judgment and Frisch, who had them dead to rights, promptly protested the game. He was summoned to the National League office the next day and when he arrived with Bill Benswanger, then the owner of the Pirates, they could hear, through an open transom, Ford Frick, National League President, dressing down the umpires.

"This is a serious mistake," Frick was saying, "the kind I will not tolerate. Someone is likely to lose his job over this."

Frisch opened the door and stepped into the office. "Did I hear you say an umpire might lose his job because of my protest?" he asked.

"That's right," Frick replied.

"There's no protest," Frisch snapped. "I withdraw it."

That incident is more in keeping with the good-natured, reflective fellow old associates know. Frisch, more than any man in baseball, is a dual personality with strangely contrasting natures. On the field, he is a bitter, unyielding opponent; off it, he is a gay, affable gent with wholly unexpected facets. His hobbies are gardening and music, and he pursues both with the devotion he brings to the dugout. Frisch owns more than 5,000 recordings of classical music and he plays them interminably during the off-season at his home in New Rochelle, N. Y. His is not the phony intellectual's interest; he makes no pretense about having a wide technical knowledge of music. He simply likes to listen to the work of great composers and artists and he listens without making any attempt to second-guess an artist's style or interpretation.

NOBODY enjoys a good story more than Frisch and few raconteurs can tell a better one, even when the laugh is on him. He once told Sam Narron, a rookie catcher up with the Cardinals, to pick out a good player and emulate all his actions on the field. The following day Frisch was behind the cage watching batting practice when he noticed Narron standing next to him taking his leisure.

"What are you doing, loafing around here?" Frisch barked.

"You remember you told me to pick out a player and imitate him?" Narron answered.

"Yeah, I remember," Frisch said. "What about it?"

"Well, I picked you," was Narron's crusher.

Then there was the time in August, 1934, when Frisch suspended and fined the Dean brothers for ducking out of an exhibition game. The outraged Deans had a stormy conference with Frisch and Sam Breadon, the owner, and threatened to quit the team unless the penalties were lifted. Dizzy, as usual, was doing all the talking. Paul also was acting in characteristic fashion, picking his teeth and staring dreamily into space. Dizzy, knowing he was indispensable to the ball club, was throwing his weight around recklessly but Frisch and Breadon, who also knew team discipline would be shot if they relented, refused to rescind the fines and suspensions. The language and atmosphere were getting pretty blue when Paul threw away his toothpick, tapped his brother on the shoulder and, jerking a thumb toward Frisch, casually drawled, "Why don't you just pop this guy on the chin, Diz?"

Dizzy seemed dedicated to the proposition that driving Frisch crazy was his life's work. The Cardinals were holding a clubhouse meeting one day before playing the Dodgers, going through the batting order discussing each man's

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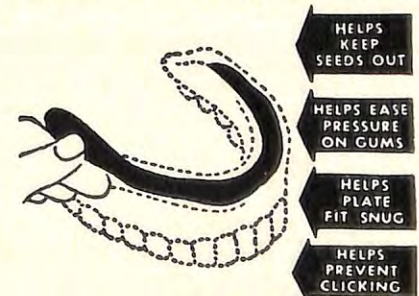
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strength and weakness, when they came to Tony Cuccinello.

"We pitch him curves, low and outside," Frisch declared.

"He can't touch my high, hard one," Dizzy, the pitcher of the day, muttered.

"You throw him high and tight and he'll murder it," Frisch yelled.

"Don't make no difference," Dizzy insisted. "They ain't gonna hit many off'n ole Diz today."

The big boy almost called the turn. He was leading by ten runs with two out in the ninth when he apparently suffered a loss of control and walked two Dodgers, bringing Cuccinello up to the plate. The catcher gave his signal but Dizzy shook it off. That went on for half a minute until Frisch ran to the mound and demanded to know what was going on.

"He's callin' for the curve," Dizzy told him. "I walked those two guys on purpose to find out whether this Cuccinello really can hit my high, hard one. I gotta find out to see which one of us is a bum."

Well, sir, ole Diz, he wound up and fogged that thing in there. Cuccinello swung and when last seen the ball was disappearing into the left field seats for a homer. As the runners trotted around the bases, Dizzy turned and nodded solemnly to Frisch.

"You was right, Frankie," he called out cheerfully. "He murdered it."

Dizzy once lost a 1-0 game to the Cubs when Frank Demaree belted a homer in the ninth. Frisch burned briskly over the defeat and kicked up a terrible fuss in the clubhouse.

"What kind of a pitch did Demaree hit?" he yelled at Delancey, the catcher.

"Can't say," Delancey drawled. "The ball never got close enough for me to tell what it was."

While he was managing the Pirates, Frisch wanted to convert Bob Elliott from an outfielder into a third baseman but encountered resistance from El-

liott, who was not overjoyed by the prospect of learning a new position.

"Third base will add eighteen years to your baseball life," Frisch assured him, going into an eloquent sales talk.

Elliott consented to have a go at it the next day in fielding practice. Jake Flowers, a coach, batted a ball that took a bad hop and hit Elliott in the eye.

"This is a great life," Elliott remarked to Flowers as he picked himself up off the floor. "Frisch puts eighteen years on my life and you knock off five with one ball."

Incidentally, a few seasons later Elliott was voted the most valuable player in the National League—as a third baseman.

FRISCH was born in New York in 1898, the son of a prosperous, German-born linen manufacturer who regarded sports as a waste of time and energy. His father's attitude made Frisch do a lot of nimble broken-field running in his own home, for he was playing football, baseball and basketball at Fordham Prep. Once, when his hand was in splints, Frisch sat out the first half of a football game. When his team went off at the half trailing by 12-0, he insisted on playing and scored three touchdowns to pull out the decision.

After two years at Fordham University, where he was best known for his football, Frisch quit school to take a job with a Wall Street brokerage firm. America became embroiled in the first World War shortly afterward and Frisch tried to enlist in the Marines. He was rejected for a reason that was calculated to set back medical science a generation. The examining doctor told him he had a weak heart. Tipped off that he could get a commission by reentering Fordham in the S.A.T.C., Frisch went back to school, but the war ended before his class was graduated. In 1918, Fordham, like most colleges, had an informal football team and Frisch's spectacular running earned



When Frank Frisch was 15 years younger and a member of the "Gashouse Gang". Left to right: Jim Collins, Joe Medwick, Pepper Martin, Frisch.

him a place on the second All-America team Walter Camp picked that season.

By that time, however, Frisch knew his dish was baseball. He had been attracting favorable attention as a semi-pro playing under the name of Frank Ford, a feeble attempt to retain his amateur standing and delude his father. Art Devlin, the old Giant third baseman who was coaching at Fordham, recommended him to McGraw, but there was one hitch: Papa Frisch said his son could take a flyer at this baseball foolishness only if he was good enough to remain in the major leagues. He didn't want his son knocking around the country with, as he scornfully called ball players, "a bunch of loafers".

McGraw didn't take kindly to the idea of having a college boy dictate terms to him, but he liked the kid's cockiness and agreed to keep him on the Giant roster. After sitting on the bench for six weeks, the rookie got his big chance and capitalized on it so handsomely that he established his ranking as a big-leaguer. That first season, in 1919, Frisch hit only .226, but he stole 15 bases in 54 games, flying so fast that he literally ran away from his cap. By 1921, the mark of greatness was clearly visible on Frisch. He was the soul and spirit of the Giants, who won four successive pennants, an achievement never before accomplished. His batting average was better than .300 in all but one of the next twelve seasons and he reacted strongly to pressure, hitting .300, .471, .400 and .333 in his first four World Series.

Frisch still, was in his early twenties and it was taken for granted that he would succeed McGraw when the game's most celebrated manager retired. An impulsive blowup by Frisch changed his entire career. In 1926 the Giants were sunk in the second division for the first time in eleven years and McGraw raged furiously at his players. Frisch, the team captain, was troubled by old spike wounds in his legs and was depressed further by the collapse of the Florida land boom in which he had invested all his savings. In St. Louis one day after a bitter clubhouse argument with McGraw, Frisch quit the Giants and went home. McGraw could not tolerate such insubordination and that winter he traded Frisch for Rogers Hornsby, another independent character who had serious differences with the St. Louis management after leading the Cardinals to their first pennant.

The trade was bitterly denounced by St. Louis fans, putting Frisch squarely on the spot. He was expected to make the clients forget the great Hornsby, a trick akin to asking the first bleached blonde encountered on the street to fill Miss Betty Grable's nylons. Hornsby probably was the best right-handed hitter the game had ever seen and a second baseman with few peers. Frisch responded to the challenge by making 1927 the best year of his life. He hit .337,

daily performed minor miracles on the field and exuded the competitive drive that brought him the managership of the Cardinals six years later.

TURMOIL has swirled around the old Flash ever since, like confetti in a high wind. After his tenure as head keeper of the crazy Cards ended in 1938, Frisch turned to broadcasting for a year in Boston, then returned as manager of the Pirates in 1940. Restricted in Pittsburgh by Barney Dreyfuss' ultra-conservative heirs, Frisch quit after seven seasons of fruitless struggle vowing he never again would take on the headaches that went with the manager's job. He was well fixed financially, he was getting on into middle-age and his garden and record collection back home in New Rochelle looked more appealing than ever.

He forgot his firm resolve last spring when, after another broadcasting hitch, he was given an opportunity to go back to the turbulence and excitement of the dugouts as coach of the Giants. The smart money had a hunch Frisch had been hired just in case Leo Durocher got into another jam. Before that interesting possibility had time to develop, the offer to manage the Cubs came up and Frisch grabbed it.

"Yeah, I know I swore I'd never manage again," he says with a shrug. "Maybe I meant it at the time. I don't know. All I do know is that I missed the smell of the uniforms and the clubhouse, the give and take of trying to win ball games. I guess I'm just a sucker for baseball. It's got a fascination for me I can't escape."

Since taking charge of the Cubs, Frisch has been making sounds suggestive of a mellowing attitude toward ball players.

"You can't treat them today the way managers did years ago," he says. "They won't stand for it. If you're going to bawl out a guy, you can't do it in front of the whole team. It's got to be done in private."

"The thing that gets me sore is a player who doesn't hustle. I tell my men they're on the field only two hours a day and they have only four turns at bat a game. The least they can do is run like hell on every play. A manager doesn't mind physical errors. You've got to expect them. What drives you nuts are dumb plays. When we lose a tough one on a mental error, I'm going to get my coaches in my office, close the door and talk the ball game over until I cool off."

That's what the man says, but we'd hate to bet on it. Chances are, there won't be a door to close after the Cubs blow a close one on a boner. Frisch will tear the door from the hinges and throw same at the miserable wretch who balked his ambition to win another—every—game. The Flash, like the leopard, doesn't change his spots.

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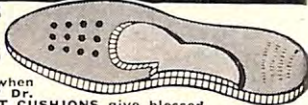
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editorial

HIGHER EDUCATION



The recent report of the Federal Commissioner of Education that only twenty-two per cent of those students who display a high I.Q. in the fifth grade of elementary school are continuing their education through college must have been read with keen interest by our members.

Since the principal reason for early termination of education is low parental income, our satisfaction over the good work which the Elks have been doing in the field of higher education by awarding scholarships to deserving students should be the greater. Through the Elks National Foundation, various State Elks Associations and lodges, our Order has made it possible for many qualified students who required financial aid to continue formal education.

However, it is apparent from the statistics recited by the Commissioner that while philanthropy has been of immeasurable help, it has not solved completely the problem of making college training available to all who desire it and who are qualified to undertake it. For every student now in college, at least one American youth, an "absent member" of the qualified group, goes his way with less education than could be invested in him by American society.

We are not sure that the specific remedy for the situation is a Federal grant of \$300,000,000 yearly for scholarships, as Commissioner McGrath suggests. It is a moot question, with need and morale the contending forces. However, the Commissioner's second recommendation relative to a program of student loans catches our attention and takes us back to the 1918-1921 postwar period when our Elks War Relief Commission, employing a fund of only \$200,000, made 36,791 successive loans totaling \$636,636.48 to disabled veterans of World War I for vocational training and education.

That extraordinary operation was accomplished with a revolving fund. As one veteran completed his study and training and started to put his new education to work, he repaid his loan so that the money could be used to train another applicant. The Elks

Commission required no obligation for any loan. That the honor system was faithfully observed is evident from the fact that less than six per cent of the loans remained unpaid, most of that small amount because of disability. The Government's attitude toward this activity was expressed by Congressman S. D. Fess, Chairman of the Committee on Education in the House of Representatives, when he said:

"The Government certainly appreciates the work that the Elks organization has done. . . . Your example of a revolving fund is a very good one for the Government to follow. However, that has never before been presented to us; for that reason the committee owes more than the usual gratitude to you for coming to us and giving us this clear statement of the work of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks in cooperation with the Government."

May we urge philanthropists throughout our country to give attention to this system of administering educational funds, to the end that revolving loans may be available to all worthy students requiring financial assistance. No better risk exists than an investment in the ambition and idealism of every promising young man and woman in America.

QUESTIONS FOR AN ELK



"Are you an Elk?"

Those who ask that question are merely inquiring whether the person asked happens to be a member of our Order. The easy reply, "Certainly, I am an

Elk." answers the question, true enough, but for the thoughtful Elk it also raises a few questions.

The man who merely takes the oath of the Order, pays his dues, carries a card, is an Elk in only the narrowest sense. More accurately he is a member, for being an Elk requires much more than the discharge of those simple requirements of membership. Before any member of our Order can rightfully call himself an Elk he must be able to answer affirmatively—to himself—these questions:

Do I attend meetings regularly?

Do I give of my time, energy and abilities to the affairs of my lodge that will strengthen it and the Order?

Do I support to the best of my ability the charitable, humanitarian and patriotic activities in which my lodge and my Order are engaged?

Do I write the faults of my Brothers on the sands and their virtues on the tablets of love and memory?

Do I do unto others as I would have them do unto me?

There are others, but these are the essence of Elkdom, and he who has made that essence a part of his being can truthfully say, "I am an Elk."

Miami

THE MAGIC CITY OF FLORIDA



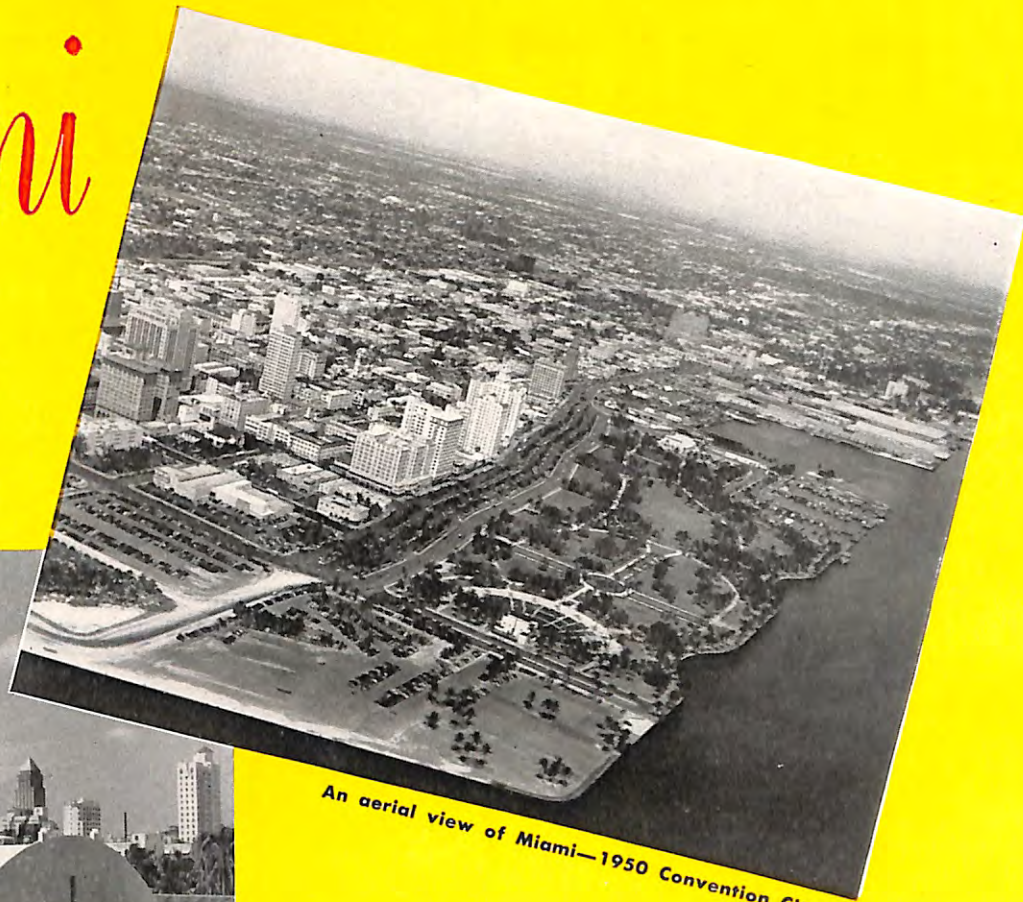
Miami's Municipal Auditorium, where the sessions of the 1950 Grand Lodge Convention will be held, has a capacity of 3,500.

MIAMI, Florida, the Magic City, the gateway of the Americas and the hub of the Florida Gold Coast, promises all Elks and their ladies a bit of Southern hospitality at the convening of the Grand Lodge Session on July 9, 1950—in a jeweled setting on the shores of Biscayne Bay, across which lies the wonderland resort City of Miami Beach, acrossed with the blue waters of the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf Stream. Certainly nowhere is there a more colorful or romantic City to be found.

On the southern tip of the East Coast of Florida, all highways, railroads and airlines lead directly to the Magic City. For many years considered a winter tourist city, vacationers have discovered that Miami also is a fine place to be in summer.

Since Miami has become the "Aerial Gateway of the Americas", many visitors from South and Central America, the Caribbean area and Cuba have been coming to Miami the year around, but particularly in summer. This city now entertains about 3,000,000 vacationers a year, at least a third of whom are summer guests.

Fishing is Miami's most popular sport, both with residents and visitors. Those who prefer trying for giant, finny battlers of the Gulf Stream, which is only six miles from the city's docks, have at hand the largest charter sports fishing fleet in the world. Fishing in Biscayne Bay is excellent and hundreds of citizens and visitors line bridges and causeways of the area, or cast from shore for the many varieties of fish to be taken.



An aerial view of Miami—1950 Convention City.

Sight-seeing is also an interesting attraction for visitors. For those who wish to go by water, there is a fleet of sight-seeing boats. Cruises may be taken over Biscayne Bay, up the Miami river or, in glass-bottomed boats out over the Florida reefs, where the colorful tropical marine life may be studied.

Those who wish to do their sight-seeing by automobile or bus have a wealth of showplaces to visit. Among them are the newly created Everglades National Park, the large tropical botanical collection at Fairchild Tropical Garden, Seminole Indian villages and such attractions as the Parrot Jungle, Monkey Jungle, Orchid Jungle, Rare Bird Farm, Tropical Hobbyland, North Miami Zoo and the Overseas highway.

We invite you all to come to Florida, the land of sunshine, of Ponce de León and the Fountain of Youth and we suggest you make the Convention a part of your vacation in Florida, for once in Miami you will be reluctant to return to your home without first having seen and enjoyed the wonders of this wonderland.

Rest assured, Brother Elks, of our sincerity to make your Miami visit one never to be forgotten, the memory of which you will always cherish.

I shall look forward to greeting you personally.

CHELSE J. SENERCHIA
Grand Esquire



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