

THE

Elks

MAGAZINE

BECKHOFF



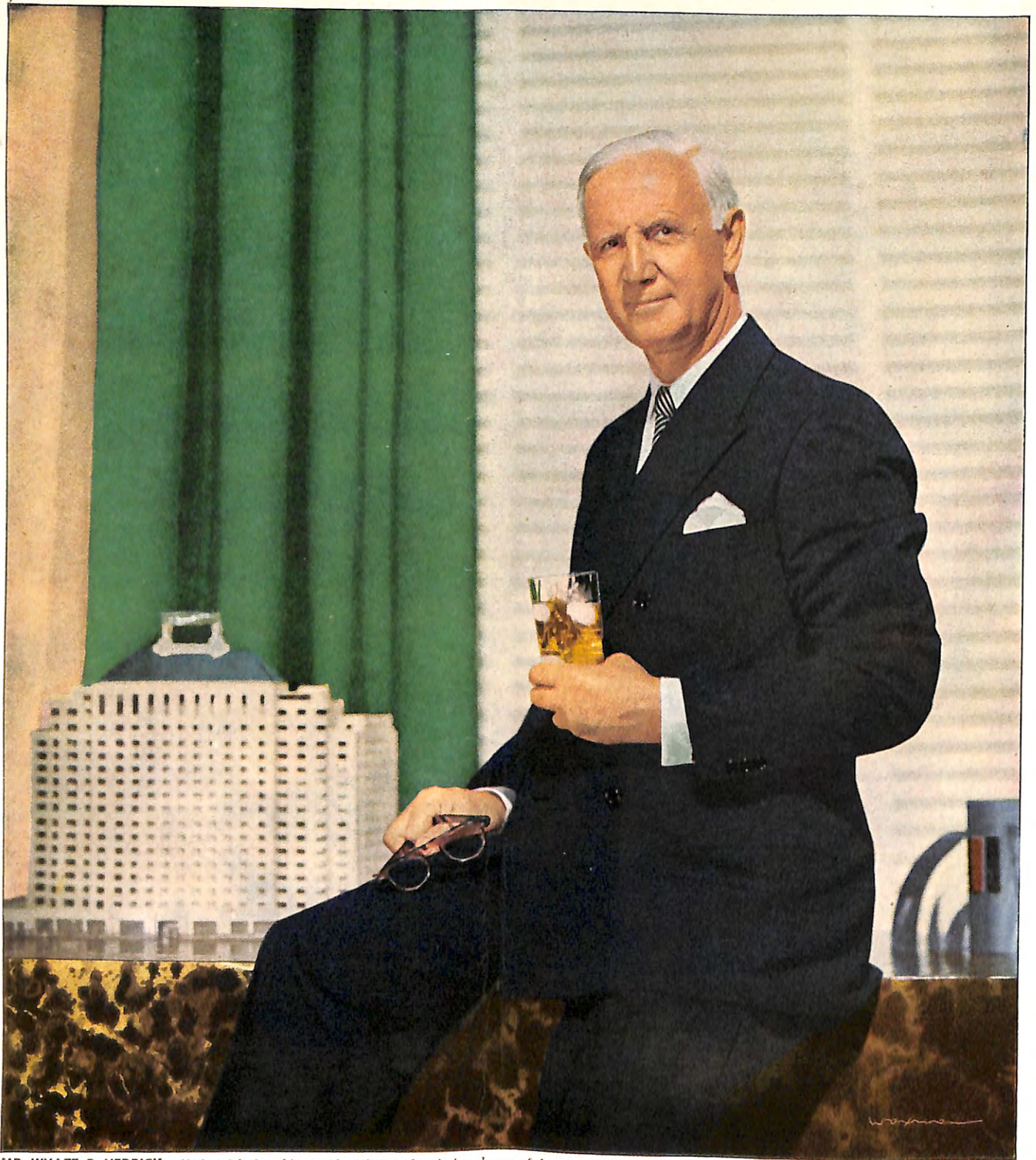
APRIL 1950

THE TELEPHONE'S FABULOUS OFFSPRING

BY **FREDERICK R. KAPPEL**
As told to Stanley Frank

SPRING FISHING SECTION

SPORTS ARTICLES BY
RED SMITH AND JOE WILLIAMS



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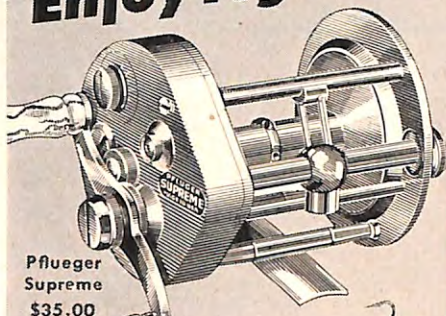
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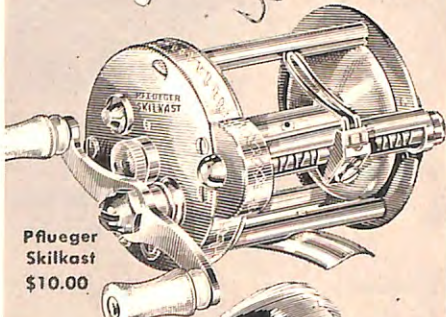
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PFLUEGER

(Pronounced FLEW-GER)

A GREAT NAME IN TACKLE

THE Elks

VOL. 28

MAGAZINE

No. 11

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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CONTENTS FOR APRIL 1950

COVER BY HARRY BECKHOFF

THE TELEPHONE'S FABULOUS OFFSPRING.....	<i>Frederick R. Kappel</i>	4
1950 BASEBALL PREVIEW.....	<i>Joe Williams</i>	6
THE GRAND EXALTED RULER TALKS SHOP WITH A MILLION MEMBERS.....		8
ACTIVITIES SPONSORED BY THE ELKS NATIONAL SERVICE COMMISSION.....		9
A MILLION ELKS.....		10
NEWS OF THE LODGES.....		12
THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S VISITS.....		14
ELK NEWSLETTER.....		16
SPRING FISHING SECTION.....		17
Pertaining to Piscicide.....	<i>Red Smith</i>	18
The Complete Angler.....	<i>Ted Trueblood</i>	20
Better Than Oars.....	<i>C. B. Colby</i>	22
Oh, Brother!.....		23
Tackle Tips.....		24
Rod and Gun.....	<i>Dan Holland</i>	26
FOR ELKS WHO TRAVEL.....	<i>Horace Sutton</i>	34
IN THE DOGHOUSE.....	<i>Ed Faust</i>	36
GADGETS AND GIMMICKS.....		38
EDITORIAL.....		56

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What Our Readers



Have to Say

As an Elk for nearly 50 years, I wish to commend you for the article, "Meeting the Communist Challenge". That is understanding, thinking and speaking that spells hope for the future.

V. E. Semones

McMinnville, Tenn.

I enjoy reading *The Elks Magazine* very much. Have just read the splendid article, "Meeting the Communist Challenge", by George S. Counts, and firmly believe that he writes about a subject that is the greatest menace threatening the free people of the world. The United States, as well as all nations, is threatened by the same danger.

J. R. Farris

Lincoln, Nebr.

Just received the March issue of *The Elks Magazine*, which I look forward to every month. But one thing you should correct: In the "Rod and Gun" column, by Dan Holland, you show a tarpon being landed from a rowboat and the fisherman is using a fly rod. Landing a tarpon from a rowboat is no small job, but never again show a tarpon fisherman with a fly rod in his hand. I have landed as many as 15 tarpon in a season, but I didn't use a fly rod.

R. A. Harris

Colorado Springs, Colo.

We talked to Dan Holland about this and he still maintains that it is possible for an expert to take a tarpon on a fly rod, providing the tarpon is in shallow water where he cannot sound and also providing that the tarpon is a jumper rather than a runner.

I wish to take this opportunity to tell you that, as an Elk and as secretary of my lodge, I commend you on the excellent work being done by *The Elks Magazine*. I have noted from time to time the "promotional work" you are doing and wish to advise that I have reason to know that it is bringing results.

The Elks Magazine now is a publication that the members enjoy reading and look forward to receiving each month. When they don't get it, I "hear about it".

Howard C. Hogan

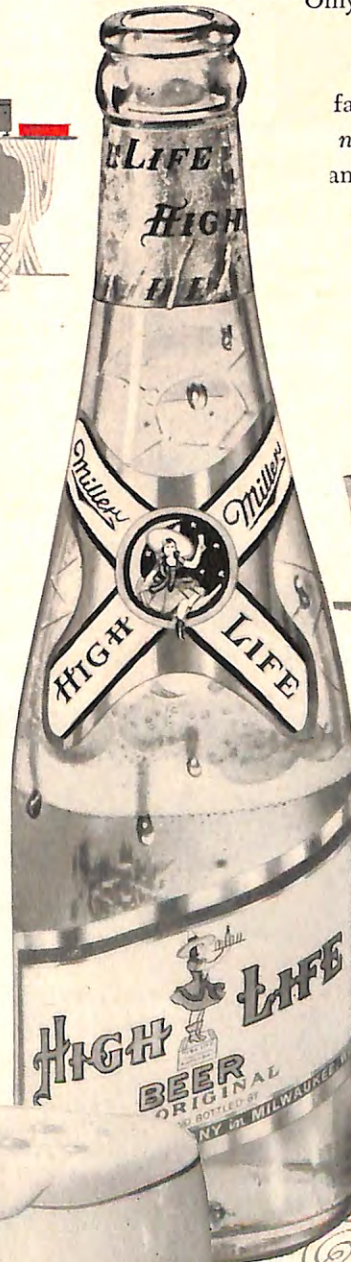
Fergus Falls, Minn.

NEXT ISSUE—Our travel writer, Horace Sutton, is off to Florida as we go to press, gathering material for an article about that great state. Florida is the state—and Miami the city—where the 1950 Grand Lodge Convention will be held.



There's only One favorite

Only *one* stands out! Preferred by people from all walks of life...enjoyed by everyone, everywhere...the nation's favorite beer is Miller High Life...*the national champion of quality!* Brewed and bottled only by the Miller Brewing Company in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.



Miller's
HIGH LIFE

The Champion of Bottle Beer

The Telephone's Fabulous

Television, radio-phone are newest members of family tree that stems from teamwork of scientists—engineers.



BY FREDERICK R. KAPPEL
As Told to Stanley Frank

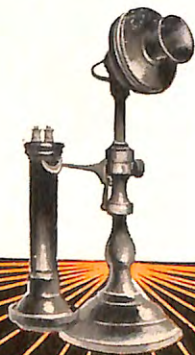
FREDERICK R. KAPPEL, at 48, is Vice President in charge of operations and engineering of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. An engineering graduate of the University of Minnesota, he entered the Bell System in 1924 as a lineman with the Northwestern Bell Telephone Company, rising through the ranks to become plant engineer and finally Vice President of that company. Coming to New York January 1, 1949 as an Assistant Vice President of A. T. & T., he later served as Vice President, Long Lines Department, before attaining his present position.

THE TYPICAL telephone user thinks of the lines he talks over when he makes a long-distance call from his home or office as something that carries only calls like his own. He doesn't stop to think that there's an incredible flow of traffic over the telephone lines—everything from dots and dashes to pictures.

The cable which transmits your long-distance message may carry simultaneously a television program, a radio broadcast, an Associated Press bulletin, a telephoto news picture, stock market quotations, long-distance calls and hundreds of other local conversations. This astonishing variety of services is carried by telephone facilities for the very good reason that they belong there. They are the telephone's first cousins.

They are the offspring of the fruitful marriage of pure and applied science, physics and engineering, represented in the Bell System by the Bell Operating Companies, the Bell Telephone Laboratories and Western Electric Company. Although the venerable team will celebrate its 75th anniversary next year, it still is enormously prolific. The newest sprouts on the family tree of communications are so lusty that even the space around the earth cannot support their full growth, so crowded is it becoming with messages.

Offhand, you'd say the one natural resource that man's ingenuity and needs never will exhaust is the atmosphere surrounding the earth. In recent months New York and several other metropolitan centers have been alarmed by water shortages. Geologists have sounded solemn warnings that we are using up rapidly our source of fuels and other experts have wondered out loud whether the earth will supply enough food for future generations at the present rate of increase. But the



TELEPHONE OF TOMORROW



MOBILE TELEPHONE

Offspring

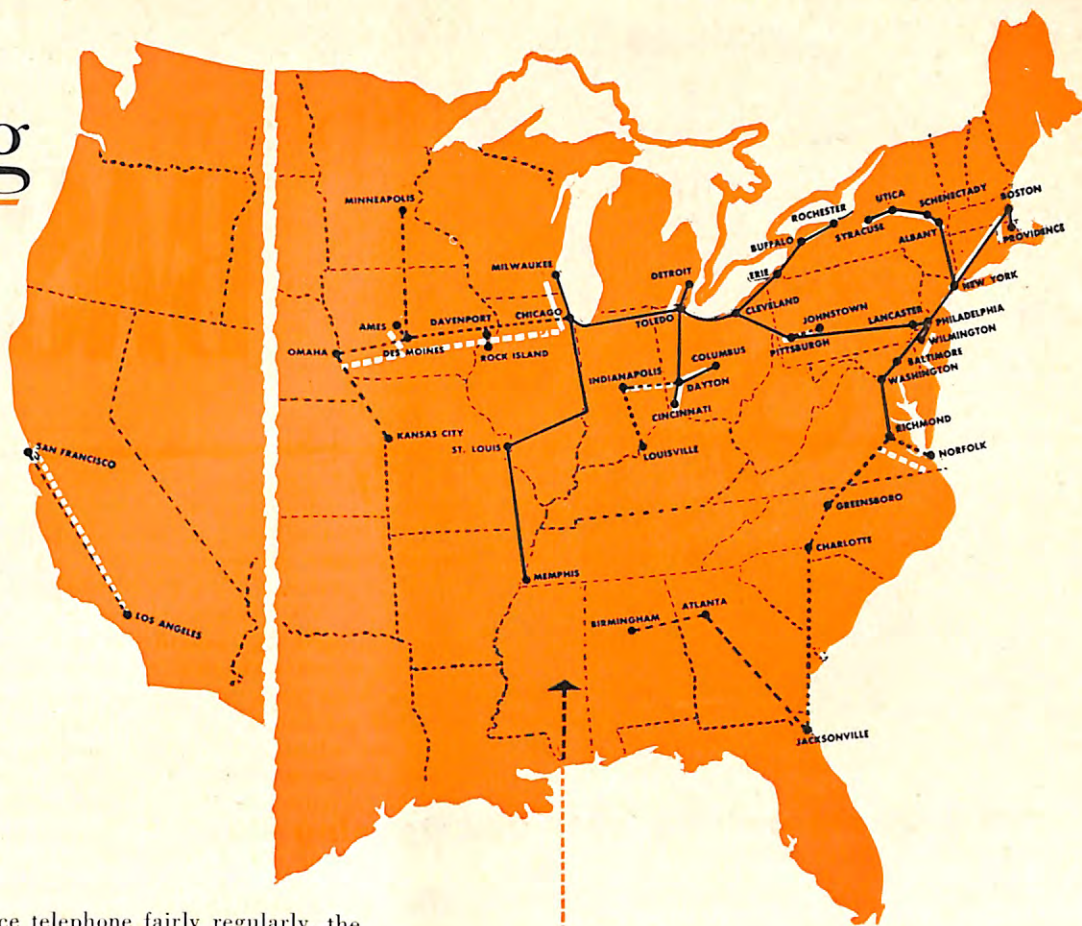
"air"? "Free as air" is an old cliché and we doubt if anyone ever questioned that it always would serve every anticipated demand until the radio channels of the world began to be crowded. In addition to transoceanic service, radio-phones already are in wide use for ship-to-shore calls and for calls from some of the crack railroad trains. But the newest magic worked by electronics is reflected today in modern microwave radio-relay.

Radio-relay, the newest development of the telephone art, is another step out and beyond the wire and cable era of telephone service.

If you use the long-distance telephone fairly regularly, the chances are you will someday soon be "on the air" without knowing it. Radio relay is nothing more than the use of ultra high-frequency microwaves to transmit telephone, television and radio messages across country via radio relay stations.

By the end of this year, radio relay and coaxial cable will link more than 40 cities of America in a 15,000-mile network for telephone and television transmission. The radio relay, as we will see, can be used independently of the coaxial cable or to supplement it. A long-distance call or television program can start on a cable, leap across open terrain by microwave beam and be piped back into a cable without the slightest hitch.

The "free as air" proverb also has been shot full of holes in four years by the mobile telephone. *(Continued on page 43)*



The television network today and the way it will be at the end of this year. Solid black lines show present coaxial cable routes; solid white lines show the present radio relay links. Dotted lines—black for coaxial; white for radio relay—indicate what's being added this year. In addition, radio relay links are under construction from New York to Chicago and New York to Washington, to supplement the present coaxial routes.



SHIP-TO-SHORE TELEPHONE



RADIO RELAY TOWER



BASEBALL

With Spring training over and Opening Day ahead, Joe Williams surveys the prospects and problems of the Major League ball clubs.

WHAT is in store for Gus H. Fan this season? Well, first, the quality of play should be close to prewar for the first time since Pearl Harbor. That's because it has been possible to keep the raw meat of the rookie in the oven long enough to get well done.

The logical result should be a profusion of young talent not sufficiently established to appear in the advance dope, surprise-player developments which could easily make the press box oracles who foresee a runaway in the National and a head-and-head-stretch drive in the American, look quite foolish—not that this would be extraordinary.

Going into this, the 50th year of modern baseball, and actually the Golden Anniversary of the American League, the majors do promise an occasion worthy of a memorable milestone in sports and the American way. The competition on the field will be conducted against a background of colorful and dramatic interest. Old timers fighting to hold their jobs against the relentless push of young men up from the farms, the bushes—and the college fields. Managers who have been put on the spot through misadventures of their own making or otherwise but who, nevertheless, must prove up the next time round, or, very likely, move on. The struggle of the injured and the failures of '49 to regain their old skills and to out their replacements. The player trades, how they will work out when put

to clinical test, which manager will be made to look the genius in consequence, which the dolt. The onward march of the Negro player with more and more coming into the game.

The chances of Pittsburgh's Ralph Kiner, the game's outstanding muscle man, to surpass the immortal Babe's historic 60. The new managers; the, the, the . . .

But if old Gus will pull up a chair we'll go into these and related matters in greater detail. For instance, in the National League it is beat Brooklyn and take it all, to drop into Flatbush patois. Just a year ago B. (for Blarney) Rickey called Brooklyn the greatest team he had ever put together, not even excluding those wonderful teams of the Gas House era. He added, gratuitously, that old Burt Shotton was the "greatest manager since McGraw". And yet to win, Rickey's supreme creation, guided by his incomparable manager, had to go into the tenth inning in the final game on the very last day of the season. Even then the Cardinals had to do an *el foldo* to make it official.

Still, Rickey's appraisal of the '49 team had some validity. The talent was there. Most of it needed more hours in the oven. A year older now, the Bums figure to have expanded their skills and increased their savvy. Appended is a brief study of their personnel and problems, as well as those of all the other teams in the two majors. It is sufficient to say at this point that the

Bums have more class players than do any of their opponents.

Indeed, it is not fantastic to picture the Bums in an unharried parade to another championship, except that this would not be in keeping with the Brooklyn tradition which emphasized the photo-finish.

Here is something about the Bums which may have escaped old Gus' attention. It is quite important, too. Under the benign Shotton, who looks precisely what he is, an amiable, front-porch, rocking-chair, country rustic, the Bums never make anybody mad, least of all the patsies, or second divisioners. They knock them down, pick them up, brush them off, then drool with bogus apology and sympathy. Of the 97 games they needed to win last year, 64 were taken from the enfeebled hands of the underprivileged. That's more, for example, than Cincinnati or Chicago won, all told. In these tactics Joe Hatten stands out as a unique symbol. He is consistent only against the poor people but since this is the Bums' specialty—beating the second divisioners—his contributions are vital. To a Bum a buck is a buck no matter where it comes from.

It has been said that Rickey could not win without his Negro ball players. This is undoubtedly true. In Don Newcombe, Jackie Robinson and Roy Campanella he has three of the best. Authentic big leaguers. But this is no accident. Rickey got the jump on his rivals, a form of mental calisthenics, incidentally, at which he is most adept, and when the moment he had been anticipating arrived, he had a better book on Negro material throughout the country than anybody else. This partly explains the formidable bulge Brooklyn has over the rest of the League.

How about the Cardinals, the most consistent team in baseball? Since 1938 they've been either first or second, with one exception—1940's third-place finish. They ran out of gas in the stretch last year when even their staunch reliables, including Stan Musial, who may be the greatest player in the game today, bar-

PREVIEW



BY JOE WILLIAMS

Sports Columnist, New York World-Telegram and Sun

ring none, had to pull over to the curb and watch the Bums, their perennial enemies, stagger home in front. The very thing that makes you like the Bums gives you pause in considering the Cardinals' chances. They are a year older.

The Cardinals have great players going down, whereas the Bums have them coming up. It was a tribute to their resolution and to Eddie Dyer's managerial acumen that they made it as close as they did last year. But that may have been the last shot in their musket. Certainly there is no reason to expect that the aging Slaughters, Marions, Brecheens and Laniers are going to get any better. However, they do have the pitching and there is promise of help from a farm system which has turned out outstanding players through the years. Until evidence to the contrary is presented, the Cardinals still must be accepted as the most spirited club in the old league. In the matter of fierce team pride and emotional fervor they are matched only by the Yankees.

No matter how far back the memory of Gus H. Fan goes it is to be doubted if he can recall when so many managers faced such a fateful season. The credentials of at least five are up for re-examination—Billy Southworth of the Boston

Braves, Leo Durocher of the New York Giants, Lou Boudreau of the Cleveland Indians, Jack Onslow of the Chicago White Sox and Joe McCarthy of the Red Sox. That's right, Joe McCarthy, who is the greatest manager since McGraw, and without the mocking quotes.

TO TAKE up the cases of the two National League managers first: The Southworth crack-up a few months after he had been acclaimed the game's new Miracle Manager (this as a result of Boston's first NL win in 34 years) set a new record, form and distance considered in the raised-eyebrows department. What had happened? Southworth had left abruptly, in August, avoiding the press, not even respecting the usual amenities with his players. The first they knew he had gone was from frenzied headlines in the newspapers.

"His nerves were shot", explained Lou Perini, president of the club. "We have requested that he take a long rest."

Even in the Florida camp in the spring of '49 there had been reports of dissension. Once the season started there was unmistakable evidence that Southworth and some of his men were at odds. Later came the disclosure that two of his play-

ers had spilled one another's blood in a fist fight. Johnny Sain, the wheelhorse of the staff, who had won 24 the year before, skidded shockingly and inexplicably and scuttlebut had it he was dissatisfied and wanted to be traded.

There was dissension all right, and when the situation worsened, Southworth, unable to effect a remedy, proceeded to fret and worry himself into a serious state of hypertension. The team he had led into the World Series the October before had come apart in his hands. The man they had been calling the best manager in the League had lost control of his ball club. How could Perini bring him back? And, if Perini did, it was patent that all the malcontents would have to go—most of the ball club in fact.

Perini loyally stood by his manager. Trouble makers, actual or alleged, were cut loose. Featuring a shake-up of major dimensions was the trade which sent Eddie Stanky and Alvin Dark, the keystone combination, to the Giants in exchange for Willard Marshall, Sid Gordon, Buddy Kerr and Sam Webb.

His health fully recovered, Southworth has resumed control of the club. But the uprising of last August has left the im-

(Continued on page 52)

ILLUSTRATED BY
DON F. MOSS



OUR GRAND EXALTED RULER

talks shop WITH A MILLION ELKS

SURE, I'M HAPPY!

"We made it"! I say "we" advisedly and I have the greatest admiration for those who accepted my challenge and then went to work—making our Order the strongest numerically in its 82 years of existence.

I asked our membership to invite their best friends to be "one of the million" and they accepted and proved their faith in the principles of our great American Order. We have added luster and distinction to an already great gentlemen's Fraternity.

Raymond Cole, the millionth member, has membership in Bay City, Mich., Lodge. I was privileged to present him to an enthusiastic audience at the New York Lodge banquet held at the Hotel Astor in New York City.

Brother Cole is a veteran of this last World War and a splendid young American.

Our great Order can be counted on to accomplish fine things and make history when the occasion arises.



Mother's Day will be observed in May and now is the time to prepare for this great and sentimental meeting. I urge every lodge to give adequate expression of our devotion to our mothers. It is as fundamental and wholesome as the very principles of our Order, and part of our American way of life.

★ ★ ★

As we turn our eyes to Flag Day in June we have the rare privilege of saluting the symbol of all our freedoms. Let us think of the history and traditions of America, of our responsibilities, and then make this observance outstanding and give necessary leadership in every community to a respectful celebration that will add color and dignity to an inspirational occasion.

As a suggestion, I ask you to consider inviting other patriotic and civic bodies to join with you in making this Flag Day one to be remembered. America needs help today as never before and I urge great patriotic demonstrations!

★ ★ ★

Last month I mentioned briefly our coming Convention at Miami, Florida. Again let me say that your plans should be

put into action, thereby to assist the Convention Committees in preparing for your comfort and convenience. Miami has committees set up now, ready to go to work! Give them your hotel requirements and plan with them as to parade participation.

★ ★ ★

New lodges are being instituted in almost every section of the United States. The spirit of Elkdom has "caught on", and fine gentlemen are asking for the opportunity to work with us and to share our pleasures and accomplishments.

New leadership is developing in all of these splendid communities and gives stability to both our Order and our Nation.

Sincerely and fraternally,

Emmett T. Anderson

EMMETT T. ANDERSON
GRAND EXALTED RULER

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



Mayor E. T. Houston compliments his Brother Elks on the opening of the fine new Elks Fraternal Center in Tucson, Ariz. Also shown here are Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis, far right, and Past Grand Est. Lead. Knight M. H. Starkweather, just behind the piano. Jacque Mercer, Miss America of 1949, was also present, along with many military and Elk officials, including Special Representative Floyd Brown.



A Bingo Party conducted by the Georgia Elks Cheerio Committee takes place in the tuberculosis branch of the Veterans Hospital No. 48, while games were in progress on two other floors.



The "Jolly Corks", a talented entertainment group of Denver, Colo., Lodge members, are pictured on-stage, while Elk committee members serve refreshments to hospitalized veterans.



Washington Elks mingle with patients during a bingo game put on for their enjoyment at Barnes Veterans Administration Hospital.



Here are some of the veterans who are entertained by West Virginia Elks at regular and frequent intervals at Newton Baker Hospital.



Raymond Cole, left, a new member of Bay City, Mich., Lodge, is congratulated as the Millionth Elk by Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson at the banquet celebrating the 82nd Anniversary of the Order.

A Million Elks

IN HIS acceptance speech at Cleveland last July, Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson predicted that "with lapsation definitely under control and the Order enjoying a normal, healthy growth, without a drive, we will be privileged in a matter of a few months to announce that we have enrolled our one millionth member".

That prediction was fulfilled when the Grand Exalted Ruler presented the millionth member to 1,200 diners at the annual banquet of New York Lodge No. 1 celebrating the Order's 82nd Anniversary. Our millionth active Elk is Raymond Cole, initiated into Bay City, Mich., Lodge, No. 88, on Feb. 2nd. A veteran of World War II, seriously wounded while fighting with the Fifth Army in the Brenner Pass, Brother Cole, 42 years old, is a department store executive.

Introducing Brother Cole at the dinner, the Grand Exalted Ruler expressed his deep appreciation for the loyal response to his appeal to "make your best friend one of the million" that has brought our membership to the million mark so quickly. To Brother Cole the Order's leader presented a handsome watch, suitably inscribed, as a gift of the Grand Lodge. In his response, the millionth member said he was proud to be an Elk and thanked the Grand Exalted Ruler for the unexpected honor paid him. Bay City Elks, delighted that the honor of initiating the millionth Elk had gone to their lodge, planned a celebration on his return home. Exalted Ruler Howard C. Cogan informed Grand Exalted Ruler Anderson that his "lodge proudly presented Brother Cole and acknowledged its good fortune to share this great distinction with him in our noble Order. We will set the dial of our clock at eleven during the banquet period in New York so that the 1,500 other Brothers of 88 may be with Ray and you in spirit".

As the membership mounted toward the million mark, it was decided that the most practical method to determine the millionth member definitely was through *The Elks Magazine's* Circulation Department which kept a constant check on the addition of new names and "drops", careful to tabulate the Secretaries' reports in the order in which they were received. On Feb. 15th, Brother Cole's name was set down as No. 1,000,000 on the Magazine's circulation list, and Secretary T. C. Hughes of No. 88 was notified immediately. Secretary Hughes discovered that Brother Cole was on a business trip in Detroit, but succeeded in reaching him there and conveying the Grand Exalted Ruler's invitation to be the guest of the Grand Lodge at the Anniversary banquet.

The millionth Elk and the Grand Exalted Ruler are pictured together on this page; the other photographs show the Millionth Member Classes of some of our lodges, whose affiliation with the Order in recent weeks made possible the realization of our membership goal. In the impressive photograph at the bottom of the opposite page, we find Brother Anderson, surrounded by the 120 outstanding Tacoma, Wash., citizens who made up the Millionth Member Class of his home lodge.



LITTLETON, COLO.



PRESCOTT, ARIZ.



LATROBE, PA.



EL DORADO, KANS.



CHICO, CALIF.



MODESTO, CALIF.



TERRE HAUTE, IND.



BRIGHTON, COLO.



NEWARK, OHIO



BELOIT, KANS.



MALONE, N. Y.



TACOMA, WASH.



News of the Lodges

● **WALSENBURG, COLO.**, Lodge, No. 1086, has a ladies group who go to quite a bit of bother to make the men happy. The women recently put on a Gay Nineties Revue in typical cabaret setting, and included the traditional singing waiters, members of the Auxiliary costumed appropriately.

Thirty-six ladies, led by Mrs. Lucile White, participated in the six-act program, which concluded with a riotously funny burlesque on the men's weekly poker game.

● **NEWARK, OHIO**, Lodge, No. 391, had a double-barreled hit not long ago. Honoring the Old Timers of the lodge, members for 25 years or more, 171 Elks turned out for a dinner and social program that also took observance of the Order's 82nd birthday.

Speaker of the evening was Bev Kelley, long-time advance man for the Ringling Brother Circus, and musical entertainment was provided by the National Championship Elyria Elks Quartet and the host lodge's Little German Band. State Pres. E. Gene Fournace and D.D. Howard L. Keller were special guests, with City Editor Paul W. Reed of *The Advocate* acting as Toastmaster.

● **MICHIGAN ELKS**, through their State Association, are giving college students a chance to further their education.

Awards totaling \$13,500 will be shared by both girls and boys, in a program that eliminates the writing of essays—entrants need only submit a photograph and brief autobiographical history. Selection will be based on scholarship, citizenship, personality, leadership, perseverance, resourcefulness, patriotism and general worthiness. State students will share in awards of \$1,500—first award being a \$300 scholarship for each boy and girl; second, \$200; third, \$150; fourth, \$100.

● **WILMINGTON, N. C.**, Lodge, No. 532, celebrated its Golden Anniversary several months ago with a two-day varied program which included open house, bingo parties, a meeting of the N. C. State Elks Assn., dinners and dances. Many State Association officials were on hand to take part in this celebration, which honored the organizer of No. 532, Lew Stein, a Trustee for 42 years; the only surviving Charter Member, P.E.R. I. W. Solomon, and P.E.R. Sam King, Secy. for 35 years. Secretary of State Thad Eure, Past State Pres., was also on hand.

(Continued on page 28)

Right: E.R. G. W. Detert of Little Rock, Ark., Lodge, standing in left background, addressed this large group of Elks, including the 70 candidates initiated that evening, marking the official visit of D.D. Ben N. Saltzman. Also on hand were Past State Pres. W. H. Laubach, member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, and Past District Deputy Harvey Eaves.



Left: Fort Pierce, Fla., Lodge celebrated its 25th Anniversary and P.E.R.'s Night with the initiation of a class honoring P.D.D. William A. Wall, fourth from left, front row, Past State Pres., Past Chairman of the Harry-Anna Crippled Children's Home Committee, and a member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee. The new Elks stand at rear; others pictured are P.E.R.'s of the host lodge.

● **NO DELINQUENT MEMBERS**

was the proud boast of 37 of our lodges by Feb. 1st, the Grand Exalted Ruler reports. This is an enviable showing and should serve as a marvelous example to the officers and members of all other lodges. Scores report less than 10 per cent delinquency and an equal number have come through with a less than 2 per cent delinquency. This reflects the hard work of efficient Secretaries and Lapsation and Reinstatement Committees.

The top 37 with a paid-up membership totaling 17,220, are listed alphabetically as follows: **CALIF.**, Orange, Watsonville; **ILL.**, Harrisburg, Herrin, Jerseyville, Mt. Vernon, West Frankfort; **IND.**, Hammond, Lebanon, Muncie, Noblesville, Portland; **KANS.**, Cherryvale, Concordia, El Dorado, Galena, Pittsburg; **LA.**, Baton Rouge; **MONT.**, Deer Lodge; **NEBR.**, Alliance; **N. Y.**, Ogdensburg; **NO. CAR.**, Washington; **OHIO**, Dayton, Fremont, Marysville, Middletown, Youngstown; **OKLA.**, Hobart, Mangum; **PENNA.**, Bangor, Chambersburg, Philipsburg, Titusville; **SO. CAR.**, Union; **TEX.**, Mexia, Ranger; **VERMONT**, Brattleboro.



Dignitaries on hand for the celebration of West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge's 32nd Anniversary, at which Charter Members were guests of honor and State Vice-Pres. F. J. Holt, principal speaker.



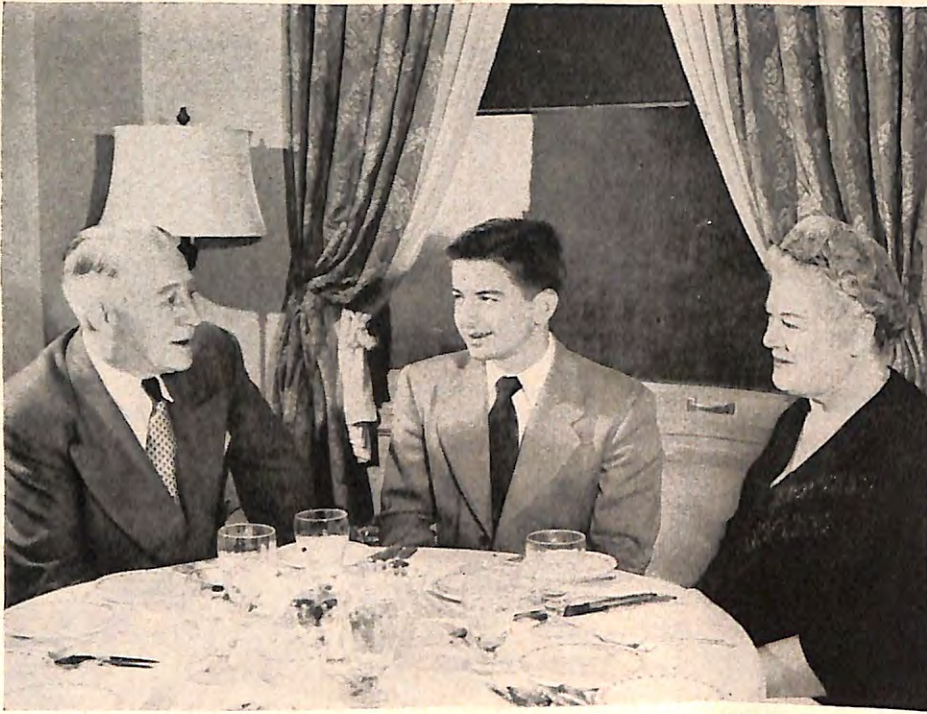
When D.D. A. A. Scully paid his homecoming visit to Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge, these officials were among the 300 present. They include P.D.D.'s Wm. R. Eger and Peter A. Buchheim; P.E.R. T. Emmett Ryan, of the Grand Lodge State Assns' Committee; Past State Pres. J. J. Sweeney; Past State Pres. J. Edward Gallico, Past Grand Est. Lead. Knight; E.R. Sander Kelman; Toastmaster H. A. Tessier, P.D.D.; Mr. Scully; Mayor Rudolph Roulier, and State Vice-Pres. J. M. Coleton, Sr.



Above is the Astoria, Ore., Elks' Mixed Chorus whose talents are in great demand in the community, singing at many important functions.

Below: These hospitalized veterans were guests of Ithaca, N. Y., Lodge at the Cornell-Columbia football game during the past gridiron season.





While in New York City, Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Anderson entertained Sea Scout H. E. May, Jr., of Winston-Salem, N. C., at a family breakfast. As an outstanding member of Senior Unit 124, sponsored by Winston Lodge, which had the best record for community service last year in Region 6, Scout May represented the Region in ceremonies in Washington, Philadelphia, Valley Forge and New York marking the Boy Scouts' 40th Anniversary.

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S VISITS



Mr. Anderson's visit to Belleville, Ill., coincided with the lodge's Golden Jubilee. Pictured here are, left to right: E.R. Leroy Schaufler, State Pres. Willis G. Maltby, D.D. George E. Wunderlich, the Grand Exalted Ruler, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell and Chairman N. H. Feder of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee.

GRAND EXALTED RULER and Mrs. Emmett T. Anderson left Tacoma, Wash., the latter part of January, to arrive in Chicago for a brief weekend visit. From there the distinguished couple entrained for Kansas to be the guests of **TOPEKA LODGE NO. 204** at a night meeting on the 30th. An impromptu session took place that day at **MANHATTAN LODGE NO. 1185**, when Mr. Anderson, accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner of Dixon, Ill., D.D. Milton L. Stoffer, and State Pres. Joseph White of Kansas, together with representatives of neighboring lodges, were entertained at an informal luncheon.

At Topeka that evening, 350 persons were on hand to pay tribute to the Order's leader at a banquet at which Mr. Anderson, Mr. Warner, D.D. Stoffer and E.R. Jonas W. Graber spoke, their addresses being broadcast over two stations. At a splendid meeting later, a class of 16 men became Elks in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler in the presence of representatives from 19 of Kansas' 33 lodges.

The following day **LAWRENCE LODGE NO. 595** entertained the official party at luncheon. E.R. Wilbur A. Wright introduced Mr. Anderson to the capacity crowd of 150 Elks who filled the lodge room at this unexpected, but enthusiastic, meeting.

That evening found the visitors at the home of **KANSAS CITY, MO., LODGE, NO. 26**, for a banquet followed by a fine meeting at which a large group was initiated. Mr. Anderson's talks at both the banquet and the lodge session were well received by the 300 listeners. Officials on hand included Missouri Past State Pres. H. H. Russell, a member of the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee, D.D. Richard F. Collins and State Pres. L. B. Pratt.

Mr. Russell's home lodge, **WARRENSBURG, MO., NO. 673**, was the next to entertain the Order's leader with a banquet and meeting at which 325 Elks were present, including those who joined him at Kansas City and D.D. J. Howard Hannah, all of whom shared speaking honors with Mr. Anderson and E.R. Wm. R. Bodenhamer.

At the well-organized meeting that evening many lodges from as far as 175 miles' distance were represented, with an exceptionally large group from Joplin Lodge.

The Golden Jubilee of **BELLEVILLE, ILL., LODGE, NO. 481**, which was celebrated during the week of Jan. 29th through Feb. 4th, was participated in by Grand Exalted Ruler Anderson on the 2nd, when he arrived there with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, Chairman N. H. Feder of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, Grand Inner Guard John T. Dumont, D.D. Charles Bliss, State Pres. Willis G. Maltby, State Vice-Pres.-at-Large John Giles, State Treas. Charles Clabaugh, D.D. George Wunderlich, Mr. Russell and other local and State Elk officials, for the Anniversary Banquet.

(Story continues on page 40)



Above: Grand Exalted Ruler Anderson examines a huge welcome sign at Port Jervis, N. Y., Lodge as E.R. Leroy Bockover looks on. The painting was later removed from the sign and presented to the distinguished visitor.

Below: The officers of Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge stand behind the Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson and Mrs. Anderson at the banquet given in honor of their visit. Seated to the right of Mr. Anderson are, left to right, P.D.D. Harold L. Stanton, Chairman of the Committee in charge of the event, Senior Past State Pres. J. Victor Schad and D.D. Joseph A. McCarthy. On Mrs. Anderson's left are, first, State Pres. George A. Swalbach and William Frasor, Executive Secretary of the Elks National Service Commission.



Above: Grand Exalted Ruler Anderson, seated fourth from left, at the home of Richmond, Calif., Lodge with the Exalted Rulers of the Bay District lodges. Grand Est. Loyal Knight H. B. Hoffman is seated on Mr. Anderson's left. Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis is seated third from right.



Jack D'Andrea, who, with his three sons, is a member of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge, gives the Order's leader a trim while Mr. Anderson looks over a copy of *The Elks Magazine* on one of his flying trips home between lodge visitations.



This impressive group is comprised of the 350 men who are the Charter Members of Watska, Ill., Lodge, and the Grand Exalted Ruler and

other Grand Lodge officials and the initiating officers of Kankakee Lodge, who were on hand for the institution of Illinois' new Elks lodge.



NEWSLETTER

WASHINGTON

COMMERCE SECRETARY SAWYER is convinced that American small business must have something more than tax relief and "reasonably available" credit if it is to flourish in any economic storms that may be ahead.

That "something more", he says, is "a constant flow of ideas on management techniques and technological developments".

Suiting the action to the word, the Department is now pushing ahead with its new-product opportunity series of informational books. This series has been inspired by the observations of Government economists who have noted that the companies which come up with better-than-average sales records year after year are those which strive continuously to improve their products and which undertake new-product development programs.

The first two publications in this field were "Developing and Selling New Products" and "A Source of New Product Possibilities for Manufacturers". Now a third has appeared—"Available Patents—Plastic Products and Processes". This 72-page booklet provides ideas for new or additional plastic products in some 21 product fields.

AMERICA'S biggest business has gone ahead and developed a new-product market for itself, without government prodding. This is the refill market for fluid couplings and torque converters, which have now reached down into the lower-priced automobile field.

All transmissions of the hydraulic type require special oils. These must be changed at least once a year, preferably in the Spring. On the basis of ten quarts each for torque converters, last year's refill market was estimated at 4,000,000 gallons. It is estimated that by 1954, 25 to 30 million gallons will be sold each year, while a 60,000,000 annual sale is anticipated ten years hence. At the present price of 65 cents a quart, 25 million gallons would sell for \$65 million; 60 million gallons would bring in a neat \$15.6 billion.

NO RESULTS are in as yet, so census officials can't be accused of peeking. Nevertheless, they are convinced that the 1950 Census of Population will show definitely that American women are living longer, marrying earlier and holding

better jobs than ever before. But Cupid is holding his own despite this. Results of a sample survey just released show that two out of every three persons 14 years old and over in the civilian population are married. Sixty years ago, the proportion of married persons was much smaller—53 per cent.

ELKS WHO TRAVEL will be interested to know that a two-man mission from the United States is now in South America to assist in the development of an Inter-American travel program. Undertaking this on-the-spot survey of South American travel conditions are the Chief of the Travel Division of the Pan-American Union and the Chief of the American Republics Branch of the Office of International Trade. Among their objectives is simplification of present burdensome travel barriers.

LED BY HOME-BUILDERS the U. S. construction industry opened 1950 at a record pace. Construction activity in the first month of the year was 16 per cent above a year earlier and set an all-time record for the month of January. New construction valued at \$1½ billion was put in place during the 31-day period.

A WELSH MANUFACTURER who apparently has never heard of trailers is offering Americans a new type of prefabricated house which can be folded up and put on a truck.

AMERICA was proud of its wartime role as the Arsenal of Democracy. Americans are equally proud of their postwar "Larder of Democracy" role. But some have objected to our national largess on two grounds—we can't afford it; they don't appreciate it. Now officials here have put their finger on a welfare program no one can defend. The beneficiaries in this instance are America's insects—entomologists here now estimate it is costing \$4 billion a year to feed them.

INSECTS are not the farmer's chief worry these days. The Department of Agriculture reports that at the beginning of the year the value of the assets of the Nation's agriculture showed the first decline since the beginning of the war. Preliminary estimates show a reduction of nearly \$5 billion in the valuation of assets from the peak of \$127 billion reached



at the beginning of 1949—accounted for by a reduction in the value of real estate, livestock, crops, deposits and currency. Farm income is off, too—down \$4.7 billion last year from 1948's \$23.1 billion.

COWS make milk to feed their calves. Now milk-hungry man has found a way to raise calves from birth without feeding them any milk at all—not any whole milk, at least. Only a limited amount of skim milk, supplemented with Vitamin A from cod liver oil or other sources, is required. Raising calves without milk may be all right, dairymen say, but they wonder what will happen when the cows find out.

UNCLE SAM'S perennial best-seller, the Statistical Abstract of the United States, is on sale at the Government Printing Office. With 1,222 pages of statistical information, the 1949 edition combines the greatest collection of statistics ever consolidated under one cover.

Artist C. C. Beall paints the action that all bass fishermen hope is taking place as they retrieve the plug—a nice small-mouthed about to strike. We believe that the painting accurately represents a bass about to strike, for the painting was verified by an authority on fish at the Museum of Natural History in New York.



The ELKS Magazine
Spring Fishing Section



pertaining to

*Piscicide



BY RED SMITH

*Red Smith, feature sports columnist for the New York Herald Tribune, coined this word to define fishermen who take their chances with the fish.

HEYWOOD BROUN wrote that he would not agree fishing was a sport until the angler contracted to jump overboard when he lost. Mr. Broun's rule is not recommended for universal adoption because there's nothing spoils a good fishing spot quicker than a lot of cadavers floating around, but it must be allowed that he made a point. Certain types of piscicide do fall short of the match-maker's ideal of an even contest.

In this class is the widely advertised pastime of wrenching sailfish and marlin out of the sea. Here the sportsman takes his ease lashed to a cushioned armchair which is bolted to the deck, and lets the boat drag a feathered hook past the quarry's nose. Victims cooperative enough to impale themselves are swung over the side by means of a mechanized hoist with a block-and-tackle arrangement supported by an outrigger. Considered as sporting equipment, deepsea

fishing-tackle compares favorably with the gibbets employed in the better class of penitentiaries.

Your true sportsman is the trout fisherman who wades into the enemy's element armed only with three ounces of bamboo and 30 pounds of accessories and battles it out, hand to fin, taking a gambler's chance of being washed down the rapids and brained against a boulder.

This comes about as close as is practicable to the Broun conception of fair competition. As a matter of fact, in fresh-water angling the fish's mutual price is never better than \$2.20 to win—not even if the man is smarter than the trout, and if you think that's likely ask yourself how many fish you know who would squander a week's worm money on a few shreds of yarn and tufts of rooster hackle in the notion that some man would think these were live insects.

The conclusions set down here are not

snap judgments; they are the product of almost 30 years of research and observation and thought.

It was nearly three decades ago when two kids packed in to the South Branch of the Oconto River lugging a week's provisions four or five miles from the Chicago & Northwestern depot in Suring, Wisconsin. Growing up in Green Bay, they had fished for suckers and chubs and bullheads and perch and small-mouth bass in the waters around that metropolis. They had angled unsuccessfully for trout in Beaver Dam Creek where it flows through a meadow past the municipal pesthouse, and one of them had plucked a trout out of Trout Creek on the Oneida Indian reservation.

"I'll give you a dollar for it," a grown-up stranger encountered on the stream had offered, seeing the fish and hating to go home empty-handed. And the kid had refused, torn, because, although he'd never had a whole dollar of his own, he'd never caught a trout before either, and he felt vaguely that there was something shameful about the notion of selling it.)

Anyhow, although these kids had fished almost as many years as they had walked, this trip to the Oconto was their first full-scale trout expedition and their first experience of fly-casting. It was the last week of August, the final seven days of the Wisconsin trout season.

They set up housekeeping in a prefabricated shack that a piscicidal uncle had bought from a mail-order house and bolted together on the bank of the South Branch. The Oconto at this point is a glorious stream, swift and cold with many deep pools and spring-holes, wide enough so an angler can get out in the middle, away from the mosquitoes, and work both sides. By reputation, it was matted with trout.

For seven days the kids fished. All day, every day. They had no waders, just sloshed into the river wearing whatever they had on. It would be cold at first but in a half-hour or so the body would get numb from the waist down and then it was fairly comfortable, unless a guy took a header and got drenched all over. In that event he'd keep on fishing, his lips blue and his teeth chattering. The mosquitoes enjoyed having guests.

By a combination of skill and patience and industry, the team produced in one short week a haul of one trout, slightly longer than the legal minimum.

Heartened by this success, they got up at dawn on August 31, last day of the season, and were in the stream when the sun rose. When they made their last cast, it was pitch dark. Neither had got a strike. It was raining. They were wet and cold and exhausted. In the dripping blackness, they blundered through swampy thickets to a logging road back to camp.

By the time they reached the road, they had also reached certain conclusions. These were, to wit: (a) no trout, if there be such things, ever had made an un-

provoked attack on them; (b) they had, therefore, no call to go asking for trouble with trout; (c) live and let live would be their motto thenceforward.

In a clearing beside the road, a small campfire burned and the headlights of an automobile shone. A solitary angler was making up a bed in the car.

"Any luck?" the kids called.

"Some," he said, and turned a flashlight on a mess of fish.

The legal limit might have been ten then, maybe more. Whatever it was, he had 'em, and one was a rainbow measuring 24 inches. A deep-chested, broad-shouldered five or six pounds of fish. It looked bigger than the *Queen Mary*.

NEITHER kid spoke, gazing at that brute, but the same thought must have been in both heads: Here was a guy who had fished the same waters as they with the same equipment as they on the same day as they, and they had nothing and look what he had.

Curious, the things one remembers: That was so many years ago, and the scene is still so vivid, even to one who forgets names two minutes after introductions are made. The man's name was Marsh and he came from Milwaukee. He accepted an invitation to bunk in the shack that rainy night. When everyone was in bed, Mr. Marsh lay there in the dark and delivered a lecture on fly-fishing.

"It's all in knowing the kind of water

where the fish lie," he said, "and in the way you offer the fly. Now, you know you have the slack line in your left hand. Starting a cast, you take up the slack and lift the fly quickly, taking your rod back until it points straight up. Wait there while you count two slowly, then whip the rod with a sharp wrist motion, aiming for a spot maybe four feet above the water so your fly will drop lightly—"

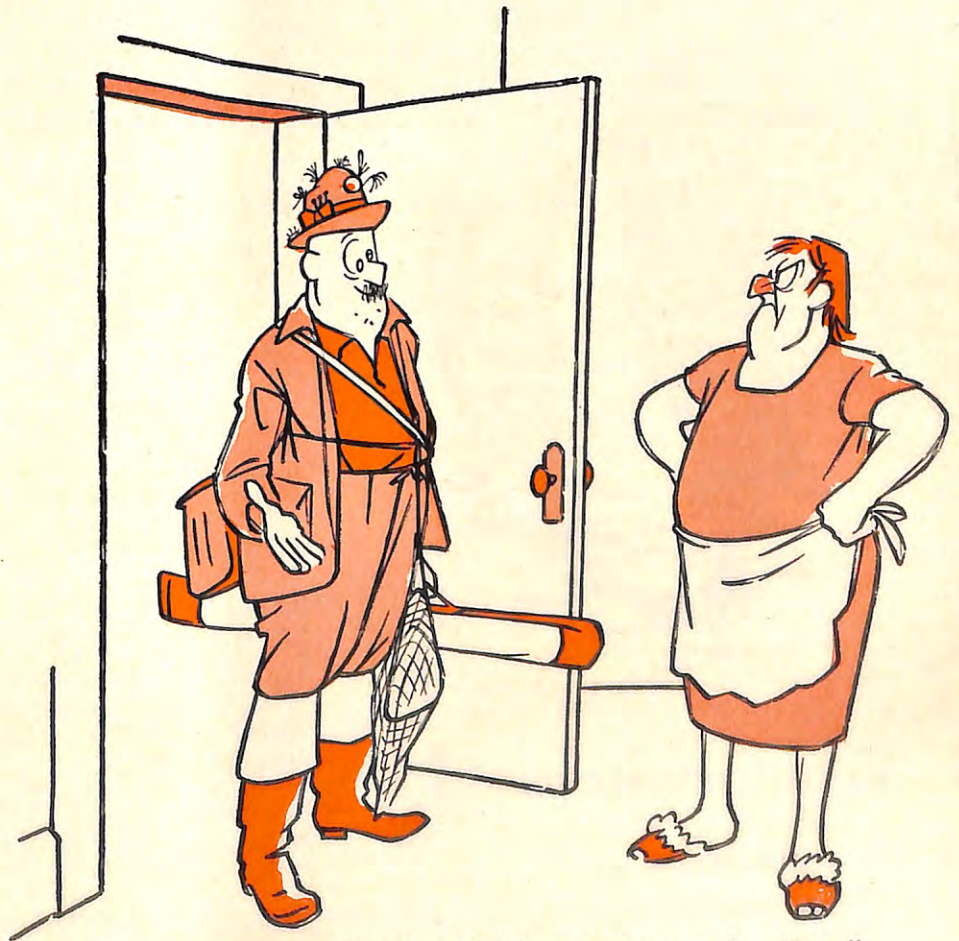
He went on and on. There were two kids lying in the dark who'd sworn off trout fishing that evening. Before they went to sleep they were telling themselves, "Next year I'll know what to do."

They were lost. They never saw Mr. Marsh again, but he did for 'em. Today, ever so many years later, they are still thinking over the failures of last summer and saying, "Next time—"

Wives, of course, cannot understand on obsession like this. An advantage which fish have over men is that they seldom marry. This is no rap at wives, as such; they are not unsuitable as house pets and they have a certain usefulness as baby-sitters. But only one in 50 treats a dead trout with affection in her kitchen and not one in 5,000 is a proper associate for a live fish in the water.

Never, never put your wife in a stream unencumbered by sashweights. She will protest that the waders do not become her. She will not be persuaded

(Continued on page 48)



"So I didn't see any fish, but I didn't meet any people, either."

The Complete Angler

What is really necessary for an all-around fishing outfit?



BY TED TRUEBLOOD

**ILLUSTRATED BY
FRED IRVIN**

IN THE happy days of my youth, when a dollar was a dollar—and nobody ever saw one—I knew a fluent liar who had more than \$100 worth of fishing tackle. He told me so. To a country boy with patches on the patches, that was like a money bush in the garden.

This Croesus won my admiration solely on the strength of the stories he told about his angling prowess. He said he could cast a dry fly a hundred feet, and he always caught lots of trout on it. I believed him because I knew that he supplied the fish whenever the local Society For The Aid Of Idiots With Six

Fingers On The Left Hand put on a trout feed.

Some years later he was caught dynamiting a pool. It was a greater shock to me than it was to anybody but the fish. I wouldn't have been more surprised to learn that Santa Claus was a rum-runner.

Ever since, I have been suspicious of two kinds of fishermen—those who have too much fishing tackle and those who don't have enough. The question is, of course, where do you draw the line?

A man, no doubt, could go forth armed with only a shillelagh and great industry, and bludgeon a few finny whatnots to death, I have no doubt that more than one fine kettle of fish got into hot water because they didn't avoid a Cro-Magnon with a prehistoric sleep-inducer.

At the other extreme, if you acquired all the modern aids-to-anglers you would need a warehouse to store them in, and if you tried a new gadget every day for the rest of your life you wouldn't get half way to the back door.

Most anglers have no desire to own everything there is. They just want most of it. What they want and what they can afford, however, usually are two different things, and thereupon hinges a very real question: What is really necessary for an all-around fishing outfit? Suppose you are going on a trip across the United States and back and will have a chance to stop and fish occasionally. You hope to catch bass, pike, maybe a muskie, panfish, walleyes, several kinds of trout and possibly a few steelheads. You neither can buy nor carry everything. What should you take?

Actually, you don't need a whole lot of tackle. You can catch everything that swims without a bathing suit on with an assortment that won't take any more room in the back of the car than a bag of golf clubs—if chosen wisely.

First of all, you need a carefully selected bait-casting outfit. You can catch fish on it in every State, and everywhere, except in the trout country of the Northwest, trying to get along without it would be about like dancing without shoes—you might have a lot of fun, but people certainly would stare.

Bait-casting rods are made of split bamboo, glass, tubular steel, solid steel, aluminum alloy and beryllium copper. Each material has certain advantages, but all of them do the job. The action of a rod is more important than the material from which it is made; weight means little.

These rods can be divided into four groups according to degree of stiffness, or action. These are extra light, light, medium and heavy. The size fish that will be caught on them has nothing to do

with this classification; it is the lures to be cast that count.

Extra-light rods were designed to cast the lightest lures available—those weighing less than half an ounce. Light rods should be used with lures weighing from $\frac{3}{8}$ to $\frac{5}{8}$ ounce. Medium rods work best with lures weighing from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{7}{8}$ ounce, and heavy rods are meant to cast lures that weigh $\frac{3}{4}$ ounce or more.

The best choice for the man who will own only one rod is either the light or medium action, and $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet is a good length. Such a rod will handle spoons and plugs that will catch everything from trout to muskies.

The reel and line should be chosen to match the rod and lures. Don't pick a bait-casting reel on the basis of how long the spool will spin when you give the handles a flip. The longer it spins the more backlashes you will have. Get one with a light aluminum spool, preferably with a removable cork arbor (core). A reel somewhat smaller than standard feels nicer and gives better results on a light rod.

Nylon bait-casting lines are better than silk. You must use a light line for light lures. Nine-pound test is strong enough for bass, trout, pike and walleyes—except in water that is filled with snags—and this size will give you much longer casts than a heavier one. A line testing 12 pounds is good for all-around fishing and casts well. I think 18-pound test is heavy enough for anything but Mack trucks, and they seldom strike anyway.

GO EASY on lures. Don't buy many when you get your other tackle. No matter where you live, you will be sold plugs and spoons that work in that vicinity. Some of them won't be much good anywhere else. Get a basic assortment of eight or ten in the weight range your rod was designed to handle, then buy a couple of local favorites wherever you go. By working it this way you will be sure to have lures that catch fish wherever you are.

Your take-along lures should include one floating plug. Its color is unimportant. You should have a couple that float at rest but work from one to two feet beneath the surface when they are reeled in. One of them might well be white with red head; the other, green spotted with yellow. You need a couple that sink outright. I suggest orange spotted with black for one, and a black back with silvery sides for the other.

That makes five plugs that work at various depths from the surface to the bottom. This is important because all kinds of fish feed at various depths at different times. You have to fish where they are or you can't catch them.

In addition to the plugs, you need one or two weedless porkrind lures. Get a bottle of porkrind to use with them. They can be cast into many weedy, fish-producing spots that could not be fished

(Continued on page 50)



“River Runt Spooks Are Tops!”



\$1.35 ea.

River Runt Spooks come in Midgit Digit, Midget and Standard in Floating-Diving, Sinking and Go-Deeper Models. Weights— $\frac{3}{8}$, $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{3}{8}$ oz.

“This photo shows my latest catch of 3 to $6\frac{1}{4}$ lb. smallmouth bass taken with a River Runt Spook at Wilson Dam near here. With me, River Runt Spooks are ‘tops’. I consider a Heddon ‘Pal’ Rod and ‘River Runt Spook’ the most effective combination for smallmouths.” — Wm. C. Wilson, Village 2, Sheffield, Ala.

How To Use “River Runt Spook”

Veteran fishermen like Bill Wilson don't just cast out and reel in. In shallow water they start the retrieve with a slight twitch of the rod, and reel slowly, just fast enough to keep the “River Runt” off the bottom. Then, they jerk the rod tip, which makes the bait dart. Between jerks the River Runt is first reeled fast, then slow. Try this plan with a River Runt Spook. You'll get more bass, pike, walleyes, trout and other gamefish.

Write For A New
1950 Heddon Catalog
The 32-page pocket-size is
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JAMES HEDDON'S SONS

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DOWAGIAC, MICHIGAN

2814 West Street

BETTER THAN OARS

Outboard motors make fishing easy.

BY C. B. COLBY

PERSONALLY, I'm lazy, and when I go fishing I want to spend my time watching a rod tip or a floating fly instead of a lot of water from behind a pair of oars—and I want my back lame from hauling in fish, not rowing. So I bought an outboard motor and now I'm "there" instead of on the way.

Outboards are not too expensive (mine is a three-horsepower affair that cost under a hundred dollars new); they are very cheap to run, seldom need repair and are a lot of fun. Get yourself a small one, hire a boat for about three dollars a day and see what I mean.

However, if you rush out to the nearest store and pick one up for this year's easier fishing, you'll find there are several things that will not come in the motor's packing case—experience, for example. Learning to handle your new outboard safely and efficiently is part of the fun of owning it, but just to give you a head start away from the dock, here are some of the pointers I have learned, but not out of the manual that came with my motor. They're yours for free.

In the first place, I hadn't the slightest idea whether or not I could lug the motor to the lake in the trunk of my car. I thought it might damage it to lay it down. Then I wondered if I could carry it in the car trunk with fuel in the motor's gas tank. You can do both. If you tighten the gas tank cap, screw down the air vent (little secondary cap on top of the fuel tank cap) and shut off the flow of fuel from the tank to the carburetor, you can tote the motor in your car trunk safely. However, it is preferable to syphon out most of the gasoline in the tank before the motor is put in the car, but that's up to the individual. Super-cautious skippers not only drain the tank but take out the plug in the bottom of the carburetor and drain that also to keep gas from seeping into the car trunk.

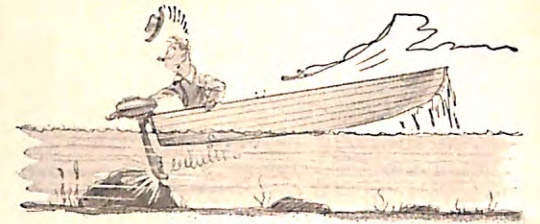
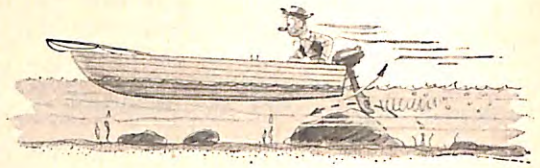
In putting your outboard into your car trunk after use, be particularly careful that the motor end is higher than the propeller end. This will keep water in the shaft or exhaust from running into the firing chamber or cylinder and rusting the piston.

Another point that you would probably have thought of anyway: be sure to pad the motor and propeller well with some old blankets, a tent, sacks or a moth-eaten rug. It will prevent marring and will keep seepage of fuel or grease from smearing the car trunk. If you wish to be fancy, get a motor carrying case. They are not too expensive (about six dollars).

If you are putting your outboard on a boat at a beach, pull the boat up stern first and put the motor on the transom in the up-tilted position. Then put the rest of your gear in the bow, shove off and step in. After you are in deep water, tilt the motor so that the propeller drive shaft is vertical to the surface of the water. Boat sterns vary as to their angle with the water, but every outboard has an adjustment device enabling the propeller shafts to be swung forward or backward to offset this variance and keep the shaft perpendicular to the water. This isn't just another idea to make outboard boating complicated; there's sense to this 90-degree stuff.

If the propeller shaft tilts out, and back, from the boat's stern, the propeller drives down into the water instead of ahead, making the stern "squat" in the water and the bow up. At high speed this makes steering tough. On the other hand, if the shaft from the motor to the propeller tilts down and forward under the boat's stern, the propeller will drive up, raising the stern and lowering the bow. This "digging" of the bow also makes steering difficult and in rough water can make the boat ship water.

Now that the motor has been attached and adjusted to the proper angle for good control, pour in the pre-mixed oil and gasoline. It has been stated that over 50 per cent of all outboard motor troubles are caused by dirty or watery fuel, so it is good sense to strain every loading through chamois or a fine strainer. And by the way, that paragraph in your instruction



manual about pre-mixing the oil and gasoline before putting the mixture into your tank is there for a very good reason.

An outboard is oiled by the lubricant mixed with your gasoline. If you pour the oil and gasoline into your fuel tank without mixing them thoroughly beforehand, here's what will happen:

Most of the oil will sink to the bottom of the fuel tank and when your motor starts—if it does—it will burn more oil than it normally would with a good mixture. This will cause smoking, gummed valves and pistons, and fouled spark plugs. Then, when this oily mess has been consumed, the motor will be running on completely inadequate lubrication and a badly burned engine may result. It is well worth pre-mixing the gas and oil.

NOW that the gas is in the tank and you are ready to go, follow the instructions that came with your motor, but bear in mind some of these points, also. If your motor has a starter cord that comes free of the flywheel, watch where the free end with the knot goes when you snap it. I almost clipped my seven-year-old in the face, but a friend did better—he snapped out his daughter's front tooth on the first day of her vacation. You can't carry spare teeth, but an extra cord to replace a cord dropped overboard may save some trouble.

Be sure your motor is pointed straight ahead when you start it, and be equally sure, unless your motor has a clutch, that it is headed for open water with nothing close ahead of it, such as other boats, swimmers, docks or buoys. The instant the motor catches, you'll be busy with spark, throttle and tiller.

The new outboard owner naturally wants to see what his powerplant will do for speed and maneuverability, regardless of water conditions, type of boat and load. I was, so I say with

(Continued on page 25)



Remember, a snapped cord has to go somewhere.

Oh, Brother!

Here are some big ones that didn't get away.



Above: Some Brother Elks persuaded M. M. Bliman, of Richmond, Ind., Lodge, No. 649, to try muskellunge fishing in Grindstone Lake, Wis., as a change from bridge. First day, of his first fishing trip, this "amateur" hooked a 50½-inch, 39-pound muskie. Pandemonium and mutiny broke loose when the muskie was hooked, but the party finally beached the boat and landed the fish from the shore. Left to right: Andy Issen, Francis Young, "Amateur" Bliman and Bob Lloyd, all of Richmond Lodge.



Above: E.R. Patrick H. King of Boise, Ida., Lodge with his 27-pound, 45-inch Chinook salmon which traveled up the Salmon River to Bear Valley Creek, 2,500 miles from the ocean and 7,000 feet above sea level, to be taken with a No. 4 spinner and salmon eggs.

Right: Santa Maria, Calif., fishing enthusiasts, C. T. McDermont, an Elk for 32 years, Marlin Hightower, and E. E. Rubel, Esquire of Santa Maria Lodge, left to right, display two of the swordfish they caught off the Mexican Coast. Rubel's weighed in at 192 pounds after a two-hour, ten-minute fight; the McDermont prize, taken after an hour and five minutes, tipped the scales at 110 pounds.



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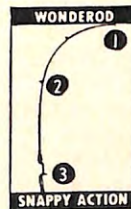


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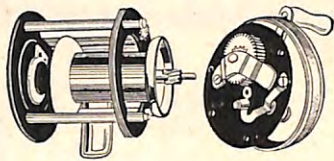
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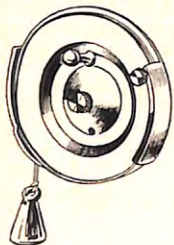
HONOR BUILT SINCE 1897



Tackle Tips for the Fisherman



NEW "PAL" REEL can be taken down by hand, cleaned and oiled and put together again in a few minutes. No tools required and adjustments are maintained. The reel is light in weight and has fast action.



"DEPTHOMETER" provides a clear marking at every foot and removes the guess work from determining depths. The device has a release brake and line is returned

to the reel by means of a crank. A black marking indicates each foot and a color code represents units of five and ten feet. Will measure depths up to 100 feet.

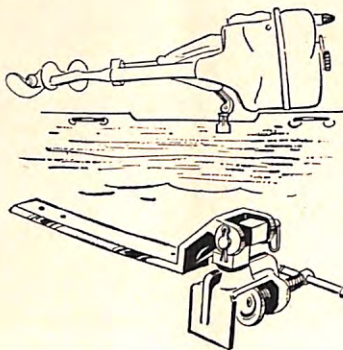


"POP-EYE" LURE is again on the market. Looks like a bass-tempting frog sprawled out motionless on the surface. The lure is 3½ inches long and weighs ⅝ ounces. Available in frog or silver flitters with green sides.



IN THIS "STREAM-LINER" REEL the line runs between two rollers, one of which is geared to the spool. A nut on the under side of the reel controls the pressure of the rollers against the line. When the forward motion of the line is retarded, or suddenly stopped, the spool continues to unreel the line as it comes to a stop, without thumbing. Thus, less casting skill

is required to prevent backlash. Reel will fit any rod with ferrule from 5/16 to ⅜ inches in diameter.



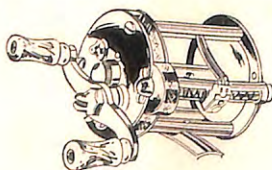
LIFTING DEVICE for outboard motors permits tilting the motor and swinging the shaft into the boat with little effort. The bracket attaches to the transom and by tilting the propeller shaft to horizontal and then swinging the shaft into the boat, the propeller is accessible for replacing sheared pins. Available in two sizes: motor under 10 hp.; motors over 10 hp.



"ROLLAFLOTE" bobber rolls up and down the line when the rod is manipulated. Bobber can be set for any desired depth without tying knots. Made of hollow plastic in several colors.



SIX-FOOT combination spinning and utility rod telescopes within its handle to 15 inches. Rod weighs only seven ounces, yet is very flexible.

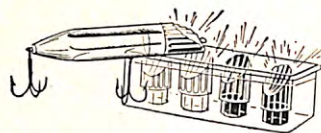


"MECHANICAL THUMBER" of this "Skilkast" reel stops spool from spinning as bait lights on the water, thus avoiding backlash.

After the line stops running out, caster has instant use of a clean spool for retrieving the lure.



This new minnow bucket consists of a metal frame, a canvas inner container and a bottom pan with center lifting post to bring bait to the surface of the water. The canvas container is designed to admit air, thereby replacing oxygen used by the bait.



Five lures in one. Built-in lens magnifies live bait, such as a minnow, which is placed inside the plug. Four interchangeable heads—in red, orange, green and yellow plastic—are available.



NEW "SEA HORSE" Model TN with Neutral Clutch. Five-hp. OBC certified at 4,000 rpm. Weighs 44 pounds. Has Vari-Volume pump and the Sure-Fire shock absorber.



FLOATING minnow bucket is collapsible and folds compactly to fit into tackle box, etc. The "Tuck-A-Bucket" remains in semi-rigid upright position when filled to its 6½-quart capacity, or floats when inner plastic tube is inflated. Water-clear plastic gives illusion of minnows swimming free.

For information about the products on this page, write to the Reader Service Department, Elks Magazine, 50 East 42nd Street, New York City, and the name and address of the source will be provided.

Better Than Oars

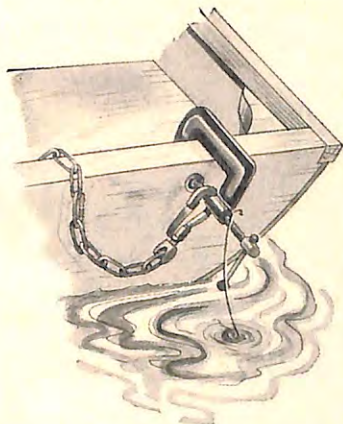
(Continued from page 22)

considerable sincerity, and private embarrassment, take your first turns slowly, until you have had some experience. Even a sudden slow turn in a flat-bottom fishing boat is fast enough to catch passengers off balance.

Last summer I rented a fishing boat, loaded in the wife and two youngsters and duffle, hooked on the motor and started out. I came right back after about 50 feet. The thing rocked if you moved your eyeballs and making the three-county-turn to get back to the dock still makes me shudder. The boatman said folks used it every day with a motor and it really looked it from the clamp marks on the stern. It just didn't work well with mine.

One way to keep the motor from going off on a cruise to the bottom is to use a safety chain or rope. The former are available for about a dollar up and are rubber-covered steel links fitted with snaps at each end. Clip one onto some part of your motor and the other to the boat's stern ring, or around a seat. Some rented boats do not have the stern ring for this purpose, so carry a couple of inexpensive three-inch C-clamps in your boat kit. Screw one of these C-clamps over the stern of the boat, with the screw lever outside the boat, and attach the rope or chain about the clamp screw.

Another use I have found for these clamps brings up the matter of slowing your motor for trolling. There are several ways to slow down an outboard if it is not designed for slow throttling. Flat plates that can be attached directly to the propeller to kill its efficiency, and hence slow it down, are available. There also are dragboards that can be fitted to your boat. However, a simple way to slow down your outboard is to drag a pail at the end of a rope. That's where that other C-clamp comes in handy. If the water is shallow or rocky, the pail idea is not too practical, but in deep water it works fine.



Inexpensive C-clamps are handy for motor safety chain, stringer, etc.

Mention of shallow water brings up a tip for beaching your outboard where there is no dock. You can run up to a beach slowly, under power, if you tilt the engine up until the propeller is just under the surface. Throttle it down and be sure that the propeller is under the surface so that water for engine cooling is drawn in. With the propeller in this position you will make very little headway and the blades will be off the bottom.

Although the modern outboard is about as reliable as your car, regardless of the weather, even the best of them quit upon occasion. The instruction manual usually will give you detailed information as to what to do if the motor won't start, but few manuals tell what to do when the gadget stops cold in the middle of a river or lake. If you remembered to put in the oars, or at least a paddle, the worst it can mean is blisters.

If the motor coughs and then quits, the trouble probably is with the fueling. Are you out of gas? That's about the most common cause of motor stopping. The average outboard usually carries gas for an hour to an hour-and-a-half of running time tank without refilling, but this depends on the horsepower, the water conditions, the load, the hull and the speed. With experience you can judge when it's about time to refill. At first it might be a good idea to check about every half hour to see how the fuel is holding up. When you do check, hand your pipe to the other guy, and don't accidentally turn down that air vent along with the fuel tank cap. Shutting off the air flow into the fuel tank will prevent the fuel from running to the carburetor and cause the motor to stop pronto.

If you have plenty of fuel in your tank, the air vent has not vibrated closed, but the motor stops without those last death-bed coughs, the trouble probably is electrical.

If that too is all right, the trouble is probably dirty fuel, or water, in the filter screens or carburetor. If that is the trouble, occasionally it is possible to start the motor with repeated pulls of the starter cord. This will sometimes clear the stoppage. If there is considerable dirt or water in the system or carburetor—enough to block the engine—start using the oars.

Don't feel that all of these things can or will happen to an outboard. Most of them never will. It's knowing about some of these things ahead of time that will give you more fun and confidence right from that first push away from the dock. An outboard will help you get more fish faster, and many youngsters and wives who have just gone along to run the motor, or for the ride, have stayed to fish and found it fun.

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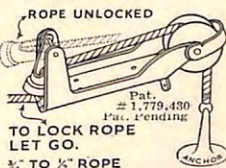
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ROD AND GUN

Squaretail fishing never was better, but trout no longer were important.

BY DAN HOLLAND



IT WAS late June and we were camped on a lake shore in northern Canada about ten miles inland from the ice pack on Hudson's Bay. It was cold, especially as night approached, because we

didn't have any tent or bedding and few enough clothes. We sat around a small fire and shivered and talked a little. Someone laughed occasionally, but not with much humor—only at the ridiculousness of the situation. We were fishermen and we had discovered the best brook-trout fishing in the world, but we weren't talking fishing, or even thinking fishing. We were thinking about getting out of there; that's all.

Just that morning we had felt like kids with both hands in the cookie jar. There had been a jolting thunderstorm during the night, something which seldom oc-

curs that far north, and the world at dawn looked scrubbed, fresh and sparkling. The sun came up clear and seemed to shine right through us. From the lake where we camped we had proceeded by canoe down the outlet, a river both unnamed and unfished, which flowed into the Bay. We couldn't be sure what we would find in the way of fish, but we had a notion that they would be big and that there would be lots of them and that they would be brook trout.

We dropped off one at a time down the river. I chose the outside of a bend where the current ran slick and deep against the bank. Sometimes water just naturally looks fishy and this spot did. If there were only one trout in all the north country, this is where he would be; I knew it.

We had waited a long time and traveled far for this. If it was the best, I wanted to know it for sure; so I took my time and went about it methodically. First, I stepped off a hundred yards of stream shore along the bend with the idea of finding out just how many trout I could take within those bounds. I had a stout rod, weighing $5\frac{1}{4}$ ounces, and I tied up a heavy leader with one dropper. There's little necessity for light leaders and finesse on uneducated brook trout. I tied two large and gaudy flies—a steelhead pattern called a Polar Shrimp, tied by Jim Pray of California—on the stretcher and an Atlantic salmon fly, a Thunder and Lightning as I remember, on the dropper. The stretcher is the

preferred position with two wet flies, so I wasn't surprised when the first two or three fish hit the Polar Shrimp. To experiment, I reversed the positions of the two flies and they still hit the Polar Shrimp. I tried other patterns with it, both steelhead and salmon flies, and this fly was still the choice. The pattern in this particular instance was more important than the position on the leader. Finally, two husky trout hit both flies at once, thrashed around for a moment and then decided to go in opposite directions. Something had to give; it was the dropper leader with the Polar Shrimp. That concluded that experiment.

Rarely in my life have I kept more fish than were absolutely necessary at the moment, and I take pride in the fact that I have turned back a good 50 trout for every one I have killed, but this was a day of experiment. Here in a virgin stream that would not be fished again that year, if for a number of years, conservation was no problem. We intended to fly back to an Indian village where trout—although hardly a novelty—would be welcome and well used. I decided to keep every trout I caught the first time I fished through the hundred-yard stretch; then I would re-fish it, turning loose whatever I landed. That way there would be no duplication, no fish caught twice, and the count would be positive.

Fishing carefully with flies, the first trip through I landed 15 trout. They ran from 16 to 22 inches and averaged about

Photos by Dan Holland



It's no easy trip to the best brook trout fishing grounds in the world, a few miles from Hudson's Bay, but if you go there you'll find that the squaretails average twenty inches and strike every four minutes. At right: Corey Ford, Pilot Jim Kirk and Alastair MacBain. Burned plane in the background.



2½ pounds apiece. That's almost 40 pounds of brook trout. I went back and fished it through a second time with a small spoon. This time I landed and released 17, one huge one with my Polar Shrimp fly still in his jaw, which I gladly relieved him of. That made a total of 32 trout taken within a distance of 100 yards from one bank of a river without getting my feet wet. It took two hours, an average of a trout landed every four minutes. Obviously I was horsing them in to get one off and hook another as quickly as possible. I simply had a trout on continuously.

Of course, primitive trout are far easier to take than those nearer civilization. A good fisherman actually could come close to cleaning out a section of such a river, whereas a trout stream that has been gradually subjected to civilization and fishermen over a period of years can stand much more abuse. In our trout streams in the States, even an excellent fisherman won't raise one trout out of ten under the most ideal conditions; in fact, he will do well to raise one out of 50.

After two hours of such fishing I was both tired and hungry; so I built a small fire, siwashed a trout and broiled him. Just as I took him off the fire, my fishing partners, Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain, showed up in the canoe from downriver. They were excited, even for fishermen. For a moment they seemed relieved at the sight of my fire; then they were anxious again.

"We saw smoke," one of them said, "and it was more than could have come from that little blaze."

We doused the fire, loaded my fish in the canoe along with theirs and continued up the river. It was slow work bucking the current. When we rounded the next bend I saw the smoke for the first time. It was black and billowing, and a mounting wind carried it in clouds low along the horizon. It was a forest fire, a big one, and on its way.

We had come in by plane, a Norseman on floats, and had secured it, nose into shore, near camp. We couldn't see the source of the smoke, but obviously it was coming from that side of the lake. We tried to talk about the fishing. Corey and Mac had found fishing the equal of mine. They had kept and turned loose about the same number; so we had 75 or 80 pounds of trout in the bottom of the canoe. I've never seen such a mess of brookies.

WE SPOKE of the thunderstorm that had passed just before dawn. The country was extremely dry and the lightning was the spark that was necessary to touch it off. We agreed we should have thought of that before we left a plane tied along shore. It's easy to think of those things later.

The plane's pilot, Jim Kirk, was fishing up near the lake's outlet, and if the fire was coming down the lake's edge, as

it appeared, we hoped he had seen the smoke in time to get the plane out on the water. We hoped all kinds of things. We reached the lake and the air was dense with smoke and flying embers. Just for a moment, when we'd made out the form of the plane through the haze, it looked all right. The smoke swirled in the wind, blanked out our vision, then lifted. The airplane was a charred skeleton. Jim sat on a pontoon, his head hanging and his feet dangling in the water. He had arrived too late.

Hudson's Bay is a long way from home. It's no distance at all these days by air, but step back a generation to the time of the canoe and men with strong arms for the paddle and strong backs for the portage, and miles have a meaning. Except by way of the water routes, the northern bush is impassable in the summer months. In the winter it can be covered by dog team and snowshoes, and this is still the most common means of travel.

A COUPLE of days earlier, on our way in, we had stopped at the little Indian village of Weenusk on the western shore of the Bay. There were some white people there: the manager of the Hudson's Bay post and his wife, the priest of the local mission and a Catholic Brother named Romeo Goulet. The Brother knew the country where we were bound, was tired of town anyway, so had come along. The ice pack had just broken away from shore when we reached Weenusk, leaving a narrow ribbon of blue ice between land and the endless sea of glaring white ice. It would still be two or three weeks—after the middle of July—before the first ship could come in with its precious cargo: barter to trade for the Indians' furs, fresh food, sundry supplies, mail, maybe a Christmas present or two. Two ships were scheduled to stop at Weenusk every year.

They had radios, of course, and on top of the world, with no interference, the reception was good—too good. Where we get one station, they get ten—all at one time.

When we walked up and looked at the smoldering remains of our campsite, we thought how nice it would be to be in Weenusk. We salvaged what we could: a half-bucket of well-baked potatoes, some salt and sugar that had merely crusted on the outside, a can of jam which had boiled down to an inch of candy, a few warped pots and knife blades and an ax head. Everything else was gone.

When a man takes a long trip by air, he sorts and re-sorts to eliminate all possible useless weight until only the essence remains, the little things he can't live without: the battlejacket that saw him through the war, the little dry-fly rod that after 20 years had become as much a part of him as his casting arm, the knife that had sliced his bacon by a

(Continued on page 47)

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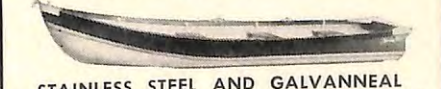
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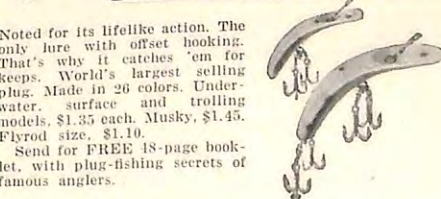
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NEWS OF THE LODGES

(Continued from page 12)



This group of Massena, N. Y., Elks and entertainers made a seventy-five-mile trip to the Veterans Administration Hospital at Sunmount to put on a show for patients there.



Above: Mrs. A. S. Stimac, President of the Douglas, Ariz., Elks Ladies Club, and Mrs. Homer Moore, wife of the Ariz. State Elks Assn. Pres., Chairman of the Funds Committee of the Ariz. Elk Sanatorium, with one of the three Barcalofter Chairs purchased by the ladies through a benefit tea and fashion show.



Harold "Red" Grange, fifth from left, is welcomed by E.R. O. C. Macy to Mattoon, Ill., Lodge's banquet honoring local high school football team. "Red" was the principal speaker.



Lehigh, Pa., Elks entertained the football teams from Lehigh, Palmerton and Slatington at a dinner at which D.D. L. R. Blank, Past State Pres. Wilbur Warner; Dist. Attorney Carl Niehoff; Allentown High School Coach Bierney Crum; Elmer Valo, Philadelphia outfielder and a member of the lodge; E.R. J. F. McIlvaine and Chairman William Prutzman of the Entertainment Committee spoke. President E. R. Seltzer of the School Board, an Elk, was Master of Ceremonies.

● **COHOES, N. Y.,** Lodge, No. 1317, rolled out the red carpet not long ago for the homecoming visit of D.D. Ambrose A. Scully. Over 300 State, District and local Elk officials were on hand for the banquet and the entertainment program that followed. Principal speakers were Past Grand Est. Lead. Knight J. Edward Gallico, Past State Presidents Leo W. Roohan and Judge John J. Sweeney, and P.D.D.'s T. Emmett Ryan, a member of the Grand Lodge State Assns. Committee, and P.D.D. Alfred J. Burns. P.D.D. Homer A. Tessier was Toastmaster at the dinner which was preceded by a meeting of the former District leaders who included Peter A. Buchheim, T. F. Kalbfleisch, Jr., W. M. Stroup, Francis Roddy, J. B. Mulholland, Paul S. Smoyer, George J. Halpin, Michael J. Degnan and Raymond T. Madden. Co-Chairmen of the Arrangements Committee, of which Mayor Rudolph Roulier was Honorary Chairman, were Mr. Tessier and City Treas. W. F. Finn.



Right: Maine Elk officials present an inhalator-resuscitator to the Hyde Memorial Home for Crippled Children and Polio Hospital. They are State Pres. L. F. Jones; Rumford P.E.R. O. L. Filiault; Charles Goldberg, Portland; Eugene Dixon, Biddeford-Saco; State Senator Joseph Larabee, and E. J. McMann, Chairman of the Crippled Children's Rehabilitation Committee. All Maine lodges aid this institution. Recently the Assn. provided a washing machine and an automatic dryer for the Home's laundry, as well as a deep-freeze unit and a complete 12-bed ward.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton and State Pres. Frank J. Duda, third and second from left foreground, respectively, are pictured with officers and members of Ironwood, Iron Mountain, Bessemer and Negaunee, Mich., Lodges at a recent meeting of Upper Peninsula Lodges held at the home of Ironwood Lodge.



On hand for the football banquet held by Rock Island, Ill., Lodge in honor of local school coaches were, left to right: D.D. Lyle B. Wilcox, Coach H. V. Almquist, former coach H. E. Behnamann, Coach Bob Maloney, Chicago Daily News sportswriter Warren Brown, principal speaker, Master of Ceremonies Maurice Corken, E.R. William E. Huffman and Carl G. Herwig, Chairman of the program of very novel entertainment provided that evening.



Nuns and students of St. Anne's Industrial Institute are pictured with some of their benefactors and the television set which Albany, N. Y., Lodge donated to them. Elks pictured, left to right: T. Emmett Ryan of the Grand Lodge State Assns. Committee, Lodge Secy. Fred V. Decker, Committeeman Charles F. Russo, Treas. P.D.D. Peter A. Buchheim, P.E.R., and Esteemed Lecturing Knight Willis C. Lawrence.



Above: R. F. Mills, Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee of Minot, N. D., Lodge, presents a \$5,000 check to H. H. Westlie, also an Elk, for the Trinity Hospital to equip a children's orthopedic ward. Looking on are E.R. John Glomset, right, and P.E.R. Al Grove.

Right: Prescott, Ariz., Lodge officers and two new Elks, on the official visitation of D.D. S. O. Morrow, third from left, back row. P.D.D. Lester Ruffner stands fifth from left, back row.





Above: International Falls, Minn., Elks present a \$531 check, proceeds of their annual Christmas Tree Sale, to the Falls Memorial Hospital for the purchase of necessary equipment for the children's ward. Left to right: Project Chairman William Sullivan, E.R. W. D. Skwarok, Publicity Chairman George Hnatiuk, Hospital Board Pres. L. P. Blomholm, Sales Chairman Ben Glowack and Hospital Manager Marie Jarshaw.



Above: When Augusta, Kans., Lodge observed Charter Member and 25-year Member Night not long ago, these Elks received their 25-year pins. Left to right, seated: R. A. Haines, John C. Cox, John Scott and John Wintermote. Standing: Claude Pugh, Ward Smith, P.E.R.'s L. Timken and S. E. Patterson, George Clark, F. E. Garland and I. M. Momev.



Above: Committeemen from Vallejo Lodge with hospital authorities when the 15 lodges of the California Bay District presented wheel chairs to Mare Island Naval Hospital. Double amputee veterans of an Alaskan Naval Operation, Chief Jessie Allen, left, an Elk, and S. A. Dale Lynch, are seated in two of the chairs.



Above: As Indio, Calif., Lodge's Secy. J. A. Sosnowski, Jr., back row, left, and Golf Chairman J. C. Roubison, back row, right, look on, Brawley Elks Carl Williams, Don Garner, Mel Ferguson and Les Mathis, left to right, pose with the Team Trophy they won at the Second Annual Tri-Valley Golf Tournament.

NEWS OF WESTERN LODGES

ROSEBURG, ORE., Lodge won the State Assn. Ritualistic Contest for the second consecutive year . . . SAN JOSE, CALIF., Lodge's P.E.R.'s and Old Timers Night broke all attendance records with 250 on hand, among them 16 of the lodge's 24 living P.E.R.'s . . . A team of MOSCOW, IDA., Elks took first place in the A division in a recent bowling tournament held in Spokane, Wash., with a 3021 score . . . MINOT, N. D., Elks have contributed \$5,000 to establish a children's orthopedic ward in the city's Trinity Hospital. Another thoughtful gesture of this lodge is the installation of a series of bicycle racks near the lodge home for the use of children attending nearby theaters . . . EUGENE, ORE., Lodge is 42 members richer since Feb. 15th . . . RIVERSIDE, CALIF., Lodge reports that of a possible 30 members coming under the category of "old timers", 16 were on hand to receive congratulations from the "youngsters" on Old Timers Night this year . . . Some 800 orphans and boys from the Industrial School in Golden were guests of DENVER, COLO., Lodge at one of the famous Elks' Punchbowls, an amateur boxing exhibition thoroughly enjoyed by the youthful audience . . . When State Pres. Robert J. Craine, accompanied by State Treas. Floyd Tumbleson and State Vice-Pres. Frank Lorenzi, made his official visit to VENTURA, CALIF., Lodge, the Elks Junior Band had a chance to make its first public concert appearance, and got quite a hand, too . . . DEVILS LAKE, N. D., Elks have voted a \$125,000 appropriation for remodeling and enlarging their lodge building . . . ANAHEIM, CALIF., Elk officers enjoyed a visit to SAN DIEGO Lodge recently where the visitors assisted their hosts in initiating a class of candidates. San Diego Lodge has just purchased a site for a brand new home which the members expect to be completed before the end of the year.



Left: When the New Mexico Press Assn. held its annual convention in Carlsbad, the State Elks Assn., as part of its wide public relations program, was host to the delegates at a banquet attended by 240 persons in the auditorium of the lodge home. The affair was most successful, generating a great deal of good will between the two groups.

● **SAN ANTONIO, TEX.,** Lodge, No. 216, introduced itself to 1950 with a special "Elks Day" for the March of Dimes campaign. Though the Texas Elks have their own hospital for crippled children, they participate each year in this important drive. Fifty Elks and two bands, led by C. E. Smeltz, Secy.-Mgr. of the lodge, took over the downtown section and collected a good sum.

Late in 1949, No. 216 held a six-day carnival for the benefit of the Texas Elks Crippled Children's Hospital. Around the Holidays, the Salvation Army received an Este organ from the San Antonio Elks, in memory of its late Past Exalted Ruler, P.D.D. Virgil G. Sharver.

● **WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.,** Lodge, No. 1352, celebrated its 32nd Anniversary, several weeks ago, with its Charter Members as guests of honor and State Vice-Pres. Frank J. Holt of the S.E. District as guest speaker. Six of the seven living original West Palm Beach Elks were on hand, together with a large group of P.E.R.'s, including P.D.D.'s Wm. A. Wall, of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee, and J. Alex Arnette.

● **HAMMOND, IND.,** Lodge, No. 485, has 50 years of activity behind it now, and marked the anniversary of its existence with a special meeting. Main speaker of the evening was Grand Treasurer Joseph B. Kyle, whose stirring remarks were followed by an inspiring address by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters. Michigan City Lodge officers initiated 61 men. Dr. A. L. Spinning, E.R. of Michigan City Lodge when he instituted No. 485, was the honored guest with the only living Charter Member, Nels Jacobson.



Some of the three hundred young ladies and men who were on hand for one of Salem, Ohio, Lodge's regular dances for the youth of the community.



The 50th Anniversary Class stands behind the officers of Grass Valley, Calif., Lodge. Seated in foreground, left to right: E. R. J. E. Thompson, Lodge Activities Committeeman H. R. Wisely, State Pres. R. J. Craine, Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis, Charter Member J. C. Tyrrell, Past Pres. James Shanly, Grand Est. Loyal Knight H. B. Hoffman, Past Grand Est. Lead. Knight F. E. Dayton, State Sgt-at-Arms D. T. Fortin, P.D.D. H. J. Budde.



The 70-man class, the first to be initiated in the new home of Ogallala, Neb., Lodge.



Above: Left to right; on Leominster, Mass., Lodge's P.E.R.'s Night: Ex-Mayor M. P. LaPierre, P.E.R.; Mayor Ralph Crossman, a new member, and P.D.D. Dr. Isidore W. Smith who acted as Exalted Ruler to initiate Mayor Crossman who had defeated him in a recent election.



In a successful effort to create additional interest in the billiard tournament held in the lodge home for Michigan City, Ind., Elks, a three-cushion billiard match was played between contestants of renown, Willie Hoppe, left, holder of the National three-cushion title, and Indiana State Champion Frank Hobart, right. They participated in a fifty-point contest which was won by Mr. Hoppe. Standing between the two champions is Exalted Ruler E. D. Bryan, Jr., of the host lodge.



Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, left, and Grand Treas. Joseph B. Kyle converse during Hammond, Ind., Lodge's Golden Jubilee.

● **SHEBOYGAN, WIS.,** Lodge, No. 299, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton shared in the tribute paid by State Pres. William I. O'Neill, former member of the Lodge Activities Committee, in a recent address in Sheboygan. The occasion was State President's Night and Judge O'Neill was introduced to the large crowd by E.R. Otto Stielow. Mr. Broughton also spoke briefly, and presented a gift to the visitor, as did the lodge. A cocktail hour and dinner preceded the meeting which included the initiation of a group of new members, and a social program followed.

Pictures of all 43 P.E.R.'s of No. 299 were hung in the lodge home, and unveiled at ceremonies at which Mr. Broughton was the principal speaker. A musical program was provided by the Fond du Lac Elks Male Chorus. The job of collecting all these pictures was the project of E.R. Stielow who, unfortunately, was taken ill and unable to attend the unveiling.

● **BROCKTON, MASS.,** Lodge, No. 164, reports that its recent Annual P.E.R.'s Night drew the largest crowd since the dedication of its lodge home. For the first time in No. 164's history all 15 former leaders were present, filling Chair Offices for the initiation of a large group of candidates in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Anderson. Mayor M. B. Clifford, P.E.R., was the principal speaker, sharing this honor with D.D. Arthur J. Shaw, P.D.D. Leo F. Donovan and P.E.R.'s Harry W. Weatherill and John T. Corcoran.

Credit for the success of the well-planned program goes to two hard-working committees, assisted by the lodge officers—the Dinner Committee, in charge of the Board of Governors led by John J. McGovern, and the Reception Committee, headed by Rep. John G. Asiaf.

● **POTTSVILLE, PA.,** Lodge, No. 207, was another branch of the Order to pay tribute to its Old Timers during the past month or so. Edgar Brown and the Elks Famous Forty Chorus made a rare "return" appearance that evening, reviving memories of Atlantic City's Steel Pier. Brunswick records and early radio when the Chorus was in its heyday. The group may not be as large as it was then, but its entertaining talent hasn't been lessened by the passing of time.

Twelve Elk veterans of more than 30 years' membership were honored with the presentation of Life Memberships. Among these were 49-year Elks G. M. Geanslen, Charles Eberle; 47-year Elk P.E.R. J. W. Seltzer; 46-year D. D. Moore, and 44-year Fred Wagner, all present. Those not on hand, but eligible, included Harry T. Bechtel who had a 51-year record; F. D. Yuengling, who chalked up 50 years' affiliation, and H. H. Geanslen, J. G. Kramer and Fred J. Weist with 48 years, to mention only a few.



E.R. A. B. Muller of Rutherford, N. J., Lodge, standing left, receives a plaque from Dr. Peter Sammartino, Pres. of Fairleigh Dickinson College, as Elk and college officials look on.

● **RUTHERFORD, N. J.,** Lodge, No. 547, through E.R. Albert B. Mueller, received a plaque from Dr. Peter Sammartino, President of Fairleigh Dickinson College, at a dinner commemorating the eighth anniversary of the founding of the college.

Appropriately, the event took place in the home of No. 547; it was there, in 1941, that 16 high school principals and public-spirited citizens met to establish this seat of learning. Rutherford Elks were the prime instigators of the project; it was an Elk, Col. Fairleigh S. Dickinson, in whose honor the school was named, who donated most of the money toward its establishment; it was another Elk, P.E.R. Louis J. Scaramelli, who awoke the Colonel's interest and enlisted his aid. At present, the Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the College is Edward T. T. Williams, President of the Lambert Pharmaceutical Co.; one of the Trustees is Dr. Guy L. Hilleboe, Super-

vising Principal of the city's public schools, and the College President is Dr. Sammartino. These men are all active Elks.

Guests at the Founders Day Dinner which was prepared and served by students of the college, were Rutherford Lodge's officers, and members of the Board of Trustees and Educational Directors. Principal speakers were P.D.D. Joseph Bader who spoke on the Elks scholarship program; Dr. Ellsworth Tompkins of the U. S. Office of Education, and A. F. Metz, Pres. of the Okonite Co. and Chairman of the College's Board of Industrial Advisers.

Fairleigh Dickinson answered the need for an institution to provide both cultural background and training for immediate placement in jobs. It began as a two-year community college and still emphasizes two-year courses, although it is now a four-year institution with an enrollment of more than 2,000.



Clearwater, Fla., Lodge's "P.E.R.'s Night" found Past Grand Exalted Ruler Robert S. Barrett, center, foreground, on hand as the principal speaker. Others pictured are present and former lodge officers, and several Elk visitors from Mass., Penna., Colo. and other Florida lodges.



Lima, Ohio, Lodge presents a \$1,500 check to the Recreation Dept. for the organization of a Knothole Basketball League. Left to right: Recreation Director Rex Settlemire, Dept. Pres. Frank Schenk, E.R. E. C. Pracht and W. S. Siferd, Elk Community Welfare Chairman.



At the annual athletic banquet held by Clinton, Ill., Lodge for the Community High School football team, left to right: P.E.R. W. D. Magill; Edward "Moose" Krause, Athletic Director and basketball coach at Notre Dame University, and E.R. Kenneth Westray.

● **LIMA, OHIO**, Lodge, No. 54, is the capable sponsor of an ambitious youth program which has met with outstanding success and the grateful approval of the community. It is known as the Lima Elks Knothole Basketball Program which will allow participation of at least 600 boys, not already on a supervised team, at an expense of \$1,500 to No. 54.

A competent Elk committee is in charge of the program which is supervised by two Elks with the know-how to make it a success—City Recreation Director Rex Settlemire and Harry Schlott, well-known sports official.

A basketball clinic opened the activities, at which demonstrations of various techniques and the interpretation of rules were conducted for the young cage aspirants. Play began shortly afterward, with 40 teams comprising 350 youngsters participating in seven leagues, each named in memory of a deceased Past Exalted Ruler of Lima Lodge.

● **CLINTON, ILL.**, Lodge, No. 785, held its second annual Athletic Banquet in honor of the Community High School football and basketball squads not long ago. Edward "Moose" Krause, Athletic Director and basketball coach of Notre Dame University, was guest speaker, closing his address with a discourse on the evils of Communism, a deviation from the sports angle which particularly pleased the Elks among the 300 guests.

Clinton Lodge has again taken its place among the leading Ill. lodges. With less than 20 paid-up memberships in 1947, it made 1948's largest percentage gain, now has 175 active members.

● **BOONE, IA.**, Lodge, No. 563, dedicated the Elks Rest in East Linwood Cemetery at ceremonies attended by D.D. and Mrs. Lynn Swaney, State Pres. and Mrs. Harry Schmidt, Treas. A. P. Lee, Vice-Pres. and Mrs. Morse Kinne, and Tiler and Mrs. Carl Pinkele.

● **BREMERTON, WASH.**, Lodge, No. 1181, would certainly win any popularity contest conducted by the young people of the community. Last September these Elks inaugurated a series of monthly Teen-Age Parties under the interested eye of a youth-minded Elk Committee.

All facilities of the lounge and athletic section of the lodge home are turned over to the young guests on party nights, and no expense is spared by No. 1181 to make each affair better than the last. A good dance orchestra is provided, a tasty lunch is served, games are conducted—all under the supervision of Elk officers and their wives.

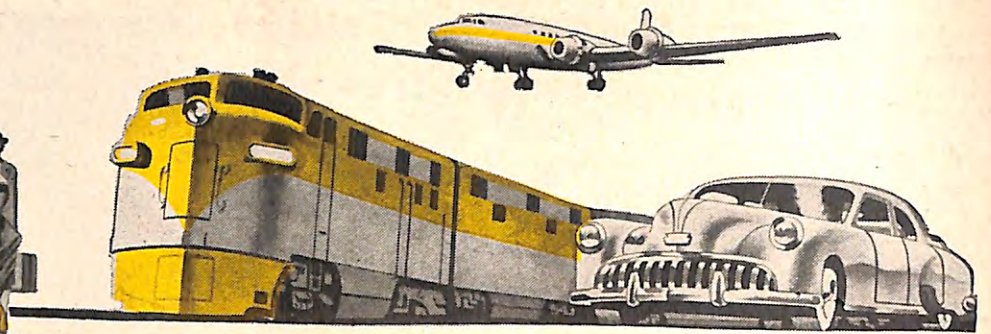
The parties are definitely successful with an average turn-out of 300 boys and girls. The sons and daughters of Elks receive tickets which they may in turn give their friends. The demand usually exceeds the capacity of the facilities, and, of course, this only adds to the attraction.



Sunnyrest Sanatorium receives a series of motion picture films from Crookston, Minn., Lodge. Left to right: Secy. Milton O. Lyngholm, Entertainment Committee Chairman E. J. Boh, Dr. R. R. Hendrickson, Supervisor of the Hospital, and Exalted Ruler Harold V. Swain.



Here are some of the young people who attended a recent Teen-age Party, one of a series sponsored by the Elks of Bremerton, Wash. This photograph was one of several included in a large picture-story spread describing these parties, published in a Bremerton newspaper.



FOR ELKS WHO TRAVEL

Nassau and Jamaica are only a short air-hop from Miami—Convention City.

BY HORACE SUTTON

SHOULD you be moseying around Miami with time on your hands during the coming Convention you can shuttle yourself over to Nassau or Jamaica in no time at all for a devaluated look at the nearby British isles. Nassau, almost dead east from the end of Florida, is less than an air-hour from Miami. Jamaica, which sits underneath Cuba, takes about two hours and 50 minutes on the fastest airline service.

Sunny and social during the dead of winter, both islands relax their prices and their restrictions during the rest of the year. The temperature, in case you're worrying about being broiled alive, simmers around 74 in the springtime, bubbles up to 80 in the summer and rarely shoots as high as 90, which is more than can be said for St. Louis, Phoenix, Chicago, Washington, New York and a number of points in between.

Summer hotel rates drop by one-half; airline fares diminish by a third. The official devaluation, which watered the price of English goods, holds in all seasons. Both islands have a broad selection of English doeskins, tweeds, sweaters, sportswear and china. All over the Bahamas the natives make and hawk mats, hats, shoes, handbags of straw and sisal; earrings and necklaces of brightly colored seashells and fish-scales. Nassau, particularly, is a thriving outlet for French perfume and Paris has repaid the compliment by inventing a scent called

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.

Bahamour, a Winchellian word-wedding that presumably synthesizes romance in the Caribbean.

Probably the poshest place in Nassau is the Balmoral Club, a new colony of 14 two-story Georgian houses. Each little nest has three bedrooms and three baths, and has room for five or six guests. Balmoral's kitchen is serviced with produce from its own farms, and the restaurant has an outdoor terrace. By night there is dancing under the southern sky; by day there is swimming from Balmoral's own private island, five minutes by ferry.

Billy Butlin, Britain's hotel entrepreneur, operates the Fort Montagu Beach Hotel, an imposing pink fortress manned by a staff of 300. The hotel and its cottages sit in a 50-acre garden of poinciana, bougainvillea, oleander and hibiscus. Nassau's famous Jungle Club, where you can get lost in a forest of Planter's Punches, is on the premises. For other entertainment, the Fort Montagu has clay tennis courts and a 63-foot cabin cruiser which can be chartered for fishing or meandering. If you're anxious to know what's going on beneath you, there also are glass-bottom boats for hire.

The British Colonial Hotel, which is both British and colonial, sits ensconced on the harbor of Nassau. In front of it are its tennis courts and its immense open-air swimming pool. The Bahamas Country Club is under the same management. In addition to all this there are smaller hotels like the Royal Victoria which dates from the American Civil War, and less formal guest houses with names like the Sign of the Coconut. For relief from the hotel regimen anyone can retire to the Carlton House for turtle steaks and coconut ice cream, an Alka Seltzer special; or seek an internal astringent at a place with the bald name of Dirty Dick's.

Largest of the British West Indies, Jamaica is ringed with more than 100

miles of beaches, covered with lush tropical jungles, studded with mountains that rise as high as 7,400 feet. It produces enough rum to keep it and all its citizens floating for a year.

Jamaica also grows such insular items as sweet sop, naseberries and paw paw fruit, not to mention such other everyday items as limes, mangos, bananas and pineapples. Banana trees sliced half-way down the trunk with a machete will start growing new leaves in ten or twelve hours, and in a couple of days new trunk will begin to grow from the old. If that seems unreal, on Bogue Island in Montego Bay, oysters cling to tree roots.

THE hotels, I am happy to report, are considerably less weird than the flora. The Myrtle Bank, smack in Kingston, the capital, has become something of an international rendezvous. Five o'clock tea might produce—as it did one day this winter—such divergent people as Lord Beaverbrook, Irving Berlin and the Prime Minister of New Brunswick, not to mention a spate of New York socialites.

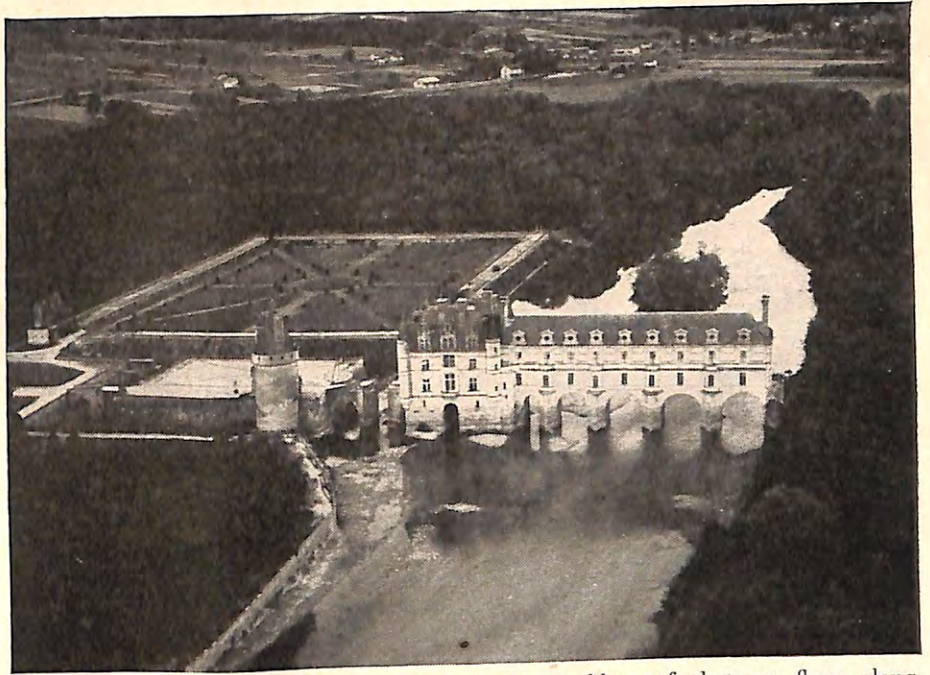
All told, Jamaica has five resort areas, most famous of which is probably Montego Bay, second largest city on the island. Most of the activity centers about Doctor's Cave Beach, so named for a doctor who was rapturous about the white sand beach. Of the hotels, the Sunset Lodge is both social and selective. You'll be happy at the Casa Blanca, largest on the bay, or the Beach View. The newest hotel on the island is the Tower Isle, which has such cultural attributes as air-conditioning, a swimming pool and a view of the sea.

Aside from swimming and sunning in Jamaica, you can also ride, cycle, play golf or tennis, listen to the calypsos, picnic in the moonlight, visit the phosphorescent lagoons, watch the polo, explore under the sea, or ride up a mountain on

(Continued on page 37)



MARIE ANTOINETTE'S court played at being farmers. Above, her mill in the tiny hamlet she had built at Petit Trianon.



LOVELY CHENONCEAUX, lustrous jewel in the necklace of chateaux flung along the Valley of Kings, on the Loire River. This region is an easy 3 hours from Paris.

You're in Another World in **FRANCE!**



LE PUY, strange mountain topped by ancient church, a pilgrim's shrine. In the Massif Central, en route to the south.



THE BLUE COAST—the Riviera—is beautiful beyond words. Above, old Menton, at Italy's border, overnight from Paris.

And It's Glorious In the Autumn, After Summer's Rush. Share Her Wealth of Culture and Beauty, of Art and Style

Kaleidoscopic in her infinite variety, France offers sights you'd expect to find by visiting a dozen countries! First, of course, is Paris—exciting, gay, *different*. Every American's "second home". But then there's Normandy, with its ancient ruins, Brittany's wild coast... the incredible chateaux along the Loire... the Basque country and golden Provence and the Riviera. Truly autumn is the time to come this year, after the summer rush. You'll see everything, and at a saving.



PEACEFUL CANALS network France. In the tranquil provinces you can relax, no one ever hurries! You'll love the food.



STRANGE REMINDER of prehistoric days. Druid stones in mystic rows fascinate visitors to Brittany where old customs survive.

For reservations and information see your friendly travel agent. For booklets, maps, etc., write Dept. K2, Box 221, New York 10

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

Ed Faust



in the Doghouse

There are no miracles for making a dog live longer, but some things can be done to help.

ON LEARNING that I'd recently visited my oculist for an eye test, a friend caustically remarked that this was the only time I ever did any reading. This is not true; I'm a devoted student of the time table, the menu, weather reports and similar literary gems. But this is beside the point. After poring over his records, the doctor casually volunteered the information that I'd been coming to him since 'way back in 19—, well, never mind how long, but the date gave me an icy chill and gave me my first real and painful reason why I now prefer to arrive home at five p.m. instead of a.m. Anyone in my age bracket will understand. There's an old saw about time flying, but there's another one, less known, that it is we who fly; not time. Time stands still; we don't. Never is this more keenly realized than by the owner of a dog that has been his friend and companion over the years.

For some people who are deeply attached to their dogs, the rapid aging of the animal is a source of sorrow. Measured by human life, the dog's existence is pitifully short. Almost anyone privileged to break into print, writing about dogs, is accustomed to receiving letters from readers describing the passing of a pet—letters laden with expressions of sorrow. I've received my share, and expect that many more will come. Such communications seldom contain questions, and you'd wonder why they were ever written. But a moment's thought gives the reason—the writers just have to tell someone all about it, and who better to tell than the writer of a dog column? However, occasionally these letters do ask questions, perhaps as to what could have been done to prevent the loss of the aged dog, or to prolong its life.

Usually the answer is, "Nothing." No miracle drug or system of modern treatment have been found to lengthen a dog's life span which, with normal care, averages from 12 to 14 years. It's pretty well known that the life of a dog, compared with the human's, is calculated at seven years for each year the dog lives; or, in more graphic terms, a seven-year-old dog

is comparable in age to a person of 49. Where the owner of the old dog has seen to it, thoughtfully, that his pet's declining years have been supervised by proper veterinarian attention, seldom, if ever, can I suggest anything that should have been done to make things a bit easier for the dog.

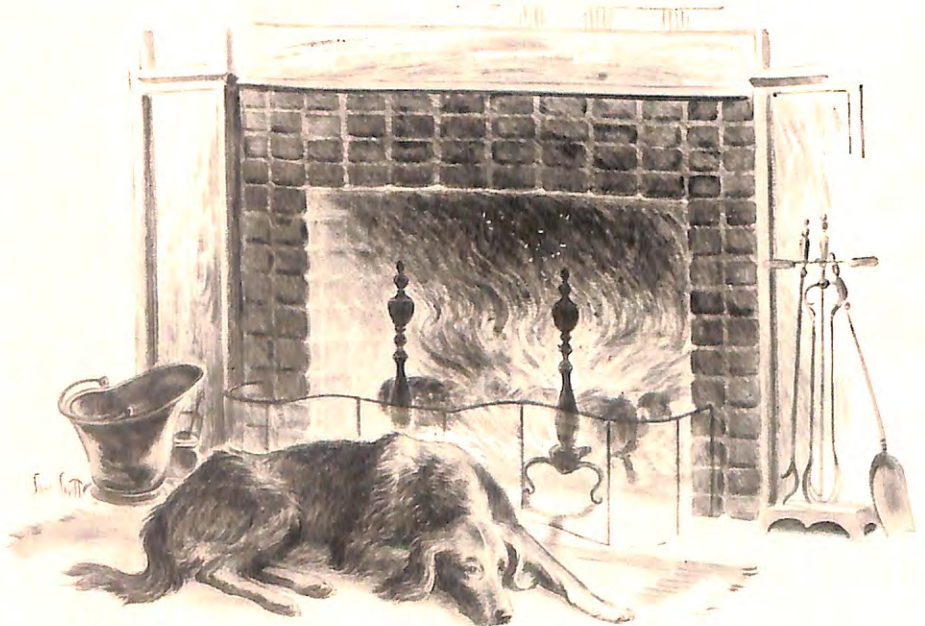
Every so often there does come a letter indicating that the dog had had no particular attention other than what it received throughout its life. To those writers I suggest what might have been done to help, and to all I give this piece of advice: to assuage the sorrow, get another dog, and quick. (Cast-off swains take notice.) This may sound cynical, but it is darned practical. There are many people who will say, "Now that Fido is gone, I'll never have another dog." I can quite understand them, and I know how they feel, but I can assure such folk that a dog replacement will work wonders, and there's no sound rea-

son to deny another dog a good home; if it's a good dog, and most of them are, it will be grateful for a home, and a comfort to the bereaved owner.

FOR the old dog afflicted with asthma, rheumatism, watery eyes, stiffness of joints, there is no cure. However, we can make its life somewhat easier. A dog of advanced age will require a little more care and attention, but this isn't much to give for the dog's years of faithful companionship and, in some instances, real service.

One of the most important considerations is to keep the dog away from drafts and sudden chills. These, more than anything else, will stiffen its joints and bring on that Ole Debil Rheumatism. At such time, the dog's sleeping quarters should be checked; "draft free" should be the watchword. Furthermore, the dog's bed should be kept away from too

(Continued on page 51)



When the gray creeps into his whiskers, your dog should have more rest and quiet and his sleeping quarters should be in a restful spot.

For Elks Who Travel

(Continued from page 34)

a burro. There is also pari-mutuel horse-racing, and a sport known as river-rafting which entails shooting the rapids of the Rio Grande on a bamboo raft. In either case you will more than likely lose your shirt.

COME April, Bermuda will be wearing more flowers than Hedda Hopper's Easter bonnet. Overgrown with lilies and surrounded by lime-green sea, Bermuda doubtless will be the best-smelling piece of real estate in the Atlantic.

The lilies last from March until May, but aside from shipping the flowers to less decorative corners of the world, Bermuda operates a perfume industry to keep the air heavy with the scent at other times of the year. In addition to the snowy lily fields, Spring also coaxes the pink, red and white oleanders which bloom along the quiet lanes, the birds-of-paradise, the passion flowers and blue plumbagos. Unless you are color-blind, noseless, soulless or broke, now is the time for a Bermuda vacation.

You can seek shelter on the island both in tall hotels and in low rambling, informal guest houses. The Castle Harbor, which opened its doors again just as March slipped out like a lamb, was the last of Bermuda's great hotels to reopen after the war. Ready for civilian guests for the first time in ten years, it can hold 600 guests at \$15 to \$21 a day American plan—which means food included. The new rooms are furnished in blond mahogany and each has its own bath and built-in shower. Nearly all the rooms look out to sea. The beautiful Princess, a few blocks from downtown Hamilton, has tennis courts, an outdoor pool and nearby beach facilities. The tariff is pegged at \$14 to \$22 a day, American plan. Across the harbor, the bright, white Inverurie in Paget takes 90 guests at a time whom it charges anywhere from \$10 to \$16. The Elbow Beach Hotel is one of the few right on the water with its own beach a few steps from the front door. Up on a hillock, overlooking Hamilton, the Eagle's Nest Hotel, famous for its Sunday night Candlelight Buffet Suppers, accommodates 54 guests at \$10 to \$16 a day. There's an outdoor pool.

If you prefer to be away from the bustle, put up at St. George's Hotel in the sleepy parish of the same name which has never been invaded by juke boxes, neon lights, or billboards. It has street names like Featherbed Alley, Shinbone Alley, One-Gun Alley and Petticoat Lane, and many memories of the American Civil War when the Confederate supply headquarters was on Rose Hill where the hotel is now.

Many of Bermuda's guest houses were once fine old homes with elegant furnish-

(Continued on page 39)

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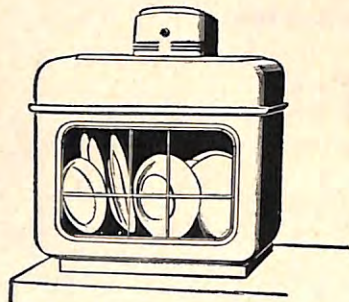
Prices at fabulous Hotel Nacional include use of two 80-foot salt-water swimming pools—Cabana Sun Club—shuffleboard—tennis—13 flowering acres under the Cuban sun and moon—dancing every night in Arboleda Room. Private baths in all rooms.

See your Travel Agent, Elks' Secretary, Chicago & Southern Air Lines Office, or Connecting Airline.

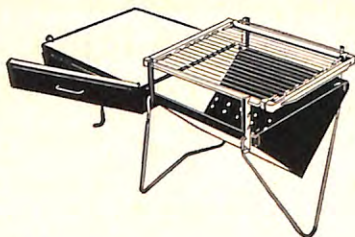
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Gadgets and Gimmicks



IN A NOTEWORTHY effort to get the American husband out of the kitchen and into his fireside easy chair again, here is a remarkable new, small and efficient dishwasher for the home. Destined to cut down on dishpan hands among men, the washer will take a complete family service for four people at one loading. Among other features, the dishwasher is attractive because of its comparatively low cost, plus the fact that it requires no expensive installation. All you have to do is buy it and use it.



IF YOU are normal, your mouth waters at the thought of a charcoal broiled steak. Being normal, you do not like the chore of cleaning the broiler afterwards. To avoid the unpleasant problem of cleaning the smoked-up broiler, you can do no less than get this broiler kit which has a rack that is cleaned, after the steak is devoured, simply by wiping with a cloth or a paper towel. The entire kit weighs only 25 pounds and the rack can be removed and used in a regular kitchen stove, if desired. In fact the kit can be bought item by item. When assembled, the carrying case doubles as a serving table to the right of the broiler. In case you're worried about the problem of buying a steak, cheer up. You can finance one and pay for it on a generous installment plan.

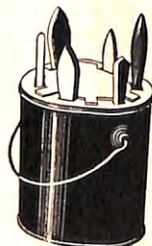


YOU can, at any time you wish, whip out this item that looks like a fountain pen, unscrew the cap and do a precise job of oiling anything from a vacuum cleaner to a toy train. Using any light

machine oil, this small oiler dispenses the lubricant drop by drop at your direction. It is ideal for use on devices where precise oiling is necessary to preserve electrical conductivity or mechanical operation. The barrel of the oiler is of transparent plastic and the entire gimmick is strongly constructed to last many moons. It is invaluable in keeping such things running as typewriters, washing machines, fishing reels and guns—not to mention all of Junior's mechanized toys.



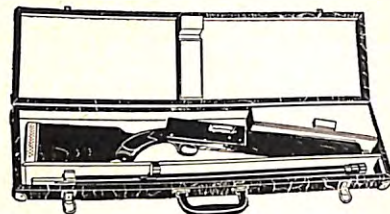
CHILDREN and overweight uncles who skid furniture around when they jump, sink or flop into the easy chair or sofa can cause damage of no small importance. Ordinary glass or metal coasters do little to halt the rapid aging of furniture, but this set of anchors will do the trick. Made of heavy metal with rubber feet, the anchors can be slipped in place easily and then everyone can relax without damage to nerves or furniture.



IF YOU are like most people, and most everybody is, every time there is a small paint job to be done around the house you not only have to buy the paint but also a new paint brush. The reason is simple. The one you used last month is petrified and won't bend. If, on the other hand, you had this paint-brush holder that fits any standard gallon paint can, you could keep up to six brushes from one to four inches in width soaking softly in linseed oil and turpentine ready for use. The notched holder fits snugly around the brush handles and keeps dirt and dust from ruining the brushes.

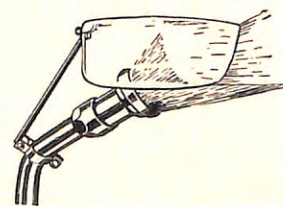
THERE is nothing worse in life than finding yourself perched on a ladder, about to fasten a curtain rod firmly in place, and then hearing the non-musical

noise of a dropping screw as it clatters to the floor. To salvage tempers and get more work done with screwdrivers, here is the thing for you: a newly developed screwdriver with a double spring steel blade that holds, starts and drives the screw. Available in 12 different sizes, the screwdriver that holds on to the screw has a shock-proof plastic handle for electrical work and a blade of high-carbon steel. The tool arrives unconditionally guaranteed by the manufacturers.



IF YOU think well of your shotgun, the best way to care for it is to get this protective carrying case which compares favorably with the most expensive imported English gun cases. Made of heavy plywood with solid brass hardware, it is covered with weatherproof, scuff-resistant leatherette in either brown alligator finish or black buffalo hide. Each case has a covered, fully lined compartment for cleaning equipment. The case will accommodate almost any gun manufactured, as well as imported and custom-made guns and pump guns. A brass nameplate, easily removable for engraving, is furnished, too. Also available is a rifle case and a four-gun pistol case.

ADMITTEDLY it is easier to lug .22 bullets around with you than ten-gauge shotgun shells. For one thing, they're lighter. But the little beggars are hard to handle and when you're in a hurry to reload, the chances are you become all thumbs and drop several bullets while trying to get one into the chamber. With this item the problem vanishes. It is a small dispenser of .22 cartridges that hooks onto your belt and is always within reach, much like a streetcar conductor's change dispenser. Made of plastic, the dispenser holds a box of 50 cartridges.



POSSIBLY it was a short person who took the long view of things and devised this shower-stream deflector. Easily attachable to any shower, it will permit you to pick up dropped soap without feeling that you are going over Niagara without a barrel. It will direct the stream so you can wash your feet without getting too much water on the brain.

For Elks Who Travel

(Continued from page 37)

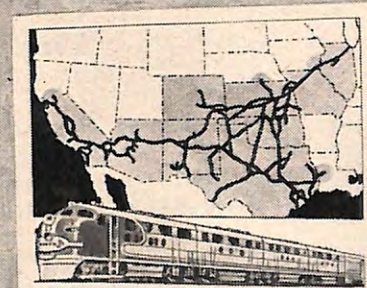
ings and modern conveniences which have since been remodelled to take visitors. Among these is Deepdene Manor, a paneled old mansion which offers swimming from a colorful old boathouse, and luncheon on a flagstone terrace.

Rates in guest houses, most of which provide their own swim facilities and evening entertainment, begin at nine or ten dollars a day. It will cost you more in the swank cabana colonies such as the Reefs Beach Club, Pink Beach and the Coral Beach Club. The Reefs has 22 individual cabanas by the sea, each of which takes two people. Aside from beach barbecues by night and beach bathing by day, the Reefs offers skeet-shooting, a late-riser's breakfast and dancing to the Talbot Brothers, a local aggregation whose members play bass fiddles that were formerly packing cases, keeping the tempo with an old washboard.

AMERICANS staying in Bermuda for less than 12 days, but more than 48 hours, may take home \$200 worth of goods duty free. Anybody staying longer can take home \$500 worth of goods, which, considering the devaluation of the pound, is doubtless more merchandise than you can carry. French perfume, English woollens, tweeds and chinaware, and Irish linens are the biggest bargains. Cab rides in Bermuda's tiny British taxis once cost 40 cents for the first mile and 20 cents a mile thereafter, but now are down to 28 cents for the first mile and 14 cents thereafter. A lunch in a restaurant can cost anywhere from 75 cents to \$2.50, and dinner runs anywhere from \$2 to \$5. One of the best places to eat is the Plantation, outside Hamilton. It serves lobster and rock fish, and a local joy juice known as a Plantation Cocktail. The wife of the Plantation's owner first came to Bermuda on a five-day package tour, and simply never went home.

For extraordinary diversion in Bermuda look in at the Devil's Grotto, a coral pit filled with water and such gay companions as porpoises, morays, green eels and groupers, all of which are happy to snap at your unhooked line to see if they can remove the bait. It costs a dollar to play and the management provides the line and the come-on. The fish have long since gotten wise enough to let go before being pulled to the top. At the aquarium, safely behind glass, you'll find one of the weirdest collections of marine life since the last time you lost a weekend. Among the collection are blue-striped grunts and Spanish hogfish. Near the aquarium you can rent a diving bell and go promenading on the ocean floor to visit the fish in their own residence. I suppose, once down there, you could walk all the way home if your lungs and your feet held out, but it seems a silly way to save money.

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CHARLEROI, PA., LODGE PRESENTS GRAND SECRETARY MASTERS FOR REELECTION

ONCE AGAIN, Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494, takes pleasure and pride in announcing the candidacy of Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters to succeed himself in office. Realizing how efficiently he has performed the duties of every office to which he has been called, Charleroi makes this announcement for the 24th time.

Mr. Masters became Exalted Ruler of Charleroi Lodge five years after his affiliation. Three years later he received the first of many appointments to Grand Lodge office, becoming Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee.

Mr. Masters served on the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare, was a member of the

Board of Grand Trustees from 1915 to 1920, and was elected Grand Exalted Ruler in 1922. From 1923 until his election as Grand Secretary in 1927 for the first time, Mr. Masters was a member of the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission.

His capabilities and devotion have served the Order, but he has not limited his energies to the Elks. He was Treasurer of Washington County, Pa., for four years and also was President of the Southwestern Pennsylvania State Normal School Board.

The delegates to the 1950 Grand Lodge Convention are fortunate in having this opportunity to elect Mr. Masters once more.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 14)

The celebration began on the 29th with open house, and on the 31st, 300 Elks' ladies were guests at a luncheon bridge.

Mr. Campbell joined the Grand Exalted Ruler, and Mr. Maltby as speakers at the banquet at which Dr. Feder was a capable Toastmaster. E.R. Leroy Schaufler introduced the distinguished guests to the 400 diners. Prior to the dinner meeting a reception was held at the Hotel Belleville for the visiting officials and their wives, and while the men attended the banquet, the local ladies entertained Mrs. Anderson and the other out-of-town ladies at dinner. Belleville Lodge's well-planned

observance of their 50 years of outstanding activity closed the next Saturday evening with a formal dance that proved to be one of the community's social highlights of the season.

ST. LOUIS, MO., LODGE, NO. 9, had the pleasure of an entire day's visit with Mr. Anderson, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Russell, D.D. Wunderlich, Mr. Pratt, Mr. Dumont and many civic dignitaries on the 3rd. A noon luncheon was held at the Missouri Athletic Club, and later the Grand Exalted Ruler visited Mayor Joseph M. Darst who presented to him the Key to the City. This visit was followed by a ban-

quet attended by 400 persons who received Mr. Anderson's magnificent address most enthusiastically. He was introduced by E.R. John C. Kappel, Jr.

On Feb. 4th, E.R. Leonard A. Summerfelt and his fellow officers made the visitors welcome at a luncheon given by URBANA LODGE NO. 991 in its newly-acquired home. This pleasant repast was attended by a large group of local and State Elk officials. The party then proceeded to the home of CHAMPAIGN, ILL., LODGE, NO. 398, which was host to the Midwinter Meeting of the Ill. State Elks Assn. during its own annual Round-up

ZANESVILLE, OHIO, LODGE PRESENTS A CANDIDATE FOR THE BOARD OF GRAND TRUSTEES

AS A CANDIDATE for Grand Trustee at the approaching Grand Lodge session in Miami, Fla., next July, Zanesville, O., Lodge, No. 114, will propose Brother Fred L. Bohn, present Grand Esteemed Leading Knight.

An Elk for more than 25 years and an Honorary Life Member of his lodge, Brother Bohn is only 47 years of age. After filling the lower chairs, he served as Exalted Ruler of his lodge in 1928. Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd Thompson appointed Brother Bohn Southeast Ohio District Deputy in 32-33. In 1936-37 he was President of the Ohio Elks Association, then the youngest man ever to serve as a State President.

After an associate membership on the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, he was appointed by Grand Exalted Ruler Frank Lonergan to the Antlers Council and also served Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis as a member of the State Associations Committee of the Grand Lodge before being elected Grand Esteemed Leading Knight at Cleveland last July.

A native Ohioan, Brother Bohn is proud of his activities in the Ohio Elks Association, the first of its kind in the nation. As a member of its Advisory Council, he has always felt that through State Associations the subordinate lodges can become more intimate with the Grand Lodge program. Brother Bohn is happily married and the father of three daughters.

His activities have not been limited entirely to Elkdom.

He is a past president of Rotary Club, a member of the Board of Directors of Good Samaritan Hospital, P.T.A., the Knights of Columbus and American Automobile Association in his home city. He was one of the organizers of the Milk Fund Little Theater Guild, Industrial Foundation, Crippled Children's Committee and School Boy Patrol in Zanesville. He was director of both Junior and Senior Chambers of Commerce and was chairman of his wartime Community and War Chest campaign.

For some years Brother Bohn has been interested in Tuberculosis Association work. As Chairman of a Christmas Seal Campaign two years ago, his committee received national recognition for raising its sales from 38th position to eighth in the state. He now serves as president of Muskingum County Tuberculosis and Health Association, which conducts 28 clinics a month in all fields of health work. Through Brother Bohn's efforts, the County Tuberculosis and Health Association now enjoys the financial backing of Zanesville Lodge of Elks along with other civic organizations. It is pointed out as a model by the Ohio Tuberculosis and Health Association.

A former newspaperman and editor, Brother Bohn served former Ohio Governor George White as senatorial campaign director in 1938, but for the past twelve years has refrained from printers' ink and has been actively engaged in the plumbing and heating manufacturing and supply business.

Feb. 3rd, 4th and 5th. More than 1900 persons were registered for this meeting, voted one of the most enjoyable ever held. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Rulers Campbell, Warner and J. Edgar Masters, the Grand Secretary, as well as several State Elk officials including Dr. Feder, were on hand for the Association's main banquet that evening. State Treas. Clabaugh was Toastmaster at this affair, and Exalted Ruler Marion Cooper shared with him the honor of introducing the principal speakers—the Order's present leader, the three former Grand Exalted Rulers and Mr. Maltby.

One of the most important events in Illinois Elksdom took place the next day, when **WATSEKA, ILL., LODGE, NO. 1791**, was instituted in the presence of Mr. Anderson, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Masters and another former Grand Exalted Ruler, Floyd E. Thompson. The ceremony was held in the local high school gymnasium, with a large crowd of Elks from out of town, in particular Robert L. DeHority, Pres. of the Ind. State Elks Assn., and D.D.'s J. Paul Kuhn and Lyle Wilcox. Illinois State Assn. officials who took part in conducting the institution ceremony were President Maltby, Vice-Pres. Giles, Secy. Albert W. Arnold, former member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, Treas. Clabaugh, Vice-Pres. Henry R. Pritzel, Chaplain S. B. Krohn and Trustee Asher E. Bentley. Executive Secy. Frank P. White of the Ill. Crippled Children's Commission also participated in the Ritual, as did D.D. Glen Massieon. The officers of Kankakee Lodge, the sponsor of No. 1791, gave a marvelous exemplification of the Ritual of initiation for the Charter Member Class of 351 men. After the initiation, the State Assn. officers again took over to install the leaders of the new lodge, and then E.R. Bruce McBroom, on behalf of Kankakee Lodge, presented an electrically operated chime clock to Watseka Lodge for its use in Hour of Eleven ceremonies, and Exalted Ruler Ray Stephen, on behalf of Joliet Lodge, gave the new branch of the Order its first piece of lodge room furniture, a handsome Exalted Ruler's chair. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson addressed the gathering, as did Mr. Campbell and Mr. Masters and, of course, Mr. Anderson.

After the business meeting, the crowd adjourned to Watseka Lodge's home, a handsome building, recently remodeled and redecorated. The membership of the new lodge is composed almost entirely of businessmen from Watseka and small surrounding communities. Its large initial class promises a bright future, considering the fact that the community itself has a population of less than 4,000.

The Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Anderson arrived in New York State on Feb. 7th, to be guests of **ROCHESTER LODGE NO. 24** at a dinner held in honor of State Pres. George Swalbach. Past Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall, William

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M. Frasor, Executive Secy. of the Elks National Service Commission, and several former State Assn. Presidents and Past District Deputies were present. Both Mr. Anderson and the 1948-49 Elk leader addressed the crowd of 350, as did Past District Deputy Harry R. Darling and Mr. Swalbach.

SENECA FALLS LODGE NO. 992 welcomed the Westerners on Feb. 8th at an informal morning visit during which the Grand Exalted Ruler enjoyed a meeting with E.R. Russell Sage and a group of his fellow officers and members. Luncheon that day took place at **GENEVA LODGE NO. 1054**, when 75 members turned out to welcome Mr. Anderson, Mr. Frasor, Mr. Swalbach and Mr. Darling, joined by D.D. L. G. Voigt. During his stay in Geneva, Mr. Anderson had the opportunity to meet Mrs. Joseph Spratt, whose husband, one of Mr. Anderson's District Deputies and a loyal and devoted Elk, died suddenly during his final homecoming visit to Geneva Lodge a few months ago.

That evening, the Osborne Hotel was the setting for a gala dinner attended by approximately 500 persons, celebrating the 50th Anniversary of **AUBURN, N. Y., LODGE, NO. 474**. On hand were the Elk officials mentioned previously, as well as D.D. Charles McGinnis, Vice-Pres. T. R. Smith, Past State Pres. L. R. Dowd and P.D.D.'s Clarence S. Hunt and C. G. Hickok. The speaking program at which P.E.R. C. E. Cook was Toastmaster was highlighted by one of Emmett T. Ander-

son's excellent addresses. Other speakers included Mr. McGinnis, Mr. Swalbach, and E.R. John D. Daly. Among the old-timers introduced at the gathering was Fred S. Stickles, sole surviving Charter Member of No. 474, who was Honorary Chairman of the Golden Jubilee Program, an event of which the Auburn members may well be proud.

On the 9th, 100 members of **ITHACA LODGE NO. 636** turned out for an informal luncheon in honor of Mr. Anderson and his official party, which now included P.D.D. Roy D. Martin. Later, the visitors were shown through the Reconstruction Home, and made a tour of the campus of Cornell University.

Grand Exalted Ruler Anderson and his party, escorted by Past State Pres. J. Victor Schad and P.D.D. Harold L. Stanton, were entertained at a dinner given by **BINGHAMTON LODGE NO. 852** that evening. Over 400 were present and E.R. L. D. Weingartner and D.D. Joseph A. McCarthy joined Mr. Anderson as principal speakers. Topnotch entertainment closed this well-planned program at which Past Exalted Ruler H. A. Swartwood officiated.

A splendid meeting took place on the 10th after a banquet given by **PORT JERVIS LODGE NO. 645**. A delegation headed by E.R. Leroy Bockover boarded the Grand Exalted Ruler's train about 20 miles outside of town, and acted as an escort to the official party which included D.D. Isadore L. Benjamin, P.D.D. Philip Parker,

State Pres. Swalbach and Mr. Frasor. On the arrival of the train in Port Jervis a large party, led by the lodge's "Teen-Time Corps", met the visitors. At a banquet attended by 350 people, Mr. Anderson and several other dignitaries spoke. The lodge meeting which took place after the festivities was an outstanding one.

NEWARK, N. J., LODGE, NO. 21, was host to the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party at a meeting of all lodges of the Northeast and Northwest Districts on Feb. 11. Eleven hundred Elks were in attendance at this session, which was preceded by a banquet. D.D.'s Charles L. Ori, Charles Molz and Emanuel J. Eckstein, State Pres. Harold W. Swallow and Mayor Meyer C. Ellenstein and other city commissioners and State representatives were among the 1100 persons in attendance on this important occasion. The Grand Exalted Ruler delivered one of the finest addresses of the hundreds he has made since his election to office. Other speakers included Mr. Swallow, Mayor Ellenstein and other distinguished Elks from both Districts. The Eleven O'Clock Toast was most impressively delivered by Mayor William J. Jernick of Nutley, N. J., former Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee. The Grand Exalted Ruler made brief visits to the homes of Irvington, Orange and Newark Lodges prior to the meeting that evening.

One of the Order's finest lodges, the home lodge of Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, **QUEENS BOROUGH, N. Y., NO. 878**, received a visit from Mr. Anderson on Feb. 14th. At the dinner held in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler, he was the principal speaker. A meeting followed, at which the attendance was below normal, because of a severe storm, but the enthusiasm of the 400 members who were able to make it was outstanding. Past Grand Exalted Rulers Hallinan and George I. Hall were present, as well as Chairman John F. Scileppi of the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee, a member of the host lodge, and William M. Frasor of the Service Commission.

Back in New Jersey on Feb. 15th, 650 Elks turned out for a banquet and meeting held in the auditorium of **ELIZABETH LODGE NO. 289**. Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, D.D.'s Charles Rorke, Eckstein, Ori and Molz, State Pres. Swallow, Mayor Jernick and Mr. Frasor accompanied the Grand Exalted Ruler on this visit and joined him at the speakers table. District Court Judge Milton Feller, E.R. of the host lodge, was Toastmaster and was introduced by George L. Hirtzel, Chairman of the lodge's Trustees and a former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee. A caravan of Elks headed by Judge Feller, Esq. Otto E. Adolph and Treasurer R. J. Higgins went to New York City to escort the official party to the Elizabeth meeting, which was a District affair with delegates from Central and Southern New Jersey.

LODGE ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE BULLETIN

OUR ORDER has now reached the ONE MILLION MEMBER MARK, thanks to the combined efforts of every District Deputy, Exalted Ruler, officer and member of our great Fraternity. We can look with satisfaction on this fine accomplishment. Our Grand Exalted Ruler has expressed his personal appreciation for your speedy fulfillment of his special appeal to make your Best Friend One of the Million.

Special attention of the lodges is directed to "Mother's Day Services" May 14th. Our Grand Exalted Ruler asks that each lodge make special plans for commemorating this day in honor of Mother. Each lodge is urged to conduct an impressive and dignified program of ritual, music and speaking and are invited to send an account of their Services to Joseph M. Leonard, B. P. O. Elks Lodge, Saginaw, Mich., for judging. Special citations will be awarded to the three most outstanding programs.

FLAG DAY 1950 should be the greatest day in all Elkdom, for the Order of Elks is the greatest patriotic fraternal organization in America. Start planning your observance NOW. Let's make this June 14th a tremendous outpouring of enthusiasm and a demonstration of our faith in the American Way of Life. May Flag Day in your lodge and your community rekindle anew in the hearts and minds of your people the great love that we hold for Liberty and Freedom. We urge all lodges to adapt their Flag Day observance to include the great patriotic program of the Elks National Service Commission.

Horace R. Wisely, 121 E. Gabilan St., Salinas, Calif., will have charge of the Flag Day promotion for this Committee. A special poster and bulletin will be in the mails early. Special citations will be awarded to the finest observances.

The enrollment of one million members is not the signal for the relaxation of our lapsation, reinstatement and new member endeavors. All officers, and especially the Secretaries, are urged to continue with enthusiasm their fine efforts. Keep our Order and America strong.

LODGE ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE

Joseph M. Leonard
Horace R. Wisely

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

The Telephone's Fabulous Offspring

(Continued from page 5)

In June, 1946, mobile telephone service was inaugurated on a city-wide basis in St. Louis by Southwestern Bell. It proved so popular that all sorts of subscribers rushed to obtain it—doctors, municipal agencies, newspapers, taxis, truckers, public utilities and plain citizens who are fascinated by new gadgets. Today there are over 7,500 mobile units in 150 areas making and receiving more than 230,000 calls a month.

Mobile phone service for a city is comparatively simple. It requires only one highpowered transmitting station for sending out signals and a few strategically located receiving stations for incoming calls. Maintaining mobile service along highways is more complicated because the sets in cars emit relatively weak radio signals that do not travel far. That problem was solved in open country by dividing highways into stretches of about 50 miles. Each has one transmitter and several receivers along the road. To make a call, you press a button on the dashboard of your car which sends out a signal to the mobile service operator, who plugs in and gets the number you want. On incoming calls, a bell rings, a light flashes on your dashboard. You stop—if you're alone—pick up the phone and commence talking.

There could be a greater number of mobile phones in operation today—if the air were not such a confining medium. The trouble is that there are just so many channels in the spectrum and the demand exceeds the supply.

THE constant search for improvements in telephone service has left few areas of our cultural and industrial life untouched. It has revolutionized the world's communications and the social habits of America. How do you and your neighbors spend a good part of your leisure? By listening to the radio and recordings, looking at television and sound movies. Telephone development and research contributed to the progress of these, while carrying out its indispensable role in expediting business in the United States, which has 60 per cent of the world's 70,500,000 instruments. The effect on communications and on everyday life in home and office is so obvious that it is superfluous to belabor it.

And it is not gilding the lily to state that these advances cost millions of dollars annually for research. This has been devoted mainly to the discovery of new telephone techniques, of course, but so many scientific marvels have been uncovered, or advanced, in the process that the expenditure was more than justified, as we shall see presently, by the invaluable function it performed in the war effort.

A perfect example of the essential part research plays in telephone progress is to be found in the dial system. I am

divulging no trade secrets in confessing that even normal local operations would have been hopelessly snarled long ago if mathematicians and engineers had not combined their imagination and ingenuity to produce the device that makes dialing possible.

As far back as 1914, statisticians estimated there simply would not be enough operators in the future to cope with the anticipated increase of business. It was figured that the potential supply of operators needed to handle traffic in metropolitan centers would be inadequate even if a substantial portion of the women over twenty-one were hired in all the large cities of the country. The old adage to the effect that necessity is the mother of invention never spoke louder or more eloquently.

As the business grew, a contraption was needed that would connect calls automatically in large cities as well as small ones. Use and development of the dial system—the world's biggest machine—was the result. In addition to solving what otherwise might have been an insuperable operating problem, the dial system has effected important reductions in the time needed to complete calls. To the layman, the saving may appear to be negligible, but even one-hundredth of a second represents a major triumph when you're dealing with several billion calls a year.

Within the next few years, the operator will be dialing your long-distance call from practically any point in the country. There are now about 700 cities and towns connected to the toll-dial network. Western Electric installers are now working on new switching centers linking another 43 communities; they will be opened this spring at Albany, N. Y., and Indianapolis, Ind. Others will be added as fast as we can. By the end of 1950, we expect to have around 1,000 places served by operator toll-dialing.

Toll-dialing is one of the newest and best illustrations of the union of science and technology. In this system, your operator punches a series of numbered keys, which actually send out tone pulses on a musical scale. The pulses activate an "electrical brain" which interprets the digit code, selects the route and sets in motion distant switching equipment, until the called phone finally rings. Complexity of the mechanism is indicated by the fact that the relays (electric contacts which work to complete circuits) may go into action from 100,000 up to 7,000,000 times a year.

Even now, in some outlying metropolitan centers—such as Media, Pa., and Cranford, N. J.—telephone users can dial nearby towns that once were reached only by operators. "Customer-dialing" of all long-distance calls is a definite possibility for the future. Our engineers cannot pre-

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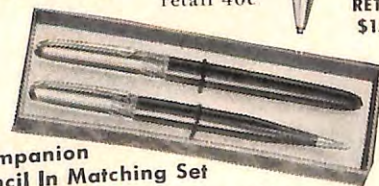


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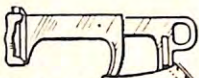
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dict when, except that it will be done in an orderly, gradual process. All planning is with that eventuality in mind, and the operator toll-dial system is being set up so that it can be adapted to customer-dialing when the time comes.

All toll-dialing will be greatly expedited by a new device called the automatic message accounting machine which does everything but whistle Yankee Doodle and compute the weight of a meteorite falling in the Gobi Desert. Through its maze of wires, magnets, relays, switches and motors, it can keep track of thousands of telephone calls. "remember" who made them and the length of each conversation, then record this information by holes punched on reels of paper tape. The tape, in turn, is fed into a "reader" machine which de-codes, summarizes and prints the charges.

Toll-dialing lends added speed, clarity and precision to long-distance service. Already we have equalled the pre-war level of 1.5 minutes per toll call; which may be contrasted with the 14 minutes the average long-distance call took in 1920. Nowadays, about 95 per cent of long distance calls are completed while the customer holds the line.

The expansion of mechanical aids over the years has helped us to meet the rapidly increasing demands of subscribers, and at the same time has created many new jobs. With about three-fourths of all our local telephones dial-operated, the Bell System today employs twice as many operators as ten years ago, when half the phones were dial-operated.

AT THE risk of oversimplifying technical problems in the field of communications, the majority may be described as analogous to the development of the atomic bomb. Physicists were familiar with the principles governing atomic fission forty years before The Thing was dropped on Hiroshima on August 5, 1945. Albert Einstein's epic theory of relativity, published in 1905, is said to have unlocked the riddle of atomic fission for abstract scientists, but they were unable to translate theory into practice because they lacked the necessary equipment. That was the domain of the engineers and until their talents were recruited under the stimulus of war, the atomic bomb was nothing more devastating than a series of mathematical formulae.

The creative genius of the abstract scientist has been properly dramatized and celebrated, but the vital part of the engineer in the evolution of modern miracles has been pretty much ignored. I say this not because I'm an engineer by profession. Theorists, especially in the field of electronics, are the first to concede it. Engineers are the key men in the comparatively new science of technology which, in words of one syllable, is the job of teaming up with the physicists, chemists and mathematicians to put their ideas into practice. In short, engineers make discoveries practical by de-

vising, manufacturing and installing low-cost equipment with long life. Without the engineers, and the practical manufacturing and operating people, the scientists' brainchildren might never come to life and if not for the challenges posed by the scientists, the engineers might still be tinkering with elementary receivers and mouthpieces.

Not one significant development in telephones has been the result of a happy "accident." They result from planned research, and every progressive invention was conceived and refined in the search for solutions to problems or in efforts to make it "better and cheaper." Romanticists have taken all sorts of liberties with the facts in the case in attempting to dramatize the first intelligible sentence spoken over the telephone.

According to popular version, Alexander Graham Bell was experimenting with his new-fangled dream in a Boston rooming house on the night of March 10, 1876, when he accidentally tipped a glass battery jar and spilled some acid solution on his clothes. Bell, so the story continues, involuntarily cried out, "Mr. Watson, come here, I want you!" and his young assistant, Thomas A. Watson, rushed into the room shouting, "Mr. Bell, I heard every word you said!"

If the truth must be known, Bell, a 29-year-old speech teacher from Scotland, began working on the principle of the telephone two years earlier and would have succeeded, of course, in transmitting speech over a wire if that legendary glass jar never had been jostled.

Bell, whose mother had lost her hearing, originally came to America to teach deaf children how to speak. He first tried to apply his inventive genius to a hearing aid and became interested in telegraphy when it was demonstrated that a musical tone could be carried through a wire by electricity. Bell was playing around with a gadget called the "harmonic telegraph", hopefully designed to send several different musical sounds over one wire simultaneously, when he became convinced that the nuances of speech could be transmitted and heard by electricity.

The characteristics of sound Bell had to contend with can be expressed in terms readily understandable to the layman. As every schoolboy knows, sound waves do not travel very fast or far. They poke along at only 1,075 feet per second and decrease rapidly in strength once they leave the source. Putting wings on sound waves already had been accomplished by Samuel B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, who had found that electric impulses gave sound waves almost the speed of light waves—186,000 miles per second—assuring instantaneous reception at the other end of the line. The matter of amplifying the voice so that it could be understood over distances was infinitely more difficult. It was not solved satisfactorily until the vacuum tube was invented.

Bell and his consultants searched for an amplifier for 35 years with only moderate success. The devices they tried were unreliable and unwieldy; they were prohibitively expensive for long-distance service. The best scientific minds were stymied until a young fellow, a former employe, walked into the Bell Laboratories in New York one day in the fall of 1912. His name was Lee DeForest and he had a gadget, a vacuum tube with a grid, that was destined to exert the same, far-reaching effects on communications that the gas combustion engine had on transportation. It was the magic key to radio and the exciting, unexplored field of electronics.

DeForest's invention, a flimsy little affair made of glass, wire and wax, was not rugged enough for commercial use and was, in the original form, too unstable for practical use. But it was the open sesame to the future and our engineers and physicists made the misty future an actuality three years later when the first transcontinental telephone line was opened between New York and the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco in 1915. On January 25th of that year, Bell repeated in New York his historic sentence, "Mr. Watson, come here, I want you," and the vacuum tube helped to hurl his voice across 3,400 miles.

That spectacular conquest of distance gave fresh impetus to the dream of a world-wide telephone network bridging the oceans with speech. Soon after the installation of transcontinental telephone service, engineers designed experimental radio transmitting and receiving equipment for two-way conversations across the Atlantic and Pacific. In September, 1915, Hawaii and Arlington, Va., were linked by radio, but efforts to reach France encountered certain historical complications. France was fighting for her life. The Germans had Paris and the Eiffel Tower, the contact point from America, under direct shellfire.

Despite the gravity of their situation, French authorities cooperated to the limit of their capabilities. Night after night, American engineers beamed their signals to the Eiffel Tower with French Army intelligence officers closely watching every move. Finally, just before dawn on October 21, 1915, the two democracies established new bonds. Intelligible words were sent across the Atlantic for the first time.

Tremendous technical strides have been made since in trans-oceanic telephone service, so today you can reach 96 per cent of the world's phones. Here again we have another graphic example of technology benefitting the consumer. When overseas commercial telephone service was inaugurated between Washington and London in 1927, the day rate for three minutes was \$75. Today it is \$12. It cost \$52.50 to reach Oslo and \$48.75 to reach Paris in 1928. The present rate now is \$12 to both capitals.

Twelve dollars will pay for a call to virtually every spot on the face of the earth, including Sydney, Australia; Buenos Aires, Argentina; Manila, the Philippines, and Moscow, Russia. A similar major operation has been performed on transcontinental, long-distance rates. In 1920, the station-to-station charge between Washington and San Francisco was \$15. Today it is \$2.50.

I began working in the Bell System in 1924, but even during my experience—a fortnight as scientific progress is measured—I have seen the telephone's terrific impact on every medium of communications. The search for improvements in the telephone led our laboratory specialists into the thick of radio and television.

FEW people realize that nearly 99 per cent of all radio programs go over telephone wires. If you live in a large city, a broadcast travels through the air no more than 15 or 20 miles from the transmitter to your home. Out-of-town network programs are carried from the point of origin to the local station by telephone wires with absolute fidelity. It is peculiarly fitting that radio should be tied, in a manner of speaking, to the telephone, for it was the money and know-how invested in DeForest's vacuum tube that transformed radio from a hobby into a colossus—and anyone who strained his ears and patience fooling around with crystal sets 30 years ago knows I'm not overstating the case.

During research work on telephone development, considerable contribution was made to the field of better phonograph records and amplifying systems and sound motion pictures.

Television, the newest phenomenon in entertainment, was an old story with our physicists when people were just beginning to accept radio. In 1927, four years after still photographs were put on telephone wires for reproduction in newspapers, our research specialists brought off another miracle—the long-distance transmission of moving images with accompanying sound by both wire and radio. Television is precisely what its combined Greek and Latin roots indicate. *Tele* means "far" in Greek and *video* means "I see" in Latin. You'd see nothing on the screen of your set but local programs though, without radio relay or the coaxial cable, the latter a development in communications second, perhaps, only to the vacuum tube.

A coaxial cable is nothing more than a bundle of eight copper tubes, each the size of a pencil, encased in a sheath and capable of doing the work of 600 ordinary telephone wires. A pair of coaxials can carry two television programs simultaneously. It's fanciful, but try to imagine the cost of stringing 600 pairs of telephone wires from New York to Chicago just to transmit television shows and you will have a fair idea of the monumental importance of the coaxial cable.

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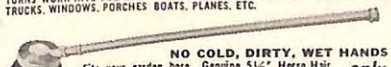
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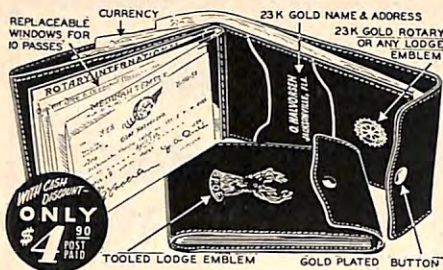
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the role science played during the war. Too much credit, respect and admiration is due the front-line combat troops for anyone to suggest that technology won the war. But you can be sure it helped. All I'm trying to do is indicate briefly what electronics did to save countless lives and speed the end of the war—in favor of the right side.

When Britain was struggling for survival in the summer of 1940, Navy ordnance specialists brought to our New York laboratory a complex vacuum tube which in England had been applied to radar. It was the magnetron, the core of British radar, but certain technical difficulties had to be ironed out before it could be put into mass production. Our people had been working for some years on the transmission of ultra-high-frequency radio waves, the basic factor in radar. With that backlog of experience, they were able to achieve one of the major miracles of the war. A few months after seeing the magnetron, they had it streamlined and improved for mass production. Western Electric, our manufacturing unit, designed and delivered some 56,000 radars, approximately half the total produced in the United States.

Research similarly paid off in sonar, the device for detecting submarines, at a time Nazi wolfpacks in the Atlantic were perilously close to severing our lifeline to Europe. Our resources were thrown into the development and production of magnetic mines, ground-to-plane, plane-to-tank and ship-to-shore radio communications, automatic range-finders and fire control devices used on artillery and anti-aircraft weapons.

The latest advance in commercial communications was forged in the crucible of war. When General George S. Patton's Third Army burst out of the Normandy beachhead in the summer of 1944, his forces swept through France so fast that the Signal Corps could not string telephone wires quickly enough to keep in touch with his advance units.

Telephone was out. So was radio. Ordinary radio waves travel in expanding circles, like the ripples created in a pond when a stone is cast into it, and pockets of German resistance between our lines could have intercepted easily exchanges of information. But high frequency microwaves can be beamed directly from point-to-point in a path like a searchlight—and they come in 10,000 times more powerfully than if the energy were permitted to circulate in all directions. Antennae at the receiving end multiply the incoming energy another 10,000 times.

In August, 1944, the countryside in Brittany and Northern France suddenly sprouted hundreds of mysterious towers. They were erected by the Army on hills about 25 miles apart to send the microwaves after Patton. That startlingly new idea in voice-casting was put into effect so quickly because it had been under test for six years. It since has been



The magical "416-A" vacuum tube, new amplifier which makes possible many of the modern improvements in transmission of telephone, television and radio messages. Created by Bell Laboratories, it is manufactured at the Allentown Electronics Plant of Western Electric.

adopted commercially and, as the radio relay, represents another giant stride forward.

Towers must be built on high points at intervals of about 30 miles because microwaves, like light waves, do not bend or follow the earth. They can be picked only as far as the horizon. The cost of constructing and equipping the towers will run into many millions of dollars, but laying coaxial cables is a very expensive proposition, too.

The heart of radio relay is a golden gadget about the size of a walnut, the 416-A vacuum tube, which has been called the world's most precise instrument. The tolerance, or spacing, of its parts is so close that the tungsten wiring of the grid must be done under microscope. The wires, .0006 of an inch thick—sic—cannot be seen with the naked eye, but they amplify and discipline electric waves no longer than a cigarette. Another great advantage of the 416-A tube is that it can be installed and replaced almost as easily as a tube in your home radio. Technologically, it is another significant advance in the search for smaller, cheaper, more trouble-free equipment.

Sometimes I'm inclined to wonder that the telephone art, in the words of the song from "Oklahoma!," hasn't gone just about as far as it can go. It can reach, by wire or radio, virtually every spot on the face of the earth. Then I recall people who once were convinced the telephone's potentialities had been exhausted and subsequently were made to look foolish, and I'm sure we've more progress ahead.

Maybe more channels can be created for radio relay and mobile telephony. It seems certain that the capacity of the coaxial cable can be increased. It could be that the transistor, a new gadget as small as the end of a pencil and now in the works, will replace and improve the performance of the vacuum tube.

Frankly, I don't know. All I do know for sure is that pure and applied science still are living together in our house. Anything is liable to happen from such a happy, fertile union.

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Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 27)

hundred campfires, the shoepacs that had been stitched and re-stitched but had never given him a blister, the thousand trout flies gathered from almost as many places from Maine to Nome. Sportsmen are that way. They like things with memories.

All our warm clothing, food, bedding and tents—to say nothing of the plane—were gone. It was going to be rough getting along without them, but their loss didn't pack the shock of the little things.

Brother Romeo Goulet made life easy for us. He had joined the Catholic order because he liked the north country. Town life in Weenusk weighed heavy on him. He was happy in the bush, and, at the least, he was content now. He wasn't "bushed", though. He was specific about that.

"A man keeps clean for a while," he explained, "then he gets up and is in a hurry to hit the trail. He can't take time to wash because he's lost a day with bad weather. When he makes camp, he's tired; he has just enough energy left to make some grub and turn in. Pretty soon he doesn't care, then he likes it that way. Finally he gets his furs and takes them to the post to trade. He can't get rid of them fast enough to get back in the bush. Then he's 'bushed'."

Brother Romeo knew all the Indians in that country. This particular area belonged to Chockomoolen. It was the winter trapping ground of him and his

family. Chockomoolen's log-and-moss wigwam and cache would be on the other side of the lake, he said. The cache would be covered with a tarp which we could rig as a windbreak, and there would be plenty of flour and tea. We had the fish. In the north country a man doesn't ask for more than that.

Something else in Chockomoolen's cache were some rabbit-skin robes. They were loosely woven of twisted strips of rabbit hide, so loose that the fingers could be poked through anywhere. In all deference to our distant host, the Indian method of home tanning and my nose were at odds. The first night I couldn't get near one of them. I simply lay on our bed of spruce bows and shivered. The second night I put one under me and catnapped. The third night I rolled up in one and sawed it off, as snug as a bee in a hive. The robe no longer smelled, but I did.

We were glad that for once in our lives we had made pigs of ourselves and kept too many trout. We turned back the moss at our new camp and ten inches under was perpetual ice. We chiseled into the ice with the ax-head, made a deep freeze for the trout, and lay the insulating moss back over them. This was a welcome cache. There were so many fires raging about us—we could count seven around the lake—that we didn't dare take the canoe and go fishing. Two of us ventured a hundred yards out into

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the lake once to change our diet with a pike or a laker, but the nearest fire behind camp roared with the sound of a fast express, so we put back into shore. We eventually were burned out again, and we needed that canoe in a hurry.

We ate bannock, or frying-pan bread, and trout, and we drank and smoked tea. Tea is better in the cup than in the pipe, believe me. Other than that, we just sat around and watched the fires and told stories and grew beards. I hesitate to admit it, but it wasn't at all bad. My fishing partners, Corey and Mac, are the world's finest company, and Brother Romeo made

the time pass quickly with his stories of the Crees and of the Huskies, or Eskimos, whose land the Indians had usurped.

We knew that when a plane is overdue these days someone will come looking for it, and of course they did. An Ontario Department of Lands and Forests plane located us just as we were consuming the last of our trout in a delectable fish chowder. It had been a good wait because we weren't missed for a week, but that wasn't the tough part. What hurt was being surrounded by the best fishing in the world all that time and not being able to do anything about it.

Pertaining to Piscicide

(Continued from page 19)

that the rod isn't a flail intended for bludgeoning fish to death. If you point out with ever such tact and patience that she is making cooperation unnecessarily difficult for the fish by flinging herself into the pool and her fly into the treetops, she will sob that the string on the end of the stick is too long; that nothing she ever does pleases you, anyhow; that you are a beast who only brought her along to abuse and humiliate her; that why she ever married you is beyond her. You will not, on the spur of that particular moment, be able to think of a reason either.

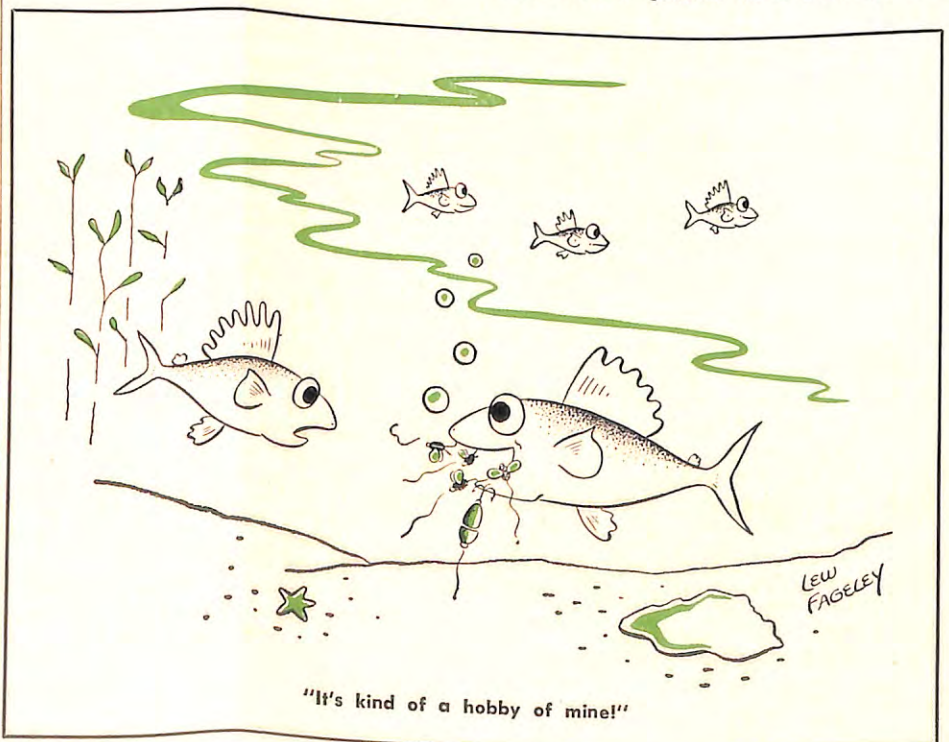
Stepping on a loose stone and rolling down the rapids divests the merriest wife of her sense of humor. The most discreet snicker will cause her to dash your finest rod onto the rocks and squish off in a huff which only the skins of many dead animals can appease. Any doctor will tell you it is a medical fact that nothing resembles a fractured hip so closely as a woman on a fishing trip. And speaking of doctors, if a minor

digression is permissible here, why is it that writers for outdoorsy publications never fish with any companion save a man of medicine, preferably an elderly obstetrician, somewhat seedy and not very successful, but rich in the lore of the woods, which he acquired at Johns Hopkins?

Did you ever read a piece of rod-and-gun literature that didn't begin: "Hit the deck," Old Doc growled, shaking me as the first light of morning touched the crest of Old Baldy. "Think you can catch Mr. Squaretail layin' there in the sack?"

Two paragraphs later Doc has served a breakfast of crisp, sizzling bacon, fluffy scrambled eggs, johnny cake, a stack of wheats, hot blueberry muffins with pomegranate jam, and steaming coffee. A fly is dancing down the riffle and Old Blunderbuss, the fabled king of the river, explodes in a burst of white water.

All literary fish explode at flies. In more than a quarter of a century, I've



"It's kind of a hobby of mine!"



never seen a fish do anything to a fly except try to eat it.

But to get back to wives, they all labor under the misapprehension that fish are essential to fishing and that the object of the sport is to get meat for the table. Authorities on domestic relations calculate that in 38.09 out of every hundred cases of divorce in this country, the trouble began when the breadwinner returned home from the stream and his helpmate demanded with a knowing and repulsive leer, "Well, let's see the fish."

It is impossible for the feminine mind to grasp the truth that it is possible to whip five miles of river without raising so much as an undernourished chub, and still have a day of rapturous contentment and rewarding sport.

"Look," a guy could say, "when I got in the stream the sun was pretty hot on my shoulders but the water was cool against my waders and that kept me comfortable. The river made music that Toscanini couldn't play and I know you like Flagstad but you should've heard the white-throated sparrows singing, 'Sow wheat, Peabody, Peabody, Peabody.'"

"Once I flushed a partridge in the brush and that phuffuffuff of his wings startled me, and made me laugh. I came around a bend one time and saw an otter fishing before he saw me. I never heard a phone ring and I never saw a magazine editor.

"I had some of the wittiest conversa-

tion I ever heard in my life. All fishermen talk to themselves. I got everything straightened out with Russia. Every time I dropped the fly where I wanted it the way I wanted it, I got a little thrill of pleasure all through me, same as you do on the golf course when you hit a good drive and can feel the shock all the way up to your shoulders.

"About those bills," the guy could say, "and little Rancid's teeth, forget about 'em. I've got that figured out. I just went along all day, listening to the wind in the trees, and I never once doubted that around the next bend the biggest trout in the world was waiting with his mouth watering for one of my Quill Gordons.

"So he wasn't there. So I didn't see any fish, but I didn't see any people, either. How much can a guy ask out of this life?"

He could say that, but he doesn't. He knows he wouldn't be understood. Nobody but another fisherman would believe him if he said that if he knew for sure there wasn't a living thing in the only stream accessible to him, he would still go and fish that stream every time he had a chance.

No wife can understand that although being skunked is not so good as catching fish, it is much better to fish fruitlessly than not to fish at all. Naturally, no wife can understand this. If she were that smart, she'd be too smart to marry a fisherman.

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The Complete Angler

(Continued from page 21)

with any other kind, and they work at all depths.

Last, you should have at least two of the old-fashioned, wobbling spoons that are painted like a barber pole. This is one lure that will catch all kinds of game fish everywhere in North America. I prefer the two smaller sizes, weighing 2/5 and 3/5 ounce, in red and white.

There are, of course, many accessory items that you can buy to go with your bait-casting outfit, such as a tackle box and fish stringer. Most of these things will suggest themselves to you.

In addition to a complete bait-casting outfit, every angler who hopes to get all the fun out of fishing should be equipped to use flies. Not only is the fly rod standard for trout, it is better than bait-casting tackle for all kinds of panfish, such as crappies, perch and bluegills. Under some conditions a fly fisherman using bugs and streamers can catch more bass than a bait-caster.

Fly rods are made of split bamboo, glass and tubular steel. Most veteran anglers prefer bamboo, although glass is growing in popularity, and the modern light, seamless steel rods are excellent.

Fly rods range in length from seven to nine feet and in weight from three to seven ounces. In my opinion, the man who can have only one rod for everything from brook trout to steelheads and who intends to cast dry flies, wet flies, bucktails, spinners and bass bugs on it should select one 8½ feet long of medium action. Such a rod probably will weigh between 4½ and 5½ ounces, depending on its reel seat and ferrules. Weight is not important; action is. Avoid rods that are extremely stiff or very flexible. The best rods have a feeling of power, but bend clear down into the butt joint when you cast with them. I don't like extra-stiff, tip-action rods, nor soft, floppy ones.

The fly line is fully as important as the rod, and unless the two are well matched, satisfactory casting is impossible. For all-around use, I prefer lines with the weight in the forward portion, variously called three-diameter, bug-taper, torpedo-taper, seven taper, and similar names, to distinguish them from double-tapered lines. Silk fly lines are better than those made of nylon.

If you are a beginner, the best way to match your rod and line is to get an experienced caster to assist. However, there are rod-line tables in various books on angling that will help some.

I prefer a good, light, single-action fly reel. It should be big enough to hold the fly line and about 100 yards of backing. This is linen or nylon line spliced to the "back" of the fly line. With it an angler can land big fish that might take out all the fly line and break the leader. However, its more important function for most fishing is to increase the diameter

of the reel hub so that each turn of the handle takes in more line.

Leaders are important. For most fishing, they should be tapered, between 7½ and 9 feet long and tied without any loops except the one to which the line is attached. I prefer nylon leaders for most fishing except when a very light one must be used with wet or dry flies; then I use a gut leader or a combination made with the heavier strands of nylon and the finer ones of gut. Most stock leaders are tied with the butts (the part next to the line) too light. They cast better if one or two strands of heavy nylon, approximately half the diameter of the end of the line, are tied in here.

THE SAME advice that applies to bait-casting lures holds on flies. Almost without exception, it is better to get your flies in the area you plan to fish than it is to buy them at home. There are, however, a number of patterns that are successful everywhere. You can buy some of them when you get the rest of your outfit.

For trout, the following patterns are those every angler should have: Dry flies—Light Cahill, Blue Dun, Brown Bivisible, Quill Gordon, Ginger Quill, Dark Cahill or Bradley, and Adams. Sizes 12 and 14 are most useful. Wet flies—Coachman, Gray Hackle, Cahill, Light Cahill, Gold-Ribbed Hare's Ear, Blue Dun and Professor. You should have them in sizes 10, 12 and 14.

All of these flies take various panfish, such as crappies and bluegills, as well as trout. If you supplement them with popular local patterns, you will be fairly well equipped wherever you go. Of course, there are other flies for different fish—bugs and bucktails for bass, streamers for landlocked salmon and togue, and special steelhead flies for sea-run rainbows. Such flies should be purchased where you intend to fish.

This covers the essentials of the fly-fisherman's equipment. There are many other items, such as boots or waders, fly and leader boxes, creel and landing net, that he will acquire eventually. The process is fun, but it doesn't have to be done all at once. The two outfits discussed here, for bait-casting and fly-fishing, are the minimum for the angler who wants to get full enjoyment out of his sport. They also give him enough equipment to catch every kind of game fish in North America.

There is one thing I almost forgot to mention. As you accumulate fishing experience, you will discover that some flies and lures are especially good. Maybe they look like homemade bread with butter and brown sugar to the fish in your community; maybe they just happen to be adapted to your method of fishing—at any rate, they pay off.

As soon as you discover that one of

your spoons, for instance, knocks loose the bass's inhibitions regularly, buy a duplicate. You don't want to be like my cousin Alvin. Alvin has been mentioned in these columns before. He is my hard-luck cousin. No matter where Alvin is, you can be sure misfortune is hanging around close, just waiting for him to lower his guard.

This time Alvin was fishing Lake Youcantsayit. He had his wife along to row the boat and the fish were falling all over themselves for a Limping Lulu, and, for once, he had just what they wanted. Everything was all right.

Alvin had caught several, and he got to feeling so good and generous that he handed his rod to his wife and said, "Here, you try a cast."

She wound up and made a heave, but she got a backlash and the lure came down with a jerk. Alvin reeled in and started to pick out the tangle. Pretty

soon he discovered he would have to cut the line if he got it unsnarled in time to do any more fishing that day. He swung the rod around toward his wife and said, "Hold that plug, will you?"

It was hanging outside the boat. She took it dutifully enough, but she didn't realize he was going to cut the line, so in a minute, while Alvin was absorbed with the bird's nest in his reel, she let it slip out of her fingers.

Of course, a Limping Lulu sinks like a stone. It started down and the cut-off piece of line ran out through the guides and Alvin looked up just in time to see the end of it disappear into 40 feet of water.

That was the only Limping Lulu he had. He used his other plug the rest of the day, but the fish ignored it.

The moral is clear: If you can't trust your wife, keep her away from your fishing tackle.

In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 36)

much artificial heat. A little more heat than is provided for the younger dog in the winter is all right for the aging fellow. But not too much, because overheating followed by, say, normal heat or downright cold is too great a change in temperature for the old dog.

It is said correctly that a dog is as old as his teeth; without the dentist, that could be truly said of us, too. When Fido's grinders have become worn enough to be well-nigh useless to him, his food should be chopped fine, and he should be given a more liberal helping of soft foods. There are many highly nutritious commercial foods on the market that are flaked or ground and only require the addition of moisture, such as water, milk, gravy or broth, to keep the meals enjoyable to the dog and supply him with the necessary vitamins. For his dinner pail at such time, all bones and hard food should be eliminated. If meat has been the mainstay of his diet, this can be continued, but it is best to give him well-cooked meat, cut in small pieces. He won't do much chewing, as dogs do not chew food as do humans, but instead gulp it down, relying upon the digestive juices to assimilate the food. Cutting the meat in small pieces will facilitate the swallowing process.

As a rule, while the pooch is growing up, in-between snacks should be taboo, but the bars may be let down for the old fellow. He'll relish an occasional off-schedule tidbit, and it won't hurt him. Candy and other sweets on the blacklist for the husky young dog are permissible for the oldster, but not too often. You can see that the intention is to pamper the gaffer a bit. Until he gets very old and practically toothless, his teeth should be examined at frequent intervals and decayed teeth should be removed by the vet. Such teeth are likely to be painful and a source of foul breath. Besides,

they're no good to the dog. The teeth should be cleaned just as they should have been when he was younger. For this, most cleansers made for human use will do very well. Powdered charcoal would be excellent, but the dog might inhale it with unpleasant results. Cleaning Fido's teeth isn't such a soul-shaking job if you go about it firmly and calmly. You might have to get someone to hold the dog, but in no instance should you lose your temper or shout at the animal.

When the gray creeps into his whiskers, your dog should have a bit more rest and quiet than usual. His sleeping quarters should be in a quiet spot and you should not expect him to be the rip-roaring watch dog he was in his youth. His hearing may not be as keen, but since some deaf dogs, through sensing vibrations, are still good watch dogs, whether it is or not, his other senses might be dulled. Don't expect him to bound to your side with the quick exuberance of youth; he'll naturally be slower, though his intentions might be those of his younger years.

When exercising him on his leash, don't walk him too far or too long. Never mind what he seems to think about it. Few of us on the sunset side of life will admit it, and that goes for dogs, too. If he still fancies himself as a scrapper despite the years, let him think he is, so far as bluffing goes, but prevent his getting into any real war jigs. A younger dog won't have the consideration for his age that you may have. Keep thumbs down on violent play and put a damper on his idea that he's still a world-beater at jumping; he isn't, but he won't admit it.

WHILE keeping him out of drafts at all times, be extra careful about it when the weather is cold. Even if he's been an outdoor dog, it's a good idea to keep him indoors for his last years. If

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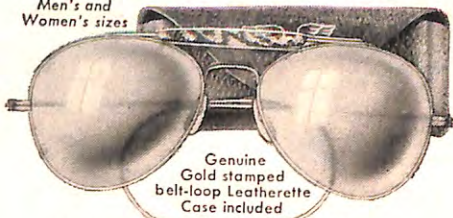
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The Complete Angler

(Continued from page 21)

with any other kind, and they work at all depths.

Last, you should have at least two of the old-fashioned, wobbling spoons that are painted like a barber pole. This is one lure that will catch all kinds of game fish everywhere in North America. I prefer the two smaller sizes, weighing 2/5 and 3/5 ounce, in red and white.

There are, of course, many accessory items that you can buy to go with your bait-casting outfit, such as a tackle box and fish stringer. Most of these things will suggest themselves to you.

In addition to a complete bait-casting outfit, every angler who hopes to get all the fun out of fishing should be equipped to use flies. Not only is the fly rod standard for trout, it is better than bait-casting tackle for all kinds of panfish, such as crappies, perch and bluegills. Under some conditions a fly fisherman using bugs and streamers can catch more bass than a bait-caster.

Fly rods are made of split bamboo, glass and tubular steel. Most veteran anglers prefer bamboo, although glass is growing in popularity, and the modern light, seamless steel rods are excellent.

Fly rods range in length from seven to nine feet and in weight from three to seven ounces. In my opinion, the man who can have only one rod for everything from brook trout to steelheads and who intends to cast dry flies, wet flies, bucktails, spinners and bass bugs on it should select one 8 1/2 feet long of medium action. Such a rod probably will weigh between 4 1/2 and 5 1/2 ounces, depending on its reel seat and ferrules. Weight is not important; action is. Avoid rods that are extremely stiff or very flexible. The best rods have a feeling of power, but bend clear down into the butt joint when you cast with them. I don't like extra-stiff, tip-action rods, nor soft, floppy ones.

The fly line is fully as important as the rod, and unless the two are well matched, satisfactory casting is impossible. For all-around use, I prefer lines with the weight in the forward portion, variously called three-diameter, bug-taper, torpedo-taper, seven taper, and similar names, to distinguish them from double-tapered lines. Silk fly lines are better than those made of nylon.

If you are a beginner, the best way to match your rod and line is to get an experienced caster to assist. However, there are rod-line tables in various books on angling that will help some.

I prefer a good, light, single-action fly reel. It should be big enough to hold the fly line and about 100 yards of backing. This is linen or nylon line spliced to the "back" of the fly line. With it an angler can land big fish that might take out all the fly line and break the leader. However, its more important function for most fishing is to increase the diameter

of the reel hub so that each turn of the handle takes in more line.

Leaders are important. For most fishing, they should be tapered, between 7 1/2 and 9 feet long and tied without any loops except the one to which the line is attached. I prefer nylon leaders for most fishing except when a very light one must be used with wet or dry flies; then I use a gut leader or a combination made with the heavier strands of nylon and the finer ones of gut. Most stock leaders are tied with the butts (the part next to the line) too light. They cast better if one or two strands of heavy nylon, approximately half the diameter of the end of the line, are tied in here.

THE SAME advice that applies to bait-casting lures holds on flies. Almost without exception, it is better to get your flies in the area you plan to fish than it is to buy them at home. There are, however, a number of patterns that are successful everywhere. You can buy some of them when you get the rest of your outfit.

For trout, the following patterns are those every angler should have: Dry flies—Light Cahill, Blue Dun, Brown Bivisible, Quill Gordon, Ginger Quill, Dark Cahill or Bradley, and Adams. Sizes 12 and 14 are most useful. Wet flies—Coachman, Gray Hackle, Cahill, Light Cahill, Gold-Ribbed Hare's Ear, Blue Dun and Professor. You should have them in sizes 10, 12 and 14.

All of these flies take various panfish, such as crappies and bluegills, as well as trout. If you supplement them with popular local patterns, you will be fairly well equipped wherever you go. Of course, there are other flies for different fish—bugs and bucktails for bass, streamers for landlocked salmon and togue, and special steelhead flies for sea-run rainbows. Such flies should be purchased where you intend to fish.

This covers the essentials of the fly-fisherman's equipment. There are many other items, such as boots or waders, fly and leader boxes, creel and landing net, that he will acquire eventually. The process is fun, but it doesn't have to be done all at once. The two outfits discussed here, for bait-casting and fly-fishing, are the minimum for the angler who wants to get full enjoyment out of his sport. They also give him enough equipment to catch every kind of game fish in North America.

There is one thing I almost forgot to mention. As you accumulate fishing experience, you will discover that some flies and lures are especially good. Maybe they look like homemade bread with butter and brown sugar to the fish in your community; maybe they just happen to be adapted to your method of fishing—at any rate, they pay off.

As soon as you discover that one of

your spoons, for instance, knocks loose the bass's inhibitions regularly, buy a duplicate. You don't want to be like my cousin Alvin. Alvin has been mentioned in these columns before. He is my hard-luck cousin. No matter where Alvin is, you can be sure misfortune is hanging around close, just waiting for him to lower his guard.

This time Alvin was fishing Lake Youcantsayit. He had his wife along to row the boat and the fish were falling all over themselves for a Limping Lulu, and, for once, he had just what they wanted. Everything was all right.

Alvin had caught several, and he got to feeling so good and generous that he handed his rod to his wife and said, "Here, you try a cast."

She wound up and made a heave, but she got a backlash and the lure came down with a jerk. Alvin reeled in and started to pick out the tangle. Pretty

soon he discovered he would have to cut the line if he got it unsnarled in time to do any more fishing that day. He swung the rod around toward his wife and said, "Hold that plug, will you?"

It was hanging outside the boat. She took it dutifully enough, but she didn't realize he was going to cut the line, so in a minute, while Alvin was absorbed with the bird's nest in his reel, she let it slip out of her fingers.

Of course, a Limping Lulu sinks like a stone. It started down and the cut-off piece of line ran out through the guides and Alvin looked up just in time to see the end of it disappear into 40 feet of water.

That was the only Limping Lulu he had. He used his other plug the rest of the day, but the fish ignored it.

The moral is clear: If you can't trust your wife, keep her away from your fishing tackle.

In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 36)

much artificial heat. A little more heat than is provided for the younger dog in the winter is all right for the aging fellow. But not too much, because overheating followed by, say, normal heat or downright cold is too great a change in temperature for the old dog.

It is said correctly that a dog is as old as his teeth; without the dentist, that could be truly said of us, too. When Fido's grinders have become worn enough to be well-nigh useless to him, his food should be chopped fine, and he should be given a more liberal helping of soft foods. There are many highly nutritious commercial foods on the market that are flaked or ground and only require the addition of moisture, such as water, milk, gravy or broth, to keep the meals enjoyable to the dog and supply him with the necessary vitamins. For his dinner pail at such time, all bones and hard food should be eliminated. If meat has been the mainstay of his diet, this can be continued, but it is best to give him well-cooked meat, cut in small pieces. He won't do much chewing, as dogs do not chew food as do humans, but instead gulp it down, relying upon the digestive juices to assimilate the food. Cutting the meat in small pieces will facilitate the swallowing process.

As a rule, while the pooch is growing up, in-between snacks should be taboo, but the bars may be let down for the old fellow. He'll relish an occasional off-schedule tidbit, and it won't hurt him. Candy and other sweets on the blacklist for the husky young dog are permissible for the oldster, but not too often. You can see that the intention is to pamper the gaffer a bit. Until he gets very old and practically toothless, his teeth should be examined at frequent intervals and decayed teeth should be removed by the vet. Such teeth are likely to be painful and a source of foul breath. Besides,

they're no good to the dog. The teeth should be cleaned just as they should have been when he was younger. For this, most cleansers made for human use will do very well. Powdered charcoal would be excellent, but the dog might inhale it with unpleasant results. Cleaning Fido's teeth isn't such a soul-shaking job if you go about it firmly and calmly. You might have to get someone to hold the dog, but in no instance should you lose your temper or shout at the animal.


When the gray creeps into his whiskers, your dog should have a bit more rest and quiet than usual. His sleeping quarters should be in a quiet spot and you should not expect him to be the rip-roaring watch dog he was in his youth. His hearing may not be as keen, but since some deaf dogs, through sensing vibrations, are still good watch dogs, whether it is or not, his other senses might be dulled. Don't expect him to bound to your side with the quick exuberance of youth; he'll naturally be slower, though his intentions might be those of his younger years.

When exercising him on his leash, don't walk him too far or too long. Never mind what he seems to think about it. Few of us on the sunset side of life will admit it, and that goes for dogs, too. If he still fancies himself as a scrapper despite the years, let him think he is, so far as bluffing goes, but prevent his getting into any real war jigs. A younger dog won't have the consideration for his age that you may have. Keep thumbs down on violent play and put a damper on his idea that he's still a world-beater at jumping; he isn't, but he won't admit it.

WHILE keeping him out of drafts at all times, be extra careful about it when the weather is cold. Even if he's been an outdoor dog, it's a good idea to keep him indoors for his last years. If

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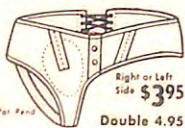
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you do keep him outside, give extra attention to his house. See that it is one that not only provides adequate shelter, but is extra dry and draft-free. In the summer, be sure he has ample shade while outdoors, and that his drinking water at all seasons of the year is kept palatable—in winter, free from extreme cold; in summer, away from the sun. During the extra warm days, a bit of ice in his drinking pan won't do any harm, but don't indulge him too much in this.

You can ease up on the baths you give him, now that he's old. Substitute a daily brushing and combing. If you do bathe him, and he may need it if his coat gets exceptionally soiled, be sure that the water is neither too hot nor too cold; test it by dipping your elbow in it. Don't handle him roughly when bathing or drying him, and this goes for when you groom him or play with him, too. When he was a pup, he probably enjoyed having you bat him around in fun, but those bull sessions aren't for him now that he's old; his muscles and joints are likely to be tender and while his spirit may be willing, you know better.

Watch his bedding just as you did when he was a brash youngster, and declare a no-mercy war on fleas and other such boarders. Granted, a young dog can stand a flea or two, but they're an extra-special plague to the older guy who may not be as energetic in pursuing them and who may be more easily devitalized by them.

Watch out for sniffles, colds and wounds of any kind. Give these prompt attention. If the eyes run too much, and you can judge this easily, use a soft cotton

swab soaked in a solution of boric acid, mild, to bathe them. Clean the ears at regular intervals, too, using a soft, rubber-nosed ear syringe that you can buy from your druggist. For the ears use warmed olive oil, but be sure it is only mildly warm.

For the old lady dog, nix any romance after she's eight or nine years old. She is probably physically unable to care for the pups properly, which would be bad for her health and for that of the youngsters.

Put stair-climbing on the forbidden list for the old dog, and if, at an advanced age, your pet must be carried now and then, so what? It's not much to do for a faithful friend. I clearly and sadly recall a dog of mine so gallant that he'd stagger from his bed at night to welcome me home, even though I had to carry him back to it.

In conclusion, let me say that if at any time the old dog seems unusually ill, and I don't mean that general slowing up natural to old age, don't delay calling in your vet. He has the knowledge and training that will enable him to diagnose a sickness and prescribe for it. What is equally important to your dog is that he will know what to advise and prescribe to make your dog's old age a bit more comfortable.

If, for any reason beyond your control, you have to dispose of the dog, see that this is done humanely by your vet and not by any amateur—a policeman, a dog-catcher or anyone else, including yourself, if you aren't skilled in such things. Your old friend and devoted companion deserves this last attention to make his exit as painless as possible.

1950 Baseball Preview

(Continued from page 7)

pression that Southworth is incapable of ruling with an iron hand. This may be the chink in his armor. From now on his operations in this respect will be watched with more searching interest. Old Gus is curious to know if the gentleman farmer from Ohio can handle men.

This would seem to be the win-or-else year for Durocher. In any other organization it surely would be. But with the Giants it is not easy to know, the club is so loosely regulated. The president, nice-guy Horace Stoneham, is seldom around. He is a man of warm sentiment, strange whims and unpredictable moves. Once the Giants ruled the Big Town. Now, third class, they use the tradesman's entrance. They haven't won in 12 years. Their attendance fell off 237,771 last year. All that saved them from red ink was the amazing, sure-fire Brooklyn rivalry which once more yielded more than one-fourth of their home admissions.

Durocher has been a flop since the impetuous Stoneham move which transferred him from Brooklyn to the Polo

Grounds. It is only fair to state, however, that he inherited a crew of sluggers which was not otherwise distinguished. "Not my type of club" he has complained repeatedly. Over the winter radical changes were made. Stanky and Dark give the Giants a competent double-play pair, thereby correcting a most flagrant weakness. Power has been sacrificed for speed. In general, the Giants have been tailored to Durocher's taste. No longer can he resort to the defense or the alibi: "This is not my type of club." Now it's up to him to win.

The most interesting on-the-spot situation in the American league concerns Lou Boudreau. Now that the flamboyant Bill Veeck has sold his holdings in the Cleveland Club, Boudreau becomes manager in fact as well as in small type. Veeck had no faith whatever in the shortstop as a manager, which is why he annually surrounded the Illinois old grad with the highest priced and most knowing master minds available—fellows like Bill McKechnie, Steve O'Neill, Mel Harder, et al.

Veeck listened to his coaches, not to his manager. Last year he forced Boudreau to shift from short to third. On more than one occasion he invalidated Boudreau's pitching selections. Each afternoon he second-guessed from the Cleveland press box.

Just how much this front-office interference had to do with the chaotic Cleveland picture is hard to say. Certainly the effect had to be deleterious. What hurt most, though, was the inability of key men to play up to the form which had brought victory in the '48 World Series. Example: Boudreau, Joe Gordon and Ken Keltner hit 81 home runs in '48, last year their group total was a scant 24; the year before they drove in 349 runs; last year, only 175. Another example: Bob Feller, Gene Bearden and Bob Lemon accounted for 59 pitching wins in '48; last year they combined to win 45. That's the way it was all down the line. This year under new ownership Boudreau is on his own. Was Veeck right? Is Boudreau a big-league manager or not? It won't be long before Old Gus has the answer.

POPULAR opinion nominates the Boston Red Sox to dethrone the defending New York Yankees this year. This will be McCarthy's third year in charge. Both in '48 and '49 he was close, but no cigar. In '48 Cleveland beat him in a play-off, the first in AL history. Last year the Yankees frustrated him on the closing day of the season. This cannot keep on happening to the game's top manager if he is to maintain and justify his lofty ranking.

Some of the critics were beginning to view him obliquely last fall when the figures showed the Red Sox had won everything but the pennant. In Ted Williams and Vern Stephens they had the best one-two punch in baseball. Between them they hit 82 home runs. McCarthy's was the only staff in the majors to produce two 20-game winners, Mel Parnell and Ellis Kinder. From top to bottom the Red Sox appeared top drawer and yet they couldn't win. Why?

It may simply have been that the drop in pitching class from Parnell and Kinder was too great. This is McCarthy's explanation. In the same breath he tells you this handicap has been lessened considerably by younger pitchers who have shown

encouraging symptoms of coming into their own. Both in '48 and '49 the Red Sox were slow to break from the gate. They didn't get above .500 to stay last year until after July 4th. And still it took a whisker-finish to beat them. This year they may benefit from a kindly schedule which gives them 21 of their first 25 games on the home grounds.

The White Sox were the most improved club in the AL last year, advancing from eighth to sixth, winning 63 against 51. Nevertheless, Jack Onslow was an unwanted manager. At least Frank Lane, the front-office chieftain, entertained no sticky affection for him. It was one of those open secrets that the blunt veteran's hold-over contract was to be bought up. But apparently before Lane could play his cards the numerous Comiskey family, which lives off the club, got a look at the ledgers, learned to their delight that the White Sox, under Onslow, had attracted 159,307 new cash customers, and issued a vehement "nothing doing". The White Sox are one of the up-and-coming clubs and old Gus should find the continuing feud between the front office and the dug-out engaging reading as the season unfolds.

How about Casey Stengel? Has this picturesque, time-stained character got another miracle in his system? The Yankees figured no higher than third a year ago, especially when it became evident the peerless Joe DiMaggio would miss a sizable part of the schedule. Stengel came into the League cold. His record in the National did not describe him as a winning manager. To make his prospects less alluring he stepped into a public relations situation which, if not hostile, was not inviting. His predecessor, Bucky Harris, had enjoyed a popular metropolitan press. Many of the New York writers felt the front office had hit below the belt in firing the game's original boy manager after winning the flag his first year, and just missing the next.

Stengel brought patience, perseverance and philosophy to a difficult challenge. As injuries soared to an unprecedented total, the graying manager who had been dredged up from the minors found, perhaps to his surprise, his bench teeming with able, if little heralded, reserves. This was one of the main factors of the Yankees' success. More often than not the incoming reservist proved stronger, for the time, than the outgoing regular. So it cannot be said that injuries had the Yankees hanging on the ropes all the time. However, the enterprising press department stressed the injuries in such a manner as to dramatize the club into a nationwide sentimental popularity it had not known up to then. Actually, of the 72 injuries carefully compiled, only three or four were really serious.

The well-stocked Yankee bench is back, so is Joe Page, the matchless relief pitcher. DiMaggio is physically solvent for a change, and there is the customary quota of graduates from the farm system,

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the most select and productive in the AL, by the way. And, probably most important of all, there is the behind-the-scenes George Weiss whose superior baseball know-how and noiseless dynamics have been the chief factor in the Yankees' long run of success for so many years. Without Weiss' expert counsel and steady influence in front-office discussions, Stengel would have been lost last season, especially in the beginning when he couldn't tell a Porterfield from a porterhouse. The inroads of time which must affect all veterans—DiMaggio is 35, Tommy Henrich 34—the breaks of the game which have a way of embarrassing champions, and complacency, that insidious enemy of the well-heeled and the overly satisfied ball player, are the Yankee pitfalls and danger signals which old Gus must not ignore in his pre-race calculations.

THERE could be no more popular victory than the Philadelphia A's presenting valiant and venerable Connie Mack with the "one more pennant", which the old gentleman has been dreaming about for so long, on his 50th anniversary as the club's leader.

The A's finished 16 games back last year, hobbled by a weak attack and a pitching staff that began to falter badly near the end. To transform sentiment into realism, major changes were indicated. But only one was made, the purchase of Bob Dillinger, infielder, from the Browns, a young man of proven talent but scarcely equipped to perform a miracle. The old man's remarkable anniversary will provide much profitable publicity for the organization which he no longer heads, but little else, I fear. It was in 1931 that he won his last pennant. And it would seem that "last" is the correct word.

If there is to be a surprise in the AL it figures to come from the Detroit Tigers who did astonishingly well by finishing in the first division in Red Rolfe's first year as manager. Woefully needed repairs to the infield have been made; the pitching, paced by Hal Newhouser, is still robust. George Kell is intent upon proving he belongs as the League's leading hitter, and the outfield, as a group, may outthit all others. A Tiger dark horse might look like something one sees after the fifth Martini but there's no law against such a phenomenon in baseball, however the better conducted zoos may view the matter.

So much for the clubs which should make the contention. And now, if old Gus will kindly refrain from heckling, I'll proceed to list the order in which I believe all the clubs will finish, together with brief comments on their strong and weak points.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

BROOKLYN: Added year of experience helps young players. Either Miksis or Bob Morgan (Montreal .345) can handle third,

an open job. Infield, with Reese and Robinson making the double play, could be best in league. Furillo and Snider are class outfielders. Nothing wrong with Abrams, Hermanski or Brown for third o.f. spot. I pick Abrams to get the call. No better catcher anywhere than Campanella. Pitching represents quality and quantity: Newcombe (potential 30-game winner) Roe, Branca, Hatten, Barney, Erskine, Palica. Watch for Phil Haugstad (22-7 at St. Paul) to stay. Don Bankhead (20-7 at Montreal) may be sold by the time you read this. The Bums could win going away.

ST. LOUIS: First and third unsettled. Steve Bilko, (.313 at Rochester), long ball hitter, may be formidable enough to take first from Jones. Kazak, main hope at third, was on way to rookie-of-year honors when injured. Must prove he's sound again. Pitching good enough, even though Brecheen and Lanier are getting into pappy class. Pollet (20-9) spearhead. Watch for Cloyd Boyer (15-10 at Rochester) to make it. Slaughter's slipping but Musial's Musial, meaning the best. Harry Walker's back in a red blazer and should help. Bill Howerton (.323 at Columbus) fine outfield prospect. Catching mediocre.

BOSTON: Second base up for grabs. Roy Hartsfield (.316 at Milwaukee) will start. If no go, veteran Sisti takes over. Trade with Giants added plate power and strong outfield arms. Top catcher is Del Crandall, 19, with only 60 games big league background. A risky experiment. Except for Sam Jethroe, speedster extraordinary, up from Montreal, club is lead foot. Pitching average after Spahn-Sain combine—and Sain must improve mightily over '49. Up to Southworth to show he can regain club loyalty and respect, lack of which last year led to sweeping changes.

PHILADELPHIA: The dark horse in the NL stable. Improved the most last year, moving from sixth to third, winning 81 as against 66. On the way up under progressive ownership, enlightened policy and competent manager. Five solid players: Hamner (great at short) Ennis, Seminick, Ashburn and Waitkus, granted latter has recovered from gunshot wounds. Pitching thin with Meyer (17-8) best, Roberts (15-15) next. Two Toronto rookies, Thompson (14-5), Church (15-8) may help. Watch for Ed Sanicki (.269 at Toronto) to make the outfield.

NEW YORK: Durocher must roll his own. Nobody in front office to help. Has sacrificed power for defensive tightness, principally in double-play zone. If Jack Harshman, who hit 40 homers for Minneapolis, flops at first, tear up your mutual tickets. Nobody's back of him. Newcomer most likely to stick is Don Mueller (.311 at Minneapolis), right field. Also watch Roger Bowman (15-9) at Jersey

City. Henry Thompson, the Negro, is set at third. Early season sharpness due to long Cleveland series makes Giants quick starters. Could be first division quality.

PITTSBURGH: Dropped from fourth to sixth last year. Still a patchwork team, packed with uncertainties. Can Rojek come back following beaming? Chesnes recapture pitching guile? Infield, in general, hold up? Dan O'Connell (.314 at St. Paul) infield, and Tom Saffell, outfield, with Indianapolis seasoning, best of frosh. Saving grace is Ralph Kiner, who has hit 51, 40, 54 homers over last three seasons. Dynamite, Inc.

CINCINNATI: Distinguished only by pitching. Even there, more promise than proof. Blackwell in best physical shape (206 pounds) since kidney removal, and may be ready to go again. At old-time best could win 18 to 20. Besides slab holders Lively, Wehmeier, Peterson and Fox, scouting reports credit Reds with two impressive rookies, Harry Perkowski (14-12 at Syracuse) and Frank Smith (17-11 at Tulsa). Luke Sewell latest to take up quarters in newest graveyard of managers.

CHICAGO: Trying to win with minor leaguers. Ward, first, is up from Fort Worth; Terwillinger, second, from Los Angeles; Serena, third, from Dallas. Serena only one who seems to know what to do with a bat. Andy Pafko still best player on the club. Graybeards Voiselle and Vander Meer have been added to better-than-fair staff. Rookie Johnny Klippstein (15-8 at Mobile) may help. Rookie Swat Sawatski, catch, hit 45 homers for Nashville. Good hit, no field.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

BOSTON: On better pitching. Gained dozen games on Yankees from July only to lose in final game on final day. If young McDermott and Stobbs come through as expected, that'll be enough. Probability of fast start for a change is offered by favorable schedule. If it is possible to shame swell-heads into all-out effort, humiliation of last two narrow pennant losses with uncomplimentary inferences plain for all to see should have desired results. Another Boston hope is that veteran dependables won't all start to fade at once.

NEW YORK: Page in relief won for Yankees last year. Of the 60 games the lefty worked, Yankees won 42. Page blows hot and cold from season to season. All the breaks went Stengel's way last year. One lucky season doesn't usually follow another. Yankee farms produce good material with consistency. Encouraging reports on pitchers Shea and Porterfield. Newcomers who figure to stay: Al Martin, infield, (.284 at Oakland). Jim Delsing, outfield, (.350 at Kansas City). Wakefield, problem child at Detroit, remains

same as Yankee until further notice. Stengel knows league better.

DETROIT: Came fast last year under first-year-manager Rolfe. Right side of infield tightened by deals. Priddy (.290 at St. Louis) will be of real help at second. Dick Kryhoski (.324 at Oakland) must prove himself at first. Charley Keller, ex-Yankee, signed for pinch-hit purposes. Outfield and catching solid. But pitching is backbone of club, though veterans may be tailing off. Four of 'em won 15 or more last year. Watch Houtteman in the box and Groth in the outfield. May be sensations.

CLEVELAND: Luke Easter, Bunyanesque Negro, up from San Diego (.363) is listed as first base but if big league will go to outfield. They say he's Babe Ruth in black face. Al Rosen, also seasoned at San Diego (.321), may take third from fading Keltner. Cleveland pitching was best in league last year. It could be better with a better Feller, which is a probability. And look for Garcia to have an excellent year. Newcomer Hal Saltzman (22-13 at Portland) figures to stick. Boudreau's managerial ability, often questioned, gets unhampered trial with cooperative front office.

PHILADELPHIA: Good pitching staff, headed by 20-game winner Kellner, enlarged by castoffs Hank Wyse and Ed Klieman and possibly rookie Bob Hooper, 19-3 with Buffalo. .300 hitter McClosky still doubtful after spinal operation. Old man Mack's sons are usurping authority, a fact which could hurt. The old man always has been strong inspirational force.

CHICAGO: Young pitchers such as Wright, Kuzava and Pierce are improving breed. Club lost 30 by one run last year, indicating lack of punch. If Gus Zernial, hitting .318 when injured, comes back, his bat will help. So will Henry Majeski, who hit .277 with A's, and was acquired primarily to spell ageless Appling at short. Bill Wilson, \$75,000 Sacramento prodigy, still wet behind the ears, and will be sent out. Splendid prospect though.

ST. LOUIS: Four promising youngsters for future sales have been picked up: Pitchers Al Widmar, who won 22 with Baltimore; Ed Albrecht, 29 with Pine Bluff; Lou Kretlow, Detroit neophyte, and outfielder Ken Wood, who hit 32 homers and drove in 100 for Baltimore. Browns must miss Dillinger and Priddy but were headed nowhere, anyway. Ned Garver only pitcher worthy of big-league stamp.

WASHINGTON: Except for addition of Irv Noren, outfielder, who won Pacific Coast's Most Valuable, last year's wretched tail-enders have done nothing to improve. Bucky Harris back for third time with old friends and old headaches.



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editorial

ELKDOM—A MILLION STRONG

1,000,000



Elkdom passed another, and important, milestone with the enrollment in February of the one millionth member of the Order. The goal that Grand Exalted Ruler Anderson set with his appeal to "make your best friend one of the million" has been reached, thanks to the unremitting teamwork of every member of his administration and the cheerful and loyal cooperation of Elks everywhere. *The Elks Magazine* is happy to extend a welcome and congratulations to our millionth Brother, Raymond Cole of Bay City, Michigan, Lodge, No. 88. Elsewhere in this issue, with a spread of photographs showing many of the Millionth Member Classes initiated by various subordinate lodges throughout the Order, is a story of the recognition shown him by the Grand Lodge.

This achievement demonstrates once again the vitality of our Order, a vitality that without doubt is due to the fact that, as frequently stated by the Grand Exalted Ruler, the Order of Elks is a real, grass-roots American organization.

Men become Elks not for insurance benefits, for business gain or other inducements so common elsewhere. There are none of these inducements in Elkdom. Elkdom's attractions are more intangible, but all the more real and powerful—the spirit of fraternity, the doing of good works that give those who participate in them a satisfying feeling of accomplishment, the opportunity to share in the strengthening of American ideals. It is these things that have made Elkdom great. They are the reasons that Elkdom attracts and holds the outstanding men of more than fifteen hundred communities across our land.

Perhaps never before in the history of the Order, certainly not for many years, has more vigilant, painstaking attention been given to the business side of our Order's affairs than they have received and will continue to receive from Grand Exalted Ruler Anderson. While providing the inspiration that carried our membership across the million-mark, he at the same time has subjected the business affairs of our lodges to a wise and careful scrutiny for the sole purpose of seeing to it that any weaknesses be detected and eliminated in order that our Order be strong everywhere and fully able to go forward to greater accomplishment.

So, with a sound foundation, with a record of solid achievement, and dedicated more firmly than ever to the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity that were first enunciated more than 82 years ago, Elkdom—a million strong—looks with confidence to the future.

CANCER IS YOUR PROBLEM

It was an Elk from the Keystone State who, for us, struck the keynote for the American Cancer Society Campaign. In New York City, awaiting admission to the famed Memorial Hospital for the removal



of a cancer he didn't know he had until just six weeks earlier, Richard B. Hughes of Etna, Pa., Lodge was reading his September issue of *The Elks Magazine* in his hotel room. He telephoned to tell us how the Society's famous Stevan Dohanos "keyhole" painting, carried on the back of that issue, struck home.

He said, "There are always containers around the club-rooms of my lodge to receive our contributions for some cause or other. You scarcely notice what agency is distributing those containers; you drop in a bill or a coin and don't give it another thought—until the day you find you need the benefits those donations make possible."

The American Cancer Society is one of those agencies; April is its Campaign Month. Brother Hughes was seriously ill in September. As this is written, he is well on his way back to good health, and very grateful—grateful for the miracles of modern science that made his recovery possible, yes, but more grateful that those miracles were available to him, miracles that will be repeated as the fight against cancer continues through this uniquely American voluntary health agency whose expenses are underwritten by the citizens of this country.

When that same advertisement appeared on our May, 1948, cover, Dick Hughes probably didn't give it a second glance; he was in good health then. When he saw it last September, however, it had a personal message for him. He learned the real story behind that painting.

He learned how much is involved in the prevention and cure of this disease—the education, the research, the highly technical and vital laboratory and chemistry tests, the skilled surgery, skin-grafting, dentistry, and nursing; he learned that many thousands who could be cured delay too long in seeking help, that although today about half of those who develop cancer could and should be saved by early diagnosis, only half that half is being saved; his own quick action had made him one of these.

In a letter he wrote us the day he entered Memorial Hospital, Brother Hughes said: "The doctors tell me they will help me to get well. Back of their knowledge is the American Cancer Society which our Order, the B. P. O. Elks, will help, in contributions of dimes, quarters and dollars, to fight cancer and save not only Elks, but all people, of all colors, of all creeds."

Dick Hughes' altruistic impulse in writing this letter at such a time was rather remarkable, but he knew that the all-important work of the Society must continue, and what better group of Americans than the Elks should be the largest contributor to that work—both as a group and individually?

The cancer death rate is growing as our population increases; you must supply the funds with which the Society may expand and progress, because you are going to profit by it.

Ask Dick Hughes; he knows.

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"Camels agree with my throat"

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BOSTON RED SOX (WON 25)

Top winner in the major leagues last season, left-hander Mel Parnell made the Camel 30-day mildness test, and reports: "Camels agree with my throat. And they're a cool, mild, great-tasting smoke. It will always be Camels for me—for keeps!"



VIC RASCHI

NEW YORK YANKEES (WON 21)

The "Big Wheel" of the World Champions, Vic Raschi, smokes Camels—because, "Camel mildness agrees with my throat. There's nothing so cheering as a Camel—that Camel flavor hits the spot with me."



HOWARD POLLET

ST. LOUIS CARDINALS (WON 20)

"The throat specialists' findings in the 30-day test don't surprise me," says this veteran southpaw. "I've smoked Camels for many years. I know they're mild, and they're always right for my throat. Camels don't tire my taste—they have the rich, full flavor I like."

BOB LEMON

CLEVELAND INDIANS (WON 22)

"The 30-day test really opened my eyes," says Bob, only major league hurler to win 20 or more games in each of the past two seasons. "Camels have a mildness all their own and they're welcome to my throat."



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