

THE

# Elks

MAGAZINE

JULY 1950

## WE CAN BALANCE THE BUDGET

BY SENATOR PAUL H. DOUGLAS

• EASTERN EDITION



HAS HAD NO PEERS FOR 50 YEARS



GRANDPA'S CHOICE  
WHEN HE WAS YOUNG

**FIFTY YEARS AGO**

Chosen today  
by men who enjoy  
good spirits



**Golden Wedding**

SUPERIOR WHISKEY - A BLEND



# OUR GRAND EXALTED RULER

## TALKS SHOP

### AN APPRECIATION

ON JULY 14th, 1949, I was installed as the Grand Exalted Ruler of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, an honor that can come to only one of a million, and I deeply appreciate the rare opportunity for service that went with this high and respected office.

Today, in 1950, my term of office is almost over and I review the year with the deepest satisfaction—as a cherished memory of loyal, devoted and patriotic men who have ideals and standards and live up to them.

The Past Grand Exalted Rulers have my gratitude for their generous support and wise counsel. The District Deputies accepted my challenge and in an efficient and courageous manner took the messages into every one of the 1550 lodges and did a marvelous selling job. The Grand Lodge officers and Committeemen responded to every request for action on behalf of the advancement of Elkdom and gave great service to our Order. The officers and members of our lodges were keen to show the way in every community and maintained the dignity of the lodge and continued to command the respect of their fellow citizens.

*The Elks Magazine* and its staff have been most cooperative and, in fact, generous with their support, and I salute them!

The year has been full of action and I have thoroughly enjoyed the privilege of associating with doers. The team has played good ball and the score proves the point!

Our great Order today has well over a million fine gentlemen as members, and the record shows our lodges to be strong financially, numerically and fraternally. Splendid cooperation has been the keynote of the success of this administration; I gratefully acknowledge my debt to you all.

★ ★ ★

Aside from giving attention to the business affairs of our Order and our lodges, I have found time to visit almost every section of our great United States and that has been a rare privilege. I have a better understanding of America and the ideals of its well-principled citizens. It all justifies my confidence in the future of our great Nation.

Every State has produced Elk leadership that guarantees the security of tomorrow, and the Elks are prominent in



every constructive activity. The loyalty of our members to our Government—their devotion to the ideals of charity—their enthusiastic support of youth programs, portray an encouraging and enthusiastic picture of our success as Elks and solid citizens. An awakened America is an assured achievement of our great benevolent and patriotic Order.

★ ★ ★

To my successor I pledge my loyalty, my devotion and my services, and pray that the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks will always merit the approval and acclaim of the men and women of America.

★ ★ ★

My humble and sincere "Thank you" goes to every one of over a million fine Americans for the honor and the privileges that were mine this past year.

As Tiny Tim said—"God bless us everyone!"

Sincerely and fraternally,

*Emmett T. Anderson*

EMMETT T. ANDERSON  
GRAND EXALTED RULER

HEAD OF  
THE LIST...  
he's got P.A.\*



P.A.\* means  
Pipe Appeal and  
Prince Albert

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Winston-Salem, N. C.

P.A.'S CRIMP  
CUT MAKES IT  
EASY TO ROLL  
A FINE  
CIGARETTE!



The National Joy Smoke

# THE Elks

VOL. 29

MAGAZINE

No. 2

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

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## What Our Readers



### Have to Say

Upon opening the May number of *The Elks Magazine* I was exceedingly touched

to see the article, "A Friend in Deed", illustrated by a photograph of myself and the marching soldiers of World War One.

Naturally it brought back to me many cherished memories of the help rendered the Salvation Army through the years by the generous and able service of the Elks and I can only reiterate my appreciation and gratitude.

In publishing this fine article with its historic data you have rendered us a further service and I want you to know that I thank you.

Miss Evangeline Booth  
General, Salvation Army

As I am crippled and have a lot of time, I read *The Elks Magazine* from one end to the other and find it to be tops. I do not see much of the members of my Lodge, Great Falls, No. 214, so must state the book is just about as interesting as any magazine I see—the Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits and the advertisements—so keep up the good work.

Ralph Richardson  
Great Falls, Mont.

I would like to call to your attention a statement in the article "A Friend In Deed", in your May issue, to the effect that the appearance of Miss Evangeline Booth before the 1919 Grand Lodge Convention marked, "the first—and only—time in the history of the Order that a woman addressed the Grand Lodge". If you mean up to that time, no doubt you are correct, but at the 1946 Convention in New York Mrs. "Jo" Wilcox addressed the Grand Lodge in connection with the work of the Texas Elks Crippled Children's Hospital.

Joseph J. Bowen  
Buffalo, N. Y.

The new "Wrigley Writes From Washington" column is most welcome. It is a snappy page and adds further distinction to a magazine which already is top-flight.

F. B. Kelley  
Delaware, Ohio

The illustration of the "Huskies from Washington" in action, which appeared in your May issue, makes one wonder how, save through grit and bulldog determination, they win races. On form, number six is the only lad who would have earned a seat in our shell, back in the days before the Spanish American War.

Lou Eickwort  
Great Neck, N. Y.



## The day the Johnsons moved away...

They suddenly got cold feet and hated to leave town. In the new city they were going to, so much would be strange—the schools, the church, their neighbors...

But not *everything* will be strange. The grocer and the druggist will have unfamiliar faces, but the *products* they carry will be old friends. The shelves of every store will be stacked with brand names the Johnsons recognize. Of course, it is a comfort to be able to shop by familiar brand name—the name the manufacturer gave his product so that people could tell it from any other.

The Johnsons—like everybody else—know that buying by brand name is the only way to get *exactly what they want*.

Brand names mean *protection*,

too. By knowing brand names, you make the manufacturer responsible for the quality of products that bear his brand name. Any manufacturer knows that if you find his products good, you will buy them. If not, you won't—and the manufacturer will be forced out of business.

Brand names mean *progress*. That's because manufacturers vie with each other to improve their products, so you get better products... and you get more value for less money.

Remember—you get *value*, *protection* and you get *exactly what you want* when you buy by brand name. Read the ads in this magazine—they feature some of America's most famous brand names.

# Brand Names Foundation

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# Into the Web

BY DAVID M. NEWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY  
HY RUBIN

*Tom Billings loved his two bird dogs and his camp out on Turkey Slough — where they found him.*

IT WAS the first Monday in the month and the County Commissioners were to meet at ten o'clock, so I was in my office at the court house earlier than usual—eight o'clock or thereabouts. A country sheriff here in Florida has to work pretty close with his commissioners if he wants to stay happy.

Just after eight, the phone rang. I didn't recognize the voice at first.

"Sheriff Edwards?"

"That's me."

"This is Ormond Winters. I'm out at Tom Billings camp. Just got here and found Tom."

"What's the matter with Tom?" I asked, sensing trouble. Something always seems to happen in my office on the first

Mondays. There was a pause for a moment. Then Winters said, "Tom's dead, Sheriff—shot himself."

That brought me half out of my chair. I had known Tom Billings ever since he was a kid.

"Anybody else there?" I asked.

"No," came Winters' answer. "Not a soul. I just got here—came out to shoot some quail with Tom. I'd say the poor guy has been dead for some time—shot through the heart."

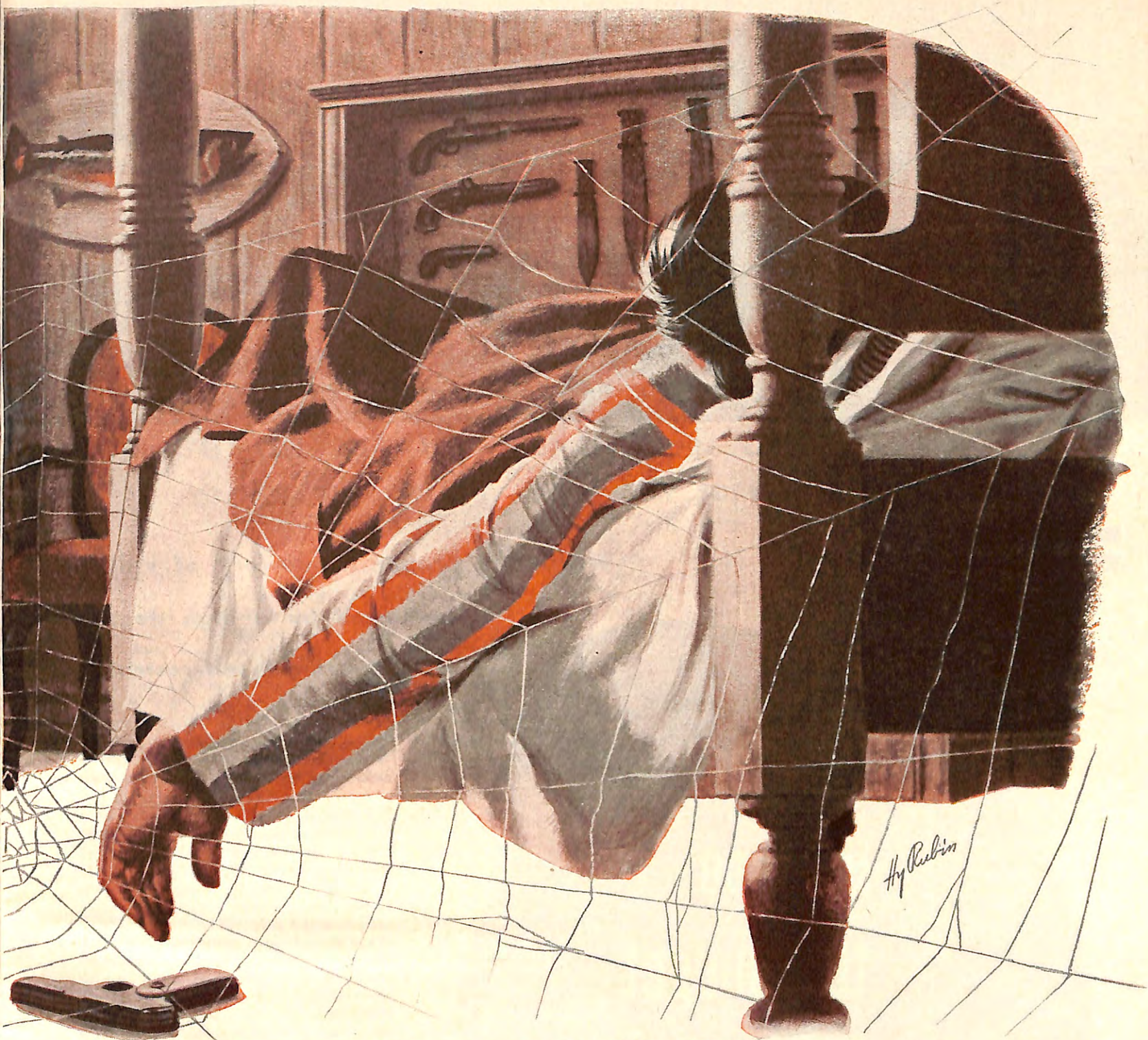
"Shotgun or rifle?" I asked.

"Neither. Pistol. .45 automatic. It's lying on the floor beside his bed."

"Don't touch anything," I said. "I'll be right out."

My car was parked under a big live oak on the south





**"Then I found the poor fellow, just as the Sheriff found him."**

side of the court house square and I was in it and on my way in less than five minutes; just took time to leave a note for my chief deputy, Hugh Baldree. He'd have to do the arguing with the commissioners this time.

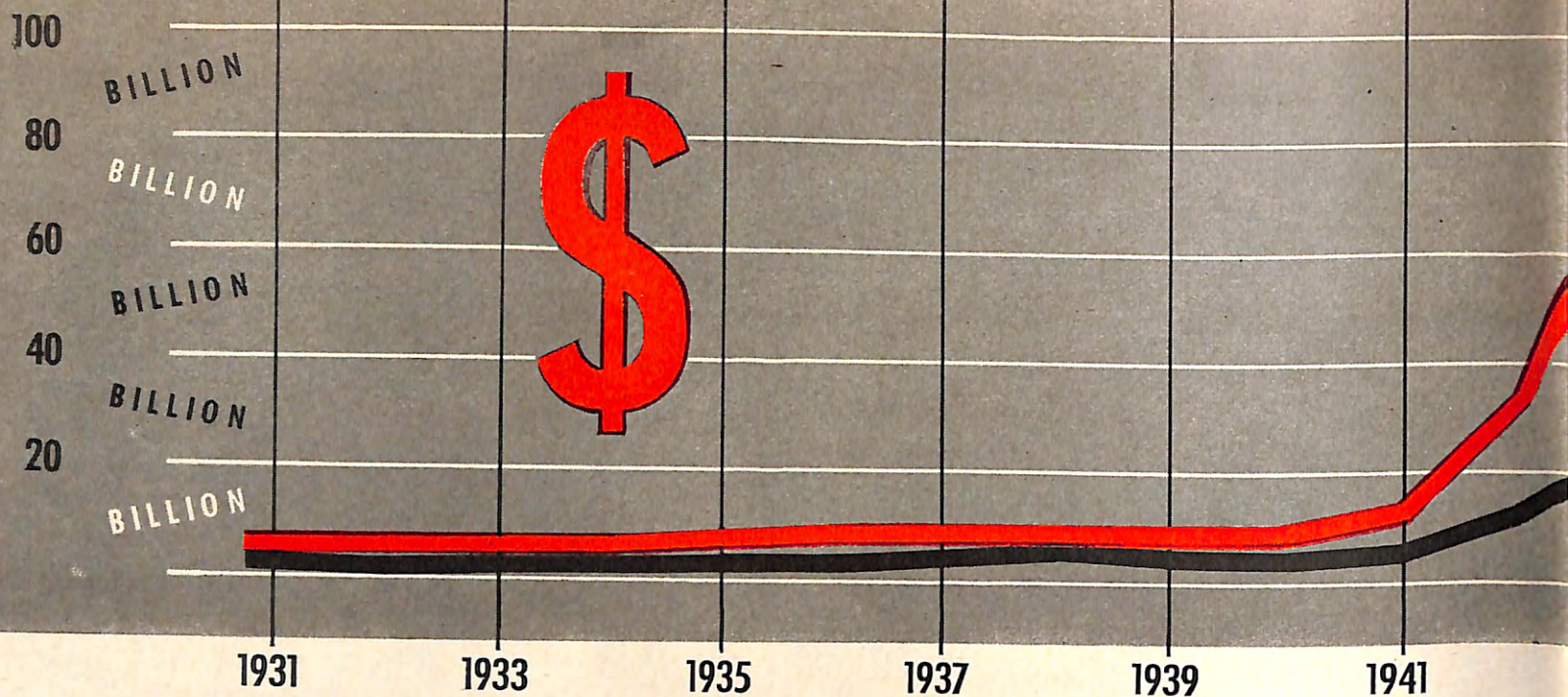
It's eleven miles north of town to where the old woods road turns off to Tom Billings' hunting camp on Turkey Slough. I made it to the turn-off in 15 minutes and on the way I tried to figure this thing out.

Like I said, I'd known Tom since he was a kid. His old man had owned half the county and had left him a fortune in timber. Tom worked at looking after it, but he found plenty of time for hunting. He and I had deer-hunted together many a day, but he was primarily a bird hunter and I'm not. I believe the good Lord put birds here to sing

and women to be loved, so I don't beat women or shoot little birds.

But Tom liked his quail shooting and the little camp out on Turkey Slough was his pride and joy. That and his pointers. He spent more and more time alone out at the camp, especially since he'd married that Yankee gal a couple of years ago and the big house in town was always full of her high-flying friends.

The folks in our little town didn't suit Mrs. Billings very well. I guess she figured us all to be a bunch of ignorant crackers, so we just called her high-falutin' and let it go at that. Reckon she was just too sophisticated for us. Oh, she was a good-looker, all right. And I've always claimed that there ain't but three really beau- (Continued on page 52)



Uncle Sam's Income  
Expenditures

*—with the proper framework of values  
bolstered by a high degree  
of ethical self-restraint.*

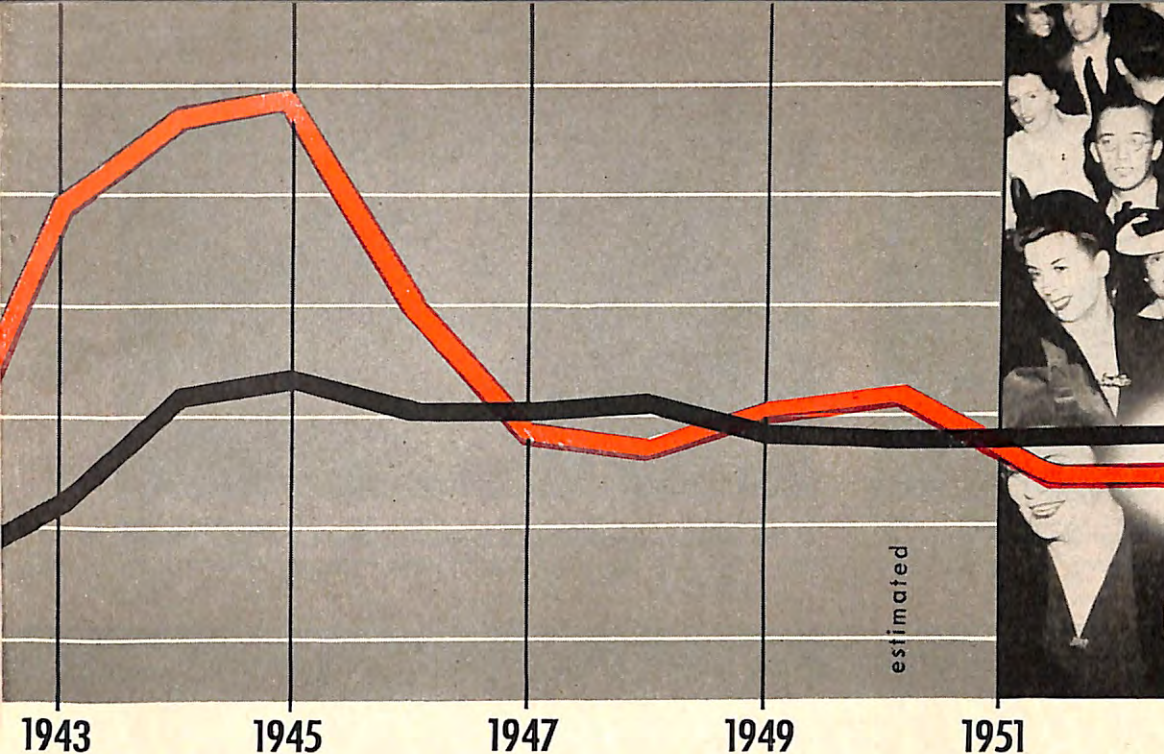
**We Can  
Balance  
the Budget  
by**

**1951**

**T**HE richest, most prosperous nation in the history of civilization can start to balance its books today. After ten years of lop-sided government economy caused by a second World War, we are in a position to accomplish this simply by paying only for food and rent and swearing off the rich desserts.

Nobody in America is anxious to have Uncle Sam continue spending so much more than he earns. Members of all political parties agree with the village barber in his righteous monologue that our \$42.5 billion in spendings had better be trimmed to fit the \$37 billion federal income as soon as possible. But the itchy problem is how this can be accomplished without harm to the individuals involved—150 million citizens. Eighteen months of study convinced me that our national budget can be balanced at this time, with no damage, by crossing off the luxury items and concentrating on good old dollar-value.

In a way, our controversial budget, trimmed somewhat closer to equilibrium in this fiscal year, should be examined in the same focus as an average household budget; both cover the same sort of expenses and prohibit extravagances. Any sensible family calculates its financing by first listing the cost of food, rent, electricity and other essentials. By deducting this total from the anticipated income a figure emerges which shows how much



## BALANCED BUDGET

BY SENATOR PAUL H. DOUGLAS

as told to Bob Deindorfer

or how little remains for savings or for a vacation trip, a television set or a second automobile. Millions of families face the dilemma of longing for luxuries they cannot afford. And so does Uncle Sam.

At times, some unexpected emergency will transform the carefully devised family budget into a worthless scrap of paper in the bottom of the waste basket. A costly operation for one of the children, for example, which is accompanied by the added cost of hospital fees, boosts spendings over income, since the same old expenses of food, rent and electricity still must be met. Often a family is forced to borrow against the value of its home or automobile to put what was a resolute budget back on its feet in cases of this sort.

IN THE same way, we cannot hope to balance our national budget every year. Depressions, wars or droughts create similar emergencies that call for government expenditures in excess of revenue. Although the war ended five years ago, we have been unable to make ends meet since, largely because of the high cost of convalescence. Occupation troops, giving aid to crippled nations and assistance to the men who helped win our war—all real necessities—run into billions of dollars a year.

But when employment and production are high in times of peace, we should balance our budget and begin to store up a surplus. We can do this right now.

Before any reductions can be suggested, however, the whole question of government spending must be looked into with an eye on total accomplishments. Despite understandable complaints over our heavy income-tax rates, the money paid in taxes is actually an investment that reaps the greatest dividends offered any-

where today—on Constitution Avenue, Wall Street or the Rue de la Bourse.

Your own tax contribution pays for a loaf of bread for a hungry kid in Italy and the salary of a steel worker in Western Germany. It paints the blue-gold insignia on a jet plane based in some fighter command protecting our national security. It helps to pay rent for the young lady who became a widow during this last war, or fish for the trout stream near your home. It helps stretch a new highway outside your city, fits a round of ammunition into the gun of a Turkish soldier on the edge of the Iron Curtain, resoles the shoes of your postman, adds another test tube in our fight against cancer and pays for college text books or medical treatment for some boy who represented you on Tarawa. Your tax dollars buy all these things.

And yet America can start balancing its budget today simply by stepping up to the counter and buying only what it really needs at reasonable prices. Billions more must be spent in the next fiscal year, but these billions can be trimmed enough to balance the books without any real harm to our vital defense and social programs.

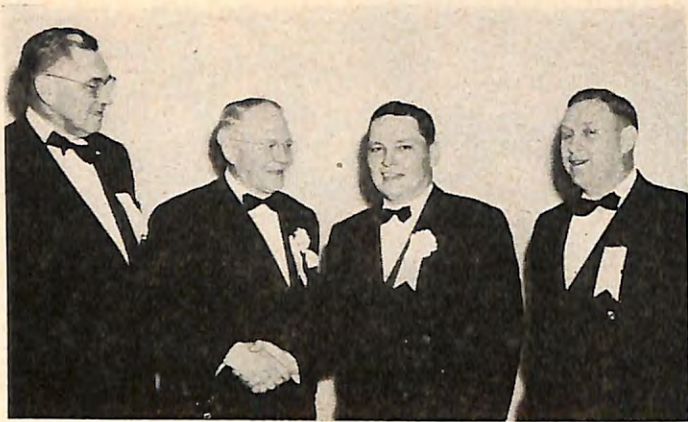
People who mutter that governments collect votes automatically nowadays through the dole system, admittedly a two-way street, might be open-mouthed with amazement if they realized that three-quarters of all our spending goes for past wars or for thrifty preparation against any future wars. Is it a dole to help an ex-serviceman back on his feet with medical treatment and a stake for college training? Is it a dole to keep troops in Japan? I think not.

Our federal spendings and our federal taxes are high today for one gloomy

(Continued on page 44)



Senator Douglas of Illinois contributes to national government the same incisive understanding of practical finance he demonstrated during his long distinguished career as professor of economics at the University of Chicago. A member of both the Banking and Currency and the Labor and Public Welfare Committees, he was named the outstanding freshman senator by the Washington corps of correspondents last year. At the age of 50 he enlisted as a private in the Marine Corps and was decorated with the Bronze Star following injuries sustained in combat on Pelilieu and Okinawa. Since his election to Congress in 1948 he has worked unceasingly to reduce the high cost of government without damage to the social programs he believes of immeasurable value.



The Order's leader is welcomed to Iola, Kans., Lodge. Left to right: Pres. V. P. McNamara of the Washington State Elks Assn., Mr. Anderson, E.R. Vernon E. Cain and District Deputy Milton L. Stoffer.



At Buckhead, Ga., Lodge, left to right: Rev. Harrison Black, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland, Grand Exalted Ruler Anderson, P.E.R. J. P. Ryan and Grand Chaplain Rev. Fr. James E. King.

# The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits



The doorstep of Portsmouth, Ohio, Lodge's home is the scene of greeting between, left to right, Huntington, W. Va., Lodge's P.E.R. Frank E. Martin, Portsmouth Club Manager M. L. Rowe, Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson, Exalted Ruler Kermit H. Frecka and Trustee E. J. Krickler, P.E.R., both of Portsmouth Lodge.

ceived a very fine Scout knife from these youngsters. A most enjoyable Grand Ball closed the evening's activities.

The Golden Jubilee celebration of LANCASTER, OHIO, LODGE, NO. 570, a three-day affair, was climaxed by the attendance of the Grand Exalted Ruler, the first incumbent leader of the Order ever to honor the lodge with a visit. The Elks had planned a gala program, which began with the entertainment of all civic and fraternal organizations of the city on the 14th, the Grand Ball on the 15th, and the reception, radio broadcast and formal banquet honoring Tacoma's No. 1 Elk on the 16th. The radio program emanated from No. 570's magnificent home, where 500 persons had gathered in the beautiful lodge room to hear Mr. Anderson's message, and to enjoy the music of the famous Elks Symphonette Orchestra and the Brass Chords. The largest crowd in Lancaster Lodge's history attended the formal dinner that evening, at which Mr. Anderson and Past Pres. L. G. Silbaugh were the principal speakers. Grand Est. Lead. Knight Fred L. Bohn, D.D.'s Howard Keller and Lawrence Derry and State Pres. E. Gene Fournace were among the 500 guests at this outstanding celebration. During his stay, the Grand Exalted Ruler enjoyed meeting Lancaster's oldest Elk, 91-year-old Mason Baumgardner, father of the lodge's club manager. Charter Members Chas. Juergensmier, Tiler William Gerten and H. A. Wachter received pins from P.E.R. Paul Lang on this occasion.

CYNTHIANA, KY., LODGE, NO. 438, was another branch of the Order to receive its first visit from a Grand Exalted Ruler when Emmett T. Anderson was its guest at a banquet and public meeting on the 17th. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Wade

**G**RAND EXALTED RULER Emmett T. Anderson, after a brief interlude in Tacoma, Wash., journeyed to East Chicago, Ind., to participate in the IND. NORTH DIST. meeting there on Apr. 15th. Among the 300 Elks assembled were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Grand Treasurer Joseph B. Kyle, Asst. Grand Secy. F. J. Schrader, Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committeeman Simpson Stoner, Lodge Activities Coordinator Bert A. Thompson, State Assoc. Pres. Robert L.

DeHority and D.D. L. W. Williams.

At a well organized session in the home of East Chicago Lodge No. 981, following a banquet attended by about 100 persons, Mr. Anderson was the principal speaker on a half-hour program broadcast over Station WWCA in Gary. The South Bend Elkord Chorus and the quartet of Kendallville Lodge entertained. Prior to this session, the Grand Exalted Ruler met with the Boy Scout Troop sponsored by the lodge, and re-



The Elks' leading official is greeted at the airport on his arrival in Lancaster, Ohio, to attend the local lodge's Fiftieth Anniversary program. Left to right: E.R. J. A. Mills, Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson, P.E.R. P. S. Lang, Committee Chairman C. A. Bletzacker.



The Grand Exalted Ruler receives a Scout knife from the Troop sponsored by East Chicago, Ind., Lodge. The presentation took place at the Spring Meeting of the Ind. No. District. With Mr. Anderson and the youngsters are Tom King and Stanley F. Kocur of the Scout Committee.

H. Kepner, Past Grand Trustee Arnold Westermann, State Pres. O. H. Stubbs and D.D.'s J. P. Ratcliff and Michael Hellmann, with P.D.D. Frank Martin of West Virginia, were among the 325 persons who heard the Grand Exalted Ruler's well-phrased and impressively delivered address. While in Kentucky, Mr. Anderson was introduced by Mayor John L. Cummins, P.E.R. of the lodge, to Gov. Earle C. Clements, who commissioned his visitor a Kentucky Colonel.

Accompanied by P.D.D. Martin, Mr. Anderson stopped at the home of PORTSMOUTH, OHIO, LODGE, NO. 154, for luncheon the following day, meeting E. R. Kermit Frecka and several other officials.

Over 300 persons, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler Kepner, Dewey Kuhns, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, State Pres. W. Cody Fletcher, D.D.'s Ratcliff and Paul Foster, Dr. S. H. Smith, Pres. of Marshall College, Mayor W. W. Payne,

State Cmdr. Walter Long of the American Legion and many other luminaries, attended the Apr. 18th banquet held by HUNTINGTON, W. VA., LODGE, NO. 313.

Greeted at the city's outskirts by a welcoming committee, Mr. Anderson was escorted into town by a police escort ordered by Mayor Payne, an Elk for over 40 years. Following a reception and prior to the dinner, the Grand Exalted Ruler addressed a public meeting at-

*(Continued on page 36)*

Below: Grand Exalted Ruler Anderson, surrounded by enthusiastic Indiana Elks, including State Pres. Robert L. DeHority, sits at the head of the table during the luncheon given in his honor by the Elks of Portland, Ind., Lodge.



Above: At the Okla. banquet, left to right: Past Pres. W. W. Butts, Special Deputy Floyd Brown, Mrs. Clair Hill, Vice-Pres. Hill, Past Pres. John Collin, Wash. State Pres. V. P. McNamara, Mrs. Earl James, Chairman James of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee, the Grand Exalted Ruler, State Chaplain and Mrs. M. M. Thomas, Pres. and Mrs. K. L. Aldrich, Pres.-elect A. M. Kerr, Vice-Pres. Edgar L. Green, Mrs. Roy Collins, and E.R. Collins of the host lodge.



At the Huntington, W. Va., Lodge banquet, left to right: P.E.R. George Reinhart, E.R. M. Fred Robinson, D.D. P. S. Foster, Grand Exalted Ruler

Emmett T. Anderson, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner, State Pres. W. Cody Fletcher, D.D. J. P. Ratcliffe and Mayor W. W. Payne.

# ROD AND GUN

**Ted's Cousin Alvin can think like a bass—and sometimes even better.**

**BY TED TRUEBLOOD**



**M**Y COUSIN ALVIN—he's my backward cousin—is a good bass fisherman. He says if you want to catch bass you have to think like one. If anybody can think like a bass, Alvin can.

One day we were sitting in our boat on Herkimer's Pond, casting futilely toward the shoreline, when Alvin gave a good demonstration of this ability. "You know," he said, gazing reflectively at a water bug, "there must be a hundred bass in a radius of 50 yards around here."

I didn't comment, and he continued. "They ain't hungry because there is plenty of minnies. So they are just laying around whetting up an appetite to go ketch another minnie. Bass are like people. They crave excitement. What we have got to do is simulate them."

Alvin reeled in his lure and replaced it with a large surface plug that had two metal arms. As it was pulled along the water these arms flopped and splashed like a bird struggling, or a terrified swimmer trying to get away from a shark.

To the tail hook of this lure, Alvin tied an 18-inch piece of nylon, and to that he fastened a small, diving, wiggling plug. The combination was a fearsome thing to cast, but he pitched it out 50 or 60 feet and let it float. After the waves had subsided, he reeled in all the slack and gave a terrific jerk.

Of course, the spray flew as the surface lure splashed across the water and the little one darted along behind. Alvin let the commotion subside. Then he jerked them again. "That distracts 'em," he explained. "Now watch this."

He began reeling, slowly at first, then faster and faster. Suddenly the water exploded as a big bass shot out, the hooks of the trailing lure fast in his jaw.

It was a sight to see. He jumped and splashed and the second lure flopped

wildly around his head. Alvin managed to keep a fairly tight line, however, and eventually led his fish, a five-pound large-mouth, to the boat. There was a look of triumph on his face as he hooked our first bass on the stringer.

Accidents happen when you are fishing, just like they do anywhere else. I decided that Alvin's catch was an accident. "Maybe," I thought, "they've just started feeding." I continued to fish in the conventional way, with one plug on my line.

Alvin, however, had no doubt that he had solved the riddle of the indifferent bass. "Look at that, boy," he chuckled happily as he dangled the weird combination in the air, "that's what gets 'em."

**I** SMILED and continued fishing. Alvin promptly caught a second bass, not so large as the first, but still a fish you could carry home without sneaking up the alley. Then, of course, I had to admit that maybe he did have something. I asked him how he happened to think of a stunt like that.

"Well," he said, with a crafty look around, as though making sure nobody could overhear, "if you was laying on the porch, full of Sunday dinner, would you get up for another dish of ice cream? Heck, no. You're full of ice cream. But supposin' a dog fight starts around the corner of the house. Would you get up for that? You're dang tootin' you would. You'd bust a string to get around there and see if your dog was chewin' on that

miserable mutt of Bud Thompson's or if you'd have to stop the fight.

"Well, bass are just like people. Try to feed 'em when they're already full and they just laugh at you. But kick up a little emotion and they'll come out to watch it every time. 'Course, long as it's going on right there, they'll just watch. But give 'em the idea whatever it is is gettin' away—that's when I started to reel—and they'll grab it 'fore they think. That makes 'em frantic."

So I tied on a big, splashing surface lure and trailed a second, smaller one behind it. I fished with the outlandish combination for the remainder of the afternoon. Apparently it did make the bass frantic; we caught a good string.

Another time, Alvin and I were fishing a lake during a midsummer hot spell. The heat waves danced over the water and there wasn't a breath of air or any sign of fish life near the surface. I knew we would have to fish deep and I was working a fast-sinking plug down close to the bottom.

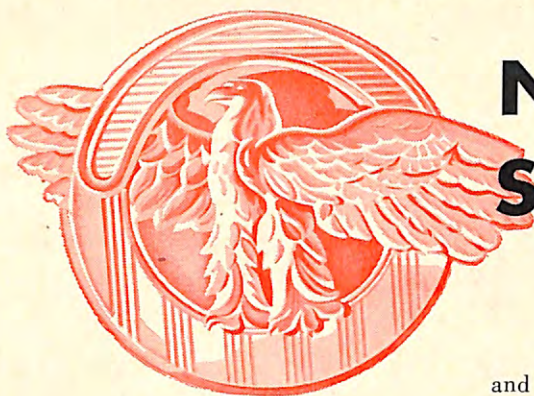
Alvin fiddled around with various lures and finally tied on a weedless spoon with a strip of porkrind. He made a cast, over water that probably was 35 feet deep, and then took time to cut off a chew of tobacco while it sank. At last, after rolling the quid into the right corner, he picked up his rod and reeled in the slack line. Then he raised it with a hard sweep of the rod from horizontal to nearly

*(Continued on page 41)*



**He can sit there, all slumped down, and first thing you know he is thinking like a bass.**

## ACTIVITIES SPONSORED BY THE ELKS



# NATIONAL SERVICE COMMISSION

**W**AUKEGAN, ILL., was the scene of a gala event May 17th, when the Elks of that city opened the new Elks Service Center and community hall.

The entire block on which the Center is situated resembled a military parade ground when over 200 servicemen streamed into the building for the grand opening of the Center, which was highlighted by a formal spring dance sponsored by the Waukegan Elks' ladies. Scores of attractive young ladies from the community's finest families welcomed Uncle Sam's men with all the enthusiasm they had shown during the war years.

The new Service Center, sponsored by the Elks National Service Commission

and headed by hard-working Bede Armstrong, was an immediate success. Closed late in January, the USO headquarters had been a controversial issue for many months. Everyone agreed it should be reopened for the many men of the Armed Forces located there, but it took the Elks to do something tangible about it, particularly in the matter of financing it. When the members of Waukegan Lodge No. 702 made it known they and the National Service Commission would take care of that part of the problem, the city's aldermen turned the building over to them, with a \$1-a-year lease, and the Elks took it from there.

The entertaining program in May was the result, and there isn't a soul within miles of Waukegan, either civilian or military, who isn't proud of it.

The Grand March, led by Mr. Arm-

strong, Capt. F. J. Grandfield and their partners, was one of the main features of the evening. Then Mr. Armstrong introduced the many dignitaries on hand—Mayor Robert F. Coulson, Col. Alexander H. Cummings, Commanding Officer of Fort Sheridan, Capt. J. S. Keating, Commander of the Naval Training Center, Capt. H. B. Edgar and Capt. Grandfield.

Representing the Elks National Service Commission at this affair was P.D.D. Wm. M. Frasor, Executive Secretary of that group. Among the other officials on hand were State Pres. Willis G. Maltby and Waukegan Lodge's E.R. Kenneth Wells.

But the most important guests were the young servicemen for whom this Center will be a home away from home. Nothing but happy approval was heard from these boys all evening—which is exactly what the Waukegan Elks had hoped for.

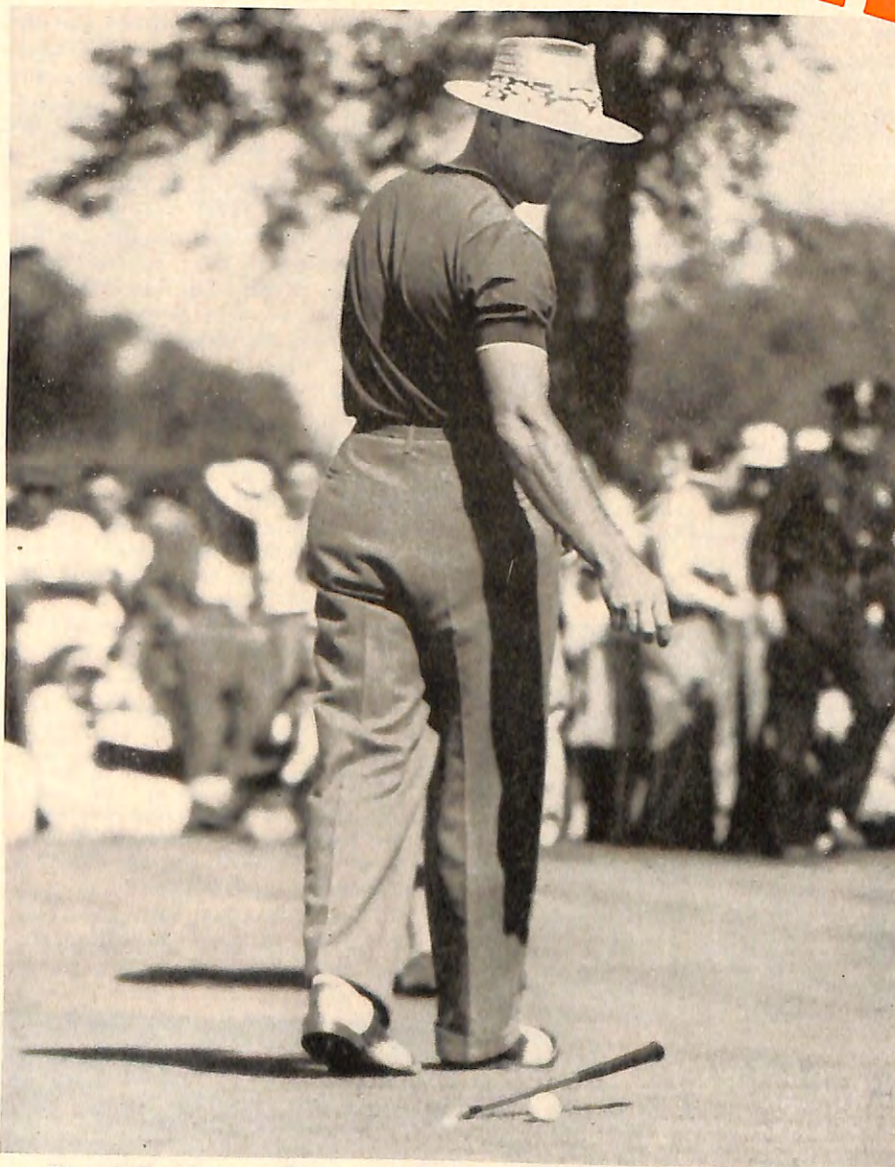


At left: Part of the large crowd of military and civilian enthusiasts who took part in the Grand March which was one of the features of the opening of the Waukegan, Ill., Elks Service Center.



At right, in the usual order, are Bede Armstrong, the Elks Service Committee Chairman; Fred Lindemuth, Great Lakes Naval Training Center Seaman; Reva Holt, Girls Service Organization head; Fort Sheridan Army Cpl. James Brookshire; Marine Cpl. John Weddington, and William M. Frasor, Executive Secretary of the Elks National Service Commission which gave financial backing to this worthwhile project. This group is demonstrating the theme of the opening, "We knew you were coming, so we baked a cake."

# PUTTS ARE THE PAY OFF



Disgusted with his performance on the 17th green in second round of the 1947 P.G.A. at Plum Hollow, Detroit, Sammy Snead tosses his putter to the ground.

BY AL STUMP

The short putt, seemingly the simplest of all shots, is golf's great leveler.

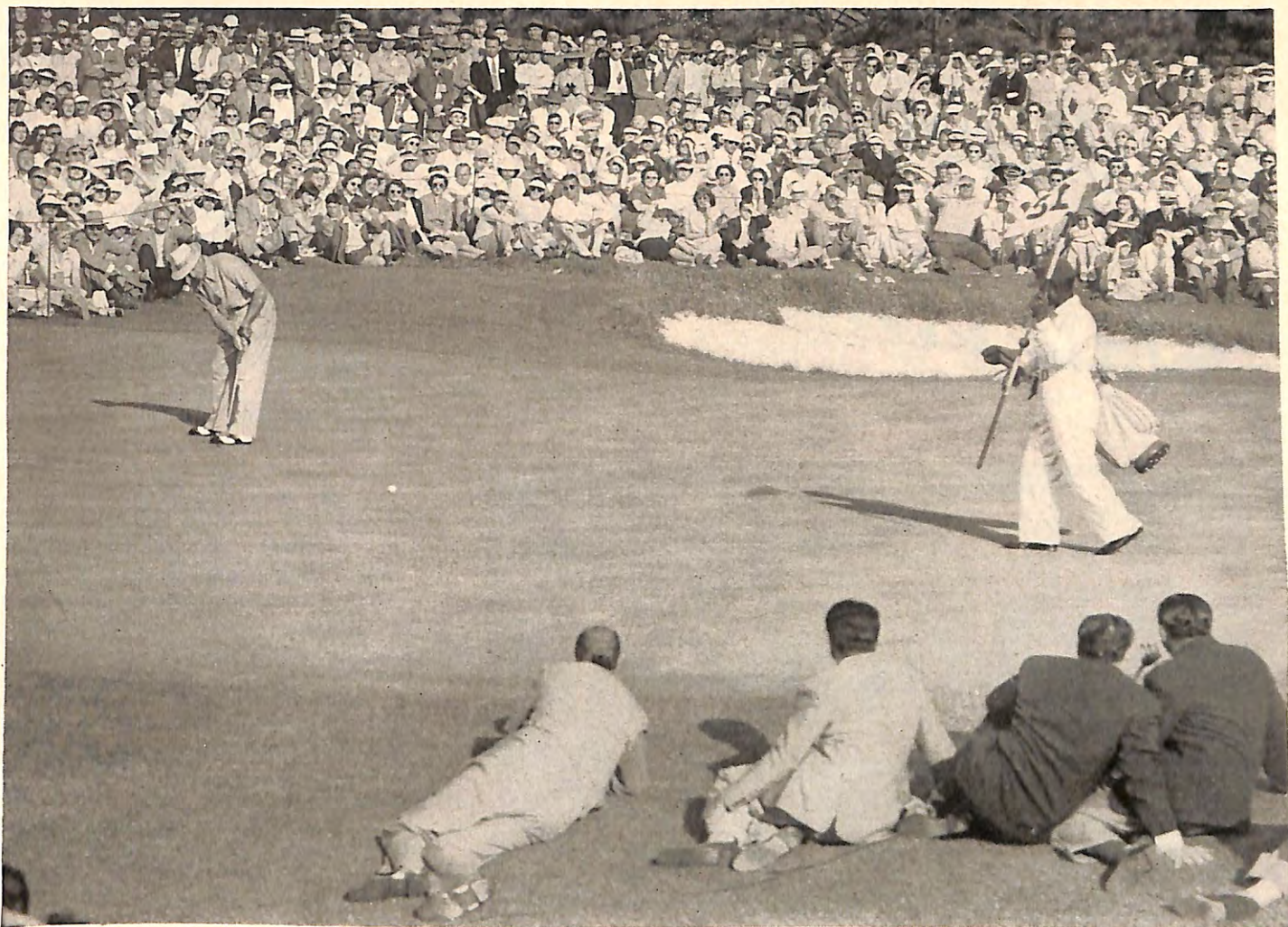
IT WAS during the tense closing moments of the \$10,000 Oakland (Calif.) Open that Clayton Heafner, the burly long hitter from North Carolina, once startled his gallery by chasing a golf ball up a tree bordering the twelfth green. Heafner's straying drive on the 147-yard hole somehow had lodged high in a nest of branches. A lesser competitor might have admitted that the ball was unplayable, but the 225-pounder shinnied up the tree, hung by his heels with the *savoir-faire* of Gargantua attacking a lunchtime banana and took a hefty swing.

Surprisingly, the pellet sailed through the foliage and dropped near the green. Heafner's supporters cheered wildly when he alighted and proceeded to pitch within a worm's length of the cup. After two such spectacular recoveries, he needed only to nudge in the ball—and the hole was saved.

Suddenly the crowd gasped. Heafner, the stouthearted fellow who played 'em out of oak trees, stood as if gripped by a hypnotic spell. His gaze was glassy. His barrel chest heaved. Convulsively, with one hand, he jabbed out with his putter.

The little pill rolled an inch and a fraction, did a dipsy-do around the cup—and stayed out.

Professional Golfers Association records show only two shorter putts that didn't drop in major tournaments. Walter Hagen, strangely unnerved, missed a one-incher in the 1929 Western Open and Bill Nary, a Los Angeles pro, once managed to mess up a half-incher. In Heafner's case, the flub was the difference between \$583.33 second-place money, which he sourly pocketed, and \$1200 first prize. Long after the golf writers had filed their last story on his fantastic blow-up, the Tarheel slugger's hapless cries rebounded. "I've got a hen back home can lay an egg further than that



putt—and I missed it!” was his least graphic howl.

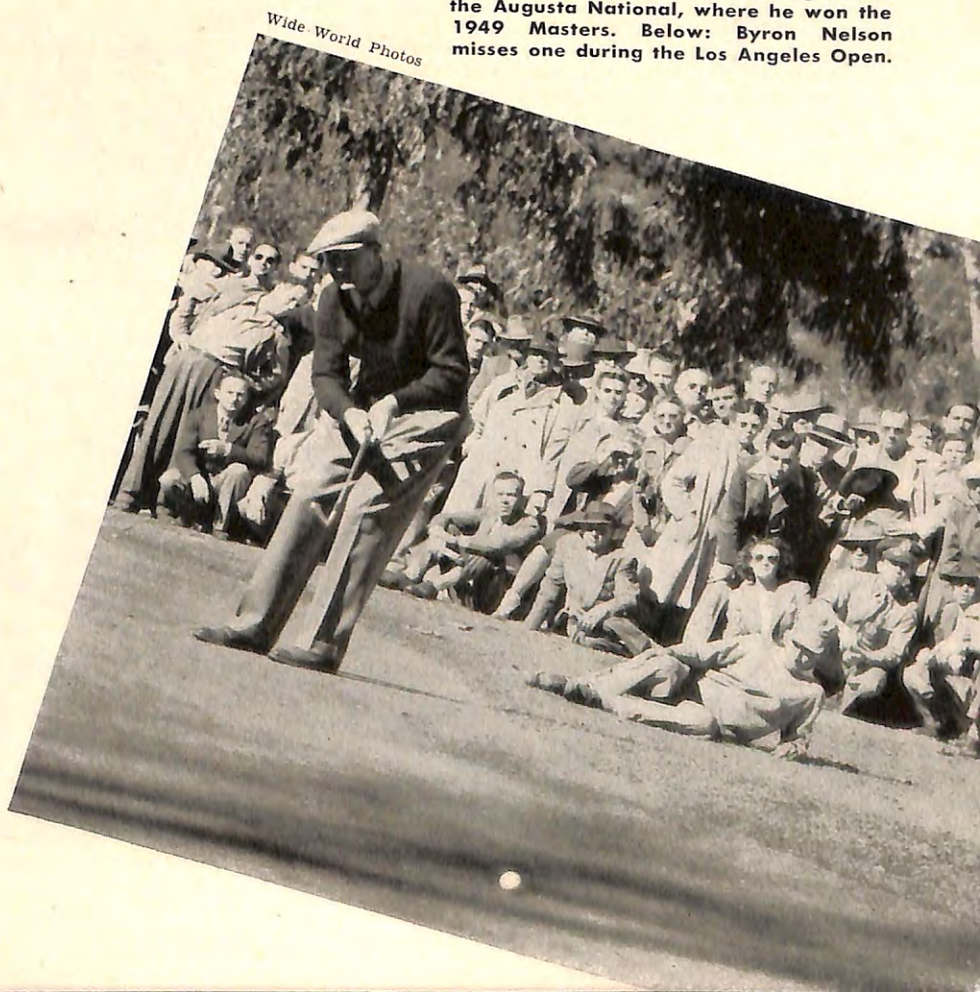
The anguish of Heafner, Hagen and Nary echoes through history. More than 400 years before today’s touring pros, similar complaints came from James IV of Scotland, the par-happy monarch who first popularized the game with a series of royal hooks into the heather. It wasn’t the hooks, however, that gave golf’s original mourner such pain. The fourth James often stated that the most bedeviling part of the newfangled pastime was the last wee tap of the ball toward the hole. Sometimes he could be heard stating it from a long Highland hike away.

Scotsmen everywhere hurried forth to see what was annoying the king—and the air has been slightly blue in an area fanning out from the Royal and Ancient Golf Club at St. Andrews ever since.

Then and now, the peanut-sized putt—seemingly the simplest of all shots—stands as the most baffling act in golf—and it’s greatest leveler. The putt can even be used as a sociological index to prove that the centuries haven’t changed human nature very much. James IV, a powerful ruler, choked up around the heart when faced with an easy three-footer. Not long ago, on a Middle West

*(Continued on page 48)*

Above: Here is one that dropped for Sam Snead—a 20-footer on the 18th green of the Augusta National, where he won the 1949 Masters. Below: Byron Nelson misses one during the Los Angeles Open.



# News of the State Associations

## LOUISIANA

New Orleans Lodge No. 30 was host to the 1950 Meeting of the Louisiana State Elks Assn. Apr. 28th, 29th and 30th, when a large number of delegates elected the following to head the Assn. for the year: Pres., Roy Yerby, Alexandria; 1st Vice-Pres., Fred Sintes, New Orleans; 2nd Vice-Pres., Miles J. Byrnes, Shreveport; Treas., Clarence LaCroix, Baton Rouge; Sgt.-at-Arms, A. S. Johnson, Jr., Jennings; Tiler, W. J. Cenac, Jr., Houma; Chaplain, Frank Hymel, New Orleans, and Secy., E. F. Heller, Alexandria.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor addressed the gathering, calling on Mrs. Yerby to address the ladies and Elks, too, at the banquet held on the 29th.

On the final day of the meeting the awarding of the Elks' scholarship took place, followed by a luncheon at the lodge home. During the afternoon, the Association's impressive Memorial Services were held during which the Northwestern State College Singers provided a most appropriate musical program.

Among the visitors to this meeting, at which it was decided that Alexandria Lodge would be host to the 1951 gathering, were Elks from Mississippi, West Virginia and Washington, D. C.

(Continued on page 38)



Above: These Woodward Lodge officers are the winners of the Ritualistic Contest held in conjunction with the Oklahoma State Elks Assn. Convention. Left to right: E.R. Brandon Frost, Lead. Knight Walter Pickard, Loyal Knight W. G. Darbro, Jr., Lect. Knight Clayton Clark, Esq. John Boyle, Jr., Inner Guard H. M. Gray, Chaplain Kephart. Seated, John Chenoweth, Jr., Candidate.



Right: Chairman E. J. Alexander of the Lodge Activities Committee and Washington State Pres. V. P. McNamara are greeted by Alaska Elks D.D. R. T. Thayer and retiring Pres. E. C. Smith at Seward after a 2,000-mile flight to attend the Territorial Elks Assn. Convention.



Here is part of the tremendous crowd which attended the gala banquet held in connection with the Missouri State Elks Association Convention.



BY TOM WRIGLEY

# WRIGLEY WRITES

FROM WASHINGTON



**A** PILE of riddled and torn fabric now carefully guarded in a room in the Pentagon is a grim reminder that peaceful relations with Russia are far off. It's all that was found of the life rafts of the U. S. Navy Privateer plane shot down in the Baltic Sea several weeks ago by Soviet fighter planes.

Newspapermen and others who examined the tattered wreckage all asked the same question. "When will war start?" That, of course, is anybody's guess, opinions ranging anywhere from tomorrow to never. Everyone is pretty well agreed, however, that American relations with the Soviet are not improving. Fear persists that another war gradually is shaping up. Here are some of the viewpoints: President Truman maintains our relations with Russia are better now than in 1946 when we called the Russian blockade of Berlin with our air-lift aces and won. Mr. Truman admits we face a long struggle against the "cold war" but believes a peaceful solution of differences can be found. On the other hand, Secretary of Defense Johnson and General Bradley, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, agree that the accumulation of events in the last six months has made the situation more tense. Looking at the cold-war trend with a cold eye, Secretary Johnson believes we could "stumble" into war by accident. Senator Tydings of Maryland has said the same thing. Chairman Symington of the National Security Resources Board warns that we must plan for instant conversion of industry from peacetime to wartime footing. We may have less than "hours" to mobilize in event of war, he declares. Secretary Johnson says Russia, through cold-war tactics, is trying to make a jittery America overspend in defense measures until our economy is wrecked. Perfect army, navy and air force are no good if the country is bankrupt, he points out. Cold-war maneuvers plainly show that the technique of war-making has decidedly changed. It is the art of taking over by infiltration and preparation from within. Hitler first used the technique when he spread his poison propaganda through Norway and then

marched in. Now the Prime Minister of Pakistan, Liaquat Ali Khan, says the people of the Middle East have an idea we are more concerned about preparing for war than we are in working for peace through the United Nations. This might be so; self-protection comes first.

## HE'S STILL PROTECTED

President Truman has been made an honorary member of the Secret Service and has a regulation gold badge. That doesn't mean that he can wander around without a secret service man at his heels. Badge or no badge, he is always guarded. It's the law.

## OUT OF THE WALLS

Some of the bricks taken from the walls of the White House during alterations bear footprints of pigs and chickens. The bricks were made about 1790 on the White House site when livestock roamed the grounds and occasionally got into the clay.

## WHY WALK?

It's hot-weather time in the Nation's Capital, but the town is not deserted. Washington is getting to be quite a convention city. It will hold some 275 conventions this year and attract about six million people. If you're one of them, don't walk yourself to death during the torrid season. Taxis by the hour are available at a rate of \$2.50.

## CONTENTED AND COOL

Down in the deep South, what with the heat and humidity, cows are poor milk producers. Uncle Sam, through the Agriculture Department, is finding out what kind of cow can stand the heat and keep up production. Holsteins can stand 95 degrees. Jerseys do okay up to 100. A new breed, now in development, is part Jersey and part Red Singhi, a breed of the Brahmin strain from torrid India. Tests show that the new kind of cow keeps cool and gives contented milk at a blistering 105 degrees without even making a moo.

## GOOD RECORDS

Washington has a steady stream of beauty contest dolls, vegetable and fruit queens and the like, all greeting somebody. It is refreshing to see someone who has done something worthwhile, as, for instance, the youth who won the Elks

National Essay Contest last year—William Johnson, of McAlester, Okla. Another of the same sort is Lloyd Reisner, of Indianapolis, who recently was greeted by President Truman as the American Trucking Association's "driver of the year". Reisner, driving since 1936, has had but one minor accident.

## REPORT ON JOBS

Employment figures, generally, are good and 1950 has "good prospects" of being a better year than last, the Labor Department reports. Seasonal mid-year peak may go over the 60,000,000 total. The labor force, however, has increased quite a bit since that total was fixed as the employment goal and 60 million jobs no longer meet employment needs of the country. Despite the general upward trend there are some areas of heavy unemployment.

## SUBS MAY BE FIRST

Of all things, the first application of atomic power probably will be in a submarine, maybe in two years, according to the Atomic Energy Commission. A "reactor" first must be produced. They hope to get started on this during 1950. Chairman Sumner T. Pike says. However, it will be a long time before we'll put an atomic cartridge in the family car that will generate power to run it three or four hundred miles. Experimental work costs a terrific amount of money.

## RECORD CATCHES

Those lovely June brides didn't do so well in leading their swains to marriage license bureaus. With reports incomplete, some 65,000 got their man. Estimates cover cities and counties of over 100,000. Last year the total was 65,435, according to the National Office of Vital Statistics. Record catch was in 1946, when the total bag was 86,302. March is the low month for marriages. Coughs, colds and stormy weather put a damper on romance. Federal income taxes don't help, either. But comes May—Ah.

## BY LAMP LIGHT

Special bactericidal lamps were installed in the White House offices to kill airborne germs. Now Agricultural Department scientists find that the lamps, when used in chicken coops, increase egg production 18 per cent. What'll they hatch next?

Ed Faust



Ed Faust talks about dogs and the care they will require this summer when the thermometer climbs.

## in the Doghouse

EVER since I was knee-high to a dachshund, summer has seemed to me the finest of all the four seasons—or are there four? I've met some New Englanders who claim that there are five—spring, summer, fall, winter and changeable. Perhaps the reason I'm so partial to the so-called dog days is that, for me, one snowflake makes a winter and I'll trade a pair of snowshoes for a palm-leaf fan anytime.

Comes the heat, and I'm reminded of an experience I shall never forget. It happened some years ago on a particularly warm morning, a very fine morning, too. I was on my way to the office (I was going to say "to work", but the man who employed me then reads this Magazine and I have no intention of affording him any amusement). Coming to a street-crossing I heard the tapping of a stick. Turning, I saw a blind man standing next to me. His head was tilted back slightly, as is characteristic of many who are blind. He was old, he was shabby, but on his face was a look of deep content, unlike the look on your friend Faust's face who invariably, during the early hours, feels like a porcupine with ingrown quills. Nothing seemed right; I was sore at the world.

As anyone would, I offered to guide the sightless man across the street and as we started, he took a deep breath and said, as if to himself, "What more does a man want than a day like this?" I had everything he lacked—youth, a good position, a fine home and, most precious of all, my eyesight. Need I say that my petty peevishness collapsed?

As I said, this experience comes to mind more often when we get one of those fine, warm days that New York City is blessed with every once in a while. Now, I know there are many to whom summer is a trying time and, considering my own feeling about the winter, I can sympathize with them. So let's talk about dogs and the care they require when the thermometer starts to climb. I've covered this subject before, but that was back when your *Elks Magazine* had fewer subscribers than it has today, and I'm sure that among the many who helped



Veto violent exercise for your dog on particularly warm days.

bring the total to over a million there's a small army of dog-owners who haven't read about Fido's summer care in these pages.

At this time of the year, if your dog is housed in an outside kennel, the utmost cleanliness is necessary. It's a time when flies and other parasites thrive at the dog's expense. Don't let food particles, or droppings, lie around, and if the dog is confined to a yard, see to it that the yard is swept clean regularly. If the dog has its own house, give the inside of it an occasional coat of whitewash to which you can add a small amount of disinfectant—about half a teaspoonful to two gallons. Air the dog's bedding every day or, better still, don't give him a cushion or cloth mat to lie on at all—a few sheets of newspaper are all that will be needed. The paper will be cooler and can be replenished daily to insure a clean bed every 24 hours. No, lying on the hard floor, or ground, with just a few sheets of paper between the dog and the floor won't hurt Fido a bit.

If you have no special pen for the dog, but still want him to enjoy the outdoors, erect a trolley by running a strong wire between two posts or trees. Attach to this a loose iron ring to which the dog's collar can be fastened. Hitched to the trolley,

your dog can run back and forth to his heart's content. While our four-legged friend is a natural sun-bather, he still needs access to shade, and if there is no shrubbery or tree to give him shade, build him a rough ceiling of broken branches, or throw a canvas or some kind of cloth over any sort of structure that the dog can get under. If you have a chance to observe your dog during any of the real warm days when he is loose in your yard, you'll note that he'll probably dig himself a nest in the cool earth; this, too, will be in some shaded spot. If he doesn't damage some prized part of your grounds, let him do it; it's good for him.

**D**URING the hottest days, feed your dog about a third as much as usual. This is a rule most sensible people observe for themselves; it's a good idea to cut down on your diet when the sun gets in its hot licks. Pay no attention to that fairy tale about raw meat being bad for dogs during the dog days. If your pup is used to it in his dinner pail, continue giving it to him—but in smaller quantity.

I cannot stress enough the importance of immediately removing all uneaten food, whether your dog is kept outdoors or in.

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# Elk Family Album



Three generations of the Revelette Family of Independence, Kans., Lodge. Left to right: Fred L., Sr., Fred L., Jr., and Robert F. Revelette.



When three Jones brothers became members of Needles, Calif., Lodge, the fourth brother was Esquire. Lodge officers are pictured here with, foreground, left to right: Esquire Calvin, Paul, Floyd and Dale Jones.



At a recent ceremony at Davenport, Ia., Lodge, Exalted Ruler Darrell E. Doyle and his officers initiated the three sons of Harry Voss, Sr., pictured as he received congratulations from E.R. Doyle, left foreground. The new Voss Elks are, left to right: Robert, John and Harry, Jr.



P.E.R. R. N. Antram welcomes new Elk John F. Lee as his brother Thomas and father W. J. Lee, veteran Alliance, Ohio, Elks, look on.



Officials of Hyannis, Mass., Lodge are pictured with the Fiske Elk Family, all members of Hyannis Lodge except one. Left to right, foreground: P.D.D. E. A. E. Richards, Edward Fiske, who is a member of Woonsocket, R. I., Lodge, Clarence E. Fiske, the father, P.D.D. J. J. McDonald and Joseph McMann. Second row: W. W. Fiske, R. R. Fiske, E. L. Bennett, M. M. Fiske and A. A. Fiske, all of Hyannis Lodge. Standing at the rear are Elk officers Allison Merihew and Myron Sandler.



Framingham, Mass., Lodge gives a Life Membership to P. J. Scagnelli, father of five Elks. Front row, left to right: P.E.R. T. F. O'Malley, Mr. Scagnelli; rear: sons Henry, Robert, Edward, Paul, Francis.



Pennsylvania's Everitt Family, reading clockwise around Past Grand Exalted Ruler George Hall: P.E.R. A. F., Jr., Lehighton; former Secy. J. A. and S. S., East Stroudsburg; B. J., in whose installation as E.R. of Easton Lodge they participated; P.E.R. A. F., Sr., East Stroudsburg.



Gary, Ind., Lodge's Curry Family. Left to right: Robert E., third generation; William, first generation, and Robert T., second generation.

# Humor Among Thieves

BY ROBERT FROMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY  
FRED IRVIN

*Crime is serious, although the bunglers provide some laughs.*

ONE afternoon a burglar walked into a Venice, California, home, found the mistress of the house chatting with two guests and calmly proceeded to tie up all three. Then the doorbell rang. He answered it, ushered in another guest and tied her up, too.

Before he could get down to business, a baby started squalling in the next room. The noise got on his nerves, so he untied one of the ladies and instructed her to quiet the child. She had almost succeeded when the doorbell rang again, and a Fuller Brush man had to be tied up.

When the burglar had finished that job, the phone started ringing. He stared at it for a moment, turned and surveyed the room with a look of disgust—then stomped out of the house empty-handed, muttering darkly to himself.

Crime usually is a pretty serious business. But that makes the laughs all the more cheering when they turn up—and there are plenty of them. Some of the absurdities which criminals, and would-be criminals, have perpetrated are pure slap-stick comedy.

Take the three bold bandits who walked into a small town bank in Ohio.

"This is a stick-up," said the leader, pushing his revolver through the bars of the cashier's cage.

The words were barely out of his mouth when the cartridge cylinder fell from his gun, clanked on the counter and slowly rolled to the floor inside the cage. For a moment the badmen gaped in amazement. Then they abruptly and rapidly departed. Picked up a few miles down the highway a little later, they made sadly disillusioned comments on the subject of crime.

In a way, incidents like this partly explain why the much feared postwar crime wave has not been so great as expected. In fact, this particular kind of crime—bank robbery—actually fell off after the war.

A couple of years ago a bank robber tackled the First National Bank in Harlingen, Texas. He managed to keep his gun in one piece, but he was in such a hurry that his total take amounted to only 32 cents. He stuck it in his pocket

and dashed out—straight into the open door of a police car.

Still, crime has been percolating along. Most types showed some increase last year, even if not quite as much as expected. In the first half of 1949, rural crimes increased 7.6 per cent over the same period of 1948 and city crimes rose 2.7 per cent.

With banks proving difficult, the knowledgeable criminals have turned to other and newer fields. Some of them showed a great deal of rather warped imagination. In fact, theft insurance companies awarded a verbal Oscar—in absentia, of course—to one Idaho thief. He found the usual kinds of thievery so tough there that he finally had to content himself with carting away a bridge. It weighed approximately 20 tons, and spanned the 300-foot-deep gorge of the Malad River. So far no one has been able to figure out either how he managed the trick or what he wanted with the loot.

Apparently, he set off a sort of under-world competition in wackiness. Not

(Continued on page 40)



They went back inside, did a specialty dance, passed out dollar bills, shook hands all around and waved farewell as they departed.



# News of the Lodges



● **SPRINGFIELD, MASS.**, Lodge, No. 61, celebrated its 50th Anniversary in a three-day program beginning Friday, May 19th. Open house was the rule that evening, with dancing, informal entertainment and a smorgasbord. On Saturday, May 20th, a large delegation met the lodge's distinguished guests at the railroad station to escort them to the lodge home for a reception. Among these visitors were Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson, Past Grand Exalted Rulers John F. Malley, E. Mark Sullivan, Charles S. Hart and James R. Nicholson, who has been a member of Springfield Lodge for half a century.

That evening the lodge's open-air "Wake Up, America" program took place with large numbers of the public on hand. Speakers included Mr. Anderson, Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Malley. The principal oration was delivered by Congressman R. V. Mack, a former member of the Grand Lodge State Assns. Committee, and a P.E.R. of Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge. Gov. Paul A. Dever of Massachusetts also delivered an impressive address.

Other guests at this program included Wm. M. Frasar, Executive Secretary of the Elks National Service Commission, and the city's Mayor, D. B. Brunton.

Following this inspiring program, the Elks adjourned to the lodge home.

The main feature of this celebration took place on Sunday evening with a

banquet at the Hotel Kimball, at which Trustee J. E. Kerigan P.E.R., was Toastmaster. The Order's leader joined former top executives Malley and Nicholson as speakers on this program during which No. 61 gave real evidence of the Elk principles in the presentation of several gifts to charitable organizations. These included a therapeutic table for the Bay State Society for Crippled and Handicapped Children suffering from cerebral palsy, a station wagon for the recently incorporated Cerebral Palsy Assn. made up of parents, relatives and friends of the afflicted, and an automobile for the Visiting Nurses Assn. The new Exalted Ruler, W. J. Woulfe, extended the warm welcome of his lodge to the guests, and the retiring leader, Paul L. Keating, was honored with the presentation of a Life Membership in recognition of his valuable services during his term of office.

● **TITUSVILLE, PA.**, Lodge, No. 264, is in line for an accolade. A year ago, realizing the need for a recreation park for both the young people and adults, the Elks attacked the job single-handed, and became the nucleus of a city-wide campaign. In less than 12 months, a special Elk committee had completed the tremendous self-assigned task of raising the necessary money for the project.

It all started with an invitation from the Elks to every social, service, patriot-

ic, fraternal and civic group in Titusville to attend an organization meeting; 27 groups responded, including a large number of high city officials. A public-spirited citizen, Mrs. Edgar N. Doty, donated her 15-acre estate, including a beautiful home, trout pools and landscaping, for the proposed park, provided the design be left to qualified architects and that the necessary funds be raised before assignment of the deeds. Within two months, architects were retained.

The Elks sparkplugged the campaign to raise the needed \$125,000 with a pledge of \$10,000. Soon the people of Titusville had pledged a total of \$176,178. More than \$86,000 was promised by the lodge and its individual members, one of whom, B. F. Krafft, Jr., donated \$20,000 in memory of his son.

Through the Elks' foresightedness, hard work, imagination, generosity and interest in young people, all of Titusville will soon enjoy an investment which will do much for the health, morale, culture and beauty of the community.

Right: Norristown, Pa., Elks participate in the county's semi-annual Naturalization Courts for new citizens. At the most recent ceremony, Judge H. G. Knight, left, congratulates a new American, as Chief Deputy Abram D. Hallman, who administers the Oath of Allegiance and is Norristown Lodge's only surviving Charter Member, left, center, and Esteemed Leading Knight G. D. Livergood look on.



Above: Mrs. Edith Hester, Pres. of Mobile, Ala., Lodge's ladies group, the Emblem Club, presents her Club's \$350 check for the Children's Fund to Chairman J. A. Marques of the lodge's Crippled Children's Committee.

● **FRESNO, CALIF.,** Lodge, No. 439, received a visit from a large group of San Francisco Elks not long ago, when a special train brought the visitors for a weekend visit. A huge turnout of Fresno Elks and their band were on hand to accord the out-of-towners a warm welcome and to take them to the lodge home, and various hotels. A fine dinner started off the festivities, and a full program of entertainment took care of the evening. The following day's activity was divided into golf and a trip to Friant Dam, part of the famed Central Valley Project. On returning to the lodge home, the visitors were treated to a fine smorgasbord before they were escorted back to their train for a rousing send-off.

This is a 400-mile round trip, and the Elks had the distinctive pleasure of riding the last train to be pulled by steam locomotive; all passenger hauling will be done by Diesel engine from now on.



More than 400 members of Fresno Lodge attended its annual '49ers' Day Dance and Entertainment. Everything was provided—games of skill. Old Western entertainment, and all the rest—bringing in a net profit of \$1,700 for No. 439's Charity Fund.

● **EUGENE, ORE.,** Lodge, No. 357, has once again demonstrated its generosity. Through the good offices of the Brothers of this lodge, the polio ward of Sacred Heart Hospital there is equipped with the latest in reclining wheel chairs.

By the way, this lodge's new leader, Lyle L. Small, is nothing if not capable, willing and foresighted. Immediately after his installation, E.R. Small issued an extremely well prepared handbook covering valuable information regarding the lodge's many and varied activities, and listing a program for his entire year of office. This schedule, although tentative, is amazingly complete and the booklet itself is so compiled as to give ample space for the members to jot down any additions or corrections in the program.

● **CAMBRIDGE, MD.,** Lodge, No. 1272, had quite a thrill not long ago, when an entire class of new Elks was made up of the members of one family.

The group of eight representative Americans was composed of six Dayton brothers and two of their nephews, truly a testimonial to the Order of Elks.

● **SOUTH BEND, IND.,** Lodge, No. 235, announces that its Degree Team took first place in the District Ritualistic Contest in East Chicago, for the third consecutive time. Competing with six other Northern Ind. teams. Present were Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson and Grand Treas. Joseph B. Kyle.

Ninety old-timers of No. 235 were honored at a dinner given by the lodge recently. Each of the members of more than 25 years' standing dined on steak, while the more than 100 others consumed corned beef and cabbage.

A group of topflight artists entertained, with four members of the lodge's Chorus rendering oldtime songs in barbershop quartet technique.

(Continued on page 30)



Here is the 100-man class of Jackson, Tenn., Lodge, initiated in honor of P.E.R. Chas. Hanebuth who has served as Trustee for over 30 years.



The officers and several committeemen of Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge, pictured on the tastefully decorated

stage during their Mother's Day Services for 1950. Over five hundred persons attended the observance.

## *An Elks' Mother's Day Report*



New Orleans, La., Elks are photographed with the mothers they honored at their Services.



Pensacola, Fla., Lodge's officers shown with the three young singers who participated in their Mother's Day Ceremonies, Johnnie Frenkel, Jr., Shirley Ann Pitman and Larry Lee Butler.

**M**ANY years ago the Elks became the foremost organization of men to make public observance of Mother's Day.

In an Order rich in ritual, each lodge is privileged to display its own native intelligence, feeling and imagination in offering a dignified and inspiring tribute to Motherhood.

The Lodge Activities Committee has been most interested in learning of these many and varied programs, and has invited all lodges to submit reports on their observances. In categorizing these summaries, the Committee has separated the lodges into three groups—I, membership of 1,000 and over; II, membership of 500 to 1,000, and III, membership of less than 500.

In our July issue last year, we published a report of the 1949 Mother's Day Services. In Group I, Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge was selected as having held the most appropriate and well thought out services. In this, our July, 1950, issue, we report that the Lodge Activities Committee has again chosen the Mother's Day Services of Binghamton Lodge as being the most outstanding.

The program was simple and pleasing to all of the more than 500 witnesses. Announcements were inserted in local morning and evenings papers, as well as

*(Continued on page 38)*



## Excerpts from the Report of the GRAND EXALTED RULER

**E**XPRESSING his deep appreciation of, and gratitude for, the honor of serving as the Order's leader, Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson pointed out in his annual report the progress and success achieved by the Order during the past year. Stressing that it had been his ambition to give the Order a business administration, and put it in the "Million Member" class, the Grand Exalted Ruler stated that the goal was achieved on March 31st, 1950, when the membership was 1,004,985, a net gain of 39,645 for the fiscal year. As of that date, 16,001 had been elected and were awaiting initiation. It is the opinion of the Grand Exalted Ruler that by Convention time membership will reach 1,025,000. "Our membership, under the direction of the Subordinate Lodge officers and inspired by the able leadership of our District Deputies and Committeemen, and with splendid support from Past Grand Exalted Rulers and Grand Lodge officers, asked the finest in every community to join our ranks and share our pleasure and our responsibilities", said Mr. Anderson in expressing his appreciation of the splendid support he had received during his stewardship.

### Lapsation

In his report the Grand Exalted Ruler expressed concern about lapsation, reminding members that while a definite program to curtail lapsation was promoted, he still found entirely too large a group dropped each year for non-payment of dues. Saying that without question this is the problem of all fraternal organizations, Mr. Anderson emphasized that study and prompt action is required if the enviable position of over one million members is to be maintained. In his opinion, strict business practices in the matter of collecting dues when they are due is a must in fraternal organizations.

### New Lodges

With respect to the institution of new lodges, this was an outstanding year in the Order's history. The Grand Exalted Ruler granted dispensations to 35 new lodges—the largest number granted in any lodge year. Mr. Anderson extended his personal congratulations to the officers of the new lodges, a complete list of which is included in the excerpts from the Grand Secretary's report. Only one charter was revoked, and that only for the reason of expediting reorganization.

### Visits

While devoting a very considerable amount of his time to the business side

of Elkdom, the Grand Exalted Ruler found time to visit 155 lodges and District and State meetings, taking him to 39 States and Alaska. He traveled more than 65,000 miles by rail, auto, plane and steamer and in many cases visited lodges which never before had a visit from the Grand Exalted Ruler. The results of the visits were more than satisfactory and, wherever he went, Mr. Anderson was impressed by fact that the finest citizens of the community were giving leadership under the banner of Elkdom.

### Emergency Fund

A serious emergency arose in Northern Minnesota during his administration and, taking action, after investigation, Mr. Anderson directed that \$1,000 be appropriated to the Crookston, Minn., Lodge to be spent under the direction of the lodge for the benefit of victims of floods in that community.

### Constitutional Amendments

With the approval of the 85th Session of the Grand Lodge, meeting in Cleveland last July, two amendments to the Constitution were submitted to all Subordinate Lodges and the tabulated vote on the amendments showed them to be overwhelming adopted. The amendments concerned the population requirements for new lodges and the method of naming new lodges and were published in the November issue of *The Elks Magazine*.

### Necrology

With profound regret, the Grand Exalted Ruler turned to the loss of brothers by death during the year. Speaking of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, who passed to his reward on April 26th, Mr. Anderson extended his personal sympathies and regrets for the loss of this "devoted Elk and courageous citizen". During the year, the Grand Lodge lost 682 members and the Order suffered a total loss of 13,217.

### Recommendations

From the experience gained during his year in office, the Grand Exalted Ruler has specific recommendations which he detailed in his report and these recommendations follow:

1—That the Grand Lodge chair officers be invited to attend the District Deputy meeting held in their vicinity so that the program of the Grand Exalted Ruler can be heard and supported by them during the lodge year.

- 2—That the curtailment of lapsation be a first order of business and a definite program of action for that purpose be adopted early in the lodge year in order to be effective. That subordinate lodge officers and Past Exalted Rulers and others be urged to cooperate with lodge Secretaries to insure success to this effort. That District Deputies and Past Grand Exalted Rulers be invited to assist in this activity by addressing letters to the lodges of their districts in urging cooperation to the plan.
- 3—That the Youth Activity program, the State Association program and the Activities Committee program have an allocation of sufficient funds to allow them to expand their field of endeavor.
- 4—That consideration be given the proposition of sending special deputies into those localities showing promise of being able to support new lodges and thereby insure a steady, healthy growth of the Order.
- 5—That an investigation be made as to the advisability of admitting "paying members" to our National Home at Bedford, Virginia.
- 6—That the "All American Conference to Combat Communism" have our enthusiastic support and that three of our members be named to represent our Order and that, further, the sum of \$1,000 be contributed to further the general principles of the organization.

### Conclusion

The Grand Exalted Ruler in his report stressed the teamwork that he had received during his administration and in concluding his report paid a moving tribute to the Order.

"I am deeply impressed with the sincere desire of all Elks to serve and add to the comfort and happiness of all mankind. This impression will be lasting and an inspiration to always hold high the torch of Elkdom.

"The memory of this year's service with the Brothers of our Order will be a lasting pleasure and a most pleasant one.

"This report, like my term of office, must come to a close but not until I have offered my profound gratitude and appreciation for the privilege of serving our great American fraternity as Grand Exalted Ruler.

to be submitted to the Grand Lodge at Miami in July.



**T**HIS was an unusually prosperous year for the Order, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters pointed out in his annual report which stressed not only the healthy increase in lodges and membership, but the generally strong financial position of the subordinate lodges.

### Membership

Indicative of the outstanding gain made in membership during the year ended March 31st was Mr. Master's statement pointing out that, as of that date, the membership of the Order was 1,004,985—an increase of 39,645 members. Subordinate lodges added to the membership roster 82,919 by initiation, 10,542 by dimit and 8,754 by reinstatement, the Grand Secretary reported. In the same period they expelled 131, dropped from the rolls for non-payment of dues 34,398, granted dimit to 14,824 and lost 13,217 by death.

### Grand Lodge Finances

The total income of the Grand Lodge for the year ended May 31st amounted to \$556,144.11, stated the Grand Secretary, and expenses were \$469,986.55, showing an excess of income over expenses of \$86,157.56. Current assets of the Grand Lodge are \$1,201,789.94, fixed assets are \$1,209,384.98, making total assets \$2,411,174.92. The Grand Lodge held in its various funds United States securities in the following amounts:

In the Reserve Fund.....	\$380,000
In the General Fund.....	\$200,000
In the Home Fund.....	\$ 50,000

### Subordinate Lodge Finances

The strong position of the subordinate lodges at the present time was reflected in Mr. Masters' report showing that, beginning the year just closed, cash on hand was in the amount of \$18,093,211.95. During the year the lodges received from all sources \$66,206,495.66 and expended \$64,485,893.18, leaving the cash balance as of March 31, 1950, \$19,813,814.43. According to Mr. Masters, the total assets of the subordinate lodges are \$210,036,001.80. At the Cleveland Session of the Grand Lodge last July, Mr. Masters reported that the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission had turned over to the Grand Lodge \$125,000 from the surplus earnings of *The Elks Magazine*. This amount was placed in the general fund of the Grand Lodge.

## THE GRAND SECRETARY

### Growth of the Order

Mr. Masters' report pointed up not only the impressive financial position of the Order this year, but also the outstanding progress made in adding new lodges and members. Not only was millionth member-mark passed for the first time in our history, but also 40 new lodges entered the Order. The dispensations granted are:

Granted by Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall:

Dispensation Granted	Name and Number of Lodge	Instituted
6- 3-49	Beloit, Kans., No. 1779	6-15-49
6-14-49	Plymouth, Mich., No. 1780	8- 7-49
6-15-49	Mesa, Ariz., No. 1781	7- 1-49
6-15-49	Sidney, Mont., No. 1782	8-14-49
6-20-49	Hobbs, N. M., No. 1783	6-28-49
6-29-49	Westbrook, Conn., No. 1784	9-17-49
7-13-49	Jerome, Ida., No. 1785	12- 1-49

Granted by Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson:

7-15-49	Willows, Calif., No. 1786	10- 8-49
7-15-49	Big Bear Lake, Calif., No. 1787	9-10-49
8-24-49	Statesboro, Ga., No. 1788	9- 9-49
9-13-49	Paris, Tenn., No. 816	10- 5-49
9-26-49	Pampa, Tex., No. 1573	10-12-49
11-18-49	Cortez, Colo., No. 1789	2- 5-50
11-25-49	Ainsworth, Nebr., No. 1790	2-12-50
12-27-49	Lubbock, Tex., No. 1348	1- 9-50
12-19-49	Watseka, Ill., No. 1791	2- 5-50
1- 9-50	Fayetteville, Tenn., No. 1792	1-23-50
1-23-50	Euclid, Ohio, No. 1793	2-26-50
1-28-50	Colfax, Wash., No. 1794	3-30-50
1-28-50	Fort Walton, Fla., No. 1795	2-23-50
1-27-50	Holdenville, Okla., No. 1796	2-22-50
1-28-50	Lusk, Wyo., No. 1797	3- 5-50
2-11-50	Albion, Mich., No. 1798	3-26-50
2-18-50	Blythe, Calif., No. 1799	3-25-50
3- 9-50	Lake City, Wash., No. 1800	3-24-50
3- 6-50	Weirton, W. Va., No. 1801	3-27-50
3- 8-50	Starke, Fla., No. 1802	4- 4-50
3- 1-50	Talladega, Ala., No. 1803	3-22-50
3- 7-50	Paramount, Calif., No. 1804	4- 8-50
3-10-50	Big Spring, Tex., No. 1386	3-17-50
3-11-50	Gresham, Ore., No. 1805	3-29-50
3- 1-50	Covington, Ga., No. 1806	4- 5-50
3-14-50	Hotchkiss, Colo., No. 1807	5-14-50
3-15-50	Auburn, Wash., No. 1808	3-30-50
3-20-50	Renton, Wash., No. 1809	3-31-50
3-27-50	Chaffee, Mo., No. 1810	4-16-50
4-13-50	Walnut Creek, Calif., No. 1811	5-13-50
4-20-50	El Cajon, Calif., No. 1812	5-20-50
4-26-50	Lordsburg, N. M., No. 1813	5-13-50
4-26-50	Prineville, Ore., No. 1814	
4-28-50	Berea, Ohio, No. 1815	
5- 1-50	Ephrata, Wash., No. 1816	
6- 1-50	Omaha, Nebr., No. 1817	
6- 1-50	Franklin, Ind., No. 1818	
6- 1-50	Clinton, Okla., No. 1819	
6- 1-50	Toccoa, Ga., No. 1820	
6- 1-50	Fairfield, Ala., No. 1821	

### Charitable and Welfare Work

The notable record of charitable welfare activities on the part of the lodges was continued at the highest level to date during the past year. Expenditure for charitable welfare projects by the subordinate lodges totaled \$6,104,373.18.

This was an increase of more than \$200,000 over the amount spent during the previous year. Summing up the results of this intensive drive on the part of the subordinate lodges, Grand Secretary Masters concluded with this statement: "We are looking out beyond our own dooryard for opportunities to help crippled children, to aid deserving students, to give the youth of America better understanding of the advantages of American citizenship, to care for our disabled veterans, and carry on many similar other activities.

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

Activities	Amount
Relief of members, widows, orphans, dependents, burials, etc.....	\$ 648,387.16
Summer camps, outings, etc.....	207,963.95
Milk, ice, and fuel.....	78,122.43
Crippled children.....	615,767.51
Medical aid and hospitals.....	724,104.72
General aid to needy families.....	219,005.69
Thanksgiving and Christmas baskets.....	685,286.16
Elks National Foundation.....	135,797.99
Scout work.....	230,844.58
Big Brother work.....	158,678.56
Playgrounds, including prizes.....	330,373.64
Scholarships, textbooks, etc.....	163,978.41
Red Cross, Salvation Army, etc.....	396,325.16
Veterans' relief.....	162,332.99
Miscellaneous.....	1,135,972.53
Flag Day, Constitution Day, etc.....	211,431.70
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>\$6,104,373.18</b>

The following table shows the amount expended in charitable and welfare work by each State and Special Jurisdiction, during the period from April 1, 1949 to March 31, 1950:

Alabama .....	\$ 37,740.26
Alaska .....	26,286.51
Arizona .....	84,804.94
Arkansas .....	12,068.77
California .....	517,346.24
Canal Zone .....	6,271.08
Colorado .....	274,327.95
Connecticut .....	89,285.95
Florida .....	162,422.69
Georgia .....	186,626.17
Guam .....	1,606.30
Hawaii .....	6,531.18
Idaho .....	136,872.93
Illinois .....	271,618.92
Indiana .....	256,960.13
Iowa .....	185,918.67
Kansas .....	141,160.49
Kentucky .....	43,991.15
Louisiana .....	13,408.72
Maine .....	26,016.69

Maryland, Delaware, D. C....	62,294.91	Pennsylvania .....	513,943.07
Massachusetts .....	255,479.32	Philippine Islands .....	4,158.38
Michigan .....	111,842.17	Puerto Rico .....	4,169.21
Minnesota .....	46,423.90	Rhode Island .....	37,340.28
Mississippi .....	8,769.95	South Carolina .....	46,666.22
Missouri .....	73,094.48	South Dakota .....	34,971.68
Montana .....	125,424.25	Tennessee .....	81,687.37
Nebraska .....	82,508.86	Texas .....	159,179.22
Nevada .....	19,923.99	Utah .....	40,957.94
New Hampshire .....	21,336.86	Vermont .....	31,347.81
New Jersey .....	249,610.78	Virginia .....	78,248.47
New Mexico .....	57,069.56	Washington .....	162,251.62
New York .....	537,081.88	West Virginia .....	98,720.35
North Carolina .....	61,728.73	Wisconsin .....	93,947.75
North Dakota .....	69,823.70	Wyoming .....	34,944.35
Ohio .....	190,130.02		
Oklahoma .....	35,928.36		
Oregon .....	192,102.00	Total .....	\$6,104,373.18

## THE BOARD OF GRAND TRUSTEES

**S**UBMITTING its Annual Report, the Board of Grand Trustees described the progress made by the subordinate lodges in the way of improving their facilities and the results achieved at the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va. On July 14, 1949, the Board of Grand Trustees met and organized by electing Hugh W. Hicks to continue for a second term as Chairman; Sam Stern, Vice-Chairman and Approving Member; Howard R. Davis, Home Member; D. E. Lambourne, Secretary, and Thomas J. Brady, Member.

### Purchase of Securities

The Board of Grand Trustees reported purchase of United States Savings Bonds (Series "G") in the amount of \$10,000 for the Grand Lodge Reserve Fund.

### Building Applications

During the fiscal year, applications were received from 119 subordinate lodges requesting approval to purchase or sell property, erect new homes, or make alterations, the Board of Grand Trustees reported. Authorization was granted to 114 lodges, and concurred in by the Grand Exalted Ruler, for the purchase of, and additions or alterations to, buildings in the amount of \$6,240,472.04. The applications received since the Grand Lodge Session in Cleveland last July included an additional contemplated expenditure of \$684,385.40 by the subordinate lodges. The sale or exchange of property totaling \$345,500 was approved by the Board. Applications from only five lodges

were either disapproved or returned for amendments and supplemental information.

### Elks National Home

A continued gain in the number of residents at the Elks National Home was shown in the report. At the close of the year ended May 31st, there were 284 residents, a gain of 14 over the preceding year. Average cost per resident was \$587.20, which represented a decrease of \$11 per resident over the comparable period of last year.

The Order and its members have a million and a quarter invested in the Elks National Home, the report of the Board pointed out, and it is a home of which every Elk can be justly proud. Although there are nearly 300 residents at the Home at this time, the Board reminds the subordinate lodges that there still is room for more and that it should be realized that the Home is equipped and staffed to take care of a much greater number. Actual operation of the Home is in charge of Brother Robert A. Scott, who has been superintendent for 23 years. Every effort is made by Superintendent Scott and the Board of Grand Trustees to keep the buildings and the farm, with its herd of 40 blooded cattle, in the best possible condition. In the report the Board expressed its appreciation of the work of Superintendent Scott in maintaining the high standards of the Home. The total cost of operating the Home during the year was \$188,411.63.

## STATE ASSOCIATIONS COMMITTEE

**P**REPARATION of a handbook to facilitate the establishment of new lodges and re-establishment of lodges that have

lost their charters, and a thorough study looking toward the improvement of State Association Conventions, were major ac-

complishments cited in the annual report of the State Associations Committee.

The handbook is a practical compilation of specific steps to be taken and pitfalls to be overlooked when considering the possibility of establishing or re-activating a lodge. Copies were distributed to all lodges, Association Presidents and District Deputies. The Committee pointed out that there are many cities eligible for lodges and that vigorous effort should be made to bring the advantages of Elksdom to communities now denied them.

The Committee made a series of recommendations for strengthening State Association Conferences, urging that these Conferences be modeled as much as possible on Grand Lodge Sessions. The Committee urged that a State Officers Dinner be a feature of every Conference, with Past Grand Exalted Rulers and other former Grand Lodge officers invited.

Conflicting dates for Conferences were found to be a serious handicap, making it difficult to obtain acceptances from Grand Lodge officers.

### Marching Units

Parades should be outstanding events or not attempted at all, the Committee believes. Every lodge should be represented with marching units, floats or musical groups in order to make a creditable showing for Elksdom. In this connection, the Committee strongly emphasized the importance of uniform dress for marching units, not only at State meetings but also at Grand Lodge Conventions.

### Ritualistic Work

In the Committee's opinion, State Associations have an opportunity to serve the Order well by placing greater emphasis on ritualistic work at their Conferences. Asserting that a good Ritualistic Team means better attendance at lodge meetings, attracts more inter-lodge visitation and schools officers for leadership in State and National positions, the Committee recommended that every Association initiate a class at its annual conference, the initiation to be conducted by the team winning the Ritualistic Contest. Every lodge in the State should be invited to have a candidate in the class.

### Publicity

More attention should be paid to obtaining better press and radio coverage of Association affairs, particularly Conventions. Every facility should be provided press and radio representatives, and they should be invited to attend Memorial and patriotic services and be fully briefed on Elk activities in every State.

Emphasizing that a well-planned budget is essential to the successful operation of a State Association, the Committee recommended that more care be given to this matter. Adequate budgeting enables an Association to accomplish more with fewer headaches, the Committee reported.

(Continued on following page)

Many lodges have adopted the Committee's idea that motion pictures be made of parties staged for Veterans at hospitals and of similar activities. These pictorial records of lodge events will serve not only to educate members who may not be as familiar as they should with what their lodge is doing, but also to provide another evening's entertainment when shown to the groups where they were made. Christmas parties for children make unusually good subjects for such films, the Committee found. Most lodges have amateur photographers among their membership, who would be glad to contribute their time and equipment for such purpose.

### Questionnaire

The Committee drafted a questionnaire to be used by Association Presidents for obtaining information relative to the nature and extent of activities conducted by the various lodges in their States. More than half of the Associations put the questionnaire to work and the information gleaned as a result proved helpful in several ways. Armed with it, Vice-Presidents were able to discuss lodge affairs, especially their problems, more intelligently on their visits; it served as a record of these activities and provided a reservoir of ideas for other lodges. The Committee urges Associations that have not done so to utilize the questionnaire during the coming year.

### Bulletin Contest

To stimulate interest in Association Bulletins, the Committee conducted a bulletin contest which proved very popular. Awards are to be announced at the Grand Lodge Session in Miami. The Committee found that bulletins are a prime factor in promoting successful Associations and in stimulating lodge activities by disseminating news of Elkdom throughout the State. They also serve as a clearing house on dates for important events, thus helping to avoid conflicts. Associations not publishing bulletins were urged to start them and to consult Associations with successful publications on format, production problems and other details.

The Committee frowned on the too-

prevalent practice of lodges postponing initiations during spring and summer because officers have not learned their parts of the Ritual, or for other reasons. Compelling prospective Brothers to wait long periods for initiation is poor practice, the Committee emphasized.

### Barbershop Quartet Contest

A popular innovation during the year was the Committee's sponsorship of a Barbershop Quartet Contest, to be climaxed by the final competition at the Miami Convention for three awards—the Emmett T. Anderson Trophy, the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee Award and the Miami Convention Award for first-, second- and third-place winners. All other entries will receive Certificates of Merit from the Grand Exalted Ruler.

The contest was undertaken on the suggestion of the Grand Exalted Ruler who felt that such quartets would provide interesting entertainment and be a popular activity. Experience proved this to be true and the Committee recommends that every Association encourage its member lodges to organize singing groups and conduct a contest with suitable awards at the next State meeting.

### Special Events

The Committee cooperated closely with the Grand Exalted Ruler, the Lodge Activities Committee and the National Service Commission in promoting special events during the year—such as the Millionth Member program; National Newspaper Week; Wake Up, America, program and the Order's participation in the U. S. Savings Bond Independence Drive. At the Committee's request, Associations appointed special Committees to work on these programs and encourage lodge participation in them.

The Committee's work was greatly facilitated by a plan of decentralization of effort and responsibility. The states were divided into five areas and one member of the Committee was placed in charge of each. Results demonstrated the soundness of this device for obtaining the maximum utilization of State Association machinery for support of Grand Lodge objectives.

many other lodges are engaged in youth activities of various kinds but, for one reason or another failed to make a report.

A trophy to be awarded to the lodge sponsoring the most outstanding youth program among all of those reported will be presented by the Committee at the Grand Lodge Session. Certificates will be presented to 24 other lodges which, in the Committee's judgment, carried on youth programs that were of a superior character. These lodges were:

Aberdeen, S. D., No. 1046; Binghamton, N. Y., No. 852; Chadron, Nebr., No. 1399; Columbia, Tenn., No. 686; Dubuque, Ia., No. 297; Excelsior Springs, Mo., No. 1001; Fort Collins, Colo., No. 804; Herrin, Ill., No. 1146; Hillside, N. J., No. 1591; Hollister, Cal., No. 1436; Klamath Falls, Ore., No. 1247; Las Cruces, N. M., No. 1119; Lima, O., No. 54; Longview, Wash., No. 1514; Milford, Mass., No. 628; Palo Alto, Calif., No. 1471; Pasadena, Calif., No. 672; Port Jervis, N. Y., No. 645; Queens Borough, N. Y., No. 878; Rock Springs, Wyo., No. 624; Rushville, Ind., No. 1307; Sayre, Pa., No. 1148; Tacoma, Wash., No. 174, and Wilmington, N. C., No. 532.

### Brochure Prepared

The committee prepared and sent to each Exalted Ruler a brochure designed to assist lodges to develop sound youth programs. The brochure listed many and varied types of youth activities that would appeal to lodges and gave detailed suggestions for planning, organizing and developing successful programs. Lodges which did not already have one were urged to appoint a Youth Activities Committee and to make an immediate survey of the community's needs. A promotional poster in three colors was mailed with the brochure for display in lodge homes.

### Varied Programs

The Committee's work spurred many lodges to action, as evidenced by the large number that established youth programs for the first time. More than 50 different types of programs are represented among the youth activities carried on by Elk lodges, according to the Committee. Among them are nearly every kind of athletics, Scouting, Boys Clubs, soapbox derbies, theatricals, church groups, Camp Fire and other girls' groups and youth centers.

### Interest in Scouting

The Committee reported that the Order's growing interest in Scouting was reflected in another large increase in the number of lodges which took this work during the year. It reported that more than 13,500 boys were members of Scout units actually operated by Elk lodges last year, while many more thousands benefited from Elk financial contributions. At the Committee's request, the Boy Scouts of America adopted a Scout kerchief in colors of purple and white to be

(Continued on page 43)

## YOUTH ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE

**M**ORE than a million youngsters are the beneficiaries of youth programs conducted by Elk lodges from coast to coast at an estimated cost of over a million and a half dollars, a survey conducted by the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee last year revealed.

The survey was one of the major undertakings of the Committee, established by authority of a resolution adopted at the Cleveland Convention, and was made

to stimulate work in this field in keeping with the Order's growing emphasis upon strengthening America's greatest asset.

### Trophy Award

The Committee received reports from 863 lodges that have youth programs in action, and of these 442 reported that they had instituted their youth activities during the year. The Committee points out in its annual report that undoubtedly

# NEW LODGES

**N**EW branches of our Order are springing up all over the country, keeping pace with the increase in our membership. With well over 1,000,000 representative Americans, it is obvious that the B. P. O. Elks is growing as it never did before; the beginnings of so many new lodges reflects that growth.

**AINSWORTH, NEB., LODGE, NO. 1790**, the 21st in the State came into being under the aegis of D.D. J. R. McNanney and Walter Hampton, a member of Chadron Lodge. Charter Members, numbering 191, were initiated by the Chadron officers, while the new lodge's leaders were installed by the Broken Bow officials. Over 200 guests were on hand, with all but two State Assn. officers taking active part in the ceremonies.

**LUSK, WYO., LODGE, NO. 1797**, was ushered into Elkdom at impressive ceremonies at which the officers of Casper Lodge, which donated the stations and altar to the new branch of the Order, were in charge of the initiation. D.D. N. E. Tuck presided at the institution and installation ceremonies, assisted by officers of Casper, Torrington and Cheyenne Lodges. Principal speakers at this event, attended by more than 300 Wyoming, Nebraska and South Dakota Elks, were State Pres. L. H. Mehse and Past Pres. Hollis B. Brewer, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee.

Several Southern lodges were instituted recently, two in the presence of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland. **TALLADEGA, ALA., LODGE, NO. 1803**, which owes a great deal to Past Pres. Wm. M. Fex for its organization,

had an impressive list of Elk luminaries as witnesses when the P.E.R.'s of Birmingham Lodge, led by W. B. McCollough, initiated its 115 Charter Members.

Under the leadership of State Pres. Heeth Varnedoe, Judge McClelland, Grand Lodge State Assns. Committeeman R. M. McDuffie, D.D. J. D. Allen and Past Pres. E. A. Dutton, **COVINGTON, GA., LODGE, NO. 1806**, was instituted with 183 members at ceremonies led by E.R. Guy Tyler and his officers of Atlanta Lodge. A large group of Elk dignitaries was present, including Past State Pres. J. Clayton Burke, State Secy.-Treas. R. E. Lee Reynolds and Exalted Rulers and former leaders of several other Georgia lodges.

**WEIRTON, W. VA., LODGE, NO. 1801**, also was instituted in the presence of a Past Grand Exalted Ruler, Wade H. Kepner. E.R. George J. Jones and the handsomely uniformed Degree Team of Wheeling Lodge was in charge of the initiation while E.R. John K. Boll of Wellsburg Lodge and his officers took care of the installation. Past State Pres. A. E. Kallmerten was present with several other Huntington Elks.



On hand to wish success to the new Weirton, W. Va., Lodge, left to right, seated: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Wade Kepner and D.D. King Larkin; standing, D.D. Paul S. Foster and Past District Deputy Richard McCreary.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis actively participated in the institution of two California lodges, **BLYTHE NO. 1799** and **PARAMOUNT NO. 1804**. The latter had 250 new Elks and 36 transfer dimitts in its Charter Member group, with more than 80 applications pending. D.D. W. J. Hawkins and former District Deputies were in charge of the institution, with the initiation being handled by Compton Lodge's officers and Mr. Lewis having the pleasure of installing the officers.

Blythe Lodge was sponsored by Nee-  
(Continued on page 52)



Blythe, Calif., Lodge's officers, pictured with Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis and D.D. Willard O. Rife, standing sixth and fourth from left, respectively, at the ceremonies held in connection with the institution of this new branch of the Order.



This group comprises the officers and Trustees of the new lodge at Covington, Georgia. Exalted Ruler W. C. Ivey is seated center.



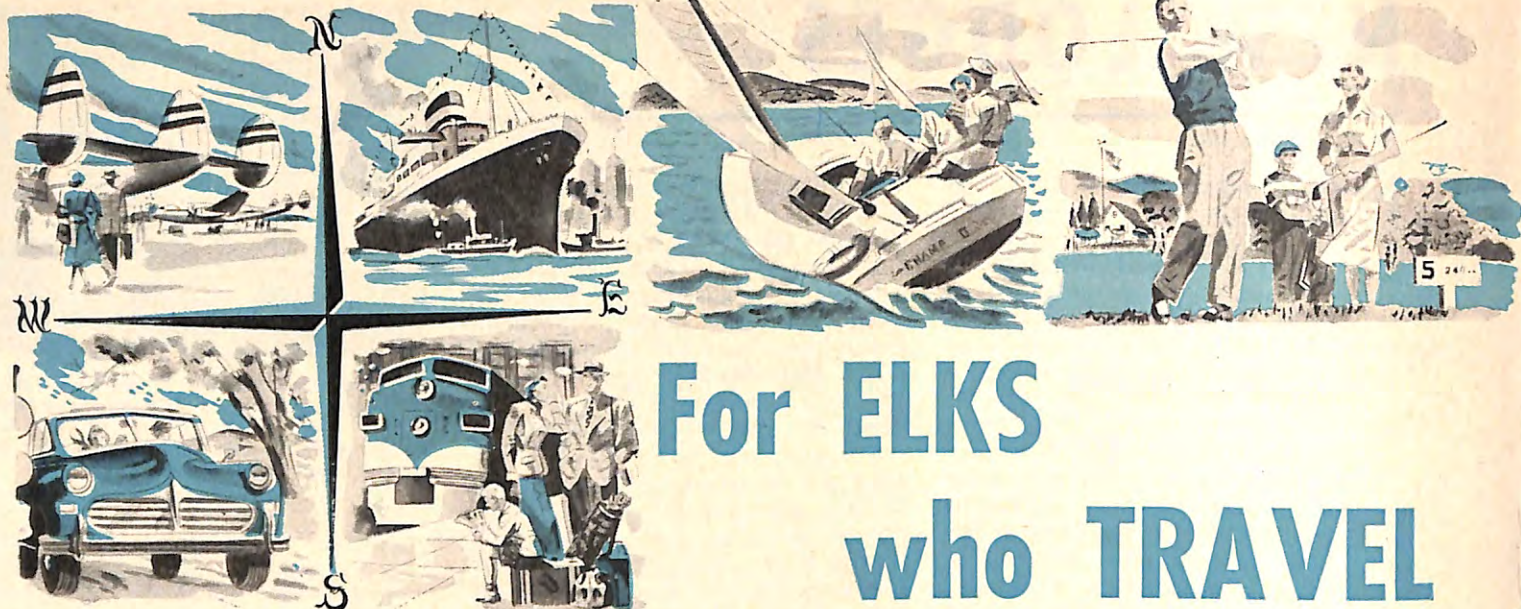
At Talladega, Ala., Lodge, left to right: State Associations Committeeman R. M. McDuffie, P.E.R. W. B. McCollough, Birmingham, the new lodge's E.R. A. D. Mizzell, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland, Past State Pres. W. M. Fex, D.D.'s Carter Dobbs and Fancher Phelps.



Renton, Wash., Lodge's E.R. Don Humble and officers, Lodge Activities Committee Chairman E. J. Alexander and D.D. H. L. Odlund.



Officials who participated in the institution ceremonies for Paramount, Calif., Lodge, left to right: State Pres. R. F. Craine, Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis, E.R. Glenn Whitlock of the new lodge, District Deputy W. J. Hawkins and E.R. George Williamson of Compton Lodge.



BY HORACE SUTTON

**S**HOULD you be the brand of man who needs room to roam in, there ain't no roomier place hereabouts than Yellowstone Park, a pleasant little playground, scarcely one-and-a-half times the size of

**If you need room to roam in, you can't beat Yellowstone and the Grand Canyon.**

*When in Brainerd*

*Stop at*

### B. P. O. ELKS No. 615

Conveniently located, Brainerd, Minn., Lodge offers good hotel accommodations at modest rates. 30 rooms, some with showers or private baths. No meals but good eating places nearby.

ROOMS	SINGLE	DOUBLE
Without Bath	2.25	3.25
With Shower	2.75	3.75
" Bath	3.00	4.00
" Private Bath	3.25	4.25

### WENATCHEE, WASH., No. 1186

One of Washington's better stopping off places.

**26 rooms, some with bath.**

Noon meals for Elks and their guests; light lunches available throughout day and evening in men's clubroom for members only.

**Reasonable rates.**

**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. Please print name and address. 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.

the State of Delaware. The largest, oldest and most famous of the National Parks, Yellowstone occupies a tract of some 3,472 square miles. This chunk of real estate comprises most of the north-west corner of the State of Wyoming and runs over into Montana and Idaho. Although it has a fine road system, Yellowstone is purported to be the wildest of Uncle Samuel's playgrounds. The Grand Loop roadway winds for some 145 miles through the park, but 100 feet from the main route will land you in absolutely virgin wilderness.

### WHERE THE ANTELOPE PLAY

I can't confirm the blueness of its sky, but Yellowstone is a place where the bears and the bison play—not to mention the antelope and the deer. Some resolute census taker has actually taken an animal house count in the park, and you might be interested to know that the woods are full of 13,000 elk, 930 buffalo, 800 antelope, 450 black bear, 200 grizzlies, 700 mule deer, 600 moose and 280 Big Horn sheep. Nobody got close enough to the ground to count the beaver, porcupines, lynx, coyotes and foxes on the reservation, but be assured that there is a mess of them. There are also 200 species of bird, from pelican to raven, traversing the Yellowstone sky. In any case there is absolutely no hunting on the premises except, as they say, with cameras. On the other hand, the fishing is superb and you are permitted to indulge without benefit of license.

The oldest entrance into the park is the Gardiner Gateway, first opened in 1883, which provides a way to the wilderness from Montana. This entrance is reached by the Northern Pacific Railroad.

A huge stone arch, which officially marks the gateway, was dedicated in 1903 by none other than Theodore Roosevelt. The Cody Road, entering from the east, connects Cody, Wyoming, with Yellowstone Lake. It took nearly 40 years of blasting, and nobody knows how much dynamite, to cut through the mountainsides and the wilderness. The route lies through the lands which were once the stamping grounds of Buffalo Bill Cody. The town of Cody and Buffalo Bill Dam are both named for him. If your nose isn't given to bleeding in the stratospheres, take the new Red Lodge High Road, the newest and loftiest of the Yellowstone approaches. The road comes in from the northeast corner, and for some 21 miles it skitters across the ridgelines of the Beartooth Rockies at a height of some 10,000 feet. You can see 250 miles of mountains merely by turning your head.

### EVERY COMFORT

Although Yellowstone makes a point of being as primitive as a voodoo dance, there are three good hotels on the grounds where you can spend the nights, safe and comfortable. At Mammoth Hot Springs near Gardiner, you'll find a main hotel building, first-class cottages and standard cabins. No other untamed wilderness ever sported a better beauty parlor, barber shop, cocktail lounge, or soda fountain. Old Faithful Inn is named for Old Faithful, a nearby geyser that disports on regular schedule. Canyon Hotel is near the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone River and has received some renown for its canyon-like lounge and its birch-paneled grand dining room.

Rates are standard for all Yellowstone Hotels, and you can take the regular



rubberneck. two-and-a-half-day tour for \$44.75, plus \$3.75 federal transportation tax and two per cent to the State of Wyoming on everything you eat. The \$44.75 tariff is based on two in a room, and a bath in the hall. A single room will set you back 75 cents more per night, should you value your privacy; two or three dollars more will net you a private bath. It is altogether possible, of course, that you might be traveling through Yellowstone as a transient tourist. In this eventuality two persons in a double room

with bath will cost about \$10, depending upon the location of the room and the hotel at which you are stopping.

### LANGUAGE OF THEIR OWN

Being a tract of considerable size, Yellowstone and its human inhabitants have developed a vocabulary all their own. A "dude" can be a tourist of either sex. A "savage" is any employe of the lodges, hotels or transportation compa-

(Continued on page 39)

Photo by Louis C. Williams



The Grand Canyon of the Colorado River—the biggest ditch on record.



### ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., No. 461

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

- For men only, with preference given to Elks.
- 75 well-appointed rooms with or without bath.
- Hot and cold running water and telephone in every room.
- Elevator service. Club's own parking lot next to building. Located in the heart of the business district, convenient to everything. Entire first floor devoted to lodge and club activities. Courteous attention to guests; every effort made to make your stay pleasant.

Your Brother Elks welcome you to

### LITCHFIELD, ILL., No. 654

30 Rooms—with or without bath.

Restful dining room and comfortable grill where finest food is served as you want it.

Bar service—bowling alleys—television.

\* Meals served members in clubroom also.

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

One of Elksdom's most outstanding lodge buildings.

Here are 45 comfortably-furnished rooms for Elks and non-Elks. Both men and women welcomed.

Single rooms range from \$2.25 to \$3.50; double rooms from \$4.00 to \$6.00. All rooms with private baths.

No meals served but a good eating place faces the clubhouse, where there's an excellent cuisine.

Elks receive first consideration for reservations.



# NEWS OF THE LODGES

(Continued from page 21)



E. R. Joseph McIlvaine presents Lehigh, Pa., Lodge's second payment on a \$13,500 pledge to Treas. Allen Mertz of the Gnauden Huettner Memorial Hospital. Past State Pres. Wilbur Warner, the Hospital's General Chairman, has raised \$750,000 for its construction.

● **NORRISTOWN, PA.**, Lodge, No. 714, is situated in the county seat of Montgomery County and the court house there is the scene of the semi-annual Naturalization Court.

The lodge participates at these ceremonies with the heartfelt approval of the County Judges and the U. S. Naturalization Bureau. At this time, a lodge officer addresses the new citizens, welcomes them to citizenship and presents each one with a silk American flag.

The praise this program has received throughout the entire State is most heartwarming. It is a typical Elk project, since this Fraternity is so typically American. The new patriots are grateful for the warm, friendly words of the Elk officer who stresses in his message to them the duties and obligations inherent in citizenship as well as the privileges the new Americans have secured.



Retiring E.R. Les Boodry presents Miles City, Mont., Lodge's \$5,000 check to Holy Rosary Hospital to furnish the pediatrics department of the new building which is now being erected.

● **MD., DELA. and D. C. ELKS ASSN.** delegates met for their 3rd Regional Meeting at the home of Hagerstown Lodge in April.

Many interesting reports were read by various Committeemen, one of the most important of these being the announcement of the fact that \$2,500 for the Boys Camp had been received from the sale of special stamps. Another report revealed that Hagerstown Lodge won the State Ritualistic Contest over the Silver Spring contingent. It was also reported at this meeting by Grand Est. Lect. Knight Chas. G. Hawthorne, head of the Assn.'s Veterans Hospital Service Committee that the opening ceremonies for a new VA hospital near New Castle, Dela., would include a fine Elk show.

● **KEY WEST, FLA.**, Lodge, No. 551, is taking the Order's Youth Program very seriously. These Elks have donated a large annex to their building for the use of the teen-agers of the city for Elk-sponsored dances and parties. The first affair was a notable success and the youngsters showed their appreciation for what the Elks are doing for them by naming their group the "551 Club".

● **MONTPELIER, VT.**, Lodge, No. 924, is the proud owner of property that should prove of great benefit to the city and its residents. The Montpelier Country Club, with its 155 acres, club house and tool shop, was purchased by the members of No. 924 recently. Now, under Elk sponsorship, the club is still available to the citizens of Montpelier, and with the planned repairs and renovations it should prove to be a very popular spot.

The club will be maintained by the Elks, termed by the *Montpelier Evening Argus* in a glowing editorial not long ago as "the most enterprising organization in the city", and although No. 924 hopes some profit from its operation will go to aid its favorite project, the Goshen Camp for Crippled Children, the lodge is to be commended for its civic interest in the primary purpose of the purchase—to save the club for the good of the entire community.

All members of the country club, as well as members of the lodge and their families and guests, will be able to use the club, which will result in the patronage of a much larger clientele than formerly.



Alameda, Calif., Lodge's "Public Officials Night" attracted over 500 Elks, among them, left to right: Superior Court Judge Donald Quayle, Past State Pres.; Governor Earl Warren, of Oakland Lodge; P.D.D. Sherwood Jones, P.E.R. and Mayor of Alameda; E.R. Joseph Bertrand.



Leesburg, Fla., Elks donate \$1,307.05 for a football stadium. Left to right: Committee Chairman Walter Kessler, Treas. Carlton Smith, Committeeman Virgil Ferguson, E.R. L. A. Morris, Secy. W. R. Battle, Chamber of Commerce Chairman H. B. Harrell and Committeeman George Rast.



Left: J. H. Hunter and H. C. Appleton and Loyal Knight M. B. Finley, chivalrous Brownsville, Tex., Elk officials, including P.E.R.'s, serve supper to Girl Scouts who, with their fathers, were entertained at a banquet marking their 38th Anniversary. While the lodge sponsors a Girl Scout Troop, all troops were invited.

Below: Some of the young people who comprise "Club 551" sponsored by Key West, Fla., Lodge enjoy one of the teen-age dances the Elks put on for them in the lodge home.



● **BROWNSVILLE, TEX.,** Lodge, No. 1032, is one of those branches of the order that is actively and enthusiastically a supporter of the Elks Youth Program. While this in itself may not be extraordinary, the fact that the girls of its community come in for as much helpful interest as do the boys, is well worth mention.

The Brownsville Elks sponsor a Girl Scout Troop of their own, but doesn't confine its activities for these young ladies to just that group. Some 400 Girl Scouts and their fathers were entertained by No. 1032 at a banquet marking their 38th Anniversary not long ago. The Elks took the opportunity to entertain all the Girl Scout Troops in the city and its vicinity on this occasion, with the result that 250 girls were on hand, with about 150 fathers, all served a fine dinner by a group of about 30 Elks who enjoyed their task of waiting on table. The program was highlighted with the showing of motion pictures by Milton E. Wentz, who also led in group singing.

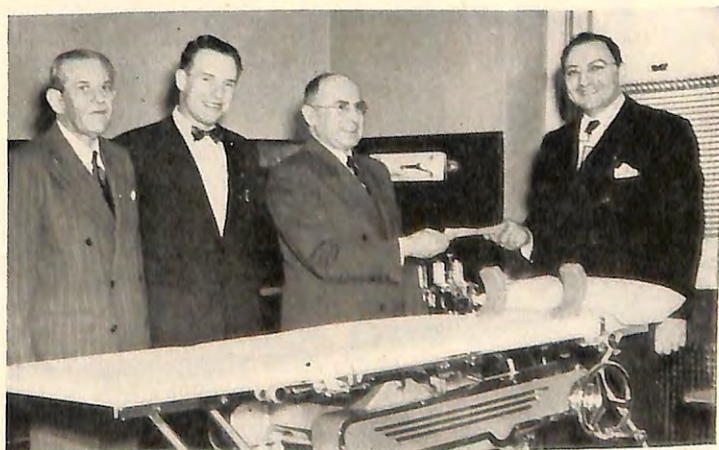
The Committee in charge of this most commendable program was headed by James M. Cleary, who is a member of the Girl Scouts Council of Brownsville.



A junior-size Drinker-Collins respirator is presented to Los Angeles County General Hospital for young polio victims by Glendale, Calif., Lodge. Left to right: E.R. J. C. Marvin, Hospital Director L. R. Bruce, and Glendale Lodge's Youth Activities Committee Chairman W. E. Hegi.



Retiring E.R. J. T. Griffin and officers of Rome Lodge, won the first annual Ritualistic Contest for the N. Y. Central Dist. Instituted by D.D. G. E. McCarthy who offered a handsome silver trophy, first of these competitions was held at the home of Ilion Lodge. Formal ceremonies marked the presentation of this coveted award at a Rome Elks' meeting.



Farren Memorial Hospital receives a modern \$1,590 operating table from Greenfield, Mass., Lodge. Left to right: P.E.R. B. J. Michelman, P.D.D., Chairman of the Lodge's Social and Community Welfare Committee; Trustee M. R. Skibiski, Chairman of the Budget Committee; Senior Surgeon Dr. F. J. Barnard, and E.R. Felix J. Cerrato.



Left: Trenton, Mo., Lodge's newest members stand behind E.R. M. A. McClausland and his fellow officers, including D.D. F. R. Collins.

Right: This group of men recently became affiliated with San Juan, P.R., Lodge. Among the initiates was Chief Justice A. R. de Jesus of the Puerto Rico Supreme Court.



Left: The retiring officers of Alliance, Ohio, Lodge, pictured with the class of 19 men they initiated in honor of P.E.R. George Pfeifer, seated sixth from left with Past Grand Esq. Cyril A. Kremser, D.D., on his left and E.R. R. N. Antram on his right. Mr. Pfeifer served his lodge as Tiler from 1916 to 1931, when he became Exalted Ruler. In 1932 he returned to the office of Tiler, retiring this year.

Right: Yuma, Ariz., Elk officers with committeemen of the Order of Eagles, pictured as O. B. Culley of the Eagles organization presented the Good Neighbor Award to E.R. K. V. Crowder for the accomplishments of the Yuma Elks.



Wm. F. Schad, seated left with Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson, and Past Grand Exalted Rulers Charles E. Broughton, top left, and Henry C. Warner, top right, was honored by Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge recently with the initiation of a large class, a banquet and stag party. The Elks Plugs, Male Chorus and Military Band entertained. P.E.R. Schad, Elk for 57 years, has been State Assn. President three terms, served as District Deputy under three Grand Exalted Rulers and has been Grand Est. Lect. and Lead. Knights. A State Assn. Trustee for over 25 years, he is still active in committee work for both Association and lodge.



The Idaho Cattlemen's Association auctioned off a midget bull at its 1950 Convention in Boise, bringing in a total of \$2,500. All this money went to various charities, with the bulk of it being donated to the Idaho State Elks Convalescent Hospital for Crippled Children. This photograph records the presentation of the check for \$1,553.34 to Robert S. Overstreet, Chairman of the Idaho Elks Crippled Children's Commission which manages the Hospital. Pictured, left to right, are: Leon Weeks, Amos Eckert, Mr. Overstreet and Charles Fiedler, every one of them a member of the Order whose work their Association aided so materially.

Right: Wilmington, N. C., Elks serve supper on the lodge home lawn to some of the 250 youngsters who make up the School Boy Traffic Patrol which the Elks sponsor. These upstanding young men, wear plastic Sam Brown belts, inscribed with the word "Elks" in purple cloth.



Left: State Pres. George Swalbach rolls the first ball to open the N. Y. State Elks' Third Annual Bowling Tournament at Niagara Falls. Others in the foreground include State Chairman Maurice Lane, Chairman and State Director J. B. McKelvey, Mayor W. B. Lupton of Niagara Falls and Mayor S. M. Rosinski of No. Tonawanda. The Schenectady team won.

Below: Richmond, Ind., Lodge presented Honorary Life Memberships to these former Exalted Rulers, among them Charter Member Albert Morel. The presentations were made by D.D. J. T. Williams in the presence of 250 guests.



## NEWS OF THE LODGES

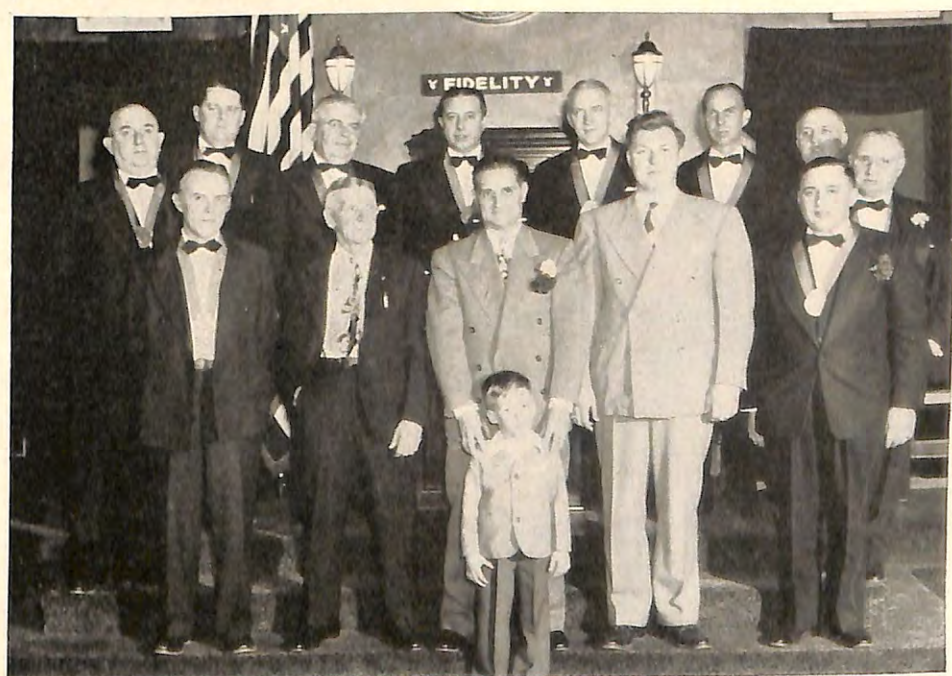
● **JACKSON, TENN.,** Lodge, No. 192, made quite an occasion of its P.E.R.'s Night, when 100 candidates were initiated in honor of P.E.R. Hanebuth, an Elk since 1905, Honorary Life Member since 1932 and a Trustee for over 30 years.

Former leaders of No. 192 who filled the stations for the ceremonies, included P.D.D.'s Hugh W. Hicks, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, A. Lacy Price, E. J. Nunn and W. K. Foster.

A barbecue supper was served to the 100 new Elks and to 500 veteran members, including D.D. Will H. Foster.

● **BIDDEFORD-SACO, ME.,** Lodge, No. 1597, already has an impressive list of charitable contributions behind it for 1950, the most recent gift being the presentation of a \$1,000 Watson obstetric delivery and operating table to Trull Hospital, bringing the total charity expenditure to \$10,000 for various local and out-of-town projects. Notre Dame Hospital received \$3,500, as did Webber Hospital.

Generous donations have been made to Hyde Crippled Children's Home, the Me. Elks Assn., Elks National Foundation, St. Louis Home for Boys, Sweetser Orphanage, Community Chest, Salvation Army, Infantile Paralysis and numerous others, making this lodge of only 500 members an outstanding contributor.



Among the 38 father-son combinations on hand for Willimantic, Conn., Lodge's Father and Son Night were four generations of the Mathieu family: Joseph Z., grandfather; P.E.R. Clarence M. Mathieu, father; Clarence G. Mathieu, grandson, and potential Elk four-year-old Wayne George Mathieu, great-grandson. Others pictured are Exalted Ruler R. W. Hinman, fourth from left, back row, and his fellow officers.

Right: E.R. M. J. Houlihan, seated center, and his officers with the class of 31 men they initiated in the handsome new lodge room of the Watervliet, N. Y. Elks' home.



Left: The Elks of Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge present a modern oxygen tent to St. Vincent's Hospital. Left to right: P.E.R. H. M. Moul, Life Member A. W. Blessin, Charity Bazaar Committee Chairman, Sister Alice Marie, Supt. of Pediatrics, P.E.R. R. L. Egbert and E.R. R. W. Baylor.

## NEWS OF THE LODGES

Right: Pictured are some of the 200 men and women bowlers who attended the bowling banquet of Williamsport, Pa., Lodge. More than 22,000 games were rolled during the season.



Right: The \$25,000 home for paraplegic veteran, Sgt. Irving Steinberg, seated here with Committee Chairman Charles Wernicke, P.E.R., kneeling at his left, is dedicated by Hillside, N. J., Lodge. Among those on hand for this climax to a campaign spearheaded by the Elks were State Pres. H. W. Swallow, D.D. C. A. Rorke and J. F. Bader, Chairman of the Elks Paraplegic Committee.



## Las Vegas Elks Raise "Helldorado" Stadium



**LAS VEGAS, NEV.,** Lodge No. 1468, is one of the real live-wire branches of the Order in the Southwest. After 14 years of leadership in the staging of that community's famous Helldorado Days, the Elks in 1948 completed one of the most outstanding community projects ever attempted there.

In a story supplied by P.E.R. John F. Cahlan, your Magazine learned of the tremendous effort, money and responsibility expended by the Elks of his lodge for this program. No. 1468

has donated over a quarter of a million dollars to the recreational program in Las Vegas. While they had some help from the general public, the original impetus for these donations came from the lodge, to be carried on through the drive of several key members. This donation is in the form of an enormous, all-purpose stadium, dedicated at the city's Helldorado Days' Celebration in 1948.

The Elks invested about \$75,000 in the project, the rest of the expense being defrayed through contributions of money, labor and equipment, with almost all manual labor donated, with labor unions, citizens and civic officials pitching in to lend a hand. Veteran Trustee James Cashman was the moving light in the program, envisioning the stadium in the first place, then setting about realizing this dream, and being on the job almost 24 hours a day for a protracted period.

The evening this stadium was dedicated was a memorable one to all the Elks of Las Vegas, but especially to Trustee Cashman, in whose honor the field was named, by Elk officials and civic dignitaries, including Gov. Vail Pittman.

These Elk Helldorado Days celebrations are a most exciting series of well-planned entertainment features. There are parades, with special awards, picnics, street dances, contests and, of course, the rodeo itself. The 1950 16th Annual Elks Helldorado Rodeo was a rousing success, with 25,000 spectators.

# NEWS OF EASTERN LODGES



At a recent meeting of South Orange, N. J., Lodge, E.R. Matthew Denardo, Sr. initiated his two sons, Matthew, Jr. and Jack into the Order. Among the 300 spectators were State Pres. Harold Swallow, D.D. Charles Ori and Vice-President Leo Cruise and, left to right foreground, former Chairman William Jernick of the Lodge Activities Committee, the three Denardos, Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, Col. William Kelly, who is another former Lodge Activities Committee Chairman, and Past District Deputy Julius J. Marion.



Hackensack, N. J., Lodge's Veterans Cigarette Committeemen honor the wife of the late Saul Greenberg, the Elk who pioneered the monthly visits of members of his lodge to Bronx Veterans Hospital. During the past year more than \$3,000 in gifts has been distributed to hospital patients. Among those pictured are E.R. L. B. Bicher, Jr., P.D.D. Harry H. Smith, Mayor A. R. Granito and W. L. Brown, Vice-President of the New Jersey State Elks Association.



The officers of West Palm Beach, with Exalted Rulers of many other Florida lodges, are joined by their wives at a Pre-Convention party given by West Palm Beach Lodge. Among the dignitaries present were D.D. Andrew T. Healy, P.D.D.'s William A. Wall, J. Alex Arnette, Arthur O'Hea and Edward O. Williams and State Assn. Activities Committee Chairman Chas. Peckelis. P.E.R. Edward F. Stumpf, Secretary of West Palm Beach Lodge, was Master of Ceremonies.



Everett, Mass., Lodge makes its annual gift to Whidden Memorial Hospital. Exalted Ruler Laurence Bleiler, second from right, made the presentation in the presence of several Elk and hospital officials.



E.R. Charles Landry, left, and retiring E.R. Ralph Michelman with Organist Gordon Thomas and the new Steinway grand piano which individual members of Brattleboro, Vt., Lodge bought for the lodge home.

**BUCYRUS, OHIO,** Elks have been taking excellent care of Helen Van Horn, a young lady afflicted with a serious lung ailment which has required that she receive oxygen continuously. The Elks of Bucyrus have been furnishing this oxygen for the past four months at the rate of one cylinder a day. Now, through the courtesy of one of them—C. B. Grubbs, who is connected with the Burdett Company—this concern is supplying some of the oxygen gratis . . .

**SPRINGFIELD,** tells us the Elks there treated the patients at the Veterans Hospital in Dayton to a fine 90-minute program with the entertainers donating their services . . . W. S. Gould is celebrating his 56th consecutive year as Secretary of **SCRANTON, PA.,** Lodge. Mr. Gould does not confine his abilities to the lodge alone; he also serves the Pennsylvania State Elks Assn. in the same capacity. Not only Scranton Lodge and the State Association, but the entire Order benefits by the devoted service of this loyal Elk . . . The latest from our Grand Exalted Ruler's office about lodges with a 100 per cent paid-up membership covers the State of **CONNECTICUT** very adequately. The list includes the following lodges: Bridgeport, Bristol, Derby, Greenwich, Norwich, Putnam, Rockville, Southington, Wallingford, West Haven and Westbrook. This list speaks very well for the Elks of that State . . . Incidentally **HARTFORD, CONN.,** Elks feel pretty well protected; the city's Chief of Police and their new Exalted Ruler are the same man, Michael J. Godfrey.



Right: Minneapolis, Minn., Elks entertained the Grand Exalted Ruler and other distinguished visitors at a pleasant luncheon meeting.

During his visit to Helena, Mont., Lodge, the Grand Exalted Ruler was entertained at a banquet at which he met the Boy Scout Troop sponsored by the lodge. These young men are pictured here, with the guest of honor and a few of their benefactors, background, left to right: J. McKenzie, Dick Carson, Pat Martello, E.R. Chris W. Morgenson, Mr. Anderson, Gov. John W. Bonner and, far right, Dan Killeen.



(Continued from page 9)

tended by representatives of several West Virginia, Ohio and Kentucky lodges.

An informal dinner was tendered the Grand Exalted Ruler on the 19th by an enthusiastic group of **KANSAS CITY, MO.**, and **IOLA, KANS.**, Elks, at which Pres. V. P. McNamara of the Wash. State Elks Assn. joined the official party. The following day, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner accompanied the visiting dignitaries on several lodge trips, including stops at **AUGUSTA** and **OTTAWA** Lodges, and on the 21st, after a luncheon meeting and reception, these dignitaries attended the banquet marking the 50th Anniversary of **IOLA LODGE NO. 569**.

A class of 70 men, the largest in No. 569's history, was initiated at the session that followed the dinner at which over 400 guests were served. This celebration, another three-day event to which many surrounding lodges sent large delegations, marked the dedication of Iola Lodge's new home. The lodge's former home had been destroyed by fire.

**OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA., LODGE, NO. 147**, welcomed nearly 700 Elks to the 1950 meeting of the **OKLA. STATE ELKS ASSN.** on the 21st, 22nd and 23rd. This meeting is reported on page 38 of this issue.

On the 24th, the Grand Exalted Ruler, Mr. McNamara and State Pres. Cliff Ogden were welcomed by 150 at a banquet held by **OMAHA, NEB., LODGE, NO. 39**. Introduced by E.R. John Radik, Jr., the visitors were the principal speakers.

On the 25th, a special committee and officials of **MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., LODGE, NO. 44**, led by E.R. E. M. Peacock, met the travelers at the Municipal Airport. Among them were former Grand Trustee J. Ford Zietlow, D.D.'s P. T. Johnson and B. E. Stroup and former Grand Tiler Emory Hughes. After an informal luncheon, the party toured various spots of interest, including the Veterans Hospital where the Grand Exalted Ruler conversed with a number of Elk patients. As the guest of the lodge at a dinner that evening, Mr. Anderson enjoyed meeting

nearly 300 Elks, including State Pres. D. W. Nagle, Vice-Pres. E. J. Curry, Trustees John Meurer and E. Archie Cook, Secy. Stanley P. Andersch and Past Pres. Judge W. M. Ericson.

**GLEN DIVE, MONT., LODGE, NO. 1324**, entertained the distinguished visitors at a banquet attended by about 400 persons on the 26th. Present were Judge S. D. McKinnon of the Grand Forum, D.D. Max Cebulla and many other luminaries. The lodge's Drum and Bugle Corps led a large group of Elks in a parade through the city, celebrating the first visit of a Grand Exalted Ruler in 35 years.

**MILES CITY, MONT., LODGE, NO. 537**, showed the Grand Exalted Ruler some more of the State's fine hospitality at a luncheon meeting attended by Judge McKinnon, D.D. Cebulla and 200 others. The Grand Exalted Ruler's address was broadcast over Station KRJF. On hand for the luncheon meeting on the 27th were many Billings and Glendive Elks.

Four hundred Elks gathered as guests of **HELENA LODGE NO. 193** at a banquet for Mr. Anderson that evening. Gov. John Bonner, Past Grand Est. Lect. Knight Frank R. Venable, Chief Justice of the State Supreme Court, P.E.R. Hugh F. Adair, and Assistant Justice Albert H. Angstman, State Pres. W. L. Hill and D.D.'s Cebulla and Thomas Meager were among the Montana Elks who welcomed the visitors from the State of Washington, the Grand Exalted Ruler and Pres. McNamara. Officers from several nearby lodges were present. Mr. Anderson, Governor Bonner and Mr. McNamara were the principal speakers.

Elks of **BUTTE LODGE NO. 240** welcomed the visitors, joined now by the Grand Exalted Ruler's nephew, Robert Anderson, at a luncheon meeting on the 28th. P.E.R. James T. Finlen, Jr., was a capable Toastmaster, introducing the Order's leader to 120 guests. The party left for

**MISSOULA "HELLGATE" LODGE NO. 383**, stopping en route for brief visits with members of **ANACONDA LODGE NO. 239**, and **DEER LODGE NO. 1737**. Later the travelers were bogged down in a blinding snowstorm at the top of the Continental Divide for two hours, finally being rescued by the State Patrol. At Missoula the Order's chief executive and his companions enjoyed dinner with 25 officers led by E.R. Ray P. Woods. P.E.R. Oskar O. Lympus, P.D.D., was Toastmaster.

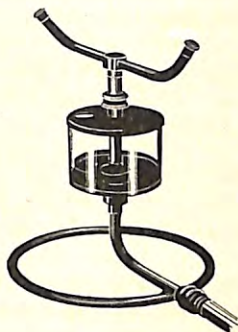
The following evening found 650 members present at a banquet and public meeting at which the \$200,000 home of **HAMILTON LODGE NO. 1651** was dedicated at ceremonies led by D.D. Meager, assisted by State officials. The Grand Exalted Ruler was deeply impressed at the Elk leadership in this thriving community of 5,000 people. Following this well-planned meeting, at which the Grand Exalted Ruler delivered one of his most inspiring addresses, he and his companions drove back to Missoula for the night, taking the plane for home the next day.

During his brief sojourn in Washington, Mr. Anderson was entertained by the Elks of **MT. VERNON LODGE NO. 1604** at luncheon on May 11th. Present were Mayor Harvey Vaux, D.D. James Dewar, Mr. McNamara, E.R. A. B. Franklin and his officers and 125 others.

That evening nearly 650 Elks of **EVERETT LODGE NO. 479**, led by E.R. Dave Wiggins, welcomed Mr. Anderson, D.D. Dewar and Mr. McNamara at a most enjoyable banquet and lodge session.

On the 12th, Mr. Anderson was the guest of both the city and the Elks of **BELLINGHAM LODGE NO. 194** at the Blossom Time Festival, a civic observance headed by the Elks. The day was a very busy one for the Order's leader, with a parade during the afternoon, a banquet, the inspection of the Youth Center and the Pageant at the local ball park in the evening.

# Gadgets and Gimmicks



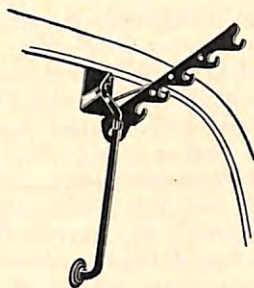
**L**AWN TENDING isn't the chore it once was. And that, everyone will agree, is a good thing indeed. It becomes even less of a chore with this new sprinkler which has a quart jar made of plastic. The jar is attached below the sprinkler arms. Into the jar you can pour an insecticide or weed killer and rid your lawn of both insects and weeds. Should the time for fertilizing come around you can fill the jar with a liquid fertilizer, turn on the contraption and return to your hammock, assured that science will carry on at a commendable rate.



**S**INCE we're now in the midst of our national mania—baseball—it is time to give some attention to the percentages. There are many fans who can quote you past statistics at a phenomenal rate but have more than a little trouble figuring out the up-to-the-minute percentages of batting, team standing, etc. Here is a device that will permit you to keep abreast of each happening on the diamond. The device is in the form of a slide rule of the circular type which is simple to work and accurate. It should be accurate. It was developed by a professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. It is now in use in grade schools to teach the use of a slide rule to small fry but it isn't restricted to them. With it you can keep track of the varying fortunes of Williams, DiMaggio and Musial.

**E**VEN the best of houses fall apart eventually and yours is no exception. Take a look around and see if cracks have not begun to appear around your bath tub and sink. Chances are you'll be distressed about these symptoms of an

aging house; at least you'll be distressed until you read the rest of this. Here's a tape that can be quickly put in place to cover the crack. The tape is waterproof, naturally, and comes in 15-foot lengths in blue, dark red, black or white. There are two widths: one inch and one-and-a-half inches.



**I**F YOU'RE going somewhere this month or next (and who isn't?) you'll have to take some clothes along. The normal way is to get all your traveling clothes cleaned and pressed and then stuff them securely into a suitcase which goes into the trunk or back seat of your car. There is a better way, of course, which will be revealed to you immediately. Here it is: You can purchase this clothes hanger and install it in the rear of your car. Then, you can take your suits and hang them up on the clothes hanger where they will stay, unwrinkled and clean, until you get to your destination. There is room on the hanger for ten garments without having them drag all over the floor or wrinkled in your suitcase. Another advantage of this hanger is that it doesn't obstruct your rear vision. You can see which cop is chasing you.



**I**T MAY seem like chicken feed to you, but there are thousands of bad checks cashed in the land each year. This ain't hay—or chicken feed either. It is true that all of this money means nothing to you if you haven't got any of it, or if you have none of it lifted from you via a forged or altered check. But, like the draft, it could happen any time. Fortunately for many people, however, they have one of these fountain-pen-sized devices which makes it impossible for a working forger to nick you for even so much as a thin, thin dime. Here's how it

works: You write a check. You place the check on a blotter, whip out this device and run the inked, perforated wheel over your name, the amount of the check and the name of the payee. By inking over your handwriting and by perforating the paper you make it impossible for a check changer to do his worst. This ingenious device is quite reasonable and is approved by banks and currency exchanges.



**A**NY luck these days? We mean in fishing, of course. If you're having trouble bringing home enough fish to reduce laughter among your family and friends, here is a lure that could easily change all that. It is made of an especially designed piece of stainless steel upon which is mounted a plated hook, protected against weeds by two plated "whiskers" which are sturdy enough to resist all weeds and to fend them from the hook, but are yielding enough to snag fish. The lure is designed so that it always rides hook up. It is, the manufacturers claim, the only lure with plug action and is unbeatable for bass, pike, trout, muskies, etc. We've never caught an etc., but better luck to you.



**N**OT many people have a blow torch these days. The only people you see with blow torches are plumbers and shop men who have to cope with them. You know the trouble with blow torches? They're behind the times. Probably less has been done to bring the blow torch up to date than any single item you can name. That is, less has been done until recently. One fellow got angry at the heavy, cumbersome, unreliable blow torch of yesteryear and decided to do something about it. So he developed a fuel, canned it under pressure and fitted the can to a lightweight torch head and base. *Voila!* He had a perfect machine for home use. Simply turn a valve to start the fuel spraying and strike a match. When you run out of fuel, toss the can away and affix another one.

## An Elks' Mother's Day Report

(Continued from page 22)

in the lodge bulletin, and four radio stations broadcast information about the program previous to May 14th. The Pastor of St. Paul's Parish, an Elk for over 30 years, Rev. Wm. J. Morris, was the principal speaker and a fine choral group, the Clef Club, furnished an appropriate musical background in a setting which reflected excellent taste, as well as real sincerity.

Recognition was made of the oldest and youngest mothers present, the oldest being the 96-year-old mother of Paul O. Baker, a member of the lodge. Before dismissal, tribute was paid to departed mothers, followed by a moment of silence during which the lights were lowered as the great Elk clock tolled eleven.

For lodges whose membership totals less than 1,000 but more than 500, the Elks of New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30, can take a bow for their well planned, well attended Services which deserved the widespread attention they received.

The invocation was delivered by the Pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Rev. Carl Schutten, with an address of welcome by Hon. Eugene Stanley and an appreciation by Mayor deLesseps S. Morrison. The Choraliers, a talented group of singers, contributed a great deal to the power of this program at which a great many

mothers were given special honor. New Orleans Lodge's Services included a memorial to departed mothers, too, delivered by the Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Dr. J. D. Grey. The observance reached its climax with a stirring address by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor, and closed with a benediction by Rabbi Leo Bergman.

Another Southern lodge, Pensacola, Fla., No. 497, deserves a salute for its Services, which the Committee considered the most exemplary for those lodges in Group III. This 1950 program was the first the lodge had held away from its home; feeling the deeply religious significance of Mother's Day, the Pensacola Elks decided to hold their Services in one of the local churches, thereby giving greater opportunity for public attendance. This year's took place in the First Presbyterian Church and proved the Elks' sagacity by attracting a crowd three times larger than that which witnessed any previous Mother's Day event. The Rev. Donald C. Graham delivered the tribute on this program which included several addresses on well-chosen topics by E.R. B. A. Barberi and other lodge officers. The most appealing part of this Service was the musical portion, provided by six-year-old Shirley Ann Pitman, 11-year-old

Johnnie Frenkel, Jr., and ten-year-old Larry Lee Butler, all very fine singers. After the ceremony, several of No. 497's officers accompanied young Mr. Butler to the Convalescent Home where they visited Pensacola's oldest Elk, and Larry Butler sang for him and all the other residents.

As to the other lodges which made a memorable occasion of Mother's Day 1950, in Group I, Greeley, Colo., Longview, Wash., Saginaw, Mich., and Santa Monica, Calif., merit warm applause. We would like to mention here a note about the Greeley program whose principal speaker was Cedric Foster, noted radio commentator. Mr. Foster flew from Boston, Mass., for this Service.

In Group II, accolades were won by Alamosa, Colo., Hagerstown, Md., Latrobe, Pa., Newport News, Va., and Wilimantic, Conn., Lodges, while in Group III, the Services of Martinsville, Va., Hollywood, Fla., and Ashland, Pa., Lodges really exemplified the Elk spirit.

The increased effort and thought the lodges are putting into their Mother's Day Services augur well for the continued interest in this truly American Day. There is every reason to believe that the 1951 observances will show an even greater interest.

## News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 14)

### OKLAHOMA

The 43rd Annual Convention of the Okla. Elks Assn. Apr. 22-23 in Oklahoma City attracted the largest delegation in its history.

Present were Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson and Wash. State Pres. V. P. McNamara. On the twenty-third various important conferences were held, and at the dinner that evening the Order's leader was the principal speaker, introduced by Chairman Earl E. James of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee.

Woodward Lodge won the Ritualistic Contest over Shawnee and Tulsa officers and at the impressive Memorial Service, benediction was given by Chairman R. B. Collins, with Wm. L. Fogg addressing the gathering and State Chaplain M. M. Thomas offering the prayer.

Later, luncheon was served to 500, and following the business sessions the visiting dignitaries were entertained at a special dinner.

All 23 lodges were represented at the meeting, when the following were elected for the coming year: Pres., Aubrey M. Kerr, Ada; 1st Vice-Pres., Ed Green, Duncan; 2nd Vice-Pres., Arthur J. Hall, Bartlesville; 3rd Vice-Pres., Clair Hill, Shawnee; Treas., Temple Benbrook, Woodward; Trustees (1-year) Dr. R. R.

Stanley, Muskogee, and (5-year) Ralph Cline, Lawton; Outer Guard, Claude Sark, Bartlesville; Secy., H. B. Carson, Oklahoma City.

Muskogee Lodge will be host in 1951.

### ALASKA TERRITORIAL

The first Annual Convention of the Alaska Territorial Elks Assn. was held in Seward May 3-7, with the members of Seward Lodge No. 1773 as sponsors and capable hosts.

On hand were representatives from Fairbanks, Anchorage, Cordova, Kodiak, and, of course, Seward, Lodges, including D.D. R. T. Thayer and P.D.D.'s Eugene C. Smith, Edward G. Barber and Frank Bayer. Two distinguished Elks from the State of Washington were also present,

Chairman Edwin J. Alexander of the Lodge Activities Committee and State Pres. V. P. McNamara.

At this meeting plans were made for the undertaking of charitable work where the need was greatest in the Territory, and funds were budgeted for that purpose. On the 4th, a large class was initiated for Seward Lodge with all Chairs occupied by visiting officials who conducted the Ritual in a truly exemplary manner.

Further business of this session was the election of the following officers: Pres., Edward G. Barber, Anchorage; Vice-Pres., R. T. Thayer, Fairbanks; Secy-Treas., Bert C. Rutherford, Anchorage; Trustees (one year), W. L. Lhamon, Fairbanks; (two years) Max La Lande, Kodiak, and (three years) Alfred O. Torvanger, Seward.

Although plans were discussed for a Midwinter Meeting of the Assn.'s officers, no date was set for that conference. However, it was definitely decided that Kodiak would be the 1951 Convention site.

On the lighter side of the ledger were several dances and parties, and a tea served aboard the Alaska Steamship Co.'s *USS Baranof* for all the ladies on hand. On the final day of the conclave, Seward Lodge celebrated its first birthday by entertaining the delegates at a breakfast.

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

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

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

## KANSAS

Nearly 1,000 Elks and their ladies registered for the 45th Annual Meeting of the Kansas Elks Assn. in Wichita May 5, 6 and 7. Highlights were several hard-fought contests: the Ritualistic Competition, won by Salina Lodge; the East-West P.E.R.'s Ritual Contest, won by the Eastern contingent, and the exciting Trapshoot Contest, with the Atchison sharpshooters retaining their 1949 title. Paced by J. T. Frakes, the five-man

Atchison group annexed the title with 466 out of 500 shots. Don Parker of Atchison took individual honors and high-over-all title. F. E. Blair of Augusta won the singles and Henry Peters of Topeka took the doubles event.

The delegates awarded the Institute of Logopedics \$500; the Kans. Children's Service League, \$400, and awarded the \$300 Foundation Scholarship for the most worthy handicapped student to a blind girl, Miss Beulah M. Fisher. The State Elks' most worthy student pins and \$50

checks went to Miss Norma L. Falletta and Gene Balloun. The conclave closed with the President's Banquet and Ball after these men had been chosen as the year's leaders: Pres., Roscoe Moore, Great Bend; Vice-Presidents: (N.W.), Ivan Hooper, Russell; (S.W.), C. M. Myers, Dodge City; (N.E.), Dr. G. L. Batchelder, Abilene; (S.E.), Bud Anderson, Iola; Secy., S. E. Patterson, Augusta; Treas., Clay Hedrick, Newton; Trustee (four years) Ira L. Wheeler, Manhattan; Chaplain, Father F. W. Zimkosky, Goodland.

## For Elks Who Travel

(Continued from page 29)

nies. "Heavers" are waitresses and "pearl divers" are dish washers. A "pack rat" is a porter, a "gear jammer" is a bus driver, and a "wrangler" is one who watches over Yellowstone's horses. "Ninety-day wonder", formerly a term applied to wartime officer candidates, has been hung on the rangers who police the park. "Sagebrushers" are those hearties who prefer to camp in the woods. To spoon on a log under the Yellowstone moon is a practice referred to as "rotten-logging". Ninety-day wonders and heavers are the principal participants, but the sport may be indulged in with equal facility by dudes.

Once inside Yellowstone Park you can locomote on foot, by sightseeing bus, via your own car, or—should you be well padded—in a private limousine which can be hired on the premises. Horses are for hire at all the hotels. And if you really have a way with the bruins I suppose you could travel bear-back.

### THE GRAND CANYON

ANYONE traversing the country via the southern sunshine route ought to have a look at Grand Canyon, the biggest ditch on record. A mile deep and four to eighteen miles wide, the canyon got that way by erosion. Better have that dripping faucet fixed, Mabel.

You can peer into the ditch either from the southern or the northern rim. Even though the Grand Canyon is located in Arizona, normally known as a hot-weather land, it does snow around the northern rim which is closed in winter. The southern rim is open all year. You're about 7,000 feet above sea level on the south; 8,000-9,000 feet on the north.

Inside the canyon, the years of dripping and drooling have resulted in the formation of mountains, peaks, oddly-shaped rock which change colors all during the days, depending upon the sun, the atmosphere and what you had to drink the night before. Four totally different zones of life exist in the canyon. On the floor, things are dry and deserty. It's cactus and mesquite country. Upstairs, on the 6,000-foot level, you're liable to find pines.

Although the Grand Canyon is one of the greatest tourist attractions in the land, some sad second looney name of

Joseph Ives, assigned by the Government to explore the Canyon in 1852, returned with this report: "Ours has been the first, and will doubtless be the last, party of whites to visit this altogether valueless locality." No visionary, he.

Fred Harvey, on the other hand, saw it all another way and, as a consequence, travelers coming up on the Sante Fe to the southern rim will find a whole network of Harvey buses and cars. El Tovar

Hotel, Bright Angel Lodge and a settlement of housekeeping cabins are open all year. There are a number of bus trips around the vicinity and anyone with suitable upholstery might be interested in the burro trips down to the floor of the Canyon. You can put yourself up, down there, at a place called Phantom Ranch. It's an ominous name, but to the best of my information no one has disappeared from the premises yet.

## —AND THEN TO HAVANA



MORRO CASTLE, at the entrance to Havana Harbor, is a historic landmark that many members of the Order attending the Grand Lodge Convention in Miami in July will see for the first time. Since Cuba's great capital is readily reached from Miami, a considerable number of delegates, their wives and friends are planning to visit Havana either before or after the Convention. It is only an hour by air from Miami to Havana and Eastern, National, Chicago & Southern and Pan American offer air service. A number of groups are planning to take the overnight boat trip of the Peninsular & Occidental Steamship Company. The boat from Miami leaves early in the evening and arrives at Havana at 8:00 a.m. the following morning. A spacious dining room, outside staterooms, dancing and entertainment are part of this unique vacation cruise.

## Humor Among Thieves

(Continued from page 18)

long after his triumph a home owner in Del Mar, California, awoke one morning to find missing the entire brick wall around his garden. In a Cambridge, Massachusetts, theft the type of loot was understandable but the amount staggering—one ton of chocolate fudge.

Less spectacular but, in a way, even more aggravating was the little touch supplied by burglars of a Rochester, New York, filling station. Their loot amounted to only \$74 worth of merchandise. But imagine the feelings of the owner when he discovered that part of it was the collar of the police dog left to guard the premises.

Like most statisticians, criminologists like to break down their figures into various groups. Thievery, for instance, they classify under three headings: (1) burglary—theft after forcible entry into a building; (2) robbery—theft in the presence of the owner after putting him in fear; (3) larceny—any theft not in the other two categories, such as stealing apples from a push cart.

Last year burglars did pretty well—or ill, depending on your point of view. They averaged \$135 per job, and 29.7 per cent of them were caught. During the first half of the year they accounted for more than \$12,500,000 in the 361 cities which reported crime rates to the F.B.I.

As usual, safes were among their favorite targets. Some of their techniques for getting into the strong boxes displayed genuine, if slightly perverted, genius. Take the case of a certain Mr. Jones, of Portland, Oregon. He called a welder one day and explained that thieves had tried to crack his safe and had succeeded only in jamming it. The welder opened it for him and received \$5 for his services. Burglar "Jones" walked off with \$1,000 in cash.

Naturally, that sort of thing inspires a certain apprehension on the part of owners of safes. Often the safes cost more than their contents are worth and the owners hate to have them battered. So they take to leaving signs about for the attention of would-be burglars. It is a sad commentary on human nature that this seldom works.

One Los Angeles safe owner has good reason for indignation. Thieves completely ruined his strong box with their jimmies in spite of a sign he left on it which not only assured them, truthfully, that there was no money inside but even gave the combination.

Still, you can't blame the thieves too much. One Dallas, Texas, safe-cracker found a similar sign on an oil company safe there. He used the combination to have a look for himself. His take of \$400 in cash and \$2,000 in checks undoubtedly created in him a permanent suspicion of all signs.

A Chicago businessman tried another method of handling the problem. Every night he left a small amount of cash outside the safe in his office in the hope that if thieves did get in they would take it and leave the safe alone. One night he made a mistake and left \$700 in cash outside, and—well, he was pretty bitter in his complaint to the police.

Robbers, unlike burglars, seldom have these safe-cracking troubles. By definition, they get their loot from the person or immediate vicinity of the owner after scaring him with a gun, knife or other weapon. Last year their loot averaged \$193 per job, almost half again as much as the burglars'.

**B**UT they have their difficulties. Among their favorite prospects are slightly out-of-the-way jewelry stores, and among these one of the most tempting is a certain store on Manhattan's upper Broadway. Seven times in the last 16 years robbers have appeared there. They always wish they hadn't.

The owner of the store is an elderly, five-foot tall, 90-pound widow whose size and age are deceptive. She is an exceedingly determined woman. She has looked down the muzzles of guns, felt the point of a knife at her throat and the tap of a blackjack on her skull. She has been throttled and beaten. And she never gives in without a struggle.

Once she captured two thugs single-handed by throwing an alarm clock through the window and grappling with them till the cops arrived. Several times she has chased tough guys out of the store and up the street into the arms of a policeman.

"I'm getting a little old for this sort of thing," she says, "but I'll never let them get away with it."

As her experiences show, robbers frequently are quite ill-mannered. One certainly was in a Hollywood case some time ago. He not only deprived his victim, a lady, of her cash, watch and ring; she had to be rescued with a hack saw from the garbage can into which he had stuffed her.

But sometimes this type of criminal can be quite gracious. In Providence, Rhode Island, one of them found that his victim's total cash on hand amounted to

only \$4. He handed back \$2, remarking genially, "Let's go 50-50."

Even more thoughtful were two Chicago gunmen who held up a tavern. They found only a little over \$50 in the till and the pockets of the four customers on hand. But that didn't sour them. Their business completed, they served drinks to the crowd and loaded their car with wine, whiskey and beer. Then they went back inside, did a specialty dance for the amusement of their victims, passed out \$1 bills, shook hands all around and waved a fond farewell as they departed.

Sometimes a surprising mannerliness turns up, even among burglars. Take the experience of a certain Mobile, Alabama, lady. Late one night she awoke to find a stranger rummaging around in her handbag. "Get out of my room!" she thundered indignantly.

"Yes, ma'am," said the thief, putting the bag down and bowing his way out.

In general, larcenists or plain, ordinary thieves are the small fry of banditry. They are usually the grab-it-and-run kind, purse snatchers and such. Last year their average booty was only \$61.

Probably the smallest fry ever uncovered in the business were those involved in an Effingham, Illinois, case. For several weeks money kept disappearing from the cash register of a cafe there. Finally, the owner took the machine apart. Tucked away in a corner he found a tidy little mouse nest made of \$5 and \$10 bills.

What they lack in individual importance the larcenists make up in frequency. During the first half of 1949 they performed 218,000 times in the 361 cities mentioned above, compared with only 16,000 times for robbers and 93,000 for burglars. And a larcenist can dash in where no robber or burglar would ever dream of treading.

One kind of larceny has a special classification all by itself—namely, auto theft. The rate of this kind of thievery has fallen rapidly of late. In the first half of 1949 auto thefts were down 5.8 per cent in rural areas, 3.7 per cent in cities, as compared with the same period of 1948. What's more, police recovered 93 per cent of those stolen, although the rate of recovery of other loot was only 59.5 per cent.

The experience of a couple of Cleveland, Ohio, auto thieves helps explain not only the falling rate but also the high percentage of recovery. These two bandits pounced on a car they found on a lonely side street and gaily started driving off in it. But their gaiety was short-lived. The car belonged to an amateur inventor who had foreseen the possibility of theft and prepared for it.

Before the car had gone a hundred yards the brakes locked. Then the engine went dead. Then the horn started

### GENERAL REGISTRATION AT THE CONVENTION

For visiting members of the Order who are not Grand Lodge members, registration for the Convention in Miami will be at the Miami Elks Club, 9 Northeast 3rd Avenue, adjacent to the headquarters hotel.

blowing, and the lights began to flash on and off. The poor bewildered thieves took to their heels.

On the other hand, there are certain cases in which it must be admitted that car thieves are placed under the strain of an almost irresistible temptation. A used-car dealer in Bettendorf, Iowa, did that to one of them. On his best bargain of the day he stuck a sign reading, "Grab It Now". Naturally, the cops were soon hunting for the thief who did just that.

Another kind of larceny really deserves a classification of its own, too. That is pocket picking. It's really an extremely delicate and difficult art. The practitioners of it are not only unappreciated by the statisticians, who lump them together with the other petty thieves, they also often meet up with the most nerve wracking kinds of hazards.

One such artist found himself in a deserted Brooklyn subway station late at night. The only other waiting passenger was a fat man who had stretched out on a bench and gone to sleep. Of course, the pickpocket started investigating the fat man's pockets. The victim unexpectedly turned over in his sleep, pinning the thief's arm to the bench. He was still in that position and the fat man still asleep when the train came along and a cop stepped out.

The ancient Roman playwright and phrase-maker, Seneca, once said, "No crime has been without a precedent." But even he would have to admit that some modern committers of the crime of disturbing the peace try pretty hard for originality at least. A certain Jackson, Mississippi, restaurant waitress, for instance. Her boss haled her into court

on a charge that would have been hard to duplicate in Roman times. His complaint: that she had slapped him in the face with a custard cream pie.

She didn't deny it. "I considered the matter for several days," she said, "and then I got the impelling urge. Frankly, it was soul-satisfying."

A pair of men in La Porte, Indiana, found another peace-disturbing technique that Seneca never heard of. Again, a restaurant was the scene of the crime. The charge was that the defendants had terrorized the other patrons by entering the place and blazing away at each other with cap pistols.

**A**NOTHER Roman, the epic poet Virgil, took a view somewhat different from Seneca's. "Had I a hundred voices, hundred mouths and a tongue of iron," he wrote, "I could not sum up all the forms of crime."

Swindling is another type of crime which is prolific in oddities. One woman, who went in for the bad-check-passing type of swindle, recently tried a rather daring variation. Haled into court, she hired a lawyer to defend her and paid his retainer fee with a check. It was promptly returned to him marked "No such bank".

Modern commentators on crime are more interested in its causes than its forms. But even the moderns often find the crime pattern following an outline peculiarly different from the one they prognosticate.

For instance, F.B.I. Director J. Edgar Hoover has made the statement: "Although we are nearing normalcy in crime, the effects of the spirit of war-time aban-

don have not yet run their course. Juvenile delinquents of the war years are graduating from petty thievery to armed robbery and other more serious crimes."

Some time after this statement appeared in the newspapers an ex-juvenile-delinquent walked into a Denver garage and started behaving as though he wanted to prove himself just such a graduate as Mr. Hoover had described. He pulled out a pistol, stuck it in the garageman's back and demanded the keys to one of the cars. He also warned his victim not to call the cops for 20 minutes "or else—".

So far, so good. The pattern is just as the F.B.I. chief feared and predicted. But at that point, as often happens with the best made patterns, it falls apart.

While the garageman was still hunting for the keys he had demanded, the gunman's stern expression changed. He looked thoughtful for a moment and shook his head dubiously. "Uh—" he said, "er—. Well, look. I'm flat broke. Would you give me eight bucks for this gun?"

And so it goes. There's seldom a dull day in the life of a crime reporter. Almost certainly a story will turn up which will make the wildest imaginings of the gag writers seem dull.

Such as the tale of a California youth in a grocery store. The store had been boarded up for repairs and the thief wormed his way in through a small hole. Once inside, he started gorging himself on jam and cookies. In fact, he ate so much that he couldn't get out by the hole through which he had entered. He had to call the police and ask them to come and let him out.

## Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 10)

vertical. He lowered the tip again and waited. After a long pause he swung the rod up again.

He repeated this procedure several times, always with long waits between movements of the rod. Pretty soon, he caught a bass. I asked him what his theory was this time.

"Humph! No theorem to it. Just plain sense," he said. "You feel like workin' today? Well, the bass feel just the same. They're apoplectic. They don't give a hang for nothin'. They're layin' on the bottom waitin' for evening, just like you'd be layin' in the shade if you wasn't fishing."

"Well, a bass is layin' there and he sees this spoon come flutterin' down to the bottom. He says, 'Hmmm. There's a minnie had a sun-stroke. I ought to go scoop him up.'"

"'Bout the time he gets there the minnie goes a-shootin' up for six, eight feet. Then it falls back down. That kind of carryin' on ain't humanly natural and the bass knows it. But he's got his courtesy roused and he can't help followin'

along. Pretty soon he's so riled up he grabs right on."

We caught bass that day by letting our weedless spoons sink to the bottom, jerking them up and letting them sink again. Maybe Alvin's analysis of the mental processes of the bass was not quite accurate, but the results were highly satisfactory, just the same.

I really don't think Alvin is a better fisherman than I am. I can cast farther



and straighter and I have read practically everything that ever was written on the subject. It's just that he can sit there, all slumped down in the boat, staring out from under the brim of his old hat, and the first thing you know he's thinking like a bass. He has hunches, too.

One afternoon I had just stepped out on the back porch to look at an approaching thunderstorm when Alvin's old car clattered into the drive. He stopped it, with the air of triumph that he always assumes when he forces his will upon anything mechanical, and shouted, "Git your pole. We ain't got a minute to lose!"

"What's got into you?" I said. "It will be raining in twenty minutes."

"Never you mind. Hurry up. Git your tackle. You're the slowest man I ever saw. If you prognosticate one more minute I'm going without you."

I grabbed a slicker, seized my rod case and tackle box and climbed into the car. Then ensued a mad drive to the lake. We made it, to the accompaniment of crashing thunder and blinding flashes of lightning, just as the first cascading

sheets of rain swept across the water.

Without a moment's hesitation, Alvin jumped out, snatched his rod, which already was assembled on the back seat, and hurried down to the shore. There was a floating plug on the end of his line, and he cast it out. In an instant, I could see him, through the deluge, playing some kind of fish. It was a bass. He caught a second in short order and then I joined him.

Never have I seen such fishing. We got a strike or a fish on every cast and sometimes when one bass got off another took the plug before we could reel it in. Part of the time the water surface was so torn by the violent rain that we couldn't even see the splashing floater plugs, and then we would reel them steadily along. The bass struck just the same.

Alvin, who evidently had left home without taking time to find a coat, was dripping wet two minutes after he was out of the car. My slicker didn't keep me dry much longer. But we didn't care. For fishing like that, I'd have stood under a faucet.

When the rain stopped, the fun was over. We cast for half an hour more, but we didn't get another strike. Then we went home. On the way I asked Alvin what made him suddenly decide that the bass would bite during a thunder storm.

"Well," he said, "I had a hunch."

I prodded him. Finally he said, "Oh. I just thought they'd bite. There has been a high humility for a week. When you don't feel like doing nothing, the fish don't either. Ever notice how the cows chase around just before a shower hits? It makes 'em feel good. Bass is the same."

Everybody knows that some days the bass hit anything. When that is the case, I usually catch more than Alvin does. He seems to lose interest. It is when they are hard to fool that he takes special delight in catching them, and he has an uncanny knack for fishing in the right spot at the right time.

Their annual movements in any fair-sized body of water are, of course, fairly well known. They go down deep during hot and cold weather. Early in the summer and again in the fall when the shallow water is comfortable, they are near the shore. It is when they are in deep water that they are hard to find. Some spots they like and some they don't, and Alvin knows how to find the good ones. He can go back time and again, too, without searching around aimlessly, the way most fishermen do.

WE WERE anchored over a deep, rocky ledge one day, catching smallmouths with fair regularity, when I asked him how he did it. "Simple," he answered, "I use the tribulation method. 'See that old wreck of a T Model Ford on the west shore?' I nodded. 'That's where Ben Herkimer's uncle gave up learning to drive. He ran off the road. Then he went down through the woods, dodging trees and hollering 'Whoa!' at every jump. Finally lit in the lake.

"He had a crate of chicken on the back seat and a five-gallon keg of moonshine in front. The hens was a-squawking and a-flapping all the way. Finally, just before he sunk her, he grabbed the keg and lept out.

"The crate floated and the chickens didn't hardly get their feet wet. But the keg fell on a big rock and split wide

open. Ollie Smith seen what was going on and he come down with a team to pull the car out, but Old Man Herkimer was hopping up and down, fit to be tied.

"He wouldn't even let Ollie hitch on. 'Leave the so-and-so set,' he squawked, worse'n the chickens. 'They use a quart of champagne to launch a battleship, but it took five gallons of the best whiskey in Stubbins county to launch that blankety-blank, and there she'll stay!'

"She did, too. Well, back up the hill. Smith's silo is right in line with the old Ford. You remember we rowed along the shore and come out from the old car? We was on that line. Now, look off to the north. See that dead snag? About half a mile straight past it is the cut where the county road goes over Myers' Hill. They make the other line of the triangle. You row out either one until you reach the other, and there's your fishin' hole. Hardly a spot on the lake that can't be marked that way."

Alvin's method of relocating a hot fishing place has helped me many times on different lakes. It is his ability to think like a bass that is most valuable, however, and I can't seem to do that. He shows me a trick and it works once and then the next time I try it the bass want something different.

THERE was the evening when the bass were feeding away back in the reeds, next the shore. Alvin was paddling the boat and I was casting a popping bug. I could lay it right up against the edge of the vegetation, but I didn't dare reach back where the fish were for fear of getting snagged. They wouldn't come out for it, either.

Finally, Alvin said, "Just keep casting it back in the same spot and kick up all the emotion you can."

I followed his advice, slapping the bug down hard and jerking it over the water as noisily as I could. After three or four times of this, Alvin said, "Now, lay it down real gentle and just barely make it move."

I did, and a good bass took it. I caught half a dozen more the same way. Alvin explained as he paddled along. "You can't cast back where the bass are, so you have to make them come out. That is easy because they are so inquizzical. They want to see what is going on. When they finally spy that little old bug layin' there, just barely able to move, they can't help eatin' it."

It was all perfectly logical after he had explained, but I never would have thought of it. I'd have gone on fishing in the conventional way, and I probably wouldn't have caught a bass. I said, "Alvin, how do you think of these things?"

"Well, I'll tell you," he answered, lowering his voice to a confidential tone, "I have a physiology of fishing. I just sort of lay back and squint my eyes and think I'm a bass, and pretty soon I begin to ketch 'em."

That certainly made it clear!

## GRAND LODGE MEMBERS—MIAMI BOUND

The larger the Order of Elks grows, the more representatives we have at the National Convention, the more hotels we occupy. Some day in the week of July 9th you will glance at a list of Miami's 348 hotels, wonder in which one a particular delegate is registered and say to yourself, "Where in Miami is Bill?"

*The Elks Magazine* has rendered service at our Conventions since 1939 by answering such questions: "Where can I find the Exalted Ruler from Sacramento?" "Can you tell me whether the Illinois Elks have headquarters at the Convention?" These questions, and hundreds like them, are answered by *The Elks Magazine* Information File.

The mechanics of the file are simple. On arrival at Miami, you are asked to fill out a card noting pertinent information: the card is placed on file, and someone is on hand throughout the Convention week to direct you to your friends, and your friends to you, provided, of course—and this is important—you both filled out the cards to be placed in the Magazine's file.

This year we expect to have space in the official Grand Lodge Registration Room in the McAllister Hotel. May we invite you to call at *The Elks Magazine* Information File early and often as a short-cut to the Grand Lodge delegates you wish to see?

## Excerpts from Report of Youth Activities Committee

(Continued from page 26)

worn by members of units sponsored by Elks.

The Committee gave official endorsement to the work of the Boys Clubs of America, and urged lodges to give greater support to this program.

Another major activity of the Committee was the award of \$300 college scholarships to 11 youngsters in recognition of their qualities of leadership displayed in participation in Elk youth programs. One award was made in each of 11 zones into which the Order's membership was divided. While all entrants had to be eligible for college study this competition stressed the elements of leadership and cooperation rather than scholastic attainments. The scholarships were financed by a grant of \$3,300 from the Elks National Foundation.

The winners and the lodges which sponsored them were:

Zone 1—Cyrus E. Blair, Sheridan, Ore., McMinnville Lodge No. 1283.

Zone 2—Priscilla Marie Gurr, Bakersfield, Calif., Palo Alto Lodge No. 1471.

Zone 3—Alma Evelyn Spriggs, Minturn, Colo., Salida Lodge No. 808.

Zone 4—George Tom Karabatsos, Fairbury, Nebr., Fairbury Lodge No. 1203.

Zone 5—James Lee Owsley, Zeigler, Ill., West Frankfort Lodge No. 1340.

Zone 6—Jo Ann Robins, Saginaw, Mich., Saginaw Lodge No. 47.

Zone 7—Robert Bickel Armstrong, Parkersburg, West Va., Parkersburg, Lodge No. 198.

Zone 8—Michael Francis Monahan, Hagerstown, Md., Hagerstown Lodge No. 378.

Zone 9—Helen Carolyn Freer, Binghamton, N. Y., Binghamton Lodge No. 852.

Zone 10—Peter Francis Terry, Medford, Mass., Medford Lodge No. 915.

Zone 11—Leona Vanita Lyda, Flat Rock, N. C., Hendersonville Lodge No. 1616.

Honorable mention was awarded to the four others in each zone who showed su-

perior records for leadership achievements.

So successful was this scholarship program that the Committee recommended that these awards be continued as a permanent feature of the Order's youth welfare activities. With this recommendation it coupled the suggestion that outstanding achievements of boys and girls in Agricultural areas be recognized by awarding special scholarships in animal husbandry, home economics and other phases of agriculture to encourage those youths who are interested in this important segment of our economy as a vocation. The Committee proposed, also, that a trophy be awarded the lodge, in designated agricultural areas, which sponsored the winner of such a scholarship.

Other recommendations of the Committee:

That the Grand Exalted Ruler proclaim an Elks Youth Day annually, to be observed by every lodge with a special program dedicated to our young people.

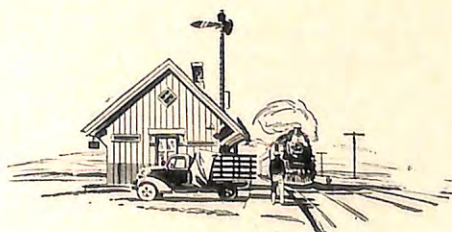
That the Order sponsor a nation-wide basketball tournament for teen-agers, with zone eliminations, and the finals staged in a nationally known sports arena in a central location.

That the Order sponsor a national oratorical contest on the subject of Americanism, with zone eliminations and the finals presented as a feature on radio and television networks.

That the Order devote more attention to activities of girls, such as the Girl Scouts, and enlist to a greater degree the assistance of wives, daughters and mothers of Elks in this work.

### STATE ASSOCIATION CONVENTION INFORMATION FOR 1950

State	City	Date
Montana	Miles City	July 27, 28, 29
Md., Dela.,	Cumberland,	Aug.
D. C.	Md.	12, 13, 14, 15
Wisconsin	Oshkosh	Aug. 17, 18, 19
Virginia	Richmond	Aug. 20, 21, 22
Pennsylvania	Scranton	Aug. 20, 21, 22, 23, 24
Ohio	Cedar Point (Sandusky)	Aug. 27, 28, 29, 30, 31
New Mexico	Raton	Sept. 15, 16, 17
Colorado	Idaho Springs	Sept. 22, 23, 24
California	Sacramento	Sept. 27, 28, 29, 30
Vermont	St. Albans	Oct. 1
New Hampshire	Claremont	Oct. 6, 7, 8



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# We Can Balance the Budget by 1951

(Continued from page 7)

reason—we now live in a warfare world.

A study of our \$42.5 billion budget shows that \$11.7 billions pays for past wars and \$19 billion for current protection against future wars. Only six per cent of all federal spending is invested in social work, health and security. The remainder helps develop our natural resources, administer justice, replace the worst of our slums with decent quarters for almost a million families, reforest our land, resurface and rebuild our roads, build and equip hospitals, promote medical research and support the numerous other federal services the people have demanded of their government.

All this can be said in another way that bluntly touches human values. In short, we are seeking in the forbidding world of today to accomplish exactly what the Founding Fathers told us to do in a remarkably visionary document: "Establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense and promote the general welfare."

But a complete box-score of what we buy with our billions points out the sort of surgery that is necessary. By eliminating rich desserts and buying only essentials at the right prices we can balance the budget and bank a little against the future.

I do not agree with many budget-balancers and members of economy blocks who preach what seems to be a distorted version of how we can best make ends meet. The eyes of some of these people seem to gleam with a special fervor when they come to the humanitarian functions of federal government which really comprise only a small fraction of our total spending. I would attempt to balance the budget not by dispensing with these necessities, but by throwing out wastes in administration and in unnecessary subsidies, still being held out to various groups.

**T**HE spending incurred in past wars includes interest on a debt of \$257 billion, financed at an extremely low rate of 2.2 per cent and amounting to \$5.6 billion a year. Six billions are spent on behalf of our veterans—in medical treatment, college training, loans for new homes or business ventures.

The delicate condition of international affairs makes it necessary to prepare defenses in case the cold war unexpectedly warms up, and so our military program has been muscled and strategic materials stockpiled. We also have helped re-arm the democracies of Western Europe and aid their civilian populations in resisting attempts to spread Communism. But the present international situation is economic as well as military in nature, and we have had to buoy up the economies of Western Europe so they can stand firm

against Russia, and meet the costs of occupation in Germany and Japan.

Almost \$1 billion underwrites the cost of the Atomic Energy Commission. So we spend almost \$20 billion to prepare ourselves against any violent threats to world peace.

A few weeks ago an acquaintance of mine from Chicago, in great indignation, asked me why we spend so much more than we did 20 years ago, now that the war is over. His query almost made me wonder if he hadn't gone bowling in the Catskills with a tribe of dwarfs and then fallen asleep for two decades. A

## AN OFFICER'S ODE

Maybe it was because it happened in April—anyway, when Frank Lawrence was installed as Secretary of Toledo, Ohio, Lodge, this year, he offered the following as his speech of acceptance, an original masterpiece he composed in less than three hours—

"No speech, because it's getting late,  
But I must say I appreciate  
The honor given me once more  
as it has been since '44.

"Hail to Exalted Ruler Al,  
And farewell, friend, P.E.R. Val.  
My hearty thanks to all of you  
Good officers and Brothers, too.

"I hereby give my solemn vow  
To do the best that I know how  
For good old Number 53  
Because she's done her best for me.

"I trust that in the proper manner  
Beneath our cheerful Elkdome's  
banner,  
My duties I will always carry,  
Fraternally, your Secretary."

good deal has happened in the last 20 years he might have known about if he'd only kept his ear to the receiver.

It is proper for the government to step in when unemployment reaches a dangerous level, but, on the other hand, I do not believe that large-scale government intervention by deficit spending is warranted during a period of high economic activity; a certain amount of transitional and seasonal employment is inevitable. And I do not believe deficit spending can wipe out all unemployment. Furthermore, we are rapidly approaching the ceiling of what government can extract from the pockets of its citizens in taxes, and it is time we dealt realistically with the problem involved by cutting costs.

If we had been told in 1939 that our debt would rise to more than \$250 billion in ten cataclysmic years, almost all of us would have had nightmares. Actually, this burden is not as excessive as it sounds, because of the surprisingly

low rate of our interest and the high level of national production, but any deeper swim in red ink might really be damaging. By increasing public debt faster than national income in periods of relative prosperity, America will trim the net proportionate income paid people on a basis of effort. The harm done in weakening business incentive cannot even be guessed at.

The proposals I suggest in slicing more than \$5.5 billion from federal spending, balancing our financial books, are not alarming. I believe we can save by cutting out overstaffing, inefficiency and unnecessary government activity. I believe we should start today.

It is no secret to anyone who served in the armed forces in either World War that unnecessary waste of supplies in some instances greedily ate up public funds. K-rations that were bulldozed into the ocean are something more than scuttlebutt. Military headquarters units from the regimental on up are overstaffed and thousands of excess civilians draw salaries from military or defense posts. The President and the Secretary of Defense resolutely slashed away at this practice recently by trimming nearly 140,000 civilians from the payroll, but further shakedowns in the armed services should amount to a saving of \$1½ billion.

I wholeheartedly support our program of economic and military aid to our allies in Europe, the Middle East and Southeast Asia. These nations cannot resist the threat of Russian aggression if they are not economically sound and militarily prepared to defend themselves. We simply cannot afford to let all of Europe and Asia fall to the Communists, but at the same time we can expect a gradual reduction in the amount of aid necessary to shore up these rations.

That youngster grubbing in the dirt outside Brindisi, Italy, still needs a loaf of bread, but the situation has improved in many places. Too much cannot be taken away from ECA appropriations without damaging European cities as well as the American cities backing the protective millions flowing abroad. Our investment in democracy, a sound purchase of freedom on a globe showing how slavery has inched across new borders, has been successful. England, France, Greece and Italy, all working with American capital, have slammed the doors on hunger and Communism. But I would say that about \$750 million could safely be cut away from 1949-50 appropriations because of improvements abroad.

Occupation costs in Germany and Japan also can be reduced without injury. In view of the need to re-equip the armies of Western Europe, to help southeastern Asia resist Russia and to make a modest beginning in bringing the help outlined

in President Truman's Point Four program to underdeveloped regions of the world, I suggest savings from occupation costs be transferred to these projects. Other proposed cuts more than tilt the scales back into balance.

Perhaps we might use one small example of the sort of waste that bogs down any logical budget-balancer. One afternoon several months ago a request from a federal department for \$17,500 for construction costs on small tax-free, land-free housing units came up for consideration. The figure didn't add up. FHA policy clearly states the cost of a building that size as \$9,350 and land and utilities might have pushed it to \$14,000. The request was trimmed nearer to that amount before it went through. While a single \$3,500 saving is practically lost in a multibillion dollar national economy, the same sort of waste, scaled to similar proportions elsewhere, would add greatly to our national outlay every year.

**W**ASTE and inefficiency flourish in too many departments today. They are not limited to any certain board or bureau. Civilian administrators accused of tolerating waste in their own branch, who reply, typically, "If you want to save money, look at the armed forces," are talking through their tophats now that the Defense Secretary has started to trim fat from the military budget. They might better take a long, detached look around their own offices. Many of these offices show the unmistakably inefficient, over-staffing, triplicating stamps of bureaucracy at its worst. The high price of this bungling amounts to about \$750 million a year, a sum no nation can afford whether it is in the red or solvent.

Unfortunately, the practice becomes habit forming. Almost all executives in private, as well as public, business want large staffs around and under them. They feel their work is so important that they need desks full of co-workers to help carry on. A large staff also feeds the sense of self-importance and gratifies the ego of some executives. In private industry this practice is regulated to an extent by the profit motive, for over-staffing leading to losses or reduced profits is pared away by a board of directors or stockholders. But government workers who inflate their staffs do not pay the bills and too often are unconcerned about profit and loss.

What's more, there are sound economic reasons for public servants to pad their forces. Though the Civil Service Commission undoubtedly will deny the charge, and there are no printed rules to support it, pay rates in many units, sections, divisions and bureaus under their control largely depend on the number of people a person has working under him. Plainly this provides a financial incentive for administrators to build empires of employees to raise their own status and standard of living. The tendency be-

comes more pronounced the higher a man moves through the ranks.

Any cut in the civilian side of public service must be made by Congress. The Bureau of the Budget is a devoted organization manned largely by competent specialists, yet in the post-war era it has shown itself either unable or unwilling to effect any real reduction in personnel which would reduce the general over-staffing. From my own experiences in Washington the last year and a half, I believe there is almost as much fellow-feeling among civilian workers as there is between the graduates of West Point and Annapolis. They find it difficult to reform themselves. A cut in the total civilian personnel averaging from eight to ten per cent, and not touching some of the regulatory bodies working in the public interest, should be made by Congress. Why? For a saving of \$550 million.

By filling only half the usual vacancies and discharging the least efficient two per cent of personnel as well, the pay-rolls would be cleared and performance in the various bureaus improved. While I also want Uncle Sam to be regarded as a fair and liberal employer, generous in his treatment of workers, I do not believe these employees should exploit taxpayers and the community with privileges rarely found in private business.

Is there any reason why a government stenographer puts in 20 per cent less time over the course of a year than her sister typing for a private concern and at a comparable salary? Long vacations, holidays, sick leaves and a remarkable ability to log up coffee time on your money should be halted. Excessive vacations should be cut to save \$100 to \$150 million.

The classic Pork Barrel must be emptied, too. Funds for rivers, harbors and flood control, under the heading of the Civil Functions of the Army, are really only the old rivers and harbors pork barrel clap-trap. Built primarily of coalitions of interest along the lower reaches of our rivers and those on the sea coast, even the necessary ones can be carried out at better dollar-value during a period of mild depression and accompanying high unemployment. At that time we also can build more roads and dams. Worthwhile as some of these projects may be today, they should be trimmed in half. A man in debt doesn't, or shouldn't, drive a Cadillac. The individual states might start repairing more of their own roads with funds collected through gasoline and license taxes levied for this purpose, but too often being diverted to other uses. A savings of \$300 million can come out of the Pork Barrel. Furthermore, we could save another \$150 million by slowing up the construction of roads and dams.

The potato subsidy has developed into a scandal for two successive years, and should be reduced along with subsidies on silver, wheat, flax and other products. Silver is not needed as an addition to the

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Nation's monetary supply. Linseed oil, the by-product of flax, lies in huge vats in government storage. A safe reduction of \$200 million can easily be made there.

Two proposals by the Hoover Commission open the way to appreciable economy. The consolidation of all the engineering functions of government into one agency, preferably the Department of the Interior, and the suggested grouping of all agencies dealing with transportation and communication into another body, bringing the problems of railroads, airlines, shipping, roads and possibly the air waves as well, under a single heading, will trim another \$150 million from our spending.

WE MUST also slow down the phenomenal growth of the Federal National Mortgage Association, commonly known as "Fannie May", by encouraging private lending agencies to absorb more of the loans. This is reasonable because of the favorable situation of construction workers and companies today under rather full employment, since large additional credits for these purposes either would inflate the sky-high cost of building even more, or prevent the badly needed price reductions. Over three quarters of a billion dollars can easily be trimmed from this appropriation.

These suggested savings over the 1949-50 figures amount to \$5.4 billion. They would bring national expenditures for next year down to an estimated \$38 billion. Since business conditions for this period will, under similar tax rates, yield revenues of at least a billion more than those for this fiscal year, the savings effected by these proposed changes would cause the haunting spectre of a government deficit to disappear entirely. We could build a surplus of one billion dollars out of these measures.

The difference could either be banked or earmarked for federal aid to education in the different states, the start of the Point Four program to develop backward areas, or for any unexpected developments in the field of atomic research, like the recent Navy request for funds to work on an atomic-powered sub-

marine. The important point is that we would have a surplus to work with.

The surplus could be fattened by dealing with the widespread evasion of income taxes. As Senator Tobey and others have pointed out, there have been grave abuses in the so-called charitable trust, shocking because many colleges and universities have made themselves partners in this tax-dodging. By hiring more collectors and tax experts, and by plugging these gaps and working on other illegalities, we can collect between \$500 million and \$1 billion added revenue.

But the next few months will be critical ones. Lip-service to the idea of economy will be uttered everywhere, particularly in this election year, and opposition from special pressure groups anxious to grind their own axes will be stronger than ever. Government employees and their organizations and friends will be hostile to cuts in personnel and abnormally long vacation periods. Chambers of Commerce will ask for levees and rivers and harbor projects, and the cement interests will point fearfully to the leaner schedule of road- and dam-building. Silver interests will cling to their subsidy plans and the transportation industry has shown a strong attachment to subsidies from the public treasury. Congress must rise above all these narrow pressure groups and put true national interest ahead of sectional or special interests.

In a way this is a moral issue for all of us. We need the proper framework of values bolstered by a high degree of ethical self-restraint to reach our goal. That is a challenge of democracy. It both demands and produces a higher degree of morality than any other system of government. As a confirmed optimist about the fundamental sense and civic decency of the American people, I am convinced that simply by being honest with ourselves—every public servant, every pressure group and every citizen—we can balance the huge national budget beginning next year. It's about time, too. After all, federal dollars squandered on government waste and needless spending come from the same pockets they always have—your own.

## In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 16)

Not only do such remnants attract flies, but in hot weather left-over food is likely to sour and, if eaten later by your pooch, can do things to his machinery that might mean a hurry-call for the vet.

If your dog is strictly a meat-eater, some roughage should be provided for him in summer. (If allowed to run loose, which he shouldn't, your dog would get this himself by eating grass.) But for the house- or yard-confined dog, a substitute for grass should be two heaping tablespoons of bran mixed with his usual food about twice a week for dogs of the larger breeds; the quantity should be decreased

proportionately for the smaller breeds.

More important to him now than at any other time of the year is your dog's drinking water. It should be kept accessible to him at all times. On the hottest days it won't hurt the dog if an ice-cube or two are put in the water; these will melt quickly enough and if the weather is really warm, the water won't stay chilled for long, anyway; too much ice-water isn't good for the dog. Some authorities say the pooch shouldn't be allowed to drink too much at this time of year; others disagree. Frankly, I see no reason why Fido shouldn't lap up as much water

as he feels he needs. The average dog has more good sense about eating and drinking than has the average person, and your dog won't make himself sick by over-indulgence, so I personally feel that if Fido craves water, he should have it.

See to it that the drinking pan is kept on a platform raised several inches above ground or floor. The water should be changed at least twice a day; after all, if the pan is close to the ground it's going to gather a film of dust. You probably know that a bit of salt added to drinking water on the warmest days is beneficial to humans. In fact, in some business establishments salt tablet dispensers are kept close to drinking fountains during the summer. Salt aids in avoiding heat prostration. Since a good part of perspiration is salt, adding salt to drinking water is simply replenishing that which is lost. Salt deficiency can play the dickens when the thermometer starts to soar, and this goes for the dog as well as yourself, so a pinch of salt in his drinking water will be good for him—if not overdone. Dogs perspire mainly through the tongue, and there are some folks who'll tell you the tongue is the only part of the dog's body where he does perspire. Don't believe them, though, because dogs do perspire somewhat through their foot pads and under the forelegs and hind quarters. I've seen distinct, damp footprints of my own dogs on the concrete floor of our porch at home during hot spells.

There's a cockeyed idea in certain quarters—and where or how it originated I can't imagine—that a piece of sulphur in Fido's drinking water will do him a lot of good. Nonsense. This is the stuff they fill balloons with. You might just as well put a piece of coal in the water. Forget

the sulphur, if you're dallying with the idea of trying it on your dog.

While on the subject of water, what about the business of bathing your dog during the summer? As a rule, most house dogs are bathed too often; too much dunking rids the dog's skin of necessary oil and, besides, it causes the coat to become harsh and brittle, but when it's really warm, you can figuratively go overboard on the bathing business for your dog. Dip him frequently during the hot weather; not necessarily a soap-and-water bath, but just a plain cool sousing will refresh him and won't harm his skin or coat if not continued over a long period. Don't have the bath water too cold, but don't have it even lukewarm, either; just lukewarm, you might say. If and when your pup needs a soaping, use one of the better known brands made for dogs, not the kind you'd use yourself—our soaps frequently contain harmful alkalies.

**V**ETO all violent exercise for your dog on particularly warm days. Keep him quiet at such times; too much strenuous movement can bring on a heat fit which, although not really dangerous for either dog or owner, is unpleasant for both. If your dog should get such a fit, don't you get one. Keep cool and keep your dog cool. Put him in a quiet place, preferably a cool spot—the cellar is excellent; try to restrain him; pour cool water over his head, all of which may sound like a hard job for one person. It is; it is best done by two people. Don't throw the water on him, just pour it. When he quiets down, keep cold wet cloths on the back of his neck and his head. A few lumps of ice wrapped in cloth is excellent. Massage the dog's back to help quiet his nerves. Remember that a dog-bite while Fido is flinging one of these



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



heat frenzies is no more harmful than any other similar cut or wound you may sustain, and is not at all to be confused with the bite of a dog afflicted with rabies.

Frequent grooming is a must for warm weather for this is when the parasites multiply. Keep flea powder handy at all times and don't be too stingy with it. The dogs ears are often particular points of attack by flies and other nuisances. If your dog is bothered this way, have your local druggist make you a mixture of equal parts of citronella, tar, camphor and castor oil and apply this to the ears. This will effectively keep the bugs away, and will prevent sores from developing. As to grooming, your dog should be combed and brushed *every day*. Of course, the short-haired pooch needn't be combed, but he should be brushed thoroughly. This not only promotes cleanliness, but helps tonic the skin and coat. After his bath, incidentally, don't let him

lie in drafty spots; he should be encouraged to romp a bit, although not too much on really hot days.

A widely practiced but mistaken kindness of some dog owners is the habit they have of having their pets clipped close for the summer. This should never be done, unless the coat has accumulated some unwanted matter that cannot be combed out, or for some other reason your vet may have. The long coat actually serves as a protection against the sun's rays; just because your long-coated friend pants like an overworked engine, don't think he's any warmer than any other dog. Very often shortcoated dogs suffer from heat prostration. I've seen this happen at some of the outdoor summer dog shows, even when the dogs were housed under airy tents.

If you take your dog with you on your vacation, and there's no reason why you shouldn't—more and more hotels and

motor courts accommodate dogs every year—don't let him inflict himself on other guests unless they show plainly a desire for the dog's company. After all, many fine people aren't exactly in love with dogs. If you go where there is salt water, don't let your dog swim too much as it's bad for his coat. Keep him out of very rough water, even if he's a king-size breed. True, some of the large "water" dogs, such as Newfoundlands, Chesapeakes, etc., can handle themselves nicely in the high rollers when it's necessary, but there's no reason why you should risk the safety of your pet just for fun—his or yours.

By the way, about this business of hotel accommodations for Fido—if you'll drop me a line, I'll be glad to let you know where you can get a pocket directory listing the scores of hotels and motor courts where dogs are welcome throughout the country.

## Putts Are the Payoff

(Continued from page 13)

links, a balding gentleman who led 2,800,000 Allied troops into a fearsome war faced the same situation—and promptly succumbed to the shakes and blew the shot. Ike Eisenhower admits he can be a palsied putter, too.

Some theorists claim that the very core of golf's lasting, worldwide hold on its disciples is the short putt. It requires no muscle and only a modicum of timing, yet it ruthlessly reduces the mighty to the size of mere mortals. The so-called "average" golfer, the 90- to 120-shooter, for example, can't begin to compare himself with the leading pros in execution of all other shots on the list. But on the tricky green—ah, what a common denominator arises. When blasting drivers like Sammy Snead and Cary Middlecoff grow weak, when fabulous iron-artists such as Ben Hogan and Dutch Harrison develop the ague, the chances are that the stroke involved is no longer than the distance across your dining room table. Standing in the gallery, Joe Jitters, the lifelong duffer, grins, re-evaluates himself and nudges his neighbor. "Hey, if the hole was a washtub, those bums couldn't hit it either!"

Nothing is so soothing to the country's 3,000,000-odd dubs than to have ice-tempered Byron Nelson admit that he could never overcome the mental hazard of putting. "I'd look down in a crucial moment," says the winner of 19 PGA tourneys and a record \$52,511 in one year, yet who finally had to retire to preserve what remained of his health, "and see five thumbs on each hand. Those days I was 'Three-Putt Nelson' and nothing on earth I could do would change it."

Nelson is only one of many golfing giants who lost the long battle with the puny putt—Bobby Jones, for one. For years he could digest nothing but tea and toast on tournament days. "Nobody ever

wins the National Open—but somebody always loses it," was the Jones way of explaining that errors around the elusive cup let somebody back into the title. Jones finally retired, after his grand slam in 1930. So did Joe Kirkwood, the great trick-shot performer whose stunts with a ball defied the rules of physics. The man who could drive two balls at once, hooking one and slicing the other so delicately that they crossed in flight, turned into a wreck on the putting carpet. More recently, Harold (Jug) McSpaden said he added ten years to his life by quitting the PGA circuit—"where you finish every hole with a knife in your belly".

**B**UT the horror of the putt runs far deeper than that. Even when the pressure is off, its menace remains constant. At Shawnee-on-the-Delaware a few seasons back, jaunty Jimmy Demaret was deflated when he missed a string of short taps that knocked him out of the running. Plugging on, he rimmed the cup on the 15th hole to go over par and repeated the sorry performance on the 16th. Meanwhile, Demaret's playing partner, an old campaigner, Gene Sarazen, was faring no better. On the 17th, Sarazen,

with nothing whatever to lose, imitated an agitated Civil War veteran in botching a soft 30-incher.

At the final hole, Demaret watched the sweating Sarazen crouch grimly over his ball. Impulsively, he walked over and knocked it away.

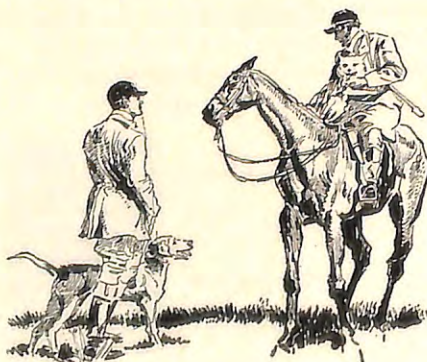
"What's the point of conceding now?" asked Sarazen.

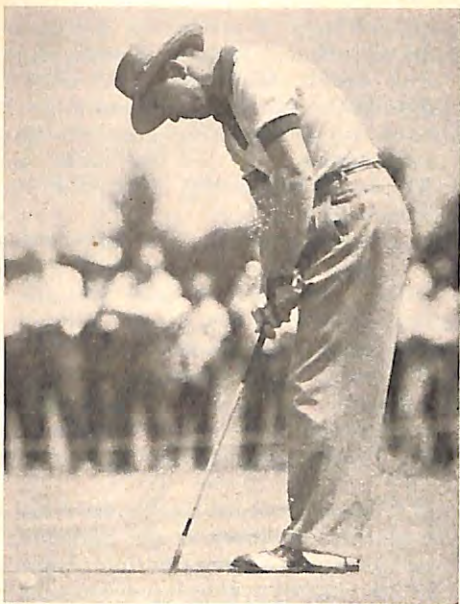
"For your peace of mind, Gene," wearily replied his fellow victim. "I'd rather give you the putt than watch you suffer."

The putt doesn't care whether you play for cash, glory or—hopefully—fun. It gives everyone inward gooseflesh. Money wasn't on the mind of Johnny Goodman, onetime National Amateur champion, in the 1930 Open when his ball lay barely six inches from the hole. "All at once," Goodman remembers, "I was finished. Little black spots crawled across my eyes. My wrists turned stiff. The six inches looked like ten miles. I three-putted for the worst flub of my life!"

Probably no golfer alive hasn't wondered about this phenomenon that makes experts, and casual swingers alike, freeze up when required to steer a sphere measuring 1.62 inches in diameter into a 4¼-inch hole. Why should the emotional hazard be greater at a matter of inches than from 150 or 200 yards away? Is there any logical explanation of the fact that a lie on velvety-smooth turf, groomed by trained greenskeepers, can be more needling to the nervous system than a position in a gopher hole or weed-choked barranca? What do the golf scientists say—do they know what makes even canny troubleshooters like Heafner, Nelson and Demaret, who can shrug off all the obstacles of nature and links architects, feel chills tap-dancing along their spines when they approach a measly three or four-footer?

They do not, except in general terms.





The putting stance of golf's great stylist—Sam Snead. Note that the weight is on the left foot and the elbows are out, to provide a smooth pendulum putting stroke.

Theories by the tomesful have been propounded; clinical lectures on the vexing art now precede many tournaments; equipment-makers have declared dividends from sale of "Dead-sure" and "Can't-miss" putters in all the shapes and weights allowed by the rules; countless golfers have enriched professionals with a reputation for curing the insidious ailment. Yet the fact stands solidly that, under examination, the game's heaviest money-winners testify that they can't even help themselves.

When Bobby Locke, the South African with the fine putting touch, was cleaning up American opens, a pathetic sight was the bevy of big-name stars who clustered around in hope of learning how he did it.

Scorning all the four-syllable words in a technique-ridden sport, they fall back on a slang term to express what hits them.

Putting, say the pros, gives them the "yips".

AND you can take it from the Sneads and Hogans that there is no definite counterirritant for the plague. The "yips" are recurrent, often contagious, usually non-diagnosible and, to those who labor for a living with golf clubs, frequently fatal. Tommy Armour, the Silver Scot, is credited with coining the expression back in the 1920's when a gallery bug uttered a pained "yip!" each time Armour's normally accurate putter failed. The word caught on because it connotes a variety of miseries—of mental fatigue wrecking concentration, of that mysterious psychological block that whispers to a golfer that he's going to miss, or of shattered poise when somebody sneezes or whirrs a camera. Many a pro golf wife, writing her breadwinner to ask what happened when he finished 17th and collected only \$133.40 in the Widespread Palms Open,

has received in reply a postcard with the capsule answer: "YIPS. LOVE. JOE."

When that happened, if the lady was wise, she started polishing up a trophy or two to hock for rent money. Papa wouldn't be sending anything home until the fever ran its course.

If there existed some big-domed genius of medicine who could microscopically study the "yips" and thereby devise a cure, his No. 1 laboratory specimen would have to be Samuel Jackson Snead, the 36-year-old Virginian variously termed "golf's champion choke-artist", "Mr. Jinx" and "the man with the stuttering putter". Snead's case is worthy of close inspection because nobody in history has missed more dinky putts for more money. It is not quite a tribute to his 1949 record of \$30,893.33 won, which topped the PGA field, or rush of victories last year and this in the Masters, Western Open, PGA Championship, Washington Star, Dapper Dan, Los Angeles, Texas and Greensboro Opens and Miami Invitational Tournament, that Snead stands today as golf's best drawing card. Ironically, many fans flock to the man tabbed by numerous critics as the most able shotmaker of the day because at any moment he is liable to kick a duke's ransom out the window with a screaming 290-yard drive, a pinpointed 200-yard approach—and a bobbled 20-inch putt.

THESE uncanny collapses, in fact, have caused some remarkable demonstrations of reverse crowd psychology. Early this year, at the Los Angeles Open, the writer stood with Grantland Rice, the sports-writing dean, and Ralph Kiner, baseball's home-run king, while Snead teed off. Even the widely-cheered Kiner was impressed with the ovation given Snead. On all sides, people exclaimed in awed tones and applauded as the Slammer gave the hall his patented long ride out of sight. A bit later, moving down the fairway, they roared further approval as he laid a tricky iron shot close to the pin. "Nice audience," commented Kiner. "Yes—but wait a minute," said Rice.

As Snead stepped onto the green to line up his putt, a heavy silence fell over the observers. Then a front-row watcher spoke up for the gallery with distinct relish: "Lookit the big goof—he doesn't even know what course he's on!"

So it went right up to the final round. Snead, rated a colossus with a brassie or niblick in his paws, was rudely razzed whenever he took up the bent-knee stance. This time, however, he found his putting touch and came up to the tourney's last hole needing a 15-foot sidehill putt to tie Ben Hogan for first place. At least one gallery member, an elderly woman, now felt some compassion for the long-suffering Sambo.

"Please, let him sink it," she prayed audibly. "He needs it so."

When the ball plunked in, even the stoic Hogan seemed startled. So abruptly had Snead switched the script that in the

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ensuing 18-hole playoff he defeated Bantam Ben handily, setting off a string of wins and high finishes that netted him more than \$12,000 in the first five months of this year. But Ben is doing a great job of catching up, making sports history at Merion—a course demanding putting skill—June 11, when he beat Mangrum and Fazio in the U. S. Open play-off. As Red Smith said of this legendary achievement, "This was a spiritual victory, an absolute triumph of will."

**S**NEAD being a virtuoso, his case is almost unique in sport records. If Ty Cobb, the complete ballplayer, hadn't been able to bunt, if Dempsey couldn't throw a short left hook or Jack Kramer was bereft of ability to place the little lob, these super-stars would understand the feeling of inadequacy which often grips the gifted Virginian. Snead estimates that the "yips" have cost him more than \$250,000 since 1936, his break-in season. He finished second no less than 26 times in big-money tournaments. "And it usually happened within spittin' distance of the hole," Snead adds darkly. "The long putts—the kind you don't figure to drop—never have bothered me. I get my share of them. But up close, the road to the cup looks crooked'er'n a snake's back."

This optical misconception traces to a nightmarish moment in the 1939 National Open at Philadelphia. Snead was then a fresh-faced ex-barefoot caddy and \$20-a-month apprentice clubmaker out of the Hot Springs, Va., hills who already knew something of the terrible swift injustice that can visit a man on the manicured green. Earlier, in his very first Open championship at Oakland Hills in 1937, he posted a fine 283 that seemed to assure him of the title. But Ralph Guldahl, feeling sure that Snead had clinched the

prize, took an idle whack with his putter—and watched in popeyed amazement as the ball skipped and hopped 72 feet into the hole. Catching fire, Guldahl finished with 281 at the very moment that USGA officials were hoisting highballs to Sammy in the clubhouse.

Two years later, standing on the 72nd tee of Spring Mill, Snead needed only a par five to clinch the game's highest honor. A hooked drive, a bunkered approach and a poor pitch put him deep in trouble. But it was a missed putt on his fifth stroke that cost him \$75,000, the minimum the Open is worth. From that moment Snead was operating strictly in a trance.

"I can't even remember the rest of it," he says. In the most yippish exhibition of all time, he putted again and missed by three feet. He putted once more from 12 inches—and missed. Blindly, he tapped again and got the ball in.

The eight strokes made history. Jones will be remembered for his Grand Slam. Walter Hagen for his great gambling shots, but Snead, if he golfs until he's 102, will never live down the Big Eight that let Byron Nelson lash by to the championship. What is forgotten is that Snead went back a year later, rifled a brilliant birdie on the same hole and set a new course record of 64 strokes.

His parlous life with the putt has caused Sammy to mellow and mature, rather than grow bitter, but he wishes he knew a few more answers. How, for example, do the "yips" select their victim? In the 1947 National Open at St. Louis, everything pointed to a Snead triumph at last. A veteran of 400 battles, he was tied after 72 holes at 282 with Lew Worsham, a nervous, chain-smoking newcomer. The press-tenters smiled wisely and foresaw a large, screaming

case of tattered nerves for Worsham in the playoff. Yet on the final hole, all even with Snead, freshman Worsham faced the tightest finish in National Open history with an annoying grin. As Snead was stepping up for the payoff putt, Worsham stopped him with, "I'm away, Sam—not you."

"No, my ball is away," glowered Snead.

A tape-measurement showed that Snead's ball, indeed, was 30½ inches away to 29½ for Worsham. Pulling himself together, Snead took careful aim—and missed by two inches. Worsham, strangely feeling no painful pressure, knocked his ball in and Snead had let golf's fattest prize slip away once more.

**F**EW athletes have tried as hard to conquer a weakness as the Slammer, or met with such persistent failure. For years he has touched neither liquor nor tobacco, to insure the soundest possible physical condition. His diet is carefully watched. He plays a lone hand on the PGA trail, fiercely bearing down on the task at hand. Snead has even consulted doctors about his abnormally long arms, fearing some anatomical handicap. He was assured that his longshoreman appendages aid his prodigious driving (which reaches 315 yards) and don't hurt his putting.

He goes to considerable trouble to stay relaxed. Once, before the Masters at Augusta, he avoided the pre-tourney wimwams by smuggling two monkeys into his hotel room. After several hours of watching their simian capers, he emerged smiling and rested—and promptly putted himself out of contention.

Meanwhile, the world's worst duffer has nothing on Snead in the matter of experimenting with clubs. He has tried as many as nine makes of putter in one year, rejecting the most finely-tooled as a fickle woman discards hats. He travels with the rear seat of his heavy touring car a-jangle with putters of every size and shape—goosenecks, center-shafted, mallets, etc. Snead has tried, abandoned, and desperately resurrected half a dozen stance variations. Originally favoring the wrist-action style, he is today what is known as a "pendulum-putter". Briefly stating Snead's theory, he believes that a combination of arms and hands, with the body acting as an unmoving fulcrum, will take the club back and bring it forward with the least chance of deviating from a single exact path.

Like a lot of ordinary hackers, he has a fanatical devotion to one club. This came about at the Tucson Open in the Spring of 1949 when he opened a clubhouse locker and a shiny new putter fell out. At the time, Sammy was ready to stuff his golf bag over the caddie's head, throw his sticks in the lake and retire to his 100-acre ranch and raise cows. In '48 he had finished a dismal 30th in the Bing Crosby Invitational, finished 14th in the Phoenix Open, 19th at Tucson and 42nd at St. Petersburg. He had bowed out in the PGA quarter-finals, was 5th in the



As Sammy Snead stands at the left, Lew Worsham lifts his ball while United States Golf Association Officials measure the distances of each ball from the cup on the 18th green of the St. Louis Country Club, during the playoff for the U. S. Open in 1947. Snead was away and putted first, missing. Worsham then sank his putt to win the Open.

U.S. Open, tied for 15th in the Masters and lost the Tam o' Shanter World title to Lloyd Mangrum, 71 strokes to 70. At year's end, Snead glumly added up \$6890 won—compared to expenses of more than \$10,000.

With little interest, he inspected the new club—a chrome, center-shafted, brass-headed, sand-blasted-faced putter—and, tossing it in the back seat of his car, forgot about it until weeks later at the Greensboro, N. C., Open. Then he had cause to thank fervently the old pro friend who had left the club in the locker for Sammy to find.

"It was supposed to give me a psychological lift—and it did," says Snead. In fact, Aaron's rod cast before Pharaoh never blossomed more magically. Snead's suddenly sharp putting nosed out Mangrum for the Greensboro purse. In the Masters, he needed only 30 putts on his final 18 holes to beat Bulla and Mangrum. In the Washington Star Open, he wowed fans with a 35-foot eagle putt that helped add another \$2,600 to his bankroll. In the 1949 Western Open at St. Paul, Snead blissfully rammed in putts from all corners and broke the tourney record with rounds of 69-67-65-67—268. He couldn't be stopped in the National PGA at Richmond, Va., either, where his smoking blade mowed down Demaret, Jim Ferrier and Johnny Palmer. "Putting is 85 to 90 per cent confidence," Snead announced at this point, "and I've got it now."

**B**UT who ever really solved the riddle of the "yips"? Last June, at the peak of his comeback, Sammy found himself, sure-fire putter in hand, on the 17th green of the National Open at Chicago. He needed only two pars on the remaining holes to tie Cary Middlecoff for the championship. Calmly, Sammy tapped toward the hole—and overshot by six full feet. There was still a chance to save himself on the return putt. It was only a six-footer—the kind Snead had been bagging all Summer without thinking twice. But the old feeling crept over him, his reflexes wavered, his hands twitched—and the ball, rolling up to the cup, trickled around the edge and died.

The two bobbles gave Snead a final card of 287 to Middlecoff's 286 and cost him an estimated \$100,000 in cash, bonuses and endorsements for winning golf's most prized tournament.

Snead's record since then baffles all the theorists abounding in the golf bushes. This year, he missed an eight-footer that would have tied Demaret in the Ben Hogan Open. He just missed more easy ones to finish second behind Chandler Harper in the Tucson Open. He was out of the running in the Texas Open until something—he can't guess what—inspired him to two fabulous rounds of 63 strokes each. They broke PGA and course records and gave him the Texas by one stroke.

He remained putter-deadly in winning the Miami 10-Grander with a 15-under-

par 273. Likewise, he took the Sedgefield, N. C., Country Club apart with a record 269. Then in the Masters last April, he switched back to the old, puzzling jab-and-miss technique at crucial moments and lost his crown to Demaret.

The best explanation that Snead himself can give of his hot-and-cold flashes is that golf is a curiously unbalanced game when broken down. The term "par", generally meaning 72 shots on each round, calls for two putts on each green. Thus a par round means that 36 shots are used up in approaching the green, and another 36 are allotted on the green. In other words, with 14 legal-limit clubs in the bag, the putter hits twice as many shots as the other thirteen clubs combined.

If the Slammer has learned anything by trial and repeated error, it is these tips which he passes on:

1—"Take plenty of time to look over the line of your putt. Don't let them hurry you. Remember that confidence is everything and you can't have even reasonable confidence without being sure of your line—how and where you want the ball to roll.

2—"Keep your feet wide enough apart to obtain the best balance, with your weight a bit more on the left foot than the right. This prevents swaying and helps you hit through the ball. Too much weight on the right foot will make you hit the ball on the upswing and thus give the ball a little too much top-spin.

3—"Be sure the forward stroke is a smooth, continuous motion. To insure this, head and body must remain perfectly immobile.

4—"Try to roll the ball the first three inches on the ground along the line that you've picked for the putt to follow. That first three inches, if properly played, gives you the greatest possible chance of holing out."

**T**HIS highly reasonable procedure, of course, Snead fully expects to have explode in his face often during the tournaments ahead. Not until magnetic cups and clubs with built-in directional beams are authorized by the USGA is anybody or anything going to take the peril out of putting. Sammy came to that conclusion in its fullest sense, and grew correspondingly philosophical, in one brief flash during a round at Kansas City some seasons ago.

On that afternoon, as he was approaching the ninth green grumbling about his putts that hadn't dropped, a bolt of lightning streaked down and struck near the pin. Five other players were sent flying through the air, dazed and bleeding. One had his clothes set afire. Several were seriously injured. Sammy, alone, remained upright and unhurt amidst the carnage.

Not like the rest of his clan, Suffering Sam Snead hasn't uttered an audible "yip!" on a golf course since.

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## New Lodges

(Continued from page 27)

dles Lodge whose officers initiated the Charter Member Class; D.D. W. O. Rife presided at the institution ceremonies.

**CORTEZ, COLO., LODGE NO. 1789**, saw the light of day with Durango Elk officials heading the ceremonies attended by delegates from over 35 lodges of the State. More than 175 men were in the Charter Class initiated by Ouray Lodge's Ritualistic Team. A banquet followed at which

State Assn. and Grand Lodge officers were guests of the new lodge whose organization is due primarily to the efforts of D.D. J. A. Wilmer. This lodge is the first one in Colorado's history to start off with a \$1,000 Honorary Founder's Certificate in the Elks National Foundation.

Dignitaries from all over western Texas were on hand for the opening of **BIG**

**SPRINGS LODGE NO. 1386**, reinstated under its old number with 48 new members and the addition of 23 on dimit. El Paso Elks were in charge of the initiation, and present were State Pres. F. W. Beckstead, State Secy. H. S. Rubenstein, D.D. E. C. Bunch and several former State Presidents; the gathering included large delegations from Plainview, Lubbock, Odessa and Sweetwater Lodges.

## Into the Web

(Continued from page 5)

tiful things in the world—a speckled pointer puppy, a green tree full of ripe tangerines, and a red-headed woman. But she was strictly a play girl. Drank a good bit and ran around a lot with the winter people. Didn't care a hoot about Tom's hobby and I often thought she didn't care a hoot about Tom, either. Maybe poor old Tommy had figured it that way, too.

There is only one road in to Turkey Slough. It turns off the pavement to the east and winds five or six miles through the scrub past Doe Lake and around the head of Turkey Creek. When I got to the turn-off I recognized the broad, balloon-tire tracks of Winters' special-rigged hunting car leading into the scrub.

Just to be sure no other cars had gone in toward the camp I parked beside the highway and had a closer look. There were no other tracks. It had rained the night before—at least until ten o'clock, when I had gone to bed—and the distinctive treads of Winters' tires stood out sharply in the wet sand. The Turkey Slough road isn't traveled much and it's strictly a one-way proposition. The scrub oaks and myrtles meet over it in some places, so that it's almost like a tunnel. I followed the tire tracks a little way into the scrub, checking some things in my mind.

**A** MAN doesn't spend as much time in the woods as I do without being able to read certain signs. When sun and wind beat down on a track, there are unmistakable results. Sharp edges of imprints become blurred and crumbly. A leaf may be pressed down by the weight of a big bear—or an automobile tire—and when the sun dries it the leaf will spring back up, dry on the underside. But there had been a rain and now there was an early morning fog hanging over the scrub, so there were no such signs here. These tire tracks looked plumb fresh, all right. I noticed where a big possum had come out of the scrub and walked down the rut, mashing down the tread marks with its sprawling prints. Possums usually ramble at night and I was considering this fact when I saw something that stopped me in my tracks. That's when I turned around and went back to town for some witnesses—fast.

The inquest was held Wednesday evening in my office. Old Doc Spooner was coroner and he did a right smart job, to my notion. But then, I had told him some things. After he had settled himself in the worn swivel chair behind the long table and looked around the room he spoke in the drawl we all knew so well. "Call the first witness."

**C**ARL JAMIESON was sworn in and testified he was an accredited physician, practicing under the laws of Florida. If the occasion hadn't been so solemn it would have been funny. These two country doctors had brought most of us into the world and between them had treated our respective ailments for almost half a century. They knew all there was to know about us and about each other. But here everything had to be according to law. Doc Spooner seemed to enjoy it.

"Now then, Doctor," he said, "will you tell the jury what you found Monday morning when you were called to the camp of the deceased, Thomas J. Billings?"

Jamieson was equally formal. "Cer-

tainly. Doctor. Billings had been shot through the heart. Death must have come almost instantly. The bullet had pierced the left ventricle. It emerged just under the left shoulder blade."

"Any powder burns?"

"Yes. The gun must have been very close to, or against, the chest."

"At what time did you examine the body?"

"At about nine-thirty in the morning. Sheriff Edwards called me at home just as I was leaving for my office—eight forty-five or so. I met him out at the Turkey Slough turn-off and we went directly to Billings' camp."

Old Doc Spooner nodded. "Very good. Doctor. And, in your opinion, Tom had been dead for some time?"

"At least eight hours—probably longer."

"You were Tom Billings' family physician, I believe?"

"All his life."

"Anything wrong with Tom that you knew of; any serious or incurable ailment?"

"No, sir."

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"Did you examine Billings recently?"  
"About a month ago. Fit as a fiddle."

Doc Spooner just nodded absently and said, "Thank you. That'll be all. Now then, Jim Edwards, will you take the chair?"

I took the oath and sat down. Old Doc looked at me briefly over his spectacles.

"I'll want you again, Sheriff. Right now, just one point. Did you recover the bullet from which Tom Billings met his death?"

I laid the battered slug on the table. Doc looked at it carefully.

"Where was this bullet?"

"It had torn through the mattress and was partially embedded in the floor under the bed."

"Can you tell the caliber?"

"Yes," I said. "It's a .45—230 grain, metal case bullet."

That was all for me. The next witness was Helene Billings. We all noticed that she had left off her usual make-up. Funny how a really beautiful woman improves without it. Anyhow, she was something to look at with her natural red hair and creamy northern skin. She'd sure managed to keep out of our Florida sun.

**S**HE WAS a cool one, that woman, for all her apparent grief. Even corrected Doc for pronouncing her name wrong. "Helen Billings," he had called her. But Doc paid her no mind—just asked, "Now then, ma'am, you are the widow of the deceased, Tom Billings?"

"Yes," she answered, so low that we hardly heard her.

"You are the sole heir—there are no children?"

"There are no children. I assume that I am sole heir," she said in that same low voice.

Doc nodded. This was all just for the record.

"Will you tell the jury where you were last Sunday night?"

For just a second, Helene Billings' gray-green eyes flickered to Ormond Winters who was sitting in the corner. "I was dining with a friend."

"Will you identify that friend?" asked Doc.

"Certainly—Mr. Ormond Winters, an old friend of my husband's and mine."

"Where did y'all go to eat?" continued Doc mildly.

"Hunter's Inn—on the Tampa road. What's wrong with that?"

"Not a thing, ma'am. What time did you leave the Inn?"

"About midnight, I should say. Mr. Winters said that he was going out to Tom's camp early for a hunt and needed some rest."

"Then Mr. Winters took you straight home?"

"That is correct. And I resent the implication."

Doc Spooner looked surprised. "No implication meant, ma'am. One more question. Had you been drinking?"

Now Helene Billings was icy. "Certainly," she answered. "Don't you drink when you go out for the evening?"

That was dirty. We all knew old Doc's weakness. But he never batted an eye. "Thank you, ma'am. That'll be all. Call the next witness."

Hugh Baldee fetched the foreign-looking guy who testified that he was headwaiter at Hunter's Inn and he identified Winters and Mrs. Billings as frequent customers who had dined there Sunday evening. Yes, they had been drinking, but not to excess. No, they were not intoxicated when they left about midnight. And he had seen nothing unusual in their behavior toward each other. The natural attentions of a man toward a good-looking woman. That was all.

"Call Mr. Ormond Winters," said Doc.

Winters took the stand. He was a big, ruddy man in his early forties, well-dressed and confident. None of us knew him well, although he had been coming to our little town for the past two seasons. He always seemed to have plenty of leisure. Lived alone in a small house he'd rented on West Magnolia, but he wasn't home much, according to the neighbors. Quail hunting seemed to be his chief interest and his special hunting car was known to everybody in the county.

Doc Spooner looked him over as he sat easily in the witness chair.

"Your name is Ormond Winters, I believe?"

"That's right, sir."

"Where is your home, Mr. Winters?"

"New York."

"Your occupation?"

"Bird hunting," smiled Winters. "I'm retired."

"You're lucky," grunted old Doc. "Do a lot of hunting, don't you, 'specially with Tom Billings?"

The big man looked down at the floor and answered in a low voice, "I did, yes. Quite a bit."

"Old friend, eh?"

"Well, not exactly. Met Billings two years ago. We hit it off right from the start."

Doc Spooner pondered this statement while he pulled at his scraggly gray mustache.

"Seems like to me that Mrs. Billings said you were an old friend."

"Oh, yes, of course," he said. "I had known Helene—Mrs. Billings—for several years up North."

There was a noticeable stir in the room. Even men like gossip.

"Now, then, Mr. Winters," went on Doc, "will you please tell the jury just what happened from midnight Sunday night until you called Sheriff Edwards Monday morning at eight o'clock with the sad news about Tommy Billings?"


"Five minutes past eight, I believe it was," nodded Winters. "I remember looking at my watch as I phoned, wondering if the Sheriff would be in his office yet. Naturally, I wanted to get the news to him at once."

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"Naturally," agreed old Doc soberly. "Go ahead, please."

"Well, I drove Mrs. Billings to her home—about one o'clock, I should say. Then I went home myself and turned in. Wanted as much rest as I could get. Tom Billings was a hard hunter. When you stayed with him on a day's hunt you knew it. He was a great . . ."

"Where did you eat breakfast that morning, Mr. Winters?" interrupted Doc Spooner unexpectedly.

**M**AYBE I was wrong, but I thought I caught the first sign of uneasiness in the big man's eyes. Almost immediately, though, he answered.

"Why to tell you the truth, I didn't eat any breakfast—didn't feel quite up to snuff."

"Not a very good way to start off a hard day's hunt," observed Doc, shaking his head. "I ain't worth shucks in the morning till I get my coffee. Feller needs his coffee."

"Absolutely," agreed Winters heartily. "But then I didn't feel just right Monday morning."

"You go quail hunting pretty regular, Mr. Winters?"

Winters nodded. "Every other day, at least, during the season."

"Ain't it true," went on old Doc. "that you always eat breakfast in the Tip-Top Cafe?"

"Why, yes. Generally, that is. I repeat that I didn't feel right that morning. Anyway, I knew that Tom would be expecting me at the camp. Figured I'd have breakfast with him, if I wanted any."

"Hmm," mused old Doc. "Funny about that. Everything was all set out ready to start breakfast, all right—table all set—but just for one."

"Why not?" asked Winters, leaning forward. "Billings knew that I always ate in town."

"Of course," agreed Doc Spooner softly. "Now then, Mr. Winters, just go ahead and tell the jury what you found when you got to the camp at eight o'clock last Monday morning, or thereabouts."

"Exactly eight o'clock," Winters snapped. "I told you that I telephoned Sheriff Edwards at once—at eight-five."

"You went straight out from town to the camp?"

"Certainly. Took me about forty-five minutes to make it. I would say. When I got there I went right into the camp and called Tom. When there was no answer I looked around. Then I found the poor fellow, just as the sheriff found him—dead in bed."

"Where was the gun?" asked Doc.

"On the floor beside the bed, where it had slipped out of his hand."

"One more thing, Mr. Winters. Are you sure your watch was correct?"

"Positive," Winters said. "It checked with the sheriff's, didn't it?"

Doc Spooner looked at me and I nodded. Then Doc asked, "So you must have left town shortly after seven

o'clock. Couldn't have been any earlier?"

Winters seemed impatient as he answered. "Not before seven-fifteen at the earliest. It was after daylight when I turned off the highway."

"You'll absolutely swear to that?"

"I will."

Old Doc Spooner sighed. He knew what I knew and he dreaded what was coming. For several moments he sat there staring off through the window at the blackness of the night. Then he turned to me.

"All right, Jim. Take the stand again, please."

I sat down, hitching the chair around so that I could watch Winters.

"Did you receive a telephone call on last Monday morning from the witness, Ormond Winters?" began Doc.

"I did."

"At what time?"

"At approximately five minutes past eight."

"Repeat the conversation."

I repeated it for the jury as closely as I could.

"Did anything about this message strike you as strange?" asked Doc.

"No—Not at the time," I answered carefully.

"Later?"

"Yes."

"What was it that seemed strange?" urged Doc, leaning forward over the table.

"Well," I said, "that automatic. I've known Tommy Billings a long time. We've done a lot of shooting together. Naturally we talked a lot about guns. Tommy had some nice ones—a .32 Special deer rifle and three double-barreled shotguns. He didn't like automatics."

"Did he have a revolver that you knew of?" asked old Doc.

"Yes. A .38 Police Special."

"Where is that gun now?"

I took the gun out of my pocket and laid it on the table.

"There it is. It was in the glove compartment of his car out at the camp."

"Did the deceased own any other pistol or pistols that you knew of?" asked Doc.

"No," I answered, watching Winters.

The man was sitting up in his chair now—tense as a fiddle-string. Doc Spooner went on with his questioning.

"But isn't it possible that Tom might have had other guns of which you knew nothing—maybe acquired recently?"

"Perfectly possible," I said. Winters seemed to relax a little. I couldn't be sure.

By this time everybody in the room had sensed that something was wrong. I saw Winters flash a quick look at Mrs. Billings who sat straight and pale, watching the coroner.

Old Doc leaned back in his squeaky swivel chair and spoke his thoughts.

"We don't know much about suicides in our little community," he said, "so we have to do a lot of figgering to explain 'em. Take Tommy Billings now. Who'd

have thought that boy would take his own life—much as he loved his bird dogs and the woods? And all the money in the world to enjoy 'em with, too.

"Of course, nobody knows what goes on in a man's heart—even in a little town where we think we know everybody and just what makes 'em tick. A feller can have some deep grief bottled up inside him. Maybe it's a sickness that he knows can't be cured. That's out in this case. Maybe it's a woman, who hurts him more'n he can take.

"Anyhow, when a feller gets to the end of the row he's pretty churned up. Most always it builds up and builds up. So it don't seem like a feller would set out his breakfast to go a-bird hunting, climb into bed and then shoot himself. Seems like he wouldn't care about next day—like he'd do a heap of thinking and floor-walking. Yet Doc Jamieson has testified that Tommy Billings had been dead at least six hours when he was found. So he must have been out there alone—leastwise if Mr. Winters wasn't there, too."

**H**ERE it came! Winters was on his feet, a hard light in his eyes.

"What are you driving at?" he asked thinly.

"Just the facts," said old Doc. "Just trying to add up a few things that won't add."

"You don't believe that it was suicide?"

"That's about it," answered old Doc grimly.

"You can't prove anything," Winters said through dry lips. "I suppose you've found that it was my gun. That proves nothing. I traded it to Billings last week."

Old Doc ignored him and spoke to the room at large.

"Now if I was fixing to shoot myself I'd be pretty worked up. Maybe I'd go to bed, but I doubt it. Then, if I decided on a pistol I wouldn't try for a heart shot. No, sir. Might suffer. I'd want it quick and sure."

I saw Ed Burrows and a couple of the other boys nod, half raising their fingers to their temples. Winters was on his feet again.

"This is crazy!" he shouted. "Why would I want to shoot Tom Billings?"

Nobody said anything, but I think every eye in the room turned toward the woman. She sat, ramrod straight, stiff as a skillet handle.

Winters' hoarse voice cut through the silence.

"You can't prove anything. Check the fingerprints on the gun. Check . . ."

"We have," I interrupted. "And naturally they're Tom's. That would be too easy, Winters."

"Speaking of proving things, Mr. Winters," broke in old Doc. "Can you prove that you didn't drive in the Turkey Slough road Sunday—about two o'clock, say? Do you have any witnesses to prove that you went out after daylight that morning?"

Winters licked his lips. "No. Didn't meet a single car on the way out from town. But you certainly can't prove that I went out earlier."

"Yes," said old Doc slowly, "I think we can. And we have a witness. Sheriff, will you produce the evidence?"

I took the little bottle out of my pocket and stood up. Looking around the smoky room I was glad to see the weatherbeaten faces of these men. They knew the woods and the wild creatures. My evidence would mean something here.

"Boys," I said, "you have heard the witnesses. You have heard Mr. Winters take oath that he went in the Turkey Slough road at a little after seven o'clock Monday morning. He's very positive about the time. Don't forget that. If his story is true, he couldn't have been out at the camp when Billings died because Doc Jamieson has testified that the death occurred at least eight hours before—probably an hour or two after midnight.

"Now, Winters telephoned me at five minutes past eight to tell of finding Tom Billings, apparently a suicide. Not later than eight-thirty I was at the Turkey Slough turn-off—just about an hour after Winters claims he went in.

"Just to be sure no other cars had gone in I stopped and checked the only tire tracks. They were those big balloon tires of Winters' hunting car and they looked fresh, all right. The one thing that made me look closer was seeing a possum track on top of the tire marks."

Helene Billings' hysterical voice startled us. Now her true feelings were out in the open for all to read.

"A possum!" she cried. "You'd try to hang a murder on a man because of a possum? Are you crazy?"

"No," I said, looking at Winters. "The possum was just incidental. Here in this bottle is the hard-working little critter that proves the man a liar. I'm no scientist and I can't tell you just what kind of a spider it is. But I do know that it spins a beautiful web. Several times on a deer stand I've watched the job. It takes this little spider just about five hours to complete her web. She lets herself down on a single thread and lets the breeze swing her across to another branch. Then she starts her pattern."

"And," added Doc, "that delicate web was perfectly spun across the Turkey Slough road—one side to the other—when Sheriff Edwards got there at eight-thirty. I saw it myself around nine—all glistening with the night dew. So did Zeb Reed and John Olson and Doctor Jamieson. It was perfect, wasn't it, gentlemen?"

"It was," agreed Jamieson.

Reed and Olson nodded solemnly.

"I guess," sighed old Doc, "that little old spider caught more than she figured on."

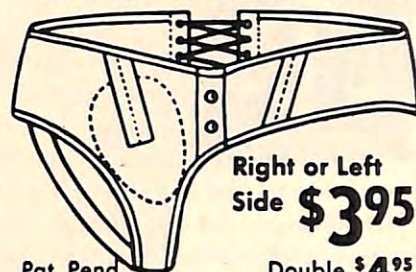
Winters didn't even look up when I tapped him on the shoulder to hear the verdict.

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# editorial

## MURRAY HULBERT



Many and varied were the worthwhile affairs that felt the impress of Murray Hulbert's character, but our Order was supreme in its claims upon his loyalty and for 42 years he gave of his talents and energies to its advancement.

His devotion was manifested by his appearance, just two weeks before his death, at the installation ceremonies at New York Lodge No. 1, where he was initiated in 1908 and began a career, climaxed 20 years later by his election as Grand Exalted Ruler.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert first attracted favorable attention beyond his own lodge by his services as Chairman of the Grand Lodge Special Committee for the reception honoring General Pershing when he returned triumphantly from Europe in 1919. The next year he was named Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Distribution. He served on the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee, the Committee on Social and Community Welfare and for three terms was a Justice of the Grand Forum.

His integrity, his capable acceptance of responsibilities and his warm, generous personality carried him up the ladder in the Grand Lodge until in 1928 he was rewarded with the highest honor in Elksdom. Faithful though his services had been before, they were no less so afterward. From 1934 until his death, Brother Hulbert served as a Trustee of the Elks National Foundation, as Secretary of the Board during the first three years of his tenure and as Treasurer since 1946. His service here held a great appeal for him, affording as it did the opportunity to participate actively in the broad programs of benevolences carried on by the Foundation, especially those concerned with aiding youth. While he no doubt never regarded them as a handicap, but rather a real advantage, Brother Hulbert remembered his struggles to obtain an education, and his sympathy for youth and its problems, and for the afflicted among his fellow men, was ever in evidence.

His 16 years of distinguished service as a Federal Judge crowned a long and honorable career in elective and appointive public office. Justice was never an abstract thing to Judge Hulbert, something to be wrapped in theories and platitudes and trapped in law books. To him, justice meant order and fair dealing, one man with another; a vital fundamental concept in the day-to-day application of which he was guided by the belief that justice was a noble expression of man's search for a better life.

As City Official, Member of Congress, a leader of the Bar and Jurist, Brother Hulbert was a public servant whose services brought honor not only to him but to the Order he loved and served so well.

## LEADER OF A MILLION



On Thursday, July 13th, in the closing session of the 86th Grand Lodge Convention at Miami, Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge, No. 174, will surrender the gavel. At that moment, he may look back upon a year in which he added a chapter of accomplishment and outstanding leadership to our Order's history.

Brother Anderson may go back, first, to his confident assertion in his acceptance speech, when he declared: "We shall be privileged in a matter of a few months to announce that we have enrolled our one millionth member". That aim is a reality.

He will remember his promise to give this Fraternity "a business administration for the sole purpose of helping to build strong lodges", and will relive those intensively active days in which he led our Order to the strongest position it has held since it first began serving our people, our communities, our Country.

Throughout his administration, our Order's top executive has kept in close touch with leaders and members on all levels, directing the normal healthy growth which was his central goal.

His promotion of our National Service Commission's newly instituted "Wake Up America" program, of the Youth Activities Committee's programs, of our observance of National Newspaper Week and the U. S. Savings Bond Independence Drive; his work with the Grand Lodge officers, District Deputies, State Presidents, Exalted Rulers; his attention to plans for the Grand Lodge Convention, all testify to his indefatigable energy. No more immediate evidence can be found of the activity within our lodges and increased devotion to the objectives of Elksdom than our Grand Secretary's report that in the year just closed charitable expenditures of the Order of Elks reached a new high of more than six million dollars.

Emmett Anderson is well endowed with the peculiarly-American gift of knowing how to get things done. Yet, like many of our leaders, he does not limit his activities to building for material and organizational ends. Friendship is important to him; we recall the anecdote reporting his home-coming visit to Tacoma after his election. An Elk salesman in a local store had just completed a sale when word of the Grand Exalted Ruler's arrival spread. He hurried out, brushing aside a remonstrance that there were more customers with the statement: "Can't help that now; I've got to go up and see Emmett."

With the same dignified, yet affable, charm that won him friendships by the hundreds in the Great Northwest, he has added thousands throughout America to the list of those who, when he is in town, will want to "go up and see Emmett".

Our consolation in seeing him leave office is the knowledge that he will join our Past Grand Exalted Rulers to give of talent, time and experience in holding the good ship *Elksdom* to a sound course.

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