

THE

# ELKS

MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER 1950

## WHY WE HAVE COMMUNISTS

Gen. Eisenhower—J. Edgar Hoover  
Dr. Richard Brickner

● EASTERN EDITION





# DID YOU KNOW?

*that during the fiscal year closing  
May 31, your ELKS MAGAZINE*

- Printed 11,937,454 copies—502,844 more than last year.
- Printed 680,187,604 pages—16,919,340 more than last year.
- Printed 1,023,055 copies for June issue alone.
- Had surplus earnings of \$242,563.61—\$40,390.35 more than last year.
- An operating income of \$1,160,851.49.
- Earned \$188,018.99 from advertising space.
- Turned \$125,000 over to the Grand Lodge and an additional \$45,000 for the Grand Lodge Reserve Fund—a total of \$170,000. In addition, this year \$67,266.02 was contributed from Magazine earnings for operation and maintenance of the Memorial Building in Chicago—a total of \$237,266.02.
- And—since the Magazine was started in 1922—has turned over \$5,130,314.56 to the Grand Lodge.

★ Above statistics from Annual Report of the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission.

● YOU CAN HELP IN THIS WORK FOR ELKDOM BY TELLING  
OUR ADVERTISERS— **“I SAW IT IN THE ELKS MAGAZINE.”**



# A Message from the Grand Exalted Ruler



THE 86th Grand Lodge Convention of our Order is now history.

Each and every delegate who attended the Miami reunion returned to his home a better Elk because of that happy experience. The program as arranged by the Florida Elks Committee was interesting, colorful and purposeful. All were loud in their praise for the par excellent brand of Southern hospitality displayed upon every opportunity.

The business of the Convention was carried on with dispatch and with decorum. Each session was particularly instructive. Reports of Grand Lodge officers and Committees covered a multitude of activities, designed to inspire all our subordinate lodge delegates to return to their homes with pride of membership and better able to carry on in the greatest humanitarian enterprise known to man.

As I meet my recently appointed District

Deputies in regional conferences, you will learn more about my program of Community Responsibility for your lodge.

“Looking ahead one million strong” should inspire every single member of our Order to canvass the situation and bring into his lodge at least one new member before March 1st. If the Order of Elks is good enough for you, it should be good enough for your son, your brother, your father and your closest friend.

Throughout the succeeding months I propose to spend much time dealing with our membership in an effort to reclaim unaffiliated Elks. I hope every lodge will make a survey of lapsation and do something about it.

War clouds again cast their shadows and gloom over our home-land. The blood of our stalwart American soldier boys is being shed for the cause of freedom. Each casualty brings sorrow to me and to every member of our great patriotic American Brotherhood. To the bereaved family of every young American injured or killed in the service of our country, I extend my own deepest sympathy as well as the sympathy of our entire Order. We pray that God in His infinite wisdom may bring this ghastly conflict to a speedy and successful conclusion.

Sincerely and fraternally,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Joseph B. Kyle". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the printed name.

Joseph B. Kyle,  
GRAND EXALTED RULER





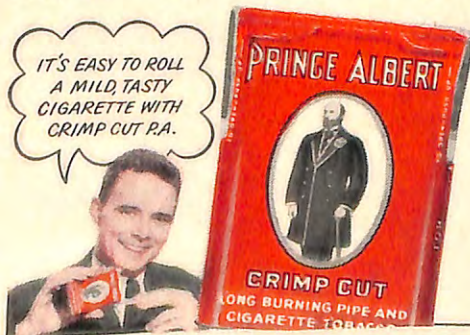
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the way ... he's  
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THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

# THE ELKS MAGAZINE

VOL. 29

No. 4

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

I enjoyed your article "The Trotters Are Back" in the August issue and want to say to you that it recalled a lot of very nice memories, particularly since I was standing at the wire, stopwatch in hand, the day that the great little horse Billy Direct took his record 1:55 at Lexington, Ky. However, what I am writing about is that on page 5 you show a picture of Billy Direct and the accompanying text states that he is wearing leather hobbles. I believe that if you look at the picture more closely you will see that at the time the picture was taken Billy Direct was free-legged.

Don R. Jefferis

Union City, Ind.

Mr. Jefferis is correct. In the picture Billy Direct is wearing knee-boot straps and is free-legged.

Thank you for the copies of *The Elks Magazine* which contain the story on trotting horses. It is an entertaining and factual account of the sport, and your cover is a real masterpiece and accurate in all its details.

Robert I. Terry

"Horseman and Fair World"

Indianapolis, Ind.

Having been an Elk for more than 54 years, it has been my pleasure and a "prime hobby" to read *The Elks Magazine* these many years. For interesting fraternal news and really good short stories it is just about tops. Also, I have been a patron of many of your advertisers, always without misgivings.

A. T. Patterson

Hot Springs, Ark.

In your July issue, I read with great interest the article by Senator Paul H. Douglas on the subject, "We Can Balance the Budget". Though recent developments in the Korean area make certain of the Senator's specific suggestions subject to change, the general philosophy expressed in the article is of the utmost significance to the American people.

Henry R. Malmquist

The Citizens Foundation

Syracuse, N. Y.

### FALL HUNTING

Outdoors sportsmen can look forward to our October issue, when we again will feature special articles on hunting.



### Here's what they found out:

THE HOOVER COMMISSION (so called because, at President Truman's suggestion, Former President Hoover was made its head) consisted of 6 eminent men from each political party... appointed to study and report on the Organization of the Executive Branch of the Government.

This Commission made an intensive investigation—prried into every major department of the federal government.

They found a hodgepodge of over-

lapping bureaus, confused authority, unnecessary functions, red tape.

They recommended streamlining, pruning of unnecessary functions, time-and-money-saving procedures, and a general overhauling.

They recommended that the President be empowered to reward department heads for reducing their staffs... that the fiscal agencies scattered through the government be assigned to the Treasury—and many other needed reforms. Many of these now await Congressional action.

These matters concern YOU. It is your money that's at stake—your government that must be made more efficient—your country that would be strengthened. So inform yourself on the proposals. Discuss them. Form your opinion...and make it known!

Write for free literature, and send your contribution, to

**Citizens Committee**  
FOR THE HOOVER REPORT

1421 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia 2, Penna.



PRESIDENT TRUMAN says: "I have all government agencies working on reorganization." But Congressional action, he adds, will be disappointing, "unless some educational program is put on..."

FORMER PRESIDENT HOOVER says: "Six presidents... have struggled to reorganize the executive branch of our government." The entire subject is bipartisan, above politics, Mr. Hoover declares.

## NATIONAL REORGANIZATION CRUSADE

for Better Government at a Better Price

This message is published in the public interest by *Elks Magazine*



# "He Can't Hurt Us!"

**T**HERE isn't a fight manager alive that I can't lick myself."

This simple statement, hardly an ambitious one, was made recently by Dumb Dan Morgan, and although Dan is 76, weighing little more than the sweat off a strong man's back, to date he has not been challenged by any member of his own peculiar trade.

Dumb Dan, incidentally, is slow in the head like a \$3000 comptometer and well aware that his bold remark has placed him in some small danger. A fight manager, throwing or receiving a punch for fun, instead of for cash, would be swiftly dropped from the polite society of his

fellows in the Boxing Managers' Guild (usually spelled g-u-i-l-d by sportswriter Dan Parker, a highly cynical student of their affairs)—because "He Can't Hurt Us" is more than a theme song with this cautious brotherhood; it is a religion. They realize a man will last much longer and remain less rattled in the head if he doesn't have it slugged too often. But at the same time they are swift to make clear that getting hit in the head is exactly what their clients, the fighters, are for. The manager's function is largely to talk as fierce a fight as his imagination will allow. And, among some of the distinguished gentlemen whose case histories

we will dust off here, no limits of imagination have been reached.

Back to the headlines once again, and leading a champion at the end of his gilded leash, has come Jack Kearns, a veteran manipulator of other people's minds and money who is reverently known as "the Doctor" to most members of the fight trade. Just what kind of doctor this remarkable fellow happens to be, no one has ever explained, though it's been unkindly and untruly stated that he took a Ph.D. in Larceny more than 30 years ago.

In fairness to the doctor, it's probable that this slander was whipped alive by

"I brung ya up from nothin', didn' I? Well, where's your gratitude?"





BY WILLIAM FAY

ILLUSTRATED BY

LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

**—the manager tells his boxer. As a welterweight contender once remarked, "No matter how tough the fight is, my manager can take it"—from outside the ropes.**

the suffering citizens of a town called Shelby, Montana, where the Dempsey-Gibbons fight took place in 1923. Mr. Kearns is said at that time to have extracted not only all the money in the town, but the gold from the people's teeth, their civic honor and the Stetson hats from their heads. But this is nonsense, obviously, because the doctor already had a hat. His admirers have maintained that he was merely teaching these impractical people a lesson in prudence, making it clear to them that they should not have guaranteed Dempsey \$300,000 when the total gate receipts amounted to less. Besides, the disgruntled citizens of Shelby, watching the doctor walk away with all that loot, were unaware of the de luxe fashion in which he had accustomed himself to living in those highly sugared days.

Mr. Kearns, who has made himself more than three million dollars by the glib use of his lips, is the kind of operator his colleagues would like to imagine themselves. Unlike fight managers observed in moving pictures, comic strips and, to an extent, in real life, the Doc is a smooth, adaptable gentleman, slick as a greased seal in the economic clinches,

and equally at home with princes or pirates. He happens to be an honest man with the nerve but without the illegal habits of a burglar. It's worth remembering that the Doc, campaigning in austerity-ridden England as late as January, 1950, had the newspapers obedient to his wildest whims. They not only called the battle between the Doc's Joie Maxim and England's Freddie Mills the most momentous since their own affair with Hitler, but seemed to believe the words the Doc had purred into their ears. Actually, Joie, while an able man, is not another Dempsey, and the wildest thing about Freddie has always been the way he wears his hair. Yet such was the spell cast by the Doctor that even Sir Stafford Cripps kept quiet. The fight took only three times as much cash from the sparse British purse as it would have drawn in New York.

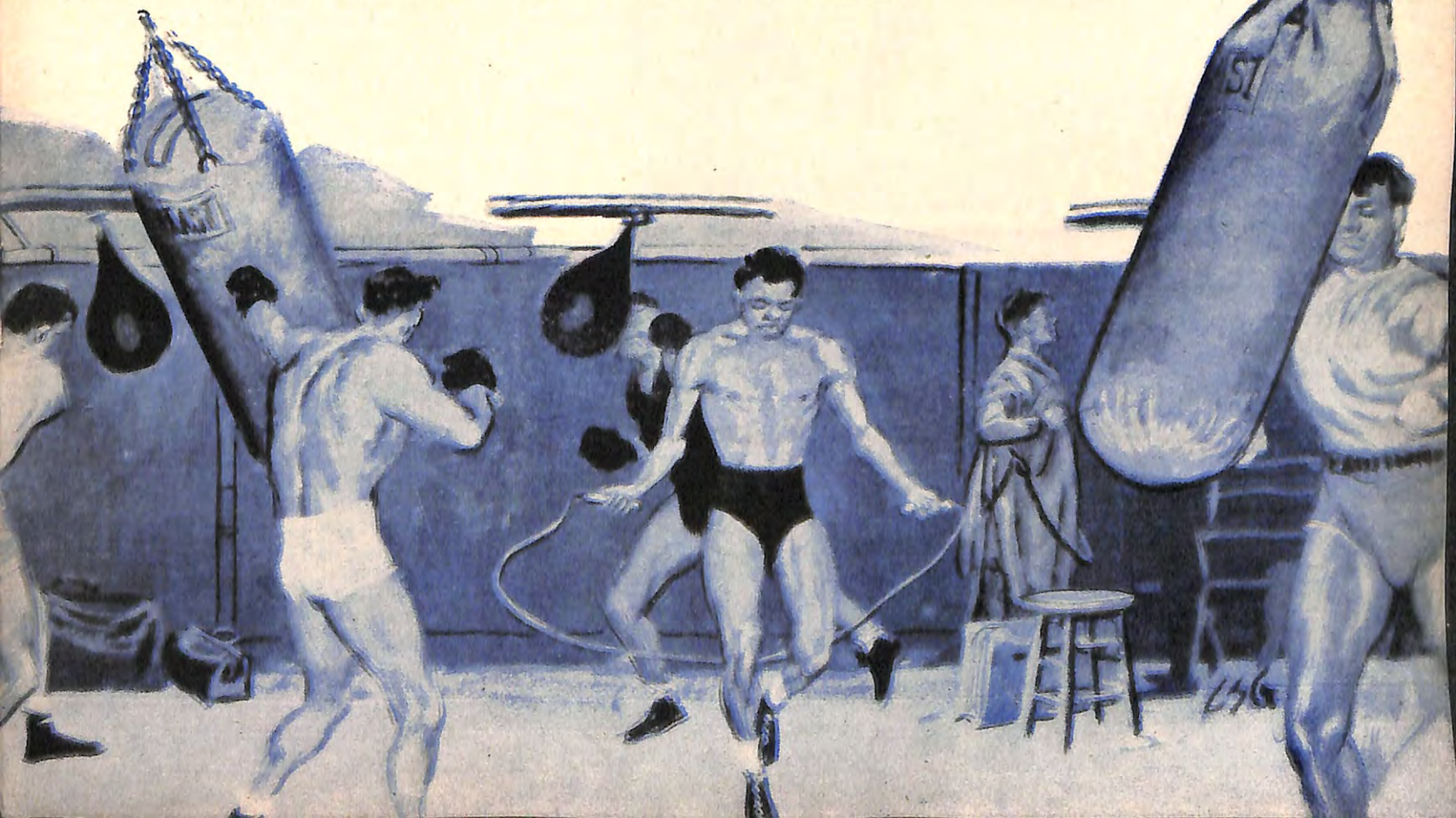
JOIE MAXIM is now the light-heavy-weight champion of the world, but this has not impressed Jack Kearns. The Doc is looking ahead to bigger things and a bigger title. His failure to recognize Ezzard Charles as the heavyweight king

may have its source in the fact that Ezzard has already licked Joie three times. For a while, when Joe Louis's retirement was believed to be final, the Doc had a nice device that enabled him to avoid a meeting with Ezzard and also to sound very tough. He did this by repeatedly challenging the retired and softened Bomber to come out of hiding. And when anyone had the lack of manners to mention Ezzard Charles, Doc raised an astonished eyebrow and tonily repeated, "Charles? We'll use him as a sparring partner".

He is a manager in the great tradition.

It should be made clear that very few managers have the talent to follow the suave and soft-toned pattern of Mr. Kearns. More typical was the late Joe Jacobs who, for a consideration, could make more noise than the Lexington Avenue Subway. By the sheer power of his lungs, bleating, "Foul! Foul! Foul!" into the summer night at Yankee Stadium in 1930, Joe won the heavyweight cham-

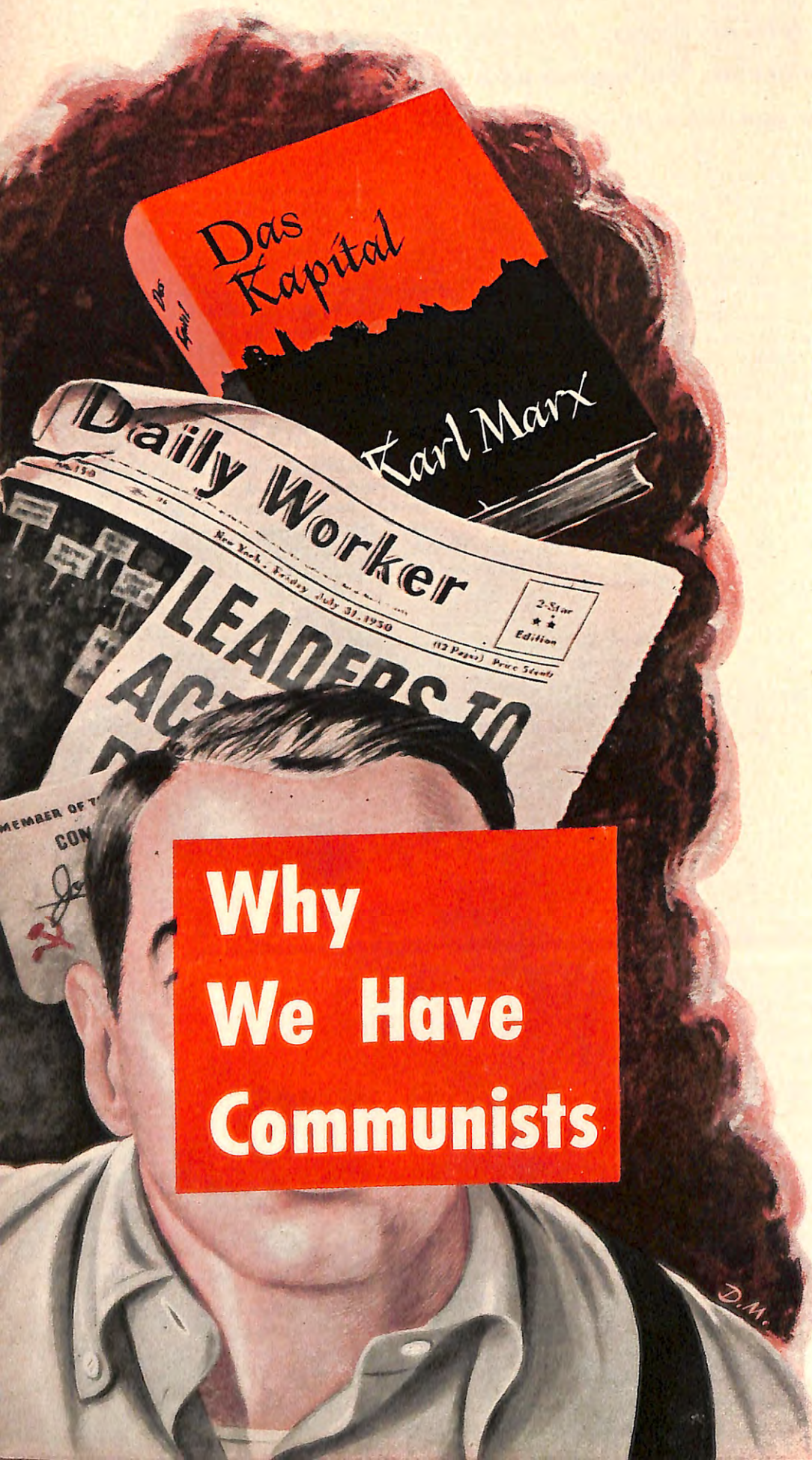
*(Continued on page 35)*





# As told to Bruno Shaw by General Eisenhower,

PRESIDENT, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY



*"A man has two reasons for doing what he does—a good reason, and the real reason."—J. P. Morgan.*

IN OUR national community, according to F. B. I. Director J. Edgar Hoover, there are 55,000 Communists. In sympathy with them are 500,000 additional Americans who, although they have not actually taken the plunge into the Red Sea of Communist Party membership, are either willing tools of those who have done so or Party Line followers ready to succumb to its peculiar blandishments.

Since the end of the war we have been shocked time and again to find revealed as Communists among us, men and women whose intellectual integrity had commanded our high regard, and whose good citizenship we would have vouched for unquestioningly. We have been shocked principally because of the impalpable nature of the distinction between those who claim to be loyal American citizens first and Communists only by ideological conviction, and those who are voluntary tools of a Soviet dictatorship.

The "who, what, when and where" of American Communist activity have been revealed with unpleasant frequency in the past several years. What has been conspicuously absent, however, is a logical answer to the one question that might help us understand the motivations of those concerned—"why"? Why in these United States do well-educated men and women in reasonably good economic circumstances embrace a totalitarian ideology that is provedly the antithesis of the universal freedom and equality they quest for? Why do they actively seek to destroy this American democracy which, though far from perfect, holds within it, and for them, the opportunity to continue to improve the economic, social and political conditions of all mankind?

In an endeavor to find a reasonable answer to this paradox, the editors of *The Elks Magazine* proposed that I interview several Americans of unimpeachable standing, who, because of their experience and knowledge, might be qualified to shed some light for us in the dark recesses of this unexplored field.

Before doing so, it seemed to me that the starting point might well be a "for example" of the kind of Communist who is the subject of our inquiry. Our Exhibit A, not because he is wealthier than most by virtue of being a millionaire by inheritance, but because he is an intelli-



# J. Edgar Hoover, Dr. Richard Brickner

DIRECTOR, F. B. I.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS

## **Why in these United States do well-educated people seek to destroy American democracy?**

gent, well educated, "typical American" in many ways—is Frederick Vanderbilt Field.

Mr. Field is a great-great-grandson of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt. He owns the building at 23 West 26 Street in New York City, the upper floors of which are occupied by a variety of Communist-front organizations. On the ground floor is Mr. Field's private library containing an enormous collection of Communist literature. At the rear is his personal office, where I interviewed him for the better part of an afternoon.

Sandy-haired, a pipe smoker who uses more matches than tobacco, a little on the thin side, and considerably younger in appearance than his 45 years, Mr. Field has a friendly grin and a ready laugh. He is a Communist, not by inference, but on the basis of his own statements.

Prominent on one wall of his office is the red and gold five-star flag of the Communist regime in China. On the opposite wall are framed photographs of six present-day Chinese Communist leaders; the center two, Mao Tse-tung and Chu Teh. No other photograph or flag adorns the premises. Though he spent only a total of two months in China, Mr. Field has written for many years as an expert on the Far East for the Institute of Pacific Relations.

**I**T IS Mr. Field's belief that there is more personal freedom in Russia than there is in the United States. Of course, he says, Russia is a proletarian dictatorship; and, of course, there is no freedom to enemy classes. But certainly, he declares, there is complete freedom of opinion and personal liberty everywhere in the Soviet Union.

In the United States, on the other hand, says Mr. Field, we have a dictatorship of financial and industrial monopolies. Secretary of State Dean Acheson, according to Mr. Field, is a servant of our financial and industrial monopoly, and not of the people. (Conservative members of Congress who have denounced Mr. Acheson for alleged left-wing tendencies should find Mr. Field's view interesting.)

There are, Mr. Field says, disagreements such as those between the Taft and Vandenberg factions of the Senate.

But Taft merely speaks for the financial monopolists of the West and Middle West who are anxious to exploit the Far East because they are locked out of the Wall Street markets; and Vandenberg, though a Midwesterner, is spokesman for the monopolies of the East Coast who want to maintain their stranglehold on Europe.

Is there freedom in Russia to believe and to teach the truth as educators see it? You are probably thinking, replied Mr. Field, of the Lysenko theory of genetics (which, indeed, I was). Well, someone has to determine the truth.

Does the Politburo determine what is scientific truth? Certainly. For the members of the Politburo consider themselves scientists. But they are guided by a committee of Russia's outstanding scientists. The Politburo's action was, so to speak, no different from that of the Scopes trial in Tennessee, but in reverse. In the Scopes trial a verdict was brought that scientific proven facts could not be taught in the public schools in the state of Tennessee. In Russia noted scientists determined the facts, and the teaching of biology in Russia is limited to those facts.

Are you a Communist, Mr. Field? That is a question that I have refused to answer even to a Congressional committee, he replied. People have called me a Communist, and I have never denied or affirmed it. I certainly would never sue anybody who called me one.

Are you very rich? It depends on what you think of as being rich. Fortunately for me, I inherited a lot of money. I am not the multimillionaire that some make me out, but I don't have to worry about money no matter how long I live.

What inspired you to become an advocate for Communism? When I was graduated from college, I read a great deal. I studied various political systems, and the history of those systems. And through my reading and discussions with people, I came to the conclusion long ago that Marxism was the only rational, scientific and logical system that made any sense.

Do you believe that Marxism is working out for the benefit of the people of Russia and other Communist countries? Of course, I do.

How do you know? I can read, can't I! How do you know that what you read



**"How intelligent, well-educated men and women can imagine that the evil and despicable means employed by Communism can justify any theoretically noble end is altogether beyond me": General Dwight D. Eisenhower.**



**"The individual who in the course of his educational training has failed to understand and appreciate the moral foundations of Western civilization is in reality a personality adrift": J. Edgar Hoover.**

in the Communist press is true? Of course, it is true.

Do you believe what you read in publications that come from a controlled press in Russia? Of course, I do. Lots of it is pretty dialectical and dry, but I certainly believe everything I read in it. It tells the truth, which is more than you can say of the controlled press and radio in our own country.

Would you be willing to admit, at least, that anyone who has the money to pay for it can advertise his views in the American press and radio, if he cannot

*(Continued on page 43)*



# Florian Slappey

## PRIVATE EYE



"I is tough an' hard-boiled.  
Always my regard fo' you is  
gwine remain plutonic."



**Florian Slappey returns as a private detective  
handling the remarkable affairs of Gus Trout.**

**BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN**

**ILLUSTRATED BY  
JAMES LOCKHART**



**T**HE office was on the fourth floor of the Penny Prudential Bank Building in Birmingham, Alabama. The bright new lettering on the door was highly impressive:

**FLORIAN SLAPPEY  
PRIVATE EYE**

**"All I Need Is One Clue & \$25."**

In the upper lefthand corner was the office number: 410. The upper right was decorated with the sign-painter's conception of a human optic, with the word "Private" lettered underneath. The eye had heavy lids, long lashes, and quite a hunk of iris, creating a somewhat startling effect.

Inside, the sanctuary was divided into a pair of cubicles. There was an outer office with a window and a door, the latter bearing the invitation "Walk In". It contained a desk, an ancient swivel chair, two somewhat rickety straight chairs and a filing cabinet. The infinitesimal outer office was equipped with a typewriter table, a secondhand typewriter, four chairs and a comely secretary named Rosabel Johnson.

This was Miss Johnson's first day as the one and only employee of Private Eye Slappey, and she was properly impressed. She regarded her debonair employer with a look akin to awe as she questioned him about her duties and his new profession.

"How come," she inquired, "you calls yo'se'f 'Private Eye' instead of 'detective'?"

Mr. Slappey gazed at her with slight disdain. "Yo' outlook is absolute, Miss Johnson. Ev'y confidential investigator today is called a private eye. Is you got a radio?"

"I sho' has, Mistuh Slappey."

"Well, don't you listen to all them programs about fellers tracin' criminals to their lair? Them detectives is new an' modern an' up-to-date. They calls theirse'ves Private Eyes."

"You mean like Sam Spade an' the Thin Man an' The Amazin' Mistuh Malone?"

"Yeah. Fust thing you know they is gwine be callin' me Slippery Slappey, The Super-Sloth."

Her eyes grew round with wonder. "Them gemmun," she said, "always git beat up somethin' fierce."

"I know. They git pistol-whipped all the time. But they triumph in the end."

"Fum what I done heard on the air, it seems to me that they wouldn't hardly have one end left to triumph with." Miss Johnson touched a small box on her desk and designated a similar one which perched on the desk in the other office. "What is them, Mistuh Slappey?"

"They is inter-com. When a client comes in, you tell him Ise busy. Then you git his name. Then you press the buzzer an' denounce him."

"But," she said, puzzled. "They ain't wired up."

"Ain't no use doin' that," responded (*Continued on page 49*)



# News of the State Associations

## NEBRASKA

Nine lodges competed in the Ritualistic Contest held in conjunction with the 38th Annual Meeting of the Nebraska Elks Assn. in Beatrice June 10, 11 and 12. Broken Bow Lodge won top honors, with North Platte's team following. A very successful golf tournament and trapshoot were held, and at the banquet attended by about 500 persons, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner delivered the main address.

The Assn.'s Benevolence Commission, its Crippled Children's Committee, reported a very active year. For the first time, its hardest-working member, Chairman August Schneider, was unable to attend the Convention because of illness.

The delegates, representing the State's 21 lodges whose membership has increased 1,000 during the past year, elected this roster of officials: Pres., B. M. Diers, Scottsbluff; Treas., F. C. Laird, Fremont; Secy., H. P. Zieg, Grand Island; 1st Vice-Pres., Dr. V. J. Morgan, York; 2nd Vice-Pres., H. L. Blackledge, Kearney; 3rd Vice-Pres., Andrew D. Mapes, Norfolk; 4th Vice-Pres., Roy D. Greenwalt, Scottsbluff; Trustees: J. M. Fitzgerald, Omaha; Frederick M. Deutsch, Norfolk; Joe J. Cariotto, Lincoln; Leslie W. Horn, Broken Bow; Glen Worley, Alliance.

## WASHINGTON

Nearly 3,500 delegates converged on Olympia June 8, 9 and 10 for the 1950 meeting of the Washington State Elks Assn. Pres. V. P. McNamara presided at the meeting, at which Mayor Ralph Swanson delivered an address of welcome. All 33 lodges in the State were represented at the Convention, the second session of which saw Hon. Geo. B. Simpson, Chief Justice of the State Supreme Court, present the Elks National Foundation Scholarship Award to Ted Zier of Davenport and P.E.R. J. C. Peters hand Miss Janet VanSlagren of Mt. Vernon her award.

The climax of the first day's meeting



Vice-President Alben W. Barkley, left, is welcomed by Grand Trustee Sam Stern on his arrival at Bismarck for the 1950 North Dakota Elks Assn. Convention. Between them is E.R. Arvid Wiklund of the host lodge.

was a stirring address by retiring Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson who was introduced by Chairman Edwin J. Alexander of the Lodge Activities Committee.

The parade this year was one of the finest in the Assn.'s history, with bands and marching units from almost every lodge. An outstanding feature was the participation of several Army bands and military units from nearby Fort Lewis Army Post.

Throughout the three-day meeting, the visiting Elks and ladies were busy touring the State Capitol and various industrial plants, and band concerts were presented almost continuously in the city park opposite the lodge home.

New officers of the Association are: Pres., Eugene Metzger, Everett; 1st Vice-Pres., L. L. Barrett, Walla Walla; 2nd Vice-Pres., D. P. Shew, Ballard; 3rd Vice-Pres., J. Bernstein, Vancouver; Treas., Adolph L. Norin, Aberdeen; Trustees: Chairman, Fred March, Anacortes; George Twohy, Yakima; I. C. Kuchenreuther, Wenatchee; C. L. Siegner, Bremerton; B. F. May, Raymond; J. W. Barkley, Aberdeen.

## INDIANA

The 1950 Convention of the Indiana State Elks Assn. marked the Golden Anniversary of that enterprising organization. The event was a four-day affair, starting on June 8th, and took place in South Bend.

Highlights included the presentation of a \$35,000 check to the Indiana University Medical Center, and a \$7,500 contribution for cancer research to Purdue University. Two \$300 Elks National Foundation Most Valuable Student awards were also made, as well as two \$250 Association scholarship awards.

About 1500 persons registered at the Convention which was well planned by the host lodge. It was decided at this meeting that the 1951 conclave will be held in French Lick, with Washington Lodge as host, on June 15, 16 and 17. Among the Elk dignitaries on hand were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Grand Treasurer Joseph B. Kyle, the Order's new Grand Exalted Ruler.

South Bend Lodge took first place in the State Ritualistic Contest, with Kokomo second, Terre Haute third and Tipton fourth. The officers of the Assn. for the present year are: Pres., Thomas E. Burke, Lafayette; 1st Vice-Pres., Ray Jorg, Ligonier; 2nd Vice-Pres., P. W. Loveland, Jeffersonville; 3rd Vice-Pres., L. A. Krebs, Indianapolis; 4th Vice-Pres., Cecil Rappe, Union City; Secy., C. L. Shideler, Terre Haute; Treas., Paul Manship, Noblesville; Sgt.-at-Arms, Al Schlorch, South Bend; Tiler, Earl Kremp, Washington; Chaplain, Herb Beitz, Kokomo. The Assn.'s Trustees are Dr. Wm. A. Hart, Michigan City; Frank Dice, Peru; Ray Marx, Anderson; Norman Freeland, Greensburg, and John Jennings, Evansville.

## NEW YORK

Meeting in Saratoga Springs on June 8, 9 and 10 for their 38th Annual Convention, 2,000 members of the New York State Elks Assn. were registered. Among the distinguished participants were Past Grand Exalted Rulers James T. Hallinan and George I. Hall and former Postmaster General James A. Farley, a Past State President.

Taking care of the official business of this group for the coming year are Pres., Roy D. Martin, Elmira; Secy. (re-elected), Wm. R. L. Cook, Queens Borough; Treas. (re-elected), Claude Y.



Cushman, Binghamton; Vice-Presidents: Central, Harry Hotaling, Little Falls; E. Cent., Frank H. McBride, Middletown; N., Max J. Miller, Ogdensburg; N. Cent., G. Kenneth Wayne, Seneca Falls; N.E., Wm. J. Healy, Saratoga; So. Cent., Thomas F. Kinney, Hornell; S.E., Bruno P. Ingwertsen, Hempstead; W., Kenneth E. Campbell, Olean; W. Cent., Michael A. Cahill, Lyons; E., Thomas P. McGowan, Ossining; Trustees: Cent., Thomas S. Leahy, Iliion; E. Cent., Robert S. Kelly, Newburgh; N., F. W. Fitzgerald, Saranac Lake; N. Cent., Joseph Fistic, Fulton; N.E., P. A. Buchheim, Albany; W., C. M. McGinnis, Wellsville.

This Association has gained 1,876 members during the past year, and a diversified Veterans Service Program is in operation. Total expenditures of the 94 lodges for social and community welfare is in excess of \$350,000.

The host lodge entertained the delegates at a dinner the opening night, and the following evening the President's Ball took place. Following last year's pattern, the Assn. was host to scholarship winners, their parents and the Exalted

Rulers of sponsoring lodges at a luncheon preceding the presentation of awards at a special session at which Judge Hallinan presided. Scholarship Committee Chairman James A. Gunn reported that for the first time every lodge had made a contribution to this Fund, making it possible to award 21 scholarships.

The Convention closed with the traditional Memorial Services during which the vested choir of the local High School presented a fine musical program. At these services, Mr. Hall delivered an eloquent eulogy to the recently deceased New York Supreme Court Justice Murray Hulbert, a Past Grand Exalted Ruler.

### NEW JERSEY

The very hospitable members of Asbury Park Lodge were capable hosts to the 37th Annual Convention of the New Jersey State Elks Assn. on June 9 and 10. Over 300 delegates attended the business meeting, to be welcomed by E.R. Wm. A. Roth and Mayor George A. Smock. Pres. Harold W. Swallow presided at the session during which reports

were made by the Chairmen of the Crippled Children's Committee and the Paraplegic and Amputees Committees.

The following men will head the organization for the coming year: Pres., Jack A. C. Johansen, Mt. Holly; Vice-Presidents: S., Robert B. Fox, Burlington; N.W., Charles F. Cook, South Orange; N.E., F. J. Bergmann, Jr., Weehawken; Cent., Charles A. Hotaling, Red Bank; Secy., Howard F. Lewis, Burlington; Treas., Wm. H. Kelly, East Orange; Trustees: Albert E. Dearden, Trenton; Charles Wibiralski, Perth Amboy; William Conklin, Englewood; Russell H. Williams, West Orange, and George L. Hirtzel, Elizabeth.

A stirring patriotic address by Past Advisory Master of the Chancery Court John A. Matthews was heard by the 300 delegates and their ladies at the Association banquet. Over 2,000 New Jersey Elks with bands and floats participated in the annual parade, in which the following lodges won prizes: Freehold, Elizabeth, Plainfield, Lyndhurst, Rahway and Point Pleasant.

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Below: The Ritualistic Team of Salisbury Lodge which won the Ritualistic Contest held in conjunction with the Southern Pines meeting of the North Carolina State Elks Association.



Above: State Secy. H. S. Rubenstein presents the Texas Elks Assn. Most Valuable Student award to Miss O. A. Spencer as F. W. Wood, III, Exalted Ruler of Brenham Lodge, looks on.

Below: Pres. Eugene Metzger, seated center, is pictured with his fellow officers shortly after their election to office at the Washington State Elks Association Convention in Olympia.



Above: At the Massachusetts State Convention, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, left, and Chairman George Steele of the Mass. Elks Youth Organization, second from left, presented a Mass. Foundation Award to Miss Sheila S. Post, and the Youth Organization's \$300 Babe Ruth Scholarship to James J. Montgomery, right.



**ACTIVITIES SPONSORED  
BY THE ELKS**

**NATIONAL  
SERVICE  
COMMISSION**



Above, left to right: Everett P.E.R. H. H. Twohig, Chief of Special Services J. E. Grogan and Haverhill P.E.R. J. J. Butler, when the Mass. Elks presented a television set to Rutland Heights VA Hospital. A similar gift was made to the Soldiers' Home. Both ceremonies were attended by State Pres. Elmer Richards, Mr. Twohig and Mr. Butler who personally canvassed nine lodges.



Above: Mayor C. H. Allbright of Rock Hill, S. C., crowns the King, George Stanley of the VA Hospital, and the Queen, Imo J. Watkins, at the Elks Veterans Hospital May Day Festival. E.R. Wm. E. Brown, right, stands ready to present gifts at this gala So. Carolina program.

Right: A participating veteran receives his prize during one of the game programs put on regularly by the Mississippi State Elks Association.



Entertainers and members of the Order, with veterans during New Hampshire Elks entertainment program for hospitalized servicemen.



A section of the auditorium filled with enthusiastic veteran patients and talented entertainers during a party sponsored by the Nevada Elks.



# Business Outlook

## For the Rest of the Year



### BY DR. MARCUS NADLER

Dr. Nadler is Professor of Finance at New York University. This article is a follow-up of his forecasts for business conditions in 1950 which ran in our January and May issues.

**I**N MY ANALYSIS of the outlook for the second quarter in the May issue of *The Elks Magazine*, the statement was made: "Business activity during the next three months is likely to be at a high level, higher than was the case a year ago." This has proved to be the case. Business activity before the Korean incident occurred was indeed at a high level. The index of industrial activity in June, 1950, as reported by the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System, stood at 199, higher than the previous post-war peak reached in October, 1948, when it stood at 195. Employment was satisfactory and the national income was rising steadily. In fact, one may state that even before the Korean incident, which forced the United States Government to increase materially its military expenditures, the economy of the country was in high gear and in many sectors was operating at capacity.

The main stimuli in this upsurge in business activity were the great volume of building construction and the tremendous demand for automobiles and other durable consumers' goods. These industries generated purchasing power which had a beneficial effect on the entire national economy. Prior to the Korean incident, however, it was evident that the tremendous demand for durable consumers' goods could not continue indefinitely and that the constant and rapid increase in the volume of consumers' loans must soon slacken. Therefore, a moderate downward readjustment in the heavy goods industries was generally expected toward the end of the year.

**THE KOREAN INCIDENT:** The invasion of Southern Korea by the Korean

Communists and the attitude taken thereon by the United Nations and the United States have completely changed the general outlook for business. The President has asked for an increase in military expenditures of over \$10 billion and has stated that further military aid will have to be granted to the non-Communist countries in Europe and elsewhere. The military expenditures of the United States during the present fiscal year may amount to, and even exceed, \$25 billion. It is possible that military expenditures and the procurement of military equipment may absorb about 20 to 25 per cent of the total national product.

#### REARMAMENT EFFECTS

The imposition of a rearmament of such magnitude on an economy which was practically operating at capacity naturally is bound to have tremendous repercussions. The President already has indicated that he will ask the Congress to give him the power to allocate scarce materials such as steel, aluminum and other metals, and the authority to impose controls over consumers' credit. The President has instructed the various governmental agencies insuring or guaranteeing real estate loans to restrict their operations in order to reduce building activity, thus making available not only much-needed basic raw materials in short supply but labor as well. It is also certain that taxes both on corporations and individuals will be increased in order to combat the forces of inflation which became rather pronounced during July. To what extent other measures will be taken to control the economy and to prevent a new spiral between wages and prices from developing is as yet unknown and

will depend on political developments.

What do these developments mean to business and to the business man? In the first place one can state without question that business activity will continue at its present high level and even increase. If the rearmament program should continue for a considerable period of time, new pent-up demands will be created which will have to be met once the rearmament program slows down and the international political situation becomes more settled, thus further prolonging the period of high business activity.

Secondly, employment will be at such a peak that in certain fields labor will be scarce and wages are likely to increase. The rearmament expenditures in themselves will generate purchasing power and increase the disposable income of the people.

Thirdly, prices are bound to remain firm, and in all likelihood will tend upward, for the reason that a portion of the national output will be devoted to the production of war materials which, while highly necessary to the safety and security of the country, do not create new wealth and do not enter the consumer stream. Another reason, as indicated before, is that the disposable income of the people is bound to increase as the rearmament program progresses and production is underway.

#### IN GOOD SHAPE

In this connection, however, the fact should not be overlooked that the country is in excellent shape to meet the new military requirements. Its productive capacity is very great and steadily increasing, since large quantities of machinery and equipment have been installed during the last few weeks, with more to come in the not distant future. The supply of raw materials, notably food, is considerable; hence there is no imminent danger of any serious shortage in basic foods.

Fourthly, the comeback of Europe has been more rapid than generally expected and the European countries today are less dependent on American food products and raw materials than was the case two years ago. While the rearmament program will necessitate a decline in the production of some durable goods and a reduction in housing construction, yet the economy is strong and efficient enough to provide us with the necessary military equipment without too much dislocation of the civilian economy or too great a reduction in the standard of living. Of course, this conclusion is based on the assumption that the Korean incident will remain isolated and will not degenerate into a third world war. As conditions are at present, it seems to be the general belief that another world war is not in the making and that the rapid increase in the military strength of the United States and of the other democratic nations will prevent the outbreak of another world conflagration.

(Continued on page 39)



## Our Flag



# Demonstration of



Ex-Marine Sgt. Rene Gagnon, one of the boys who raised the Flag on Mt. Suribachi on Iwo Jima, plays the stellar role in raising the Flag during Dover, N. H., Lodge's 1950 Services.

## Flag Day

**W**E HAVE regretted that all the reports and photographs sent to the Magazine pertaining to Flag Day could not be used because they came in in such quantity. Therefore, we arranged last year with the Lodge Activities Committee to separate all these into three groups and select the most outstanding from each group. Such selections were then publicized in the Magazine. This year we have followed the same plan.

In Group I, for lodges of more than 1,000 members, the Lodge Activities Committee has selected the observance of San Jose, Calif., Lodge as truly exemplary. The celebration included a two-and-one-half-mile parade, led by Brig. General George W. Sliney who was guest speaker at the Services held at the conclusion of the review, witnessed by 17,000. Participating were Army, Navy and Marine Corps, City Traffic Patrol, Girl and Boy Scouts, school children, VFW, GAR, the American Legion and numerous other organizations of both San Jose and Santa Clara. This was a real display of solidarity of purpose proving the recognized leadership of the Elks.

Among the other lodges in this group whose Services were outstanding was Lancaster, Pa., whose observance was combined with its Wake Up, America, program. U. S. Senator Edward Martin was the speaker at the Services which followed a patriotic parade. Sharing Honorable Mention in Group I are Longview, Wash., McMinnville, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., New York, N. Y., whose program was televised, Washington, D. C., Palo Alto, Fresno, San Francisco and Santa Rosa, Calif., Lodges:

Kittanning, Pa., Lodge took the honors for Group II—500 to 1,000 members. Its Services, which were broadcast in a statewide program utilizing the networks of 12 radio stations, had Gov. James H. Duff as the principal speaker. The parade, an impressive display of cooperation between the civilian and the military, was led by Gov. Duff, and was participated in by many organizations.

In this group there were many lodges whose Services we would like to cover. However, space limitations preclude our doing anything more than listing them: Alamosa, Colo., Bemidji, Minn., Charles City, Ia., Dallas, Tex. whose essay contest on "What the American Flag Means to Me" proved that even our ten-year-olds have a definite impression of the ideals our Flag represents, Dodge City.

*(Continued on page 35)*



Gov. James H. Duff delivers the principal address at the Kittanning, Pa., Program. USMC Major H. V. Joslin, State Vice-Pres. F. T. Benson, Judge J. F. Graff and other civic and Elk officials also spoke.



A Marine contingent photographed during the outstanding San Jose, Calif., Elks' Flag Day Parade.



# Patriotism, 1950



## Our Country

### Wake Up, America

IN RESPONSE to the appeal of the Elks National Service Commission, hundreds of lodges put on splendid Wake Up, America demonstrations—many combining these with their Flag Day observances. We received for publication so many reports of these, that we were again faced with a space problem. To answer this problem, we called upon the Service Commission for assistance in selecting the most outstanding so that we might publicize these events as we are the Flag Day Services.

In this, however, the story is slightly different, inasmuch as so many of the Wake Up, America programs were newsworthy from various standpoints. Therefore, our report on these Programs separates the lodges into the three groups, but does not cover the most outstanding observances; rather, it highlights the outstanding features of many.

Lodges under the category of Group I whose Wake Up, America Programs deserve attention are Albuquerque, N. M., whose rally was attended by several hundred, Chicago, Ill., No. 4, Minot, N. D., Missoula (Hellgate), Mont., and San Francisco, Calif., which, combined with the Flag Day Service, was an outstanding open-air ceremony.

In the group for lodges of between 500 and 1,000 members, Lawrence, Kans., Lodge takes the limelight with a spectacular program. Over 10,000 persons marched in the parade, including 2,000 children carrying American Flags supplied by the Elks. At a banquet later, over 1,000 diners heard former Secretary of War Harry H. Woodring introduce the principal speaker, Francis Cardinal Spellman, Archbishop of New York, and Gov.

*(Continued on page 35)*



Judge Wm. F. Waugh presents U. S. Bonds to paraplegic veterans as part of Chicago, Ill., No. 4, Lodge's Wake Up, America, Program. E.R. Jerome Sirota stands at left with Hon. Archie H. Cohen, P.E.R., center, who addressed the meeting. An essay contest on "What Is Americanism" was conducted by the lodge, the winning students receiving their prizes during this program.



Ashland, Ky., Lodge was one of the many which employed an adaption of the Elks National Service Commission's famous poster as a significant float in their Wake Up, America, Parades.

This photograph was taken during Hollywood, Fla., Lodge's splendid services. Among the participants were Mayors Felix Williams of Dania; L. C. Boggs of Hollywood and Foster Ingals of Hallandale; State Assn. Pres. A. C. O'Hea, D.D. A. T. Healy, E.R. A. G. Ryll, Cmdr. L. J. Kurlan, USNR, and many other Elk and civic officials





# ROD AND GUN

**Civilization by-passed the sagehen, but he seems to get along well.**

**BY TED TRUEBLOOD**



**T**HIS is about a great, gray, blundering fool of a bird that got caught in the forward sweep of civilization and couldn't make adjustments quite in time. It is about the sagehen, America's biggest

grouse and an unusual game bird.

One day, a long time ago, a friend and I were hunting bobcats. It was January, bitterly cold, and a cutting wind swept occasional flurries of powder-snow across the desert. We had followed a trail up a long, rocky canyon, but finally lost it near the head, where the cliffs pinched in to make a dead-end box.

Rather than go back over the boulders and through the brush that covered the canyon floor, we decided to climb out

and return along the rim. The walking there would be comparatively easy.

We had reached the top, and were starting over the first rolling hill, when a flock of a hundred big birds, ghost-like in the storm, swept up off its crest. They swung to our right, crossed a shallow valley and lit on another ridge a quarter of a mile away. We could tell by the alternate flapping and gliding manner of their flight that they were sagehens.

We walked over to the spot where they had been. The wind had whipped away the snow from a path 20 yards wide and a hundred long, on the top of the ridge, and it was there they had been clustered. There was a little scattered, stunted sagebrush, but not a blade of grass. The earth beneath the thin-spread bushes was naked, pea-sized rock.

We wondered, as we stood there, backs into the storm, why any living creatures would choose such a spot on such a day. Why weren't they down in the comparatively warm canyon where they would be sheltered from the wind?

I have learned since that sagehens always winter on the ridges where the wind blows the snow away. They have trouble taking off from even a few inches of it, so they stay where there is an open runway. In addition, their winter diet is composed almost entirely of sagebrush leaves, which are everywhere, and they prefer to pick them where the wind keeps the ground swept clean.

Actually this big bird—old cocks may weigh five or six pounds—is perfectly adapted to the arid West, on both sides of the Rockies. His range extends from western South Dakota to eastern Oregon, although the increase in population during the past 50 years has taken some big nicks out of it.

After wintering on the barren ridges, sagehens begin to drift down toward their strutting grounds in the spring. Sometime between March and May, depending chiefly on elevation, the cocks gather

and begin to boom and strut. The same mating grounds are used year after year by these birds.

Each male sagehen (sage grouse is the more correct name) has two large air sacks on his breast. He inflates them by gulping air and then expels it with a booming sound. The old males select small areas in which they strut and boom, and they drive the other cocks away. The females come to them, ignoring the lesser males hanging around, and a relatively small per cent of the more vigorous cocks perform nearly all the matings.

Afterward, the hens wander away and, in a couple of weeks, begin to make their nests and lay their eggs. The usual clutch is seven or eight, and the young hatch, after 25 days' incubation, in late spring. They leave the nest at once and can fly in ten days. Their diet consists chiefly of insects at first, but they gradually shift to green leaves which will be their main standby for the remainder of their lives. Sagehens have no grinding gizzards, so they can't eat grain or hard seeds.

**N**ATURE equipped them perfectly for their life in an arid country. Water is the least of their worries. Broods frequently are hatched and reared to an age of six weeks without a drink. Old and young alike can get along indefinitely without going near a creek or spring.

During the summer, the broods drift, with their mothers, down off the hills, where they were hatched and spent the first few weeks, to the lower meadows. By August, the various families have combined to form huge flocks of from 20 or 30 to 100 or more, and the old cocks have rejoined them. At this time, the green leaves of alfalfa—if there are any ranches nearby—are their favorite food.

They begin to work slowly back up the slopes in the early fall, gradually moving higher and higher until they are ready for another winter on the ridges.

As game birds, sagehens actually don't rate too high. They are big, slow, lumbering and stupid and, except for the fact that they begin to flush wild after they have been hunted a few days, there would be nothing at all to killing them—almost, I should say.

Last September, when Idaho had a short season, I was hunting with two of the best shots I know. One is an expert at the traps and the other is deadly on game. Quail, doves, pheasants, ducks—they're all the same to him.

*(Continued on page 48)*



The sagehen ranges from western South Dakota to eastern Oregon and Nature equipped him perfectly for life in an arid country.





# WRIGLEY WRITES

FROM WASHINGTON



BY TOM WRIGLEY

WASHINGTON is sort of an easy-going capital. It takes a war, police action, incident, or whatever you want to call it, without fanfare. Federal officials, members of Congress and newsmen realized something was bound to happen sooner or later and preparations for Operation Korea proceed smoothly. Draft machinery is put into motion. Lights burn brightly in the sprawling Pentagon. One begins to see a lot of men in uniform around the streets and in restaurants. Newspapermen swarm to press conferences. Over a thousand apply for credentials as war correspondents, but in general the huge government machine creaks along as usual.

### ALAYAM FROM ALABAMA'

As if there are not enough varieties, the Agriculture Department has come up with a new kind of breakfast food which they say people would like if they could get it. It is a mixture of sweet potatoes and wheat bran and is called "Alayam". Comes from Alabama.

### CUPID ON SHORTER HOURS

Latest report on marriages this year shows Cupid working shorter hours. Figures are 192,382 this year compared to 201,678 for the same period last. That's 100,000 below that grand GI year of 1946, when there were 311,171.

### FEDERAL ECONOMY

Don't say the Federal Government has no regard for spending. Workers in the Library of Congress use their pencils until only a stub remains and then trade in the stub for a new pencil. As one widely-known newspaper correspondent said, that must save all of a dollar and a half on a good stub turn-in day.

### EMPLOYMENT LOOKS GOOD

The end of summer draws near with all signs pointing to a record employment year, according to the Department of Labor. Bureau Director Robert C. Goodwin says there seems little doubt that "employment this year will exceed the 61,600,000 peak established in 1948". A survey of 99 major production centers

and 53 smaller communities where unemployment was seven per cent or more in March showed a good pickup during the spring. Jobless figures dropped in 89 of the 99 cities. There are still some bad spots where unemployment equals 12 per cent or more, but the overall picture for the nation is good.

### ANOTHER RED INK YEAR

The Federal Government is a couple of months along on another 12 months of deficit spending. As a matter of fact, the deficit of \$3,211,102,357 on July 1, which covered the last fiscal year, was the 18th red-ink figure in a row. Secretary of the Treasury Andrew J. Mellon, back in the days of President Coolidge, was the one who turned in the big surpluses and actually cut down the federal debt. Now we owe \$257,376,855,000, or \$1716 for every man, woman and child.

### NEW CONSTITUTION COVER

The Constitution of the United States, which, as Communism presses forward, becomes more and more a precious document of liberty, is guarded in a shrine on the second floor of the Library of Congress. It is protected by special glass which filters injurious light rays and which also is bulletproof. Davis Mearns, assistant librarian, says it is in "excellent condition". The National Bureau of Standards, however, is concluding special tests of a new type of glass container. It is on the same principle as the all-weather glass used in picture windows in American ranch-type homes and bungalows. The Constitution may be sealed in an inert gas between two panes of glass to keep the historic paper properly humidified. It's interesting to watch the reaction of visitors who look at the Constitution. Many bow their heads in prayer.

### DIPLOMATIC GOBBLEGOOK

The State Department always is under fire for something or other, but it is never criticized for lack of diplomatic expression. Many an official note of two or three thousand words when boiled down means simply "no". A longer one might mean "yes". When a diplomat writes an official letter he always makes sure that it sounds grand but means little. For instance, he signs off in this vein, "Please accept, sir, the renewed assurance of my profound consideration." Not long ago Russia charged that American planes

dropped potato bugs over Eastern Germany to ruin the crop. Czechoslovakia also politely declared we were trying to overrun that nation "clandestinely" with the bugs. Our reply, "The Embassy ventures to suggest the inherent unsuitability of the potato bug as an instrument of national policy." Attaboy.

### CONSCIENCE PAYMENTS

People who steal from the Government seem to be more conscience-stricken than if they swiped something from a friend. The Treasury Department always is receiving payments for something stolen or from someone who cheated. A woman in Minnesota recently willed the Treasury \$1,433.92 to help reduce the national debt. A New Yorker mailed back a spoon he filched from the U. S. Senate restaurant, saying he enjoyed eating there so much that he couldn't keep both the stolen spoon and his peace of mind.

### SUPER-DUPER MONEY

If you're interested in money, and who isn't, you can buy proof coins from the U. S. mint. Director Nellie Taylor Ross, who knows her nickels, dimes and quarters, says the proof coins are special hand-made affairs having a wonderful glossy finish—in fact a super-duper money. You can get a set of 1, 5, 10, 25 and 50-cent pieces for \$2.10, including postage. In other words, 91 cents worth of money for \$2.10. The difference pays for the special work of stamping out the money on hand-operated presses from highly polished dies.

### WASHINGTON BUG-HOUSE

It's wonderful to live in Washington. You meet such unusual people—and pests. In an old Georgetown house at 2029 M St. NW, some 3,000 micro-organisms live, both useful bugs and deadly disease bacteria and viruses. This creepy place is the headquarters of the American Type Culture Collection, a non-profit organization. There they have the nice little bugs which make cheeses taste good. They also supply polio viruses, and viruses causing sleeping sickness and mumps. You name the disease; they have what causes it. One fungus, *Ashbya gossypii*, is the most deadly in the lot and requires a signed order from the Agriculture Department for its release. It could easily destroy American cotton fields. All of this, of course, is for scientific research and laboratories.



# News of the Lodges



● **SAN PEDRO, CALIF.**, Lodge, No. 966, welcomed a large number of California Elk luminaries at a recent meeting. Honored by the initiation of a class of candidates were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Michael F. Shannon and L. A. Lewis; other dignitaries present included State Pres. R. J. Craine, D.D. C. P. Hebenstreit, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, D.D. Jerry W. Hawkins, and P.D.D.'s J. P. Martin, Jr., Chairman of the Program, and T. F. McCue.

Mr. Martin had a pleasant duty to perform on another occasion, when, on behalf of the lodge, he presented an Honorary Life Membership to Lon T. Johnson, on his 50th anniversary as a member. On hand to pay tribute to this long-time Elk were many of his fellow members, including E.R. Stephenson and Leonard DiMicelli, Chairman for the event.

● **SANFORD, FLA.**, Lodge, No. 1241, had a happy thought which came to a delightful culmination during May. Last year the membership had under consideration several ideas as an appropriate memorial to their deceased Brothers; all were discarded in favor of Ernest Householder's suggestion of a "living memorial" in the form of a community playground. A three-man committee, Chairmanned by P.E.R. Leo Butner, swung into immediate action and various fund-raising projects were conducted, netting \$1,500 for equipment—a merry-go-round, swings, slides, basketball and volley-ball courts and two marble rings.

There was enough left over to grass the area, and plant a hedge around it.

Opening day found over 500 youngsters enjoying their new recreation spot, as well as ice cream, candy and soft drinks provided by the Elks Ladies Auxiliary.

Mr. Butner presented the key to Mayor Andrew Carraway, who is a Past Exalted Ruler, and the new playground was off to a terrific start.

● **PASCO, WASH.**, Lodge, No. 1730, a very young branch of the Order, made quite a name for itself when the cornerstone for its new home was laid by the leader of the Order, Emmett T. Anderson, and the building dedicated by the President of the United States, Harry S. Truman, a Kansas City, Mo., Elk.

Launched in 1947 by a group of Elks from surrounding lodges who were anxious to bring a center of Elkdom to this rapidly growing area, No. 1730 now has a membership of about 700 and an approved waiting list of over 100. Beginning life in space rented for each meeting in the local Community Center, the lodge's next move was to the former BOQ at Pasco Airport. This necessitated installation of heating units and furniture, and with a growing roster, it was finally decided, during the leadership of E.R. James Leavy, to erect Pasco Lodge's own home. Bonds in the amount of \$100,000 were sold, largely to local Elks; site for the building was obtained, and ground was broken last October.

Shortly after, Grand Exalted Ruler Anderson laid the cornerstone for it, and with the building completed and a Presidential visit scheduled, the officers invited Mr. Truman to dedicate the structure. His acceptance was followed by his visit on May 10th, and the ceremonies contiguous to the event were attended by his wife and daughter, U. S. Senator Warren G. Magnuson and many other civic and military dignitaries as well as E.R. Roy C. Silliman, Secy. G. C. Admire, P.E.R., Trustee Wm. Bailey and hundreds of Elks and townspeople.

Under the capable leadership of its first four leaders, Pasco Lodge has made admirable progress; with its enterprising membership it should enjoy a great future.

Photo by Ralph Smith



President Harry S. Truman signs the register for E.R. Roy C. Silliman as U. S. Senator Warren G. Magnuson, right, looks on. Miss Margaret Truman can be seen, right background. The scene took place when the President dedicated the new home of Pasco, Wash., Lodge at special ceremonies.





Carl Lobban of Orange, Calif., Lodge shows Maria Morales one of the two television sets given to the tuberculosis pavilion of the County Hospital by his lodge and the County Women Bowlers Assn. Looking on are Hospital Administrator Ronald Powell, Dr. E. E. Lundergaard, Jeanne Pannell, Elks Willard Smith, Jr., and Leading Knight Mel Aston.



Part of Corry, Pa., Lodge's pledge of \$11,000 toward the construction of the Memorial Hospital is presented at ceremonies held outside the partially completed building. Left to right: P.E.R. H. J. Davis, Secy.; E.R. R. J. Bachofner, Memorial Hospital Campaign Chairman, Elk R. M. Brown, and lodge Trustees James Sullivan and Past Exalted Ruler J. W. Carrig.



The entire net profit of Dover, Ohio, Lodge's Third Annual Minstrel Show, \$2,340, is turned over to the Union Hospital Building Fund. Left to right: Committee Chairman D. W. Frease, Director R. L. Zucker, P.E.R. F. R. Froelich and E.R. Edson McBride. Seated is Secretary J. H. Davis.



Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge's United States Savings Bond Sales Committeemen are grouped around Chairman L. J. Upton and E.R. C. R. Savage. These men are largely responsible for the fact that the lodge has exceeded its \$61,200 quota in this drive by well over \$6,500.

● **WINSLOW, ARIZ.**, Lodge, No. 536, is 50 years old, and recognized that fact with a three-day celebration recently. At the same time, No. 536 dedicated the new addition to its home—an auditorium which includes banquet and dance floor, modern kitchen facilities, ladies' cocktail lounge, stage, motion picture projection room and makes the building one of the finest in the State.

The Jubilee opened with a regular meeting when 84 candidates were initiated, the largest group in the lodge's history. The following day found a large group of Elks and their families on hand for a "Gay '90's" show, under the direction of Mrs. James Day, Jr., wife of P.D.D. Day, Chairman of the Jubilee Committee. The Golden Jubilee Banquet attended by nearly 400 persons climaxed the festivities. D.D. A. R. Kleindienst was Master of Ceremonies and State Pres. W. V. Ammons gave the dedication address. This dinner was followed by a gala ball, attended by about 250 couples.

1950 GRAND LODGE RITUALISTIC CONTEST RESULTS		
TEAM STANDING	LODGE	PERCENT- AGE
1.	Greeley, Colo.	96.1471
2.	South Bend, Ind.	95.7190
3.	Oakland, Calif.	95.4839
4.	Yuma, Ariz.	95.4164
5.	Lansing, Mich.	94.9355
6.	New Philadelphia, O.	94.9344
7.	DeKalb, Ill.	94.5452
8.	Lyndhurst, N. J.	94.4288
9.	Lewiston, Ida.	94.4026
10.	Woburn, Mass.	94.3302
11.	Parkersburg, W. Va.	94.2199
12.	Salina, Kans.	93.9921
13.	Decorah, Ia.	93.9168
14.	Roseburg, Ore.	93.8841
15.	Decatur, Ga.	93.8690
16.	Watertown, S. D.	93.7776
17.	Tallahassee, Fla.	93.6946
18.	Bath, N. Y.	93.4056
19.	Woodward, Okla.	93.3473
20.	Marshfield, Wis.	93.3084
21.	Anderson, S. C.	93.2705
22.	Tacoma, Wash.	93.1516
23.	Shelby, Mont.	92.8850
24.	Knoxville, Tenn.	92.0188
25.	Devils Lake, N. D.	92.0046
26.	Broken Bow, Neb.	90.6982

● **BINGHAMTON, N. Y.**, Lodge, No. 852, outdid itself in every way, in paying tribute to J. Victor Schad, Past Exalted Ruler and Past President of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., on his 46th anniversary as an Elk.

Over 400 members were on hand, including some of the top officials in the Order. Former Postmaster General James A. Farley, Past State Pres., was one of the speakers on this program, and the principal address was delivered by P.E.R. Wm. T. Byrne, N. Y. State Congressman. Many former State Presidents and P.D.D.'s attended, and other speakers were State Pres. Roy D. Martin, D.D. Joseph A. McCarthy, and Past Presidents George A. Swalbach, Howard A. Swartwood, Toastmaster, and John T. Gorman. On behalf of the lodge, P.D.D. C. J. Cook presented a television set to the guest of honor. Many other officials were present at the speakers table, including J. Theodore Moses, Past Grand Est. Lect. Knight.

(Continued on page 28)



# WITH THE GREATEST





# OF EASE

**The Nation's airlines are taking more people more places—with more safety, speed and comfort—than ever before.**

EVERY evening at Idlewild Airport in New York, the big luxury airliner called the Star completes its plush, four-hour, nonstop run from Miami. The passengers, stuffed with the free *filet mignon* dinner served aloft, walk in a kind of self-conscious daze over the inch-thick red carpet spread between chromium stanchions from the plane to the gate. The music plays "Moon Over Miami" and the rubbernecks at the airport look with envy and speculation at these super-millionaires who can afford such a swank means of getting from one place to another.

Unfortunately, nobody ever sticks around to witness the second half of the drama, for as the strains of music die out, and the last pair of expensive shoes leaves the red carpet, attendants roll it up, put away the chromium stanchions and attack the luxury liner with efficient fury. When they get through, you wouldn't know it. Where, not long before, passengers leisurely drank cocktails in the spacious lounge, there now are a dozen crowded seats. There are no more cocktails, as a matter of fact, and no *filet mignon*. There isn't any food at all. The plushiest aircraft aloft is now the rough equivalent of a day-coach and, an hour after its handful of passengers depart, it takes off again with a mob of tourists, happily off to Florida at cut rates.

Such extremes, from the upper first to the lower third of class travel, are unique with National Airlines, but nearly all airlines now offer some sort of skycoach

service. When you go skycoach you travel in the middle of the night, you get no meals, you're one of a mob and there is only one steward or stewardess to the ship. You also get a tremendous amount of dough whacked off the travel bill.

In short, airlines have grown up to the point where they can offer the choice of travel your pocketbook wants to make. American Airlines, for example, will fly you from New York to Los Angeles for \$247.85 in a sleeper, for \$181.53 on a regularly-scheduled Flagship, with all the frills, and for \$126.50 in a skycoach.

No matter what form of air travel you choose, of course, and no matter what the price, one factor is constant; that factor is safety. Ned H. Dearborn, president of the National Safety Council, talking about safety in the air recently, said, "If the passenger car drivers of the nation had made as good a safety record as the scheduled commercial air lines in 1949, a total of 13,000 lives would have been saved. Our figures show that it is much safer to ride in a scheduled airliner than an automobile."

There are almost three dozen American airlines operating in the United States and Possessions, and most of them have never had a fatal accident. Last year there were some five million take-offs and landings of scheduled passenger planes, or one every eight seconds, and just four fatal accidents. There was one passenger fatality for every 100 million passenger miles flown. The moral to that story is, when you've flown 99 million miles, quit.

Airlines, as a matter of fact, don't even talk much about safety anymore. What they have to sell is a saving in travel time. They offer a way to get you where you want to go in a hurry so that you can do what you want to do at leisure. National Airlines best illustrated that to a young man who came charging into the Jacksonville office one night last June.

"I got off the train to stretch my legs and it went off without me," he said. "I gotta get back on that train."

"Well, let's see," said the agent as he consulted his schedules. "Yep, you're in luck. We can fly you to Wilmington and you can pick up the train there. Okay?"

"Fine," said the young man, looking around for a place to sit. "You see, my wife's on that train. We just got married," he added.

WANT another illustration? Well, Pan-American Airlines will fly you around the world, from New York to San Francisco, in five days. That's of interest only to people who want to prove it can be done, however. What it means to you, as a potential tourist-traveler, is that you can go completely around the world, on an air tour, and spend several days in London, Paris, Rome, and many other stopovers, in less time than it would take to make the trip by land and sea—never stopping off anywhere to see anything.

In case you're interested, that tour lasts 73 days—and costs \$3,875, including tax and meals.

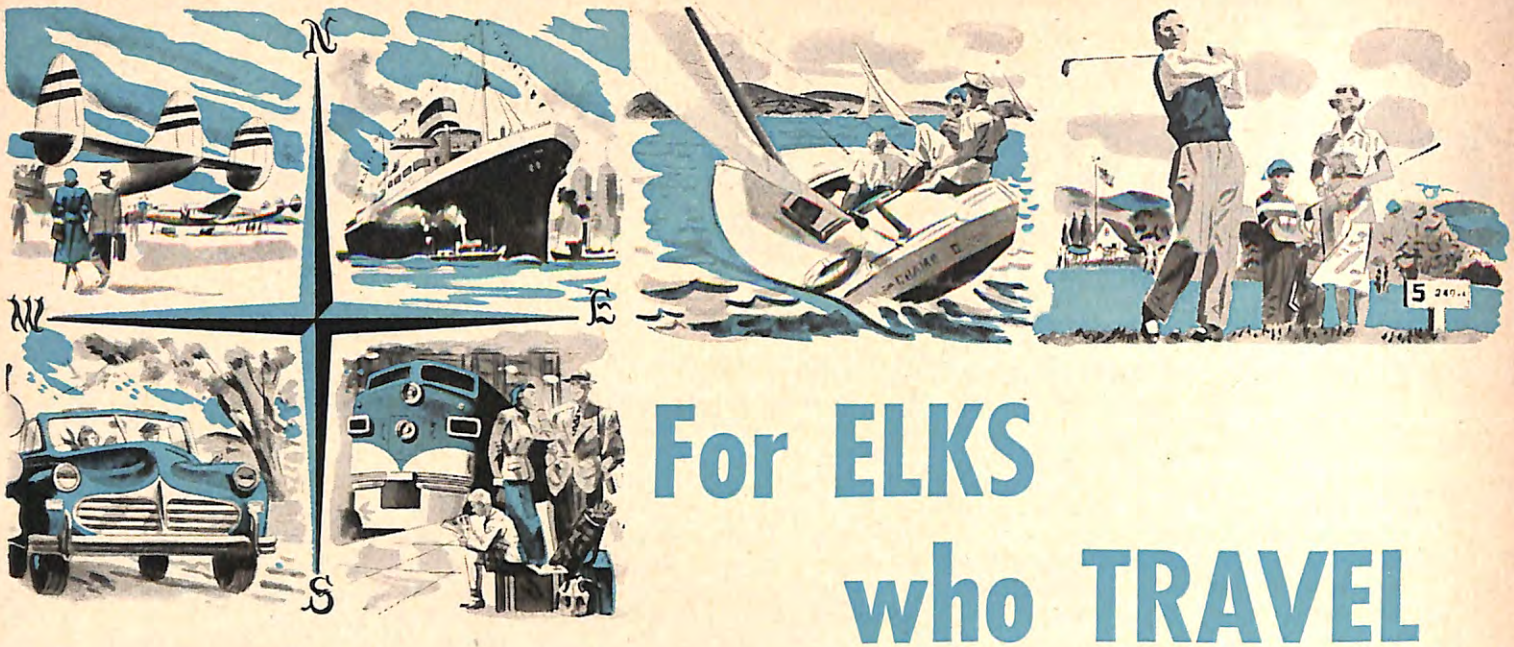
Of course, not everybody can spend nearly \$4,000 on a round-the-world trip. In contrast, you can take some of the most pleasant vacations by air you've ever had in your life, at extremely reasonable rates. You can go to a night club in Buenos Aires, to the mountains of Switzerland—or you can go fishing.

Airlines and fish are getting so close together nowadays that soon somebody  
(Continued on page 40)

BY BOOTON HERNDON

ILLUSTRATED BY  
DOUGLAS REINHART





# For ELKS who TRAVEL

## Lakeland, Fla., No. 1291

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

### Reasonable Prices.

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



## WHEN IN NORTHERN INDIANA Stop off at EAST CHICAGO LODGE No. 981

Excellent hotel facilities. 52 rooms open to the public, with or without bath. Transients welcomed. All hotel services other than meals. Excellent nearby eating place. Convenient transportation. Rates reasonable.

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

Room limitations make advance notice for reservations advisable.



## EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO, No. 258.

**In the fall, the colorful forests and lakes of Michigan are scenic wonders.**

**BY HORACE SUTTON**

**M**ODEST old Michigan admits that it is prettiest when its trees are blushing in the fall. In the first place there are some 17,000,000 acres of forests on hand to turn red and yellow. In the second place nearly all of its lakes are bordered by colorful trees, and Michigan has 11,037 lakes.

Almost all the counties in western Michigan plan fall color tours and Newaygo County, in the center of the state, and Charlevoix County, up north, (among others) issue color maps directing the travelers through the most scenic territory. Charlevoix, as an example, offers three different routes by which you can bat around the real estate. They also invite tourists to Beaver Island, 32 miles out in Lake Michigan, where James J. Strang, the only white king ever crowned in the United States, once ruled a Mormon colony.

Should you be a shootin' man, the fall hunting season begins when the upland bird season opens October 1st. The biggest bird target in the central and southern part of the Lower Peninsula is the ring-necked pheasant. Partridge is the prize on the Lower Peninsula, and partridge, prairie chicken and sharp-tailed grouse in the Upper Peninsula. Ducks and geese better scurry between October 7 and November 15, which happens to be the span of the shooting season on them. If you think you can Robin Hood-wink a deer or a bear with a bow and arrow, the season for *that* kind of sport opens in Michigan the first of October. Male or female are fair game. If you're going to be new-fangled about it, and use a rifle, you have to get your hunting in

between November 15 and November 30. At any rate, if you are willing to believe the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, a reputable outfit, Michigan has more big game running around loose than any other state in the Union, not to mention the District of Columbia.

Even though the trout season closes September 10, a good many Michigan resident fishermen think the angling is better in the fall than the summer. On the Great Lakes and the inland lakes the season for bass, walleyes, northern pike and pan fish continues deep into the fall. Come to think of it, should you hang around long enough, there isn't much to prevent you from chopping a hole in the ice and dropping in a line.

### CLOTHING TO BRING

For the normal fall activity in the Midwest you would do best to bring both light summer wear and an outfit of warm clothing as well. September and October days are warm in Michigan, but the nights turn colder than an air-conditioned theater. About the same is true in neighboring Wisconsin, which reports that one fall day may bring balmy, "butterfly" weather and the thermometer may register 20 degrees the next. Generally, they forecast warm October days; clear, possibly frost-filled, October nights.

Unless you have some Indian blood and some elephant muscle in your torso, you probably wouldn't dream of entering Michigan's annual Au Sable River Canoe Race held the weekend before Labor Day weekend. If they held it on Labor Day it couldn't be more appropriate. Paddlers from all over the na-





tion and Canada compete in a 240-mile marathon race, stroking through the night from Grayling in the center of the Lower Peninsula, to Oscoda on Lake Huron. Watching will probably prove exhausting enough, but anyone within eye-shot during the fall always makes tracks for the big event.

**RUSTIC AND COMFORTABLE**

With more wild life than anywhere else you would expect Michigan to have more sportsman's lodges, and it probably does. A card to the Michigan Tourist Council, 114 South Walnut Street, Lansing, explaining the type of vacation you enjoy will net you a packet of literature. Along the northeast coast there are hideways like Spruce Lodge on Hubbard Lake where you can fish, hunt, hike and horseback ride. The setting is rustic but comfortable and everyone of the lodges which snuggle in the oaks and pines has a woodburning fireplace. On the northern tip of the northern peninsula, if you really want to get away from it all, look in at the Lake Breeze Hotel. It sits on a neck of land that juts 75 miles into sea-conditioned Lake Superior. Some of the best sportsman country lies in western Michigan.

Rustic as a teepee is The Forks at Baldwin, where you get a room in the main house or a cottage, three meals, and the Pere Marquette at your doorstep for \$6 a day. There are a thousand miles of trout streams and 156 lakes within an hour's drive, and at night the deer come down to the river for a drink. Camp Mana-Pine, at Wellston, sits in a wooded grove at the junction of the Manatee and Pine Rivers. It insists that some of the best fish are taken in the fall, and there is a fleet of sturdy boats on hand to get you to them. The camp stays open through the deer season. For a more upholstered vacation, there is the St. Clair Inn, a formidable establishment not 49 miles northeast of Detroit. The Inn sits on the edge of St. Clair River, a stream which connects Lake Huron and Lake St. Clair. In case you aren't from these parts, Lake St. Clair is connected with Lake Erie by the Detroit River. Now then, if we are all together let's get on with the lesson.

If you have as sturdy a pancreas as the next man, part of the fun of a vaca-

tion in the northern woods will be the food. There is, in the first place, the pasty, a concoction common among the Cornish miners. A pasty consists of potatoes, bits of meat, parsley, salt, pepper, onions and chopped rutabaga baked in a crust shaped like a semi-circle. The good Cornish ladies made them in half-circle shapes so that two would fit in a pastry tin. It was their custom to begin baking the pasty as the miner got into his clothes in the morning. When he was ready to leave for work, the wife would pull the pasty from the oven, wrap it in newspaper and tuck it inside her husband's shirt. The pasty kept the miner warm, the miner kept the pasty warm and nobody had to bother with a dinner pail.

The Upper Peninsula also makes a specialty of thimble berry jam, not to mention blueberry pancakes. The lake-side regions do fanciful things with planked white fish and lake trout. Lake Huron specializes in perch fries; Charlevoix in tomato pudding—and don't miss cherry pie in Traverse City. For those going hunting, the Michigan Department of Conservation publishes a book of recipes entitled "Good Eating from Woods and Fields". Some of the more delectable delicacies listed herein include Opossum Meat Patties with Catsup, Fricasseed Raccoon, Fried Woodchuck and Muskrat Meat Loaf. Have I lost anybody?

**LAND OF 10,000 LAKES**

Largely the same sort of hi-jinks will also be afoot during the fall months in Minnesota, which calls itself the land of 10,000 lakes, which leaves it roughly 1,037 puddles under Michigan. I have no idea how many lakes are in next-door Wisconsin, but the state swears its largest muskies are hooked in October, presumably when the fish come up to the surface to look at the fall foliage. The color season starts up in the northern part of the state about September 15th and reaches a peak about a month later. Usually it progresses southward at a speed of 100 miles a week. If you had nothing else to do you could bicycle southward through the state, catching the peak of the color all the way until you got to the Illinois border. Well, it's a different sort of an idea, anyhow.

**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.



**ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., No. 461**

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

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



# 1950



FIRST PRIZE \$800  
Jean Ann Lawson  
Shawnee, Okla.



SECOND PRIZE \$700  
Dorothea R. Drews  
Butler, Pa.



THIRD PRIZE \$600  
Jeanice Midgett  
Old Hickory, Tenn.



FIRST PRIZE \$800  
Gilbert R. Panzer  
Jackson Heights, N. Y.



SECOND PRIZE \$700  
Richard J. Cravens  
Whiting, Ind.



THIRD PRIZE \$600  
Patrick G. Pomeroy  
Mesa, Ariz.



FOURTH PRIZE \$500  
Joseph O. Cagguillo, Jr.  
Devon, Conn.



FIFTH PRIZE \$400  
Jerry W. Jones  
Covington, Ky.

## Our Most Valuable Students

Final results of the "Most Valuable Student Awards" which the Elks National Foundation each year makes available to deserving students, placed five girls and five boys as winners of the major prizes to be used to further their education. Portraits of the ten winners, their placing in the contest and their awards are included on this page. In addition to the ten major prizes, there were 22 special awards of \$300 each in recognition of outstanding scholarship work. Winners in the girls division were: Lois E. Heyn, Sheboygan, Wis.; Audrey I. French, Sitka, Alaska; Sheila S. Post, Gloucester, Mass.; Jeanne Taylor, Fresno, Calif.; Betty F. L. Magyar, Shillington, Pa.; Fernande I. Melanson, Rumford, Me.; Janette van Slageren, Mt. Vernon, Wash.; Nancy J. Bollinger, Omaha, Neb.; Irene W. Gesiak, Taunton, Mass.; Audrey J. Hoar, Biggs, Calif.; Helen P. Clift, New Castle, Ind., and Edna R. Wells, Sumter, S.C. Winners of \$300 each in the boys division were: Frank D. Lawson, Council Bluffs, Ia.; Joseph E. Balloun, Russell, Kans.; John N. Graham, Lakewood Village, Calif.; Albert F. Parlow, Everett, Mass.; John L. Carr, Lakewood, Ohio; Myron M. Lotz, Warren, Ohio; Richard E. Coutchie, Mesa, Ariz.; Carl A. Ginot, Casper, Wyo.; Gary F. Spidell, Pocatello, Ida, and William W. Quigg, Joplin, Mo. In addition to these, special awards of \$300 were given to Yvetta Reinbergs, Corvallis, Ore., and John E. Bennett, Superior, Wis.



FOURTH PRIZE \$500  
Nancy Ellen Walters  
Wheeling, W. Va.



FIFTH PRIZE \$400  
Jeneane Garner  
Ogden, Utah



# Elks National Foundation SCHOLARSHIP AWARDS

THE Elks National Foundation Trustees announce that TWELVE THOUSAND DOLLARS in scholarship awards will be distributed at the 1951 Grand Lodge Session. This announcement of the "Most Valuable Student" awards should be of interest to the students of every community who are leaders in their schools and colleges. For more than sixteen years these awards have made it possible for many superior students to continue their college courses under favorable circumstances. The awards offered this year are:

	Boys	Girls
First Award .....	\$ 800.00	\$ 800.00
Second Award .....	700.00	700.00
Third Award .....	600.00	600.00
Fourth Award .....	500.00	500.00
Fifth Award .....	400.00	400.00
Ten \$300 Awards.....	<u>3,000.00</u>	<u>3,000.00</u>
	<u>\$6,000.00</u>	<u>\$6,000.00</u>

## ELIGIBILITY

Any student in the senior class of a high or college preparatory school, or in any undergraduate class of a recognized college, who is a resident within the jurisdiction of the Order, may file an application.

## MERIT STANDARDS

Scholarship, citizenship, personality, leadership, perseverance, resourcefulness, patriotism and general worthiness are the criteria by which these young applicants will be judged.

## FORM OF APPLICATION

The Foundation Trustees furnish a blank entitled "Memorandum of Required Facts", which must be filled out in type-writing and made a part of the student's presentation. The Trustees do not furnish any other blank nor do they insist on any special form of application or presentation. They prefer that each applicant use his own ingenuity in presenting his case. Experience has shown that the interests of the applicant are advanced and the time of the Trustees is conserved by orderly, concise and chronological presentation on paper approximately 8½" x 11" (the usual business-letter size), bound neatly at the left side in a standard binder or cover (8¾" x 11½") which can be procured at any stationery store. Remove all letters from envelopes and *bind the letters flat*. Exhibits evidencing notable achievements in leadership, literature, athletics, dramatics, community service or other activities may be attached, but the applicant should avoid submitting repetitious accounts of the same aptitude. Elaborate presentation is unnecessary and careless presentation definitely handicaps the applicant.

In addition to the "Memorandum of Required Facts", which should be first in the cover, we suggest as essential details the following, preferably in the order indicated:

1. Recent photograph of the applicant. (Not a snapshot.)
2. A statement of not more than 300 words prepared by the applicant in his own handwriting, summarizing activities, accomplishments and objective of further education which the

applicant thinks qualify him for one of the scholarship awards.

3. A letter of not over 200 words from a parent or other person having knowledge of the facts, presenting a picture of the family situation and showing the applicant's need for financial assistance to continue in school.

4. The applicant's educational history *from first year of high or college preparatory school* to date of application, supported by school certificates signed by the proper school authority, showing the courses taken, the grades received and the rank of the applicant in the class. The different methods of grading in the schools of the country make it desirable that the school authority, in addition to furnishing the formal certificates, state the applicant's average in figures on the basis of 100% for perfect.

5. A comprehensive letter of recommendation covering character, personality and scholarship of the applicant from at least one person in authority in each school.

6. Two or three letters of endorsement from responsible persons, not related to applicant, who have had an opportunity personally to observe the applicant and who can give worthwhile opinion of the character, industry, purposefulness, disposition and general worthiness of the applicant.

7. A letter of endorsement signed by the Exalted Ruler or Secretary of the subordinate lodge in the jurisdiction of which the applicant is resident, *stating that he has reviewed the application and verifies the substantial accuracy of the statements contained therein.*

*Applications that do not conform substantially to the foregoing requirements will not be considered.*

Only students of outstanding merit, who show an appreciation of the value of an education and who are willing to struggle to achieve success, have a chance to win our awards. Experience indicates that a scholarship rating of 90% or better and a relative standing in the upper five per cent of the applicant's class are necessary to make the group that will be given final consideration for the awards.

## FILING OF APPLICATIONS

The application, verified by the proper subordinate lodge officer, must be filed on or before March 1, 1951, with the Secretary of the State Elks Association of the State in which the applicant is resident, in order that it may be judged by the Scholarship Committee of said Association and, if approved as one of the quota of applications allotted to the State, be forwarded to our Chairman not later than April 1, 1951.

The officers of the subordinate lodges are requested to give notice of this offer to the principals of the high and preparatory schools and the deans of the colleges in their vicinity, and to cause this announcement to be published in the lodge bulletin. Members are requested to bring this announcement to the attention of qualified students.

Requests for blanks and other information should be addressed to John F. Malley, Chairman, 16 Court Street, Boston 8, Massachusetts.

ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION TRUSTEES

**APPLICATIONS MUST BE FILED BEFORE MARCH 1, 1951**

*Approved by National Contest Committee of National Association of Secondary School Principals.*



# NEW LODGES

**A**LL OVER our great Nation, new Elks lodges are taking their vital place in the scheme of social, charitable and civic life in many communities.

The State of Oklahoma boasts two new lodges, **CLINTON NO. 1819**, which began life with 72 Charter Members, and **OKMULGEE NO. 1822**, of which Robert E. Ishmael is Exalted Ruler.

At the Clinton event, Chairman Earl E. James of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, State Pres. Aubrey M. Kerr, D.D. Marvin Fowler and John Collin, Chairman of the Rehabilitation Committee, assisted D.D. E. F. Carter in the institution ceremony, while the State Championship Ritualistic Team of Woodward Lodge handled the initiation of 72 members and installed E.R. Roy Watts and his officers. Phoenix, Ariz., and nine Oklahoma lodges were represented.

The Okmulgee festivities began with a gala banquet, followed by the institution ceremonies which were conducted by D.D. James R. Meeks with the assistance of Pres. Kerr. The initiation of the lodge's Charter Member group was capably taken care of by the Initiation Team of Tulsa Lodge in the presence of a distinguished group of Elks, including Mr. James and D.D.'s Carter and Fowler.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland, aided by Roderick M. McDuffie of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee and Georgia State officers, instituted **TOCCOA, GA., LODGE, NO. 1820**, on June 16th. Gainesville Lodge's Degree Team initiated the class of 100 Charter Members in the presence of State Pres. Clay Davis, State Secy.-Treas. R. E. Lee Reynolds, P.D.D. Jay Bush, Past Pres. Loomis Taylor and officers and P.E.R.'s of several other lodges. Checks totaling \$1,000 were presented to E.R. Allyn J. Morse for this 34th Georgia lodge.

State dignitaries and officers and members of many neighboring lodges were on hand to welcome **LORDSBURG, N. MEX., LODGE, NO. 1813**, at its institution, when 113 members were initiated and 20 re-

ceived on dimit. Festivities began with a buffet luncheon served to about 600 Elks and their ladies, and the lodge ceremonies followed that evening with D.D. E. L. Harbough in charge. State Organizer M. L. Thomas, P.E.R., introduced the officers of Silver City Lodge who handled the initiatory work. State Pres. Wm. Bingham presented Vice-Pres. R. E. Boney to the gathering, and he in turn introduced the officers of Las Cruces Lodge who installed the leaders of No.

1813. Later, a dance was enjoyed by 800. **HOTCHKISS, COLO., LODGE, NO. 1807**, came into existence in the local high school auditorium, with Delta Lodge as sponsor. Following the institution, Montrose Lodge took over to initiate 91 new members and received 100 on dimit. P.D.D.'s of Colorado West, headed by Glenn G. Ellington and assisted by D.D. J. A. Wilmer, joined Pres. G. A. Franz, Jr., and Secy. Frank H. Buskirk of the Colo. Elks Assn. in installing E.R. Hoyle M. Mason and his officers. Open house was held at the home of Delta Lodge for those who attended the ceremonies, and the members of No. 1807 opened their club rooms the next day, royally entertaining all visitors.



E.R. James Kinkemo, seated right with Al Baker, Ralph Edwards Truth or Consequences golfer, on his right, with the Edwards Troop and New Mexico and Arizona State Highway Patrolmen when Lordsburg Lodge entertained the group soon after its institution.



The Degree Team of Woodward, Okla., Lodge which installed the officers of the new branch of the Order at Clinton.

Tulsa, Okla., Elk officials and other dignitaries who witnessed the institution of Okmulgee, Okla., Lodge. Among those seated foreground are D.D.'s E. F. Carter and Marvin Fowler, Chairman Earl E. James of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee, State Pres. A. M. Kerr and District Deputy J. R. Meeks.





# in the Doghouse



Ed Faust

WE'VE been hearing a lot about juvenile delinquency lately, and as I think back into my more or less scatterwitted youth, it seems to me that we didn't have juvenile delinquents then—at least, not real bad ones. We just had fresh kids and a few downright bad boys. For these, the treatment ranged from a hairbrush to a nightstick, the hairbrush usually being sufficient to curb most youthful bad actors. For the really tough kid there was no legal coddling, no effort made to understand him, no consideration of his environment, heredity and the like. Maybe today's tolerance is better, but it doesn't seem to have decreased the number of youngsters who get on the wrong side of the law. My own gang, as I recall, had a variety of rebels, but in the main, they all turned out to be pretty solid citizens—in fact, one of them became governor of one of our largest States, and most of them are the backbone of the nation—the small business or professional man.

Some issues back I wrote an article in which I attempted to cite the benefits of a healthy hobby as a means toward keeping little Willie on the straight and narrow. A few people were kind enough to write in their agreement with this opinion, among them one or two whose business it is to enforce the law. In this article I related my own experience wherein I was encouraged to breed chickens and show them. During my formative years those feathered lunatics did help keep this fellow Faust away from the pool rooms and streetcorner hangouts, so naturally I'm sold on the idea that a hobby for a youngster will go a long way toward keeping him from getting into serious trouble. Any healthy hobby will do, but I'm prejudiced on the animal side and, of course, I would recommend the care and training of a dog. Most kids like dogs and it isn't hard to center their attention on a pet. Hard? If I can believe, and I do, the things that mothers and fathers tell me, it requires constant vigilance to keep some youngsters from bringing home all sorts of

**A well-trained pup is worth the effort.**

strays. I know one kid who gave his folks a 100 per cent sales talk on behalf of a horse. That he lived in a small two-family house played no part in his plea.

As I remarked, today's methods of dealing with the wayward youngster may be better than yesterday's—and probably are. But times haven't changed for Fido. The canine delinquent needs the same treatment today as he received yesterday. True, fortunately, training methods eliminate much of the harshness that marked dog schooling of other days, but basically the ways are the same. Now, if you have one of those on-parole-from-the-dog-catcher purps, for one box-car top I'll tell you what to do to point his schnozzle in the right direction.

To begin with the worst offender, the vicious dog, we'll eliminate him right now: he isn't the average household pet.

Only in rare cases is he tolerated, and then for a definite purpose, perhaps for guarding—and, of course, such a dog must be guarded against.

ONE of the most common wrong-doers and a cause of more trouble than any other type of dog is the chronic, constant barker. He's double the nuisance because he not only annoys his owner but can bring much neighborly ill-will on that luckless owner's head. This chap should be dealt with sternly—yes, punished. But *only* when he is barking. To punish the dog after a barking session is a needless cruelty; Fido has a short memory. If it is impossible to stop the barking by punishment, then the dog should be muzzled constantly, except at mealtime. The muzzle needn't be tight; it is best to adjust

(Continued on page 47)

## Dogs on Parade



### Meet the Cocker Spaniel

And where won't you meet him? He's the most popular pure-bred dog in America today and that's why we chose him to lead off this new "Dogs on Parade" feature which will run as a series by Ed Faust, with illustrations by Edwin Megargee, noted for his paintings of dogs. Although the smallest of the sporting dogs, the cocker does well in the field. This little fellow comes in two weights—one ranging from 22 to 28 pounds;

the other, from 26 to 34 pounds. These are official designations of the American Spaniel Club. Lighter of the two is the American variety; heavier is the English type. Origin of both varieties is England. First developed for use in hunting woodcock. Trained to flush game, but to retrieve on command only. English type more generally used for hunting, being larger, stronger, better able to work through heavy brush.



# NEWS OF THE LODGES

(Continued from page 19)



Past Grand Exalted Rulers L. A. Lewis and Michael F. Shannon, fourth and fifth from left, second row, with E.R. George M. Stephenson and other dignitaries at the home of San Pedro, Calif., Lodge.



New York State and Grand Lodge officials who were on hand for Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge's dinner at which hundreds paid tribute to Past State Pres. J. Victor Schad, seated sixth from left.



Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge's gift of an ambulance to Mary Immaculate Hospital is dedicated by Chaplain Rev. Thomas Ford, as Sister Ursula Marie, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, Secy. James D. Moran and Bazaar Chairman Frank J. Rauch, left to right, look on.

● **HOLLYWOOD, FLA.**, Lodge, No. 1732, has held many successful events in its short lifetime, one of the most recent of which was its second annual production of "Midnight in Manhattan," a dance revue staged by Elk Billy Ambrose and Ruth Ambrose, a professional dance team. The theme of the show was patriotic, and included many excellent specialty numbers. Chairman Robert Dwyer was extremely pleased with the audience's reaction as well as the fine sum the show netted for the benefit of the Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children, maintained by the Elks of Florida.

● **WATERLIET, N. Y.**, Lodge, No. 1500, has long been a good and true friend to the orphan children at St. Coleman's and Fairview Homes.

After the recent party No. 1500 gave, however, the Elks are probably heroes to the 500 youngsters who reside at these institutions which are located about three miles from the lodge home.

The Watervliet Elks rented a full-size merry-go-round and transported it to the grounds of the Homes where the children enjoyed riding on it for some six hours. In keeping with the true carnival spirit, the Elks set up several stands to serve hot dogs, ice cream and soda.

● **SAN DIEGO, CALIF.**, Lodge, No. 168, celebrated its 60th Anniversary by holding Old Timers Night, followed by a Minstrel and Variety Show the next two evenings. The 309 members who have been on the rolls 25 years or more were special dinner guests, and several Past Exalted Rulers related interesting incidents which occurred during their terms of office. A brief history of the lodge was delivered by P.E.R. Clifford S. Maher.

Many San Diego Elks participated in the Minstrel Show which was presented to packed houses. Old-time Minstrel Man Norman Freakley served as Interlocutor and the show's director, F. Howard Evans, composed a special anniversary song.



This large class was initiated into Winslow, Ariz., Lodge during its Golden Jubilee.



Below: Representing the "Lodells", the ladies of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, Mrs. Betty Barry, President of the group, presents a lodge flag to E.R. Manuel V. Mendez. A beautiful American Flag was also given to the lodge.



Above: Danville, Va., Lodge's \$250 scholarship is presented to the 1950 winner, Miss Marian Thompson by Exalted Ruler Rollie C. Nye.



Clearfield, Pa., Elk officials with the class they initiated on the lodge's 50th Anniversary.



Here are 34 of the 42 scholarship winners who attended a special session at Oregon State College as part of the Youth Activities Program of the Oregon State Elks Assn. Originated in 1943 by D. H. Kennedy of Tillamook and P.D.D. Frank Hise, the program has received wide acclaim.



The officers of Ukiah, Calif., Lodge stand before the replica of the Liberty Bell which was used in the local Memorial Day Parade sponsored by the American Legion. At ceremonies in the cemetery, conducted by the Elks, this bell was tolled the traditional eleven times.

## LODGE NOTES

**ALBION, MICH.,** Lodge broke ground for its new home at a brief ceremony not long ago. Long-time member Cecil A. Runyan turned the first shovel of earth, using a chromium-plated spade which was the gift of Chaplain F. V. Koon. Construction on the building was started immediately . . . Jack Peters was the lucky Sea Scout who had his trip to San Francisco paid for by the Sea Scout Committee of **BISHOP, CALIF.,** Lodge. This journey was the first leg of his trip to Hawaii on a Navy cruise ship . . . Reports from the Canal Zone give us the happy information that the erection of the new home of **CRISTOBAL** Lodge is progressing most satisfactorily . . . **MINOT, N. D.,** Lodge has made a fine contribution to John Moses Veterans Memorial Hospital, having furnished the site on which the hospital was built. Prominently displayed in the building is a plaque commemorating the generosity of the Elks . . . **SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH,** Lodge was host to the officers of other lodges in the State at the annual officers' school. This gathering is held annually to instruct new officers in the duties they have assumed and to discuss other important Elk matters. Held under the direction of D.D. Edward L. Vetter, the meeting was attended by officials from Cedar City, Provo, Ogden, Park City, St. George, Tooele, Eureka, Price, Logan and Salt Lake City Lodges . . . The queen of **SANTA MARIA, CALIF.,** Lodge's Rodeo, Miss Mavi Gonzales and her companion Margaret Ruiz were awarded a week's vacation at Las Vegas, Nev., where they were greeted by representatives of the Mayor's office and leading civic and Elk officials . . . **MUSKEGON, MICH.,** Lodge reports that one of the largest crowds ever to sit down at one time in the lodge dining room was on hand for Father and Daughter Night. Over 550 persons were served dinner, and enjoyed an evening of fine entertainment . . . More than 100 members of **YAKIMA, WASH.,** Lodge turned out for the golf field day, headed by Eugene Ivy and assisted by James Simonson who reported that there were 21 prize-winners. Following the play, everyone was treated to a fine dinner on the lawn of the clubhouse.





P.E.R. Phelps Phelps presents New York, N. Y., Lodge's annual award for the high school that has done most to improve community relationships to Rosalie Gabriel, representing the Student Body of Girls High School. At right is Mrs. Hortense Levisohn, principal of the school.



Manager Walter Hamerslaugh, fourth from left foreground, is pictured with the Junior Baseball Team which is sponsored by his fellow members of Needles, Calif., Lodge, when that branch of the Order presented these handsome new uniforms to the boys as part of its youth activities work.

## NEWS OF THE LODGES

Below: The staff maintained at Camp Elk, sponsored by the membership of Indiana, under the capable direction of Elk James Puett. Last year, 20 Indiana lodges sponsored and paid for week-long vacations for some 150 boys.



Above: This view shows some of the hundreds of youngsters who were on hand for the opening of the Sanford, Fla., Elks' Children's Playground.



Pictured here are the initiating team of Lincoln, Neb., Lodge and the 191 members of the Wake Up, America Class, the largest in the lodge's

history. In the recent Independence Sale Bond Drive, this outstanding branch of the Order oversubscribed its goal of \$100,000 by \$2,750.

Tod Swalm



● **RUTHERFORD, N. J.**, Lodge, No. 547, began its high-powered program to aid crippled children about 30 years ago, following the movement spearheaded by the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch. The lodge's first efforts were small, but grew measurably in a short time.

Records available at this time show that in the period between June, 1928 and April, 1950, this lodge has expended approximately \$148,000 on this very worthy project, which has included a great deal of benefit for cerebral palsy victims.

In this time, nearly 1,000 individual cases were handled, 12,985 treatments given, and hundreds of examinations made, hospital care and orthopedic equipment provided, and 71 major operations performed.

Profitable employment has been found for many of these patients; others prepared for future employment.

Rutherford Lodge has provided many rare and costly drugs for patients suffering from unusual diseases, spending more than \$300 a year on one case alone. It has also contributed to the support of patients, and a recent major project was the raising of \$2,000 for the purchase of a specially constructed automobile for a 34-year-old polio victim, the father of two children, thereby aiding him to secure and hold a fine position.

● **MASSACHUSETTS ELKS** have every reason to be proud of their splendid Youth Organization, headed by Chairman George Steele since 1946. Instituted in 1944, with P.D.D. Wm. F. Hogan as its leader, the committee has worked steadily toward its goal of continuous achievement, and its recently published report is a testimonial to the success of its efforts, revealing the expenditure of nearly \$35,000 for the year 1949-50.

Its plan is to serve the youth of the State; its program, to have the Elks of the State design and follow a pattern suited to each community. Athletic contests include every known sport, with baseball, of course, getting the biggest play, and basketball and hockey running close behind. Instruction classes in boxing, swimming and fishing are led by enthusiastic and accomplished Elks, and music hasn't been neglected either. Educational programs covering the study and protection of wild life are also sanctioned.

Civic Youth Centers have been organized with recreation under proper supervision, and the wide-spread sponsorship of Boy Scout Troops is well known.

Many trophies and other awards have been provided, notably the Babe Ruth Scholarship which is given each year to the young man who best shows leadership, interest in varied activities and is of good college material. Last year Allan E. Oram received this award; this year, James J. Montgomery is the recipient.

One outstanding activity, unique to Massachusetts Elksdom, is the observance of Good Government Day. This year nearly 400 youths were the guests at this event.



Arlington, Mass., Elk officers stand before the float which won first prize for the lodge in the Town of Lexington's Parade marking the 175th Anniversary of the Battle of Concord and Lexington.



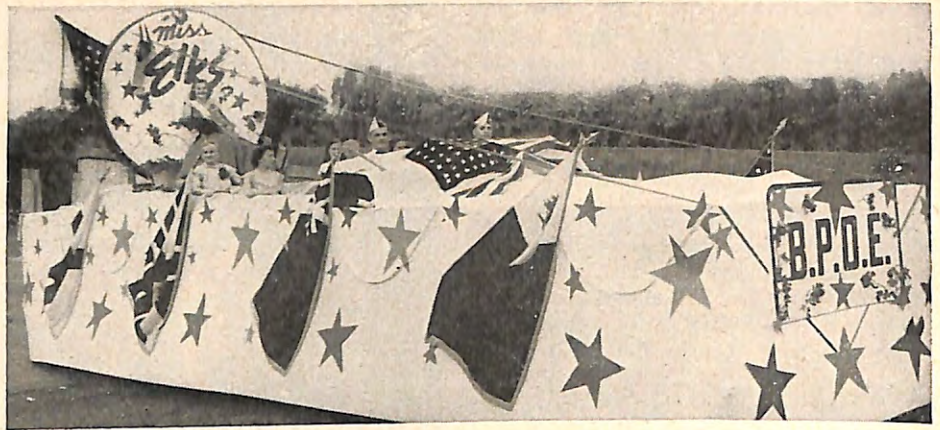
With the State's replica of the Liberty Bell before the home of Monessen, Pa., Lodge during the Elk-sponsored Independence Savings Bond Drive Rally, are E.R. E. Ben Sobczak and his officers, and Howard Reed, State Bond Drive Chairman. Monessen Elks purchased \$15,000 in Bonds.



State Supreme Court Justice Robert E. Noonan, P.D.D., turns over the first spade of earth on the site of the \$100,000 addition to Batavia, N. Y., Lodge's home. Also pictured are E.R. Vincent R. Callahan and other Elk officials, as well as the building's architect and the contractor.



# NEWS OF EASTERN LODGES

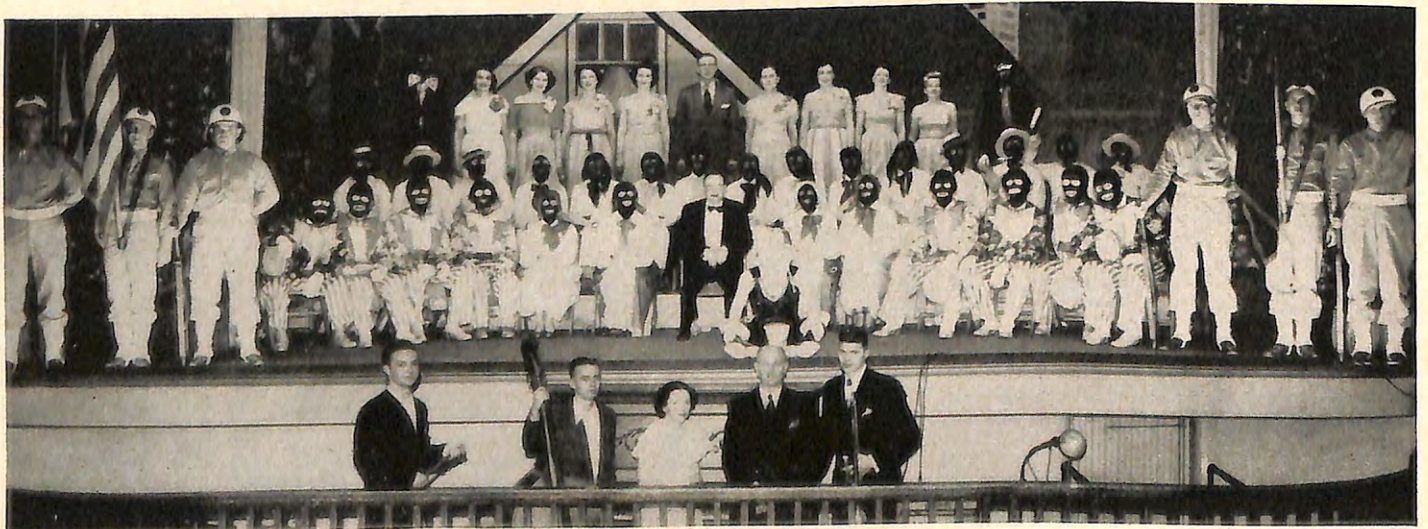


Miss Marlene Meyer, crowned "Miss Havre de Grace" in the Maryland city's recent Miss America preliminaries, rides in the Elks' prize-winning float as Miss B. P. O. Elks.



Left: P.E.R. S. A. Brunelle, third from right, hands Holyoke, Mass., Lodge's \$500 check to the Brightside Alumni Assn. for the development of a dental clinic at the Brightside Institute for Boys. At left, Judge E. A. Lynch; second from right, Mayor H. J. Toepfert, both Elks.

Wauseon, Ohio, Lodge's \$10,000 mortgage goes up in smoke less than three years after its institution. The lodge's home represents an investment of \$20,000. Left to right: Treas. Marvin Betz; Committee Chairman Clayton Gilliatt; Secy. James Douglass; Esq. Robert Lucas; D.D. Walter Bowsler, Sr.; Ira Nofziger, one of the founders; Lead. Knight Frederick Steensen; E.R. Thomas Fall; P.E.R. Peter Goldsmith; Lect. Knight Nelson Burkholder; P.E.R. Lester Hallett, and Trustee John Frepple.



Members of the cast of Carlville, Ill., Lodge's extremely successful Fourth Annual Charity Minstrel Show, the proceeds of which went to swell the fund for the lodge's extensive crippled children's work.



# Gadgets and Gimmicks



**I**F YOU'VE ever been stuck on a dark highway at night with a flat tire (one on the wheel) and no light handy, you've known frustration. Here's what you should have to keep from getting caught in such a spot. This is an automobile light with 12 feet of cord, which is enough to place the light anywhere you wish to work on an incapacitated car. A strong electro-magnet holds it in position wherever you place it on the metal car body. If the occasion demands, the lamp will glow a bright red as a warning signal to approaching cars. How is it powered? Why, you plug the light into your car cigarette lighter, of course.

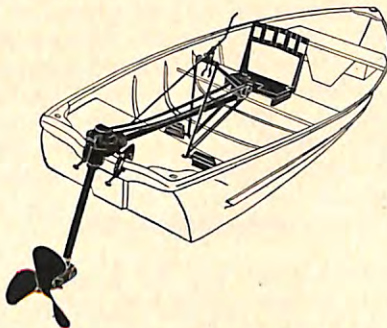


**A**PPARENTLY somebody got tired of hearing doors slam again and again in the breeze and decided to do something about it. Here's the solution—a small doorstopper that when nudged into place will hold a door easily at any degree of openness desired. The bowed piece of metal and the rubber stoppers will undoubtedly give you a sounder nap, more peace and quiet plus less jangled nerves in the days ahead.



**T**HE demise of the paint brush may be at hand. With this new method of applying paint even the clumsiest amateur can do a creditable job. The method? You roll it on, with a roller to which paint is fed under pressure. You pump up the small pressure tank by hand and then simply start moving the roller down the wall. By means of a control button you regulate the amount of paint saturating the roller. It works well with either oil or water paints and

covers any type surface whether it is smooth or rough. Its manufacturer claims it is possible to paint an entire room in one to two hours. Since there is no splashing from brandished paint brushes, you don't have to cover everything in the room, nor worry about splattering the floor as you work.



**L**OOK, Ma, no oars," might well be the cry of the fisherman lucky enough to have obtained this item. It is a device, and being a device it is worthy of respect. That makes it patentable, which this is. For a rowboat, there is nothing like it. With very little effort a boatman can get himself and his boat about twice as rapidly as he can with oars. It consists of a propeller and a bicycle pedal arrangement so he can fish and propel a boat at the same time. Made of lightweight aluminum, the item is collapsible for easy carrying and easily attachable for easy usage. The propeller swivels, too, and acts as a rudder so you need only one person to fish, row and turn, all at the same time.

**C**HANCES are that a few years from now the world will be overcrowded with gadgets, but a few ingenious inventors are combating the situation. They're combining two gadgets to make one. Here's what we mean. This newly developed pencil has the added attraction of containing a memo pad as well. You simply turn the pencil, withdraw as much paper as you need to write your note on and then rip it off. The container holds a yard of paper which should last you some time, unless you are an inveterate note-leaver. Paper refills are available.

**T**HINGS that collapse are good to have. What with houses getting smaller and smaller, space costing what it does, anything that collapses is definitely an asset. Here is one—an attractively designed collapsible whisk broom. The case itself and the bristles of the broom are made of plastic. The brush

is washable, lightweight, sturdy and undeniably compact. Another feature: three different degrees of stiffness in the bristles. By adjusting the degree of collapse or extension you get the various bristle stiffnesses. It looks like an ideal gift item from here.



**N**OT long ago, somebody got smart and rediscovered magnetism. True, magnetism has been around a long time but until recently it has been neglected by the average industrial potentate. Now, fortunately, you can get several gadgets that work on the principle of magnetism. This one is a holder. The small bit of permanently magnetized metal can be easily attached (and as easily removed) from steel stoves, refrigerators, sinks, cabinets, etc. The magnetized metal is further ornamented by having a hook on which you may hang hot pads, dish cloths, brushes, aprons, shower caps and the like. The holder has a highly polished chrome finish, easy to spot and as easy to look at.

**J**UST a minute, I'll get a pencil and put down your number." The phone clangs down on the table top, there is a long pause which gets a lot longer before it ends, and finally the voice comes back on saying, "I can't find a pencil." These unfortunate moments can be eliminated with no trouble at all. All you have to do is get one of these attachable pencil and pad combinations that fit either a dial- or a non-dial-type phone.



**I**F ALL the different cigarette lighters on the market were lined up end to end they would probably reach from here to the end of the national debt and back again. That's a long way. To keep the line growing and things happening, here is another and rather unique lighter that was somebody's brain child. The body of the lighter is an exact small-scale reproduction of bottles of the country's foremost brands of Scotch, Bourbon, Cordial and Beer. They're small enough to carry in your pocket and nice looking enough to be used on your desk or on a table at home. They hold a goodly quantity of fuel, too. Enough to last eight months without refilling.



# News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 11)

## MISSOURI

The 41st Annual Meeting of the Missouri State Elks Assn. was a most successful affair, taking place at Joplin, May 5, 6 and 7. The three-day meeting was a series of interesting features with golf, bowling, a banquet, ball and floor show occupying the attention of the more than 700 delegates and their ladies. The Ritualistic Contest was won for the third consecutive time by the Warrensburg Lodge team, over Trenton, St. Louis and Joplin entries. This gave the Warrensburg group permanent possession of the Ritualistic Cup.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, introduced by State Pres. L. B. Pratt, delivered a most inspiring address at the Association banquet. At this dinner Past Pres. H. H. Russell, a member of the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee, presented the State's Most Valuable Student Award to William Quigg of the host city.

The delegates decided on Columbia as the meeting place for the fall gathering, and elected the following officials: Pres., Dr. H. Chris Oltman, Joplin; Vice-Pres.-at-Large, Rudolph Betlach, St. Louis; Vice-Presidents: S. W., W. Ross Bodenhamer, Warrensburg; N. W., Ben Hanis, Kansas City; E., David Bear, Columbia; Trustees: S. W., Samuel Highleyman, Sedalia; E., Anthony Beckman, Washington; Dwight Walker, Trenton; Treas., M. F. Thurston, Columbia; Secy., P. C. Kendrick, Joplin; Sgt.-at-Arms, Glenn G. Griswold, St. Joseph; Inner Guard, F. L. McCord, Springfield; Chaplain, Nick Blassie, St. Louis.

## NORTH DAKOTA

A highlight of the 1950 meeting of the North Dakota Elks Assn. in Bismarck June 11, 12 and 13 was the appearance of Vice-President Alben W. Barkley who was greeted by Gov. Fred G. Aandahl, Grand Trustee Stern and Convention Chairman J. S. Fevold. At the Convention Banquet nearly 1500 persons cheered as this 40-year Elk, a Charter Member of Louisville, Ky., Lodge, lashed out at communism.

During the meeting talented musicians and performers played to enthusiastic audiences, and the ladies enjoyed style shows, dancing, golf, and joined the men and hundreds of other citizens in the mammoth Flag Day Services held on the steps of the State Capitol. The Convention parade, one of the greatest in the State's history, was led by Vice-President Barkley.

The Devils Lake Ritualistic Team took the State Contest, and the Minot Elks successfully defended their Elks Trapshooting Championship over Dickinson, Bismarck and Devils Lake contenders.

Charles Weslie of Minot won individual honors and tied with Norman Pleatan of Dickinson for first place in the 50-bird handicap.

A report revealed that the 10,433 North Dakota Elks had spent \$67,263 on charitable work during the year, principally on Camp Grassick, the very fine children's summer camp maintained by the Association, where 80 selected handicapped children have an opportunity to enjoy a vacation and improve themselves at the same time.

Officers heading this truly representative Association for the current year are: Pres., M. N. Gronvald, Mandan; Vice-Pres., John T. Heimes, Valley City; Secy. (reelected), E. A. Reed, Jamestown; Treas. (reelected), Alec Rawitscher, Williston; Trustees: A. G. Roos, Minot, and Frank Cheatham, Grand Forks.

## MASSACHUSETTS

Benevolence was the keynote of the 40th Annual Convention of the Mass. Elks Assn. June 10th when 500 delegates representing the State's 61 lodges, saw the \$1,000 check, bringing their total donation to \$9,000, presented to Archbishop Richard J. Cushing of Boston, for the Home for Convalescent Crippled and Handicapped Children. The representatives also witnessed the presentation of two \$300 scholarships by Chairman John F. Malley of the Elks National Foundation, and four \$75 scholarships and nine \$50 awards, which were gifts of the Association.

Impressive ceremonies in memory of departed Elks were opened by Rev. M. J. O'Brien. P.E.R. Paul A. Sykes of Norwood gave the eulogy and the Wakefield Elks Glee Club sang.

New officers are: Pres., Elmer E. A. Richards, Hyannis; Vice-Presidents: W., Wm. R. Burns, Gardner; N.E., Dr. Henry I. Yale, Peabody; Cent., Wilfred J. Paquet, Watertown; Metropolitan Dist., Andrew A. Biggio, Winthrop; S.E., John G. Hedges, North Attleboro; Secy., (reelected), Thomas F. Coppinger, Newton; Treas., (reelected), Fred W. Krim, Quincy; Trustees: John J. Lane, Natick; Dr. Melvin J. MacNeil, Hudson; Joseph Sylvia, New Bedford; Robert D. Wescott,

Norwood; Charles A. Farrar, Winchester; Charles G. Hansen, Woburn; Thomas E. Gibbons, Westfield.

Secy. Coppinger reported that Elk membership in his State stands at 33,659, a gain of nearly 1,000 men in the past year, and that the sum of \$233,030 had been spent by the lodges on charitable work during the previous 12 months.

## WYOMING

Well over 500 Elks registered for the 41st Annual Wyoming State Elks Assn. Meeting in Laramie May 25, 26 and 27. Mayor H. H. Cordiner and State Auditor Everett T. Copenhagen delivered addresses of welcome, later retiring Pres. L. G. Mehse introduced several former Presidents, including Hollis B. Brewer of the Grand Lodge State Assns. Committee. On hand were former Chairman Byron Albert of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee and D. D. David Hamil, both of Colo.

Features of the meeting were the very fine Memorial Services, the initiation of a large class in honor of Mr. Mehse, the Ritualistic Contest, won by Cheyenne Lodge, and various entertainment programs.

Officers elected at this meeting are: Pres., K. L. Sehnert, Riverton; 1st Vice-Pres., Fred Houchens, Jackson; 2nd Vice-Pres., Louis Moore, Cody; 3rd Vice-Pres., E. M. Loy, Torrington; Secy.-Treas., R. H. Fuller, Riverton; Chaplain, Con. J. O'Neill, Casper; Sgt.-at-Arms, James McDermott, Rawlins; Inner Guard, Lachlan McLean, Greybull; Trustees: J. F. Davis, Rock Springs; Harry J. Cashman, Rawlins; P. B. McKiernan, Thermopolis.

## NORTH CAROLINA

Howard R. Davis of the Board of Grand Trustees was guest speaker at the annual banquet held in conjunction with the 1950 Meeting of the North Carolina Elks Assn.; another Grand Lodge official who was a special guest at this June 2nd and 3rd conclave at Southern Pines was Chairman H. Earl Pitzer of the Committee on Credentials.

The delegates, representing 26 of the State's 30 lodges, saw Salisbury Lodge take the \$200 prize in the Degree Team Contest, and decided that Burlington would be the site of the 1951 meeting. Until that time, the following men will handle the Assn.'s affairs: Pres., J. Max Rawlins, Greensboro; Vice-Pres.-at-Large, Geo. T. Skinner, Kinston; Vice-Presidents: E., W. D. McKee, Wilmington; Cent., Barney P. Jones, Burlington; W., C. V. DeVault, Asheville; Treas., G. C. Killian, Gastonia; Secy., A. A. Ruffin, Sr., Wilson.

### STATE ASSOCIATION CONVENTION INFORMATION FOR 1950

State	City	Date
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



# Demonstration of Patriotism, 1950

FLAG DAY—

(Continued from page 14)

Kans., Latrobe, Pa., Medford, Mass., where 5,000 heard Admiral Louis R. Denfeld, Newburgh, N. Y., Newton, Ia., Petersburg, Va., Quincy, Mass., Salida, Colo., Steubenville, Ohio, and Worcester, Mass.

Over 40,000 people witnessed the parade, and more than 8,000 attended the Dover, N. H. Elks' open-air Flag Day ceremonies which, in the opinion of the Committee, were tops for Group III. Ten radio stations, 18 weekly and 16 daily papers publicized the event which was broadcast over a statewide network. Twelve divisions, each with its own musical unit, were entered, with many veteran, fraternal and social organizations participating, along with the 18th Army Band of Fort Devens. At the ceremonies the flag was raised by Sgt. Rene Gagnon of Iwo Jima fame, an address was delivered by Rear Admiral Miles R. Browning and the State's Bond Drive replica of the Liberty Bell was tolled the traditional 11 times. In this Group, Hollywood, Fla., Lodge deserves Honorable Mention for its ceremonies, held in conjunction with Fort Lauderdale Lodge, and so do Leavenworth, Kans., Lyndhurst, N. J., Manila, P. I., Martinsville, Va., and Port Clinton, Ohio, Lodges.

Representing, as they do, so many of our lodges, the Elks National Home members' 1950 Flag Day Services are reported here. In charge of Roanoke, Va., Lodge whose officers did the Ritualistic work and whose quartet furnished an appropriate musical background, the Services included an address by Dr. C. Cooper Bell, Pastor of the Green Memorial Methodist Church in Roanoke, and P.E.R. Paul S. Johnson, assisted by Boy Scout Troop 45, gave a fine History of the Flag. The Bedford Firemen's Band played for an hour prior to the Exercises, at which George Wolfe of the Home Lodge raised the flag, a duty he has performed for 16 years. A large group of Clifton Forge Elks attended these impressive ceremonies for which the Committee, headed by Home Lodge E.R. Daniel F. Edgington, deserves the highest praise.

## "He Can't Hurt Us!"

(Continued from page 5)

pionship of the world for his reclined and belly-holding client, Max Schmeling. This was really something of a feat.

It wouldn't be fair to say that Max, on his own, was not a competent performer, but it would as well be unwise not to remember that until the moment of the disputed "foul" in the fourth round, Jack Sharkey has been hitting him with every-

WAKE UP, AMERICA—

(Continued from page 15)

Frank Carlson, former Gov. Alfred N. Landon and Dean W. Malott, Chancellor of Kansas University.

Beaver Falls and Greensburg, Pa., Lodges had as their speaker Mathew Cvetic who, as an FBI agent, worked undetected among the communists for many years. Burley, Ida., Lodge's program, held in conjunction with Flag Day, drew thousands to the city, and Joplin, Mo., Elks welcomed a large crowd who heard Mayor H. Chris Oltman, State Assn. Pres., and Col. H. D. Ledbetter, President of the Okla. Military Academy, Shawnee and Oklahoma City, Okla., Lodges rate applause for their observances, as do Jacksonville and Pekin, Ill., Portsmouth, Va., Woonsocket, R. I., and Norwich, N. Y., whose program was wisely held at a special high school assembly so that the stirring words of veteran lawyer Charles Flaesch reached the youth of the city.

Reports from lodges of less than 500 members reveal that the Woodward, Okla., Miami Springs-Hialeah, Fla., events were a huge success, and the Grand Haven, Mich., Elks can take a bow for their well-planned observance. Their choice of a speaker was a happy one—Rev. R. D. Richards, a Welsh miner who told of coming to this country to make money, and of finding that money was the least important of what it had to offer. Seguin, Tex., Lodge's program had the American Legion as co-sponsor, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner was an inspired speaker at the Galena, Ill., ceremony. In Westfield, Mass., hundreds were on hand to hear the Most Rev. Christopher J. Weldon, Bishop of Springfield. The Florence, Colo., Wake Up, America program was well publicized and enthusiastically received, as was the Muskogee, Oklahoma, ceremony, which had excellent radio and newspaper coverage.

In Hollywood, Fla., 3,000 persons turned out, and in spite of a 98° temperature and a sizzling sun overhead, a large crowd of Bradenton, Fla., Americans attended the Elks' rally, proving that comfort is far less important than patriotism.

thing in the ball park but the Yankees' bats, and as far as most people were able to see had just laid him low with a wonderful whack to the lunch. But when there was a job to be done with the lungs, to sharpen the decision of an uncertain referee—well, Joe Jacobs was the man to do it.

A small man, everlastingly attached to

How to Keep Prospects Reminded

Give Autopoint BUSINESS GIFTS!



No. 233 Memo Pen Set. Retail \$3.00.

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a large cigar, Joe made some important contributions to the language. The immortal statement, "We wuz robbed!" was coined by him on the occasion of the second Sharkey-Schmeling fight, a 15-round affair that was awarded to Sharkey on a decision. Joe just grabbed the microphone and gave his genius free-of-charge to the world. At another time Joe placed himself among the immortals by remarking disgustedly, within the hearing of sportswriters, "I should of stood in bed."

If these plain remarks seem commonplace today, it is only because they have been worn to plainness by overuse. Joe Jacobs, like William Shakespeare, spoke for the ages; indeed, like so many fight managers, he was rarely known to shut up. It's a kind of occupational blight that can best be observed at some place like Stillman's Gym. Ever been there? Well, Stillman's is located in the 50's, on New York's Eighth Avenue. It resembles gymnasiums in Chicago, San Francisco, Detroit, St. Louis and the Bronx, but it is less elegant than most and more celebrated than any. It's the unofficial fight capital of the world. Just one flight up, you pay 50c, and you are in Mr. Stillman's fabulous salon. You will find it smoke-filled and soothing as a pneumatic drill in a phone booth. Some of this commotion is caused by the *rat-tat-tat* of the light punching bags, but most of it comes from the managers. The fighters, who are comparatively shy, retiring souls, are either bending themselves into calisthenic knots, skipping rope, punching bags, or getting slugged in one of the several training rings. The managers pay small attention to them.

The managers, with matchmakers, casual wise guys and other interested parties, will probably be discussing the all-important matter of "pernts" (meaning, in English, percentage points), the basis on which most fights of any consequence are arranged. The managers walk back and forth, whispering their in and out of major and minor conspiracies. When they are not whispering, they are shouting, as though such things as medium tones did not exist. The dialogue, on a good day, is usually worth more than the 50c admission.

"I'll give ya seventeena-haff pernts, Lew," a matchmaker says.

And Lew, the manager, screams. "You can drop dead right here an' save me the trouble I should cutcher throat," screams Lew with disarming candor. "Ya call yerself a friend—ya thief?"

"Easy, Lew."

"You offer my wildcat a lousy seventeena-haff? Without no gun in ya hand? Why, in Holyoke, the kid was a sensation."

"In Holyoke, Lew? So? Where else couldja bum be a sen-say-shun, tell me?"

And so on. It is an occupation more stimulating and sometimes even more remunerative than working for a living. There are no professional or educational standards to be met, though a fair touch

of larceny would seem essential. Fight managers, like horse players, come often on lean seasons, but no manager worth his weight in words would bemean his true talents by taking a job. After all—tomorrow, maybe—another Dempsey might come walking through the door.

Among the less loud but more effective people at Stillman's, you will find Irving Cohen, the wise and cautious proprietor of Rocky Graziano. Irving is a little man whose thinning, blondish hair in certain lights glows like a halo on his head. His large and innocent eyes appear to look timidly at the cruel and mercenary world about him. He is everlastingly polite and soft of speech, so that, naturally enough, you wonder what he is doing with a 21-carat roughneck like Rocky.

**W**ELL, one thing he is doing with Rocky is taking care of the bum. I use the word "bum" with some affection here and without fear of libel, since it is a term Rocky applies with serene pride to himself and most of his friends. Rocky is the right kind of bum, if you must have a bum. So dear is he to the hearts of the paying public that they would storm through turnstiles shedding ten- and twenty-dollar bills to see him fight any opponent from Margaret O'Brien to Clare Boothe Luce, and why Irving Cohen has overlooked these comely girls as opponents for Rocky, is more than I can understand. Surely in the last five years, to keep alive the legend of Rocky's killing power, he has tried almost everyone else in the lighter, less harmful categories.

What smart Irving does not want for Rocky are those full-grown, muscular middleweights like Steve Belloise, Robert Villemain, Chuck Hunter or Jake Lamotta, shop-worn as Jake may be. Possibly later—if Jake develops a case of the stumbles, and it is for the championship—yes. But until that safe day Irving will be careful. He will fight middleweights of Rocky's own weight such as George "Sonny" Horne, who is healthy enough, and a pleasing boy, but cannot punch the dew off a daisy. Or welterweights like Charlie Fusari, Harold Green, Red Cochrane, Marty Servo—against whom Rocky became, in certain wild imaginations, another Stanley Ketchell. And as for fighting Ray Robinson, against whom Rocky might draw half a million dollars, Irving would almost rather push his property under a train.

Rocky, left to himself, would fight the cops, Ezzard Charles, or the Russian Marines. But this is because he doesn't know any better. He seems not to realize that, although he managed to win one of his three hair-raising jousts with Champion Tony Zale, Tony at the time was creaking in the joints, and as far beyond his prime as a year-old egg. There's a good chance that some day Rocky will fight Ray Robinson for a share of that half million dollars, but they know around Stillman's, and Irving knows, that it will be the night before Rocky is

ready to retire. He is a conservative but smart man. Irving Cohen, and worth every nickel awarded him from the Graziano purse.

In New York, and I suspect through most of the country, the legal shakedown allowed a manager is 33 $\frac{1}{3}$  per cent of a gladiator's gold. By private arrangement between a warrior and his hired brains there are variations on this fixed percentage, though nearly always in favor of the manager: "I brung ya up from nothin', ya bum ya, didn' I? Well, where's your gratitude?"

This means that a shrewd judge of fighting flesh, fortunate enough to gather into his private barn two or three or possibly half a dozen first-rate fighting men, can do enormously well for himself.

A main-event performer at Madison Square Garden may be rewarded with from five to 20 thousand dollars for his efforts, though the average figure falls well between. At the same time a competent but not exactly sensational boy, campaigning in the smaller arenas from Scranton, Pa., to San Diego, Calif., can gather from \$800 to \$2000 for the evening's work and do this possibly 15 to 20 times a year. Thus, like an insurance company, a well-established manager may gather his gold a little here and a little there, with the total piling surprisingly high. And while a fighter's active years are notoriously few, some managers go on forever, collecting from one-third to half of the total dividends and suffering less from conscience than from the ravages of rich and too plentiful food. Sometimes, when things are going right, it ain't a bad racket at all.

Not very long ago it occurred to Steve Belloise, the veteran middleweight who is at the same time a humanitarian and a bright boy, that if the Boxing Managers' Guild could enjoy the benefits of strength in union—well, then, the fighters themselves, who absorbed all the punches, should have representation, too. Steve rather bravely attempted but did not succeed in forming a Professional Boxers' Association. He thinks the 33 $\frac{1}{3}$  per cent of purses paid to managers by fighters for the golden chance of getting punched around is a bit too high. The literary or theatrical agent's 10 per cent, said Steve, would be equitable enough. He has told me his suggestions were not happily received, and that there is no scream of anguish like that of a manager about to be pinched in the pocket.

Jack Hurley, a manager justly respected, once said of his wayward wildcat, the late Vince Foster, "He don't have brains enough to get a headache". There is evidence that in Vince's case Mr. Hurley did not exaggerate, but the remark approximates a fighter-manager relationship that is too general to be healthy. Because the bulk of practicing warriors range in age from their teens to middle twenties (and are, for the most part, less than scholars), it's easy enough to understand how they can be betrayed into



hopeful belief that the jaunty angle of a manager's cigar, the way he wears his clothes, or the smart remarks he is able to invent or borrow, have something to do with wisdom. Actually, a good proportion of these gymnasium-philosophers have heads as airfilled as the blown-up bladders of a punching bag, and a few of the smarter fighters are aware of this.

Jacob Lamotta, the middleweight champion, for instance, knows it very well, and it is believed that for years, while conferring the nominal status of manager on the convenient brow of his brother, Joey, Jake has been managing his own affairs. Jake is famous for exposing his rugged profile to any and all assaults, but he is far less careless with his cash. On the reasonable theory that he can count his own money without any hired assistance, Jake has been collecting apartment houses and other durable items in the Bronx. It's unlikely that Jake will ever have to bum quarters from his friends.

Gene Tunney, of course, at the height of his earning power, gave the classic lesson in prudence by placing his manager, Billy Gibson, on a salary basis, thus preserving for himself the wonderful melon of the second Dempsey fight which, in those days of inconsequential taxes, totaled \$990,000. To this he added \$500,000 by stabbing Tom Heeney sightless in one of the sweetest, least dangerous farewells to the ring that could have been arranged.

**B**UT not everyone is as smart as Jake or Gene. Certain managers, in the Jack Kearns tradition, have brought to a fighting partnership more talent and true assistance than even a fat cut of the gate receipts would warrant. Notable among these happy and inspired word magicians was James Joy Johnston, known as the "Boy Bandit" for at least half a century after he was old enough to vote. He was a pint-sized, impudent, imaginative fellow who not only knew the technical side of war in the ring, but by the power of his personality could sometimes make lions out of sheep.

James J.'s most remarkable job of lion-making was done from the cautious clay of an aged and conservative Irishman named Mike McTigue. No one had ever challenged the basic courage of McTigue; it was rather a quality of temperate good sense that told him there was no profit in being brained by strong, wild-swinging men. For that reason Mike became a boxer in the orthodox manner. It was his method to jab skilfully with an educated left hand and then to retreat from any angry reprisals.

Mike became the light-heavyweight champion by an arrangement of unquestioned genius. An Irishman by birth, he had himself matched with Battling Siki, the champion, in Dublin, on St. Patrick's Day, 1923. After many careful and bloodless rounds the world was not shocked to learn that Michael had been awarded the

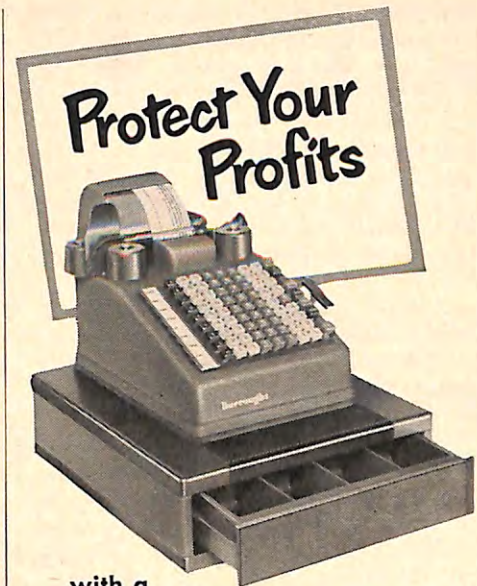
decision. Cautious ways continued to control Mike when he was champion. In no-decision affairs, where unless he was knocked out, his title would be safe, Mike's soft-shoed retreats from trouble put the customers sound asleep. In his first real defense of the championship he lost it to Paul Berlenbach, and then, after 13 years of cool discretion, he met James J. Johnston.

For one calendar year there was a new McTigue. The skills he had used so long for the mere preservation of his hide were turned by the Svengali whisperings of Johnston to sheer destruction. Mike looked around no longer for 175-pounders, but cut a bold swath through the biggest, most muscular meat that Jimmy could find for him. There was no restraining the new McTigue. He paused at bowling over full-grown heavyweights just long enough to belt Paul Berlenbach, his previous conqueror, insensible in four savage rounds. Mike's (or Jimmy Johnston's) boldness ascended almost to the throne of Tunney, and in March of 1927 he fought Jack Sharkey—the leading contender, save Dempsey. Old Mike waged such a war with Sharkey that he had the big man licked until a right hand punch in the 12th round shattered neither Mike nor his courage, but his delicate bridgework, and in such a way that the referee was obliged to halt a truly rousing brawl.

Other bold exploits by James J. Johnston include a bold badgering of Joe Louis on behalf of his otherwise inoffensive heavyweight, Bob Pastor. James J. taught Pastor how to run like a thief for ten full rounds and frustrate the furious bomber, and when the decision was awarded, as it had to be, to Louis, James J. had the gall to say he was robbed in such a convincing manner that other people believed him. Needless to say there were large gate receipts from Pastor's second but less successful retreat from Louis.

James J. also imported a British heavyweight who in time became known as "Phainting" Phil Scott, for the reason that Phil, a vast and powerful man, would crumble like a man made out of cake, clutching his groin and howling "Foul!" whenever he was punched a foot below the shoulders. So convincing did this act become, and so wisely did James J. wear his look of outrage when his Philip was swatted within a yard of his tights, that the illusion of Scott's being a fighter was for a long time kept alive. It's unlikely, though, that James J. and Phainting Phil made much more than \$100,000 out of this act.

Unfortunately, it is also true that unlike Irving Cohen or Jimmy Johnston, a fight manager does not necessarily have to know a left hook from a pair of cab-baged ears. If your fighter, as a commodity, has value enough, you can hire a trainer who does. Otherwise, some have decided, let him suffer. A frequent tragedy has been the pairing of an ignoramus




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of a manager with an equally ignorant but willing boy. Here the factor of cold exploitation is most apt to enter, and more in the past than in the present I have seen clumsy, inept kids matched by their sponsors with men who were less opponents than they were executioners.

Too many hungry managers have drawn steady profit from "crowd pleasers"—a crowd pleaser in this case being a brave but foolish kid whose fund of health and sturdy jaw have made it possible for him to soak up punishment like an armored tank. Fight crowds, oddly enough, like to watch such things, and to ask with wonder, each of his neighbor, "What's holding the bum up, anyhow?" Courage in any form will always gain high applause, but not enough managers have been willing to turn away from profit long enough to face the evidence that a boy who must consistently take heavy beatings in the ring should be directed toward some new means of making a living. Closer and abler surveillance by the various boxing commissions have eliminated a good deal of mismatching. Chronic losers, or punching bags, have been wisely and humanely forced from competition by the revocation of their licenses. Unhappily, in the instances of the boys most flagrantly abused, there is no provision for sending their managers to jail.

But there are nicer cases, nicer people.

Jimmy McLarnin, the cherubic assassin from Vancouver, B. C., who began up-ending people around New York in 1928, was probably the most carefully

and wisely guided boxer of recent times. His manager was a thoughtful, soft-spoken man named Pop Foster, who looked like an Irish Knute Rockne but, unlike Rockne, was not obliged to spread his affection and attention among so many. He could center it all on Jimmy, who was Pop's "boy" by every measure short of a blood test. I'm not aware that in McLarnin's 14 years of fighting Pop Foster ever handled anyone else.

Pop started Jimmy as a 17-year-old on the Pacific Coast when the little Irishman was no bigger than a jockey and looked, while standing in the ring, like a choirboy robbed of his clothes. For two years he was not permitted to fight in any contest longer than four rounds. He was also started by Pop as a Fancy Dan, or stick-and-get-away guy, as they call them, with the nice result that through the years Jimmy retained the straight line of his profile.

**P**OP waited five long years to bring his boy into the New York money mart, although Jimmy's West Coast reputation would have warranted the move years earlier. By this time, natural, unimpeded growth had padded Jimmy's small frame with 135 instead of 112 pounds, though wearing his shamrock robe and standing in the Garden ring to face the slick Manhattanite, Sid Terris, he still looked like a displaced angel. But gone were the dancing tactics of his earlier days. A schooled and cunning veteran, prepared for his task, he slipped under the clever Terris's opening leads, and while the

echo of the bell was still in the customers' ears, rocked Sidney to sleep with a right-hand punch that traveled no more than a foot.

This doesn't mean that under any management Jimmy McLarnin would not have been an able fighter, but the chances are good that without Pop's guidance and because of his own natural talents, he would have been overmatched and overworked in the usually hungry rush for important money. He might have had, like so many of his colleagues at the age of 25, a parkerhoused nose and a bewildered look in his eyes. He didn't win all his fights by any means, but he was a grown, mature man before he was required to take a man-sized beating over the ten-round route, and after each of his few defeats he was sufficiently rested by his manager for the ill effects of the licking to pass away. McLarnin retired in possession of his wits—and with money enough to paper the walls of his house.

There are not enough Pop Fosters.

If you happen to have a young man at home, weighing in the neighborhood of 200 pounds, with a jaw as stubborn as uranium and a zest for fighting in his heart, you could probably manage him yourself, for the simple reason that the current lack of exciting young heavyweights, the kid might be worth his pounds in diamonds. But if you like the boy, and want him treated well, I would suggest you take him over to Stillman's Gym and ask for a mild and dark and bespectacled man who looks like an Italian Harold Lloyd. The name is Chris Dundee.

Mr. Dundee is a Philadelphia boy now operating in New York with a long string of fighters, none of them considered sensational at the moment. This is less Chris Dundee's fault than it is the whimsy of fortune. He has managed champions and will manage them again. His personal virtue appears to be that when his champions and headliners come to the end of their talents, he retires them. He knows fighters because he grew up with them. Only about 40 years old at present he has been managing and seconding fighters for so long that he must of necessity have started in short pants. But what is even more important than understanding fighters, he likes them and respects them.

"I never had trouble with a fighter yet," Chris has told me. "Ninety per cent of them are the nicest guys you'd ever want to meet."

He isn't fooling, because he has recognized the odd fact that fighters are, for some reason, just about the nicest guys you'll ever meet in sports. Tough? Well, of course; they have to be tough, but Chris grew up with tough kids.

"My father raised nine of us," he explains. "He come over from Italy and got a job on the railroad. He was a trackman and he made maybe a dollar an' a half, two dollars a day."

This meant modest portions of caviar around the Dundee house, but the old

## YES, NANCY HANKS IS AT THE RIGHT



In an article, "The Trotters Are Back", appearing in our August issue we made a couple of misstatements and it didn't take long for several harness-racing fans to let us know about them. The first error was in the explanation of the picture of Nancy Hanks, a celebrated trotter of the 1890's, who was first to beat 2:05. In the picture, which we are re-running, Nancy Hanks is, of course, the trotter at the right hitched to the bike sulky, not the runner at the left pulling the old-type high-wheel sulky, as we incorrectly stated in August. The owner of the photograph had advised us that Nancy Hanks was the horse at the left and we assumed that the photograph was taken at a moment when she was breaking, although a little research would have proved that Nancy Hanks' near hind coronet was white, a fact clearly shown in the photograph.

Not content with one misstatement, entirely on our own account we said that Billy Direct, a pacer of the 1930's who holds the light-harness record of 1:55, is hobbled in the picture of him which we ran. That certainly was an unkind thing to say about a great little horse who always went free-legged. Actually, in the picture, Billy Direct is wearing suspenders to hold up his knee boots, not hobbles, as Mr. E. Roland Harriman pointed out in a letter to us. Among other harness-racing fans who corrected us were: Willis N. Tiffany, Los Angeles, Calif., an Elk for 54 years; Lyman E. Allen, Rhinecliff, N. Y.; Dr. Guy O. Pfeiffer, Mattoon, Ill., and Dr. Thomas M. South, New Vienna, Ohio. We expect that we will hear from many others—in fact, we hope we will, because whenever we make a "boner" we want to be told about it.



man always hustled the kids off to church and, tough as their environment was, they grew up right. Chris had to hustle early for his nickels and dimes and, winding up in the fight game, he has brought to it a fair share of the honesty and kindness it has been needing for too long. Chris, apart from being an able manager, is a cool and knowing hand to have in any fighter's corner. This is why he has been paid some considerable fees to work in the ring with Heavyweight Champion Ezzard Charles, who is actually managed by one of Pittsburgh's more frantic and unbelievable characters, Jake Mintz.

Jake Mintz is indeed a man so highly geared in the emotions, and has such a genius for general commotion, that he cannot be trusted with such delicate matters as patching eyes and giving sound advice in the course of battle. The night his beloved Ezzard was declared champion in the Yankee Stadium, Jake's emotions overtook him in such a way that he swooned like a swan and collapsed on the floor. He had to be carried from the ring, and it makes you wonder what could happen to Jake if he were himself required to take a good punch on the chin.

Meanwhile the managers ply their trade and it is a colorful if not a pretty business. The customers and writers can sit back, too, and watch the punches fly. After all, "He can't hurt us."

## Business Outlook

(Continued from page 13)

**EFFECT OF REARMAMENT:** To a considerable extent the effects of the increased rearmament program of the United States will depend on taxation and on the spending habits of the people. Since the economy, even before the Korean incident, was working at high speed and practically at capacity, and since commodity prices were high, it is of the utmost importance that as far as possible the added expenditures be met by new taxation and a reduction in nonmilitary governmental expenditures. It is highly desirable that under conditions as they exist today the budget of the Government be balanced, or at least that the deficit be maintained at as low a level as is humanly possible. An increase in corporate as well as individual income taxes coupled with drastic reduction in non-essential expenditures would go a long way to meet the increased requirements for national security and to fight the forces of inflation which are quite pronounced.

Increased taxation alone cannot stem the tide of higher prices unless the people themselves adopt a tranquil and patriotic attitude toward spending. As indicated before, there is no shortage of food or other basic commodities needed for civilian consumption. While a decline in the output of automobiles and other durable consumers' goods will take place, the quantities of these commodities made

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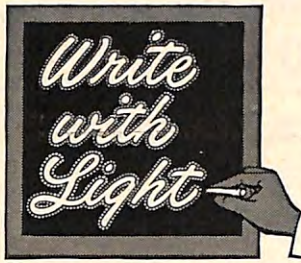
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available to the civilian population are bound to remain high as compared with figures of previous years. It is obvious that the present output of 10,000,000 cars per annum will not be maintained. A sensible and patriotic attitude adopted by the people will prevent a new spiral between prices and wages. The dangers inherent in such a spiral cannot be emphasized too strongly. It will further decrease the purchasing power of the dollar and thereby depress appreciably the value of the savings of the people. A sound and patriotic public attitude will prevent military expenditures from costing more than is anticipated at present, and thereby prevent a too rapid increase in the public debt.

**CONCLUSION:** Business activity in the next quarter will be at a high level and the economy of the country will operate at capacity. The imposition of a rearmament program on an economy which was operating practically at capacity is bound to bring about certain economic dislocations. A decline in the output of certain durable consumers' goods can be expected in order to relieve much-needed raw materials in short supply as well as to divert labor to the production of military equipment. Based on the great productive capacity of the country, which is still increasing, and on the fact that the labor force is rapidly rising and that overtime work is not widespread, the imposition of the rearmament boom will not lead to too drastic dislocations in the

civilian economy, unless the Korean incident leads to a general global conflagration. Certain controls seem to be unavoidable, as is the need to increase materially the tax burden of the country, partly to provide the means to pay for increased military security and partly to siphon off excess purchasing power. What is required today more than anything else is a sensible attitude toward spending on the part of the people and the avoidance by all means of hoarding which will only aggravate the situation. Finally, the fact should not be overlooked that the Korean incident may come to an end sooner than is generally expected. Under those circumstances many individuals as well as manufacturers and distributors may find themselves with more inventory on hand than is considered desirable or necessary, making an inventory readjustment such as occurred in 1949 quite likely. This indicates that hoarding of inventories by individuals as well as businessmen is not only unpatriotic but unsound from the purely business angle. In periods of emergency as at present the welfare of the individual is less important than the security of the nation. The economy of the United States is strong. It is now in a position to produce more goods than at the peak of World War II. There is no reason for alarm and certainly not for panic. The task before the United States today is not only likely to keep the country militarily strong but also economically sound and healthy.

## With the Greatest of Ease

(Continued from page 21)

will dream up a way to troll from a DC-6. Up in Alaska, the airlines and the bush pilots work together and offer fishing opportunities that make the angler's mouth water. You can even take the catch of the last day back home with you—catch 'em in the morning in Alaska; eat 'em back home in Podunk Center that night.

Northern Consolidated Airlines, the Alaskan outfit which, with Northwest Airlines, dreamed up the air-fishing idea, offers two tours, one specializing in rainbow trout, another in Great Northern Pike. On either tour you're flown from Anchorage to the fishing camps scattered about the southwestern area of Alaska. In either seven-day tour you fish in a half-dozen rivers and lakes which would be days apart if you had to make the trip by the only other means of transportation—by foot.

In addition to the rainbows—which run up to 40 inches in Alaska—and the pugnacious Great Northern Pike, Alaska offers Dolly Vardens, graylings, salmon and Mackinaws. The best thing about all this is that the fishing is at the front door of your camp—less than two minutes away. There are guides who not

only tell you how they're biting, but cook the fish for you after you bring them in.

Fishing tours run about \$260, all-inclusive, from Anchorage. If that's too steep, Northwest, which takes you to Anchorage from the States, can fly you to other fishing paradises. The most amazing thing about the tremendous fishing possibilities in this country, according to a Northwest spokesman, is the small number of people who know about them.

"A lot of men wander in, a little embarrassed, and ask up if we know where they can go fishing," said Mr. Northwest. "Brother, we tell 'em. If a man has heard about the Minnesota lake country, for example, we might tell him, say, about the Sawmill Lodge tour. He can go up to Sawmill Lodge from Duluth, stay there seven days and fish until he gets tired of it, and only spend \$71.07—\$26 for a weekend. By flying Northwest to Duluth, he gives himself another day or two of fishing."

Northwest offices can tell you what fish or game you can expect to get wherever they go—and they fly from New York to Alaska, the Hawaiian Is-



lands and the Orient. They can tell you immediately how many bear you can shoot with a bow and arrow in Michigan (one) and how many ruffed grouse you can take a day in South Dakota (five). This airline also has a list of dude ranches where you'll have an ideal vacation, and, as usual, wish it could last longer. The point is, of course, that it can last longer—if you get there sooner and leave later by traveling by air.

Remember reading about the big four-masted schooners beating around Cape Horn, one of the roughest and longest sea trips in the world? Today you can go around South America, seeing all the sights, going down one coast and up the other, swimming at Rio de Janeiro on the east coast, exploring the ancient Inca cities of Peru on the west, stopping at Puerto Rico on one leg, Panama and Mexico on the other—all this in 30 days. Pan-American puts on that trip, along with others of more or less duration and expense.

For a shorter and less expensive cruise, but one which gives all the benefit of spending a vacation seeing things instead of just traveling, try Chicago and Southern's seven-day trip to the pirate islands of Cuba and Jamaica. They'll take you and your wife there from any of the midwestern cities for less than \$500. If you'd like a taste of the sea, they'll arrange a sea-air cruise covering the Caribbean area and Venezuela, too, at twice the price and twice the time. It was Chicago and Southern which originated the air-travel package tours, incidentally.

One of the reasons the American airlines offer you the best service in the world is that the Government aids in their maintenance—to guarantee delivery of air mail and keep a fleet of planes ready for any international emergency. Only one domestic line makes money without subsidy, and that is Eddie Rickbacker's Eastern Air Lines.

Eastern charges the Government six cents per ton-mile for carrying mail. Its competitors collect anywhere from 18 cents to 55 cents for the same job. "We could give you gold-plated doorknobs if we wanted to," an Eastern spokesman said. "We could give you champagne every hour on the hour, if we ran to the Government for a subsidy. What we want to do is to run an efficient airline and make money at it.

"I remember one night not so long ago when we ran seven extra flights from New York to Miami," the spokesman added. "We're doing all right."

So, incidentally, is Miami. Florida this past summer was just like winter as far as the hotels were concerned, and it was due largely to low-priced air travel. The airlines took people down there by skycoach, cheap, and the hotels, charging summer rates, welcomed them. One of the most interesting deals was National's "Millionaire's Vacation on a Piggy-Bank Budget".

For \$120.55, plus tax, you could make

a seven-day all expense visit by air coach to Miami from New York—less from cities on down the line. That all-expense visit, not including meals, even offered fishing tackle and bait on an ocean-going yacht and a trip to a night club. When the airline got started it seemed it couldn't stop, and arrangements also were made for you to rent a car for \$29 a week. It would be waiting for you at the airport.

A three-day, two-night side trip to Cuba or the Bahamas was tacked on for \$59.50, with rooms in the best hotels and all kinds of sight-seeing trips. The tourist could bring back 100 cigars, a gallon of liquor and up to \$200 worth of Cuban products—or fine British products, on returning from Nassau. As a matter of fact, if you went to Nassau, you could have a 30-minute lesson on how to water ski.

Finally, if you didn't have \$120.55, National would lend it to you. If you didn't have vacation clothes, or if your wife wanted a permanent, or you wanted to buy your own water skis for that 30-minute lesson, National would lend you the money for that, too. That's why it was difficult to get a room in the so-called off-season in Miami last summer.

**S**PEAKING of off-season, there always is some place in the world which is off-season and where the tourist who likes to save a few dollars can get a deal. The season for Florida is winter, of course, and for South America, too. Pan American will be glad to take you to South America in the summer time, when you can go to the same places and stay in the same hotels for a great deal less.

If you don't want to go anywhere in the summer time, and still want to save a few dollars, Pan American will be just as happy to take you to Europe in the winter. It's the same thing, and prices are far lower there during the winter.

Figuring exactly what you get, when, where and why is vaguely reminiscent of the income tax, but let's take a typical moderately-priced tour and kick it around a bit. This will be a prearranged travel plan, reservations all made in advance—no worry, no fuss. You'll spend some time in Paris and London, see Interlaken, take the Grand Alpine Tour and visit Lucerne and Brussels. You certainly couldn't go wrong on that for 16 days.

But how much will it cost? On-season, leaving New York between April 1 and August 31, this tour costs \$863. If you're willing to wait a while and leave between September 1 and March 31, it will cost \$674.05—the identical tour, mind you. If you want to eat your cake and have it, too, you can leave during the last days of the season and return off season for \$781.35. You can save another five dollars or so, and leave off-season, return on-season, for \$776.50.

Or would you rather just forget the whole thing and go to Atlantic City?

Actually, the smartest thing in the world is to go to a travel agent—your

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airline will recommend several good ones—and let him do the worrying. A travel agent charges nothing. He gets his cut from the airlines and the hotels.

For example, how could you arrange a trip such as Trans World Airlines' Tour Number TA-2? It lasts 33 days and utilizes all means of transportation where they best fit in. You fly the long hops, as from New York to Paris, to save time, but from Lucerne to Interlaken, between which points lies some of the most beautiful country in the world, from the Grimsel Pass to the Rhone Glacier, you drive. You make rail hops down through Italy—Florence and Rome—and take a sleeper to Nice. Then you fly back to Paris, cross over to London by channel steamer and fly to Dublin. After that, it's home from Shannon, again on your skyliner.

Speaking of TWA, that's the airline which plans its transcontinental daytime hops so that the passengers can look down on the Grand Canyon. There are plenty of package tours to the great Southwest—from the Petrified Forests and Indian War Dances to the beaches of Southern California.

**T**HERE'S really nowhere you can't get close to by air. No other industry has grown so tremendously—not only in speed, comfort and service, but in safety, too. Ten years ago the peat bogs in New Orleans caught on fire and smoldered, under the swamp, for months. Mixed with the natural fog that occasionally floats over a coastal area, the smoke from the invisible fires blanketed the New Orleans Airport practically every morning and Chicago and Southern's night flight down the Mississippi Valley rarely could get in. The plane would land at Jackson, Mississippi, instead, and the passengers were driven into town and put up at a hotel for two or three hours. Then, when word came through that the smoke had lifted, the passengers were roused from their beds—for which, of course, along with breakfast, the airlines paid—and the flight was resumed. The passenger arrived a few hours late, but in the meantime Chicago and Southern had hauled him all over Jackson, giving him a hotel room and buying breakfast.

Such delays largely are a thing of the past. There is, to be true, the case of a New Yorker who was scheduled to spend a day in Cleveland and took an early-morning plane. Over Cleveland, a snow storm set in, and the plane couldn't get down. The same thing happened over Chicago. Finally, at Omaha, the Cleveland-bound New Yorker put his feet on the ground. Then all he had to do was get a plane back to Cleveland. He did—but Cleveland was still snowed in, and he found himself right back where he started from. No runs, no hits, no errors—and no expense, since the airline refunded the fare.

This same New Yorker still swears by

the airlines. In some demand as an after-dinner speaker occasionally he has to give a talk in Boston. Traveling by air, he can finish up most of the day's work in New York, get to Boston in time for his speech and be home in time for a good-night highball with his wife.

That highball, incidentally, is one problem the airlines haven't solved. A plane crosses state lines so quickly that it would be impossible to keep up with the individual state's liquor laws and taxes. You can buy a drink on only one do-

### MEDFORD, MASS., ELKS SECRETARY JOHN J. WARD CHANGES HIS PLANS



John J. Ward, now serving his 37th consecutive term as Secretary of Medford, Mass., Lodge, No. 915, has spent 19 summers at Oberammergau as the guest of the family of Anton Lang, world-famous Christus in the famous Passion Play, four of whose children have Mr. Ward as their godfather.

This year, Mr. Ward's 20th summer in this southern Bavarian town, he was greeted by the village band on his arrival. The leading American authority on this renowned play, Mr. Ward has witnessed its presentation at least half a hundred times, and during the past 25 years he has delivered more than 500 lectures on the production, illustrated by the only complete pictures of it in existence—the gift of the Lang family.

Brother Ward has his plans all set for the 1950 journey—scheduled to travel via Pan American World Airways to Frankfurt and Munich. Then he saw the French National Tourist Agency advertisement in our March issue.

Proving he knows a good thing when he sees it, Secretary Ward immediately wrote to let us know he had altered his plans, had signed up to travel via Air France to Paris and would take their plane from there to Munich, after a week in the celebrated French capital. Not only did Mr. Ward change his schedule, but so did several friends who joined him in Paris.

mestic airline, the New York-Miami route of National's Stars. Reason? Prohibition days, you're 12 miles out practically all the way.

Just as the luxury Star, a DC-6, is a far cry from the first National single-engine plane which flew a tiny route over some sand dunes in Florida, so the present-day planes, powerful, fast and safe though they may be, are slowpokes compared to the planes of tomorrow. Development is going on constantly. Pan American started working with Boeing, the manufacturers, back in 1944 to get their present Stratoliner, a civilian cousin of the B-29 and B-50 superfortresses. They put up more than \$7 million before the first plane was delivered. Today, Eastern is proud of the new luxury liner which will go into service late in 1951, but what officials really brag about is the new super turbo-jet engine which will super power these super planes. It won't be ready for three or four years.

The aviation industry is confident that it will break its own safety records in the future. No other industry is so sensitive, so willing to penalize itself. Remember when a mysterious series of accidents hit the new DC-6's? American Airlines voluntarily grounded its million-dollar planes to give them another going-over. National, although they had absolutely no trouble with the planes, okayed the federal grounding order without a murmur. Only after the bug was found did the airlines return the million-dollar ship to service. In case you didn't hear the last chapter of the DC-6 episode, the trouble was found in the heating plant. It was just too big, and on one or two occasions, it apparently had overheated and set the plane on fire. The trouble was easily remedied with the substitution of four smaller and decentralized heating units.

The major problem nowadays is traffic, but this problem, is being solved too. One solution is the construction of new airports like the Friendship International Airport at Baltimore, so new that its giant runways will accommodate any type of aircraft now flying, on the drawing boards, or in contemplation. This airport, when the super-speed highways leading to it are completed, will be 15 minutes from Baltimore, 35 from Washington. In addition to siphoning off the heavy traffic, the airport is a city in itself. It contains its own bank and has a couple of dozen roomettes, with showers, for transients who want to get some sleep without driving into town to a hotel. Another plan is being worked out in the New York area where eventually all east-west traffic will go through one field, say, LaGuardia; all north-south traffic through say, Newark and all overseas traffic from Idlewild.

While these problems are being settled, the airlines continue to take more people more places with more safety and comfort than ever before, and taking the other little problems that come up their



flight. Like the big coffee row at Pan-American. The line decided to make coffee fresh, aloft, instead of taking it up in thermos jugs. Then the argument started. Inside the pressurized Stratocruisers water boils at 197 degrees, not 212. Coffee made with 197-degree water, some said, would be horrible—they'd have to design pressurized coffee urns. Another faction maintained that 197-degree would be fine. Before the shooting

## Why We Have Communists

(Continued from page 7)

get his story into the news columns; even if his views are contrary to those of the Government, the newspaper in which he advertises, and the radio station on which he expresses them? Yes, I would admit that, but you have to buy it. What kind of freedom is that!

At any rate, you agree that money can buy the right to express opinions contrary to those of our Government and our news media which you say are controlled. Now, what could you use for money to do that in Russia? Lots of people in Russia express their opinions freely. The Russian papers and radio express very critical comments.

Criticisms of the Soviet government? Of course not. Only a class enemy would even attempt to do that, and I've already said that naturally enemies of the proletariat class are not tolerated in a Communist country.

What happens to people in Russia who are what you call enemies of the people? Why, they just disappear from the public scene, I suppose.

Into the salt mines? Oh, (laughingly) of course not. They are just not allowed to propagate enemy views, that's all. I don't know where they go.

And now, Mr. Field, a last question. Do you believe it is either ethical or right for an American citizen of any political shade of belief to convey what is considered secret information of any kind to agents of any other nation? Certainly not. It is a silly thing to do. We don't need the Russians to tell us how to create democracy in our own country. It is nonsensical to think that Communists in this country believe in violent overthrow of the Government. Such a course would be wholly unnecessary and inadvisable, for it is a historical fact that Communism is inevitable in this country—no matter what you and I may do.

### J. Edgar Hoover

THE Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, probably knows more about the "who, what, when and where" of Communists in the United States than any other one person in this country.

The question I put to Mr. Hoover was

started, some genius suggested that they try it. They took the coffee urn up, the water boiled at 197 degrees and they made the coffee. They tasted it. They liked it. So, chances are, will you.

There's just one more thing—if you forget your toothbrush, don't let it worry you. Pan American discovered that 23 out of each load of 61 passengers will, too. They'll have a toothbrush ready for you.

this: *Why* is it that well educated men and women in this country, with good home background, embrace Communism by becoming Party members or Party-line followers?

I believe, said Mr. Hoover, the answer lies largely in the inner meaning and purpose of education. True education, as we all know, cannot be exclusively measured by the number of years spent in school, and degrees attained, or the scholastic organizations joined. These factors, of course, are vital and serve as excellent guides to an individual's character.

But, he added, unless they are tempered, matured and seasoned by faith in man and God, by belief in the fundamental values of life-truth, justice, mercy—then education becomes a dead letter. To serve as a valid guide in life, education must be firmly rooted in eternal moral principles, the principles which have given hope and inspiration to mankind for centuries past.

Morality, Mr. Hoover believes, is a keystone of a civilized community. The individual, Mr. Hoover contends, who in the course of his educational training has failed to understand and to appreciate the moral foundations of Western civilization is in reality a personality adrift, lost in society. He is intellectually unstable, undependable and unpredictable. No moral anchor holds him in place; no spiritual guide sticks light the path ahead. He flounders, going 'round and 'round, like a rudderless ship. This is the individual who is swept up by the high winds of ideological fancy and is blown astray by the false doctrines of the time. This is the person who goes off on a tangent, accepting ideas without critical analysis and examination.

This, I feel, says Mr. Hoover, is the fundamental reason why some men and women, while apparently well educated, have accepted Communist doctrines. Somewhere along the line their educational "couplings", not firmly cemented by loyalty to the ideals of democracy and religion, have come loose, and they have jumped the track—headed across the barren stones of totalitarian dictatorship.

All Communists, declares Mr. Hoover, function like puppets on a string. Their activities are directed by an alien dictatorship in Moscow. The Communist hope

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of "building a bright new world" through the degradation of humankind, by depriving man of the values of independent reasoning and thinking, may be a source of strength to the Party, but it is also its weakness. In the end, the creation of great masses of robot and spiritually sterile Communists, Mr. Hoover is convinced, will prove to be the shoal in which Communism will flounder and die.

**General Eisenhower**

**N**EXT on our list was General Dwight D. Eisenhower, president of Columbia University. He not only assented to an interview, but once we began to discuss the subject in his private office in Columbia's Low Memorial Library, he became so interested in it that we ran, at his request, considerably over the time he had allotted.

In his tremendously broad experience, General Eisenhower has had to contend with problems involving human conduct under a variety of conditions. Among them, to an important extent, were Communists and Communism.

And so I put the same question to General Eisenhower that I had to F.B.I. Director Hoover. Why, I asked General Eisenhower, do Americans — many of them born of generations of American parents—turn to Communism for a magic solution of the ills of the world?

As I see it, said the General, there are several possible speculative answers because there are several kinds of American Communists and Party-line followers, and, naturally, each kind has a different motivation.

There are among us the unscrupulous and ambitious to whom the means is of no particular consequence in their reach for power. Totalitarian methods and rewards offer them an opportunity to become drivers of those less clever or shrewd. They would just as readily choose Fascism as Communism, but Communism seems more promising at the moment, and so, getting in on the ground floor, they make a career of it.

Then there are the fuzzy-minded intellectuals who believe that because there is a dispute between Russia and the United States, both parties must be equally wrong to some extent. Some in this group believe that if we and our allies were to show good faith by disarming, and if the Russians were to utter a few platitudes and remain armed to the teeth, then both sides will have contributed equally to world peace.

Then there are other fuzzy-minded individuals who, because of some isolated undemocratic event or situation somewhere in the United States, lose their sense of proportion and fall for the idea that "this country is just no good".

Then there are those introverts who have withdrawn from the real world; who have shut themselves up with their books,

their thoughts, and their dreams; who find an almost Christ-like simplicity of conduct and ideals in Marxian dialectic; who are unable, as a consequence, to separate fact from fiction. The fact being what is going on today in Soviet countries, and the fiction being that the leaders in the Kremlin are living up to the high-sounding principles they advocate.

Then there are those, and I think this group includes the greatest number, who simply do not have either the capacity or the will to make their own way in the world. This group includes those who are jealous of others who pull ahead of them in any way; it includes the mentally and physically lazy, who are unwilling to think or unwilling to work; it includes those who, finding themselves unable to quench their dissatisfactions by their own efforts in a country which gives them every opportunity to do so, think that by pulling the whole structure down they will achieve the level of those who had moved ahead.

Such people believe that outside forces have conspired against them; that power forces of one kind or another have overwhelmed their undoubted talents and labors. They then seek to overthrow the system in which these forces seem to them to be inherent. They become, in other words, Communists.

But how intelligent, well-educated men and women can imagine that the evil and despicable means employed by Communism can justify any theoretically noble end is altogether beyond me.

I have met Russians in high places in the Soviet Union who are sincerely devoted to their cause. Most Russians, too, have an even deeper loyalty, a sort of instinctive faith in their land, than we have. It is a spiritual devotion, the kind that most Americans have toward God. In Soviet countries, where it is taught that religion is merely a sop to the downtrodden, this devotional spirit has been transferred to Mother Russia.

And so you find people like Marshal Zhukov\* for example, who sincerely tried to convert me to Communism by pointing out that under our system we are inspired by motives of selfish gain, while Communism teaches an enduring faith in the betterment of mankind.

But if that is so, I asked Zhukov, then why the need for strict, iron control? And for swift, sure and terrible punishment for deviations from the strict path of Communist brotherly love? That,

\*Marshal Georgi Konstantinovich Zhukov, named chief of the red army general staff in 1941; led the First White Russian army in the drive on Berlin in 1945; headed the Allied delegation that accepted the German surrender; asserted on June 9th, 1945, that he was determined that the German Reich would never rise to power again. Scheduled visit to the United States on October 5, 1945, was cancelled because of reported illness. Seen in Moscow by AP reporter on June 13, 1950, at opening session of supreme soviet. First time he had been seen since 1947. Presumably living an obscure life, possibly brought on by his former close association with such western generals as Eisenhower.



Zhukov replied, is necessary only for the time being; when the next generations will be set on the proper path, there will be no need even for government.

For those who believe in fairy tales, Communism provides a complete answer. For those who prefer to believe in political or economic theories rather than spirit and conscience, Communism provides an outlet for man's psychical nature. For the incompetent, the weak and the bewildered, Communism provides a means for "keeping up with the Joneses" on a minimal level. For the unscrupulously ambitious, Communism provides a vehicle to power within an inner circle.

But what Communism can provide for intellectually outstanding American citizens who permit themselves to be beguiled by it—for that I have no answer. Only a psychiatrist could possibly provide it. For the key to that, urged General Eisenhower, I hope you will interview a competent psychiatrist. And I shall be equally as interested to read his opinion as will, I am sure, the many readers of *The Elks Magazine*.

### Dr. Richard Brickner

**G**ENERAL EISENHOWER'S suggestion that I interview a psychiatrist in order to secure a more complete understanding of Communist motivations was seconded by United States Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson who responded to my inquiry by saying, "This is no simple question and I should not like to make conclusions without research and counsel from competent psychologists and sociologists."

To find the psychiatrist who might best help me in this effort, I consulted Dr. George S. Stevenson, Medical Director of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene. He gave me the names of three physicians, all psychiatrists, and all of whom had had some experience in this field.

The one I chose was Dr. Richard Brickner, Assistant Clinical Professor of Neurology at College of Physicians and Surgeons, and Associate Neurologist at Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York. Dr. Brickner was Chief Consultant Neurologist and Psychiatrist to the New York City Selective Service in World War II, and is the author of "Is Germany Incurable?" published several years ago.

Dr. Brickner proved to be understanding and patient. When, during our interview, we came to a dead-end because of some technical point, he would chuckle and try another attack until we found ourselves going down the same road together with mutual understanding.

General Eisenhower's suggestion proved, I am sure, the final link in our chain, for Dr. Brickner provided the ultra-violet ray we needed to penetrate deeply into the darkness of Communist motivation. Here it is.

Scientific data on what makes a Com-

munist in this country, says Dr. Brickner, are very few. Psychiatrists hope that large-scale and systematic research efforts will be possible so that this problem may be tackled on a broad and continuing scale. And the research should, of course, include scientific inquiry into human political behavior of all kinds.

We can arrive at an understanding of human conduct only if we accurately spot the source from which it springs. We are accustomed, for example, to consider politics and economics as a basic biological activity of mankind. But this is as far removed from the fact as to consider that the observation tower of the Empire State Building could have found its way into the sky without an adequate base. The foundation, it is apparent, is the source from which the tower springs, not the other way round.

Human beings inherit through evolution not only parts of the body, but certain functions—mostly survival functions. Among the most important of these are attack and defense. These are inherited, foundation characteristics. Some of them are associated with feeling—rage and fear, for example. There is also the relationship between parents and the young—the dominant nature of parents and the dependence of children which, biologically essential in infancy, take on different forms as they grow older.

**E**VERY culture teaches that it is wrong to express these survival functions in some ways, but right to do so in others, along certain prescribed forms. In war, for example, our culture teaches that it is not only right to attack, but reprehensible not to; but that a personal attack under other conditions is wrong, except, for example, in defense of a woman's virtue. In every culture, therefore, it is necessary to learn the ways in which survival functions may be unleashed and the ways in which they must be restrained.

These learnings become patterns of behavior. There are multitudes of these patterns, and as the child becomes adult they will show up in his conduct, particularly when he looks for a political party to help him express the patterns he possesses, into which he will fit best. Because of his behavior patterns, his choice of a political party, extremist or moderate, is limited somewhat in the manner of a linotype matrix, notched to fall into a certain channel. But, if extreme, it is just as likely to be extreme left as extreme right.

The back cells of the brain, common to all human and non-human animals, manifest the inherited characteristics developed through evolution. The forebrain, which grows to gigantic size in humans, influenced by environment, determines the pattern in which the inherited characteristics will be expressed. We call these acquired patterns cortications, after the cortex in the forebrain in which they are developed. The way the cortications

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interplay is what psychology deals with.

Some of them we know very little about as yet, but others we think we have blue-printed fairly well. Two in particular, as they relate to the Communist mentality, are: Cortication that produces utter dependence upon strong (mother or father) authority; or rage and rebellion against those upon whom you are dependent. Bear this in mind—you can remain just as dependent if you rebel with all your might, as you can if you hang tight to the apron string.

As a result of built-in cortications based on the inherited weapons for survival—defense and attack—people learn to rationalize their resulting behavior. The brighter and more intelligent they are, the shrewder and more clever are their rationalizations, and the better reasons can they find for doing what they do.

There are men and women under the compulsion of these cortications whose entire beings are filled with rage at one specific objective and for everything that springs from it. Yet, although they consider themselves mentally powerful and independent, they would be as utterly bewildered and ineffectual as Caspar Milquetoast if the object of their hatred were to vanish suddenly.

About seven years ago I had occasion to treat a case of this kind. The subject was an avowed Communist and devoted Party-line follower. Little by little the pattern of his compulsions was revealed to him, and as his cure progressed, his overt belligerence diminished. He began, without realizing why he did so, to look for excuses to avoid Communist meetings which, only a short while before, he would not have missed for any reason less than a broken leg, if even that. Then came the day when, reacting to a moment of relaxed day-dreaming in my office, he uttered aloud the few necessary words that provided the key to his eventual cure: "What can I do now?" he murmured. "I don't want to hurt anybody any more. What will I do now?"

Cortications of people of this kind are likely to develop in their subjects rationalizations such as these: The United States is no good because Negroes are treated badly; bankers are arrogant; politicians are liars and windbags; industrialists are slave drivers. On the other side of the fence: Negroes are lazy and shiftless; poor people get that way because they are financially irresponsible; voters are ignorant of public issues; labor unions are enemies of free enterprise.

Among persons whose cortications take them into these mental byways are those who come to believe that the American nation is being consumed by a vileness which is not in existence in other, more mature or more beautiful (so they believe) places. In those Utopias, usually far away, "things are nice and people are fine and wholesome". Although we must enter the realm of speculation to some extent here, it is reasonable to believe

that many American Communists fall into this category.

Reason does not enter into their cortications. Exposure to reasonable ideas has no bearing on them. They are the result of what biologists call behavior patterns—prejudices built into the mind of the subject by the effect of environment upon the foundation of the individual's inherited characteristics. They are the outgrowth of subordinated personality struggling to achieve admiration in the eyes of one's fellows.

Communism is embraced in numerous instances by young Americans during that period of their lives described as "adolescent revolt". Ordinarily, it is a quite natural rebellion against authority or environment. If they are consequently rejected by those close to them who disapprove of their actions, and lauded by Communist comrades, there is always a strong possibility that this common adolescent vagary may harden into a fixed behavior pattern.

**R**UNNING away from parental authority can lead to a Communist deviation of this kind. There is the case, for example, of three young sisters brought up in the lap of luxury. Welcomed from the start at Communist headquarters to which they were invited by other adolescent rebels, they attended mass meetings, marched in picket lines, and in this way indulged their exuberant defiance of authority. They got over it as they matured and understood better the nature of the cause to which they were lending their efforts.

An interesting case of parental domination was that of a young man who, from infancy, was utterly dependent upon his mother. He literally worshipped her. She was a Communist, and he developed entirely in her pattern. He is highly intelligent and gifted in many ways. The mother, revelling in his adoration, clung to her role with a tight rein. When, through psychiatric treatment, he was freed of his relationship of utter dependence, he found himself still interested in political and economic causes, but in a well balanced and useful way. He discovered, somewhat to his surprise, that his former Communist attitudes had melted away.

There are among us many converts from Communism who now oppose Communism with all the violence and vehemence with which they previously had advocated it. Inspired by their vision of perfection of aims and purposes of the far-away millennium in Russia, and by the imperfections they believed inherent in our political, economic and social system, they visited Russia in the high hope of experiencing the reality of their dreams. They returned to the United States seething with a hatred of Communism even more violent than that which they had previously borne toward their native land.

The reason for this outwardly astonishing about-face? There is a host of

possible reasons. Some, perhaps, finding themselves relegated to the role of mere visitors come to worship at the fountain-head of supreme political authority, instead of playing their anticipated role of "big shots" come from abroad, rebelled. Their hatred was transferred to their former Communist idol, possibly because that offered immediate recognition at home, thus satisfying their hunger for public acclaim. Others had genuinely accepted the Communist premise without careful examination, and now, having examined it, rejected it.

It is the damage that extremists of many kinds do to our community, even more than that which they do to themselves, that should be the principal subject of community concern—particularly when they hold positions of importance or power in our political or economic life. We cannot, of course, arbitrarily deprive them of their liberty and their freedom to try to influence others, for if we were to do that we ourselves would be operating under an undesirable behavior pattern.

There is a life-and-death difference, however, between tolerance of heretical ideas and free expression of them, and any attempt by anybody to impose his own patterns upon us that would negate the freedom of patterns to which each of us is entitled.

The right to our personal and national pattern freedom must be maintained if we are to hold fast to our cultural values. Those who attempt to force contrary patterns upon us must be rendered harmless to do so, in the same way that a dangerous individual who threatens the person or freedom of others is stripped of weapons and opportunity to carry his threat into effect.

**A**MERICAN COMMUNISTS ignore the entire history of social and economic progress of the past hundred years since Karl Marx published his "Communist Manifesto"; they label American conservatives and liberals as Fascists and Fascist tools; they employ the identical epithets that only a few years ago accompanied the shrill invective of their one-time ally, one-time enemy, Nazi Germany; they actually believe (though they will not admit it in this precise language) that it is noble to lie, cheat, murder, for the sake of Communism.

It is difficult for us to believe that any American should want to tear down this great nation which gives to its people a far greater measure of freedom and material blessings than ever has been known to mankind in all history.

Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, General Eisenhower and Dr. Brickner have rendered a great service in defining for us the reasons why American Communists do what they do, and the measures that need to be taken to prevent them from dragging us down with them into the miasma in which there is no freedom, no security, no human rights—behind the Iron Curtain.



## In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 27)

it so that the dog cannot open its mouth fully. If it can't do this, it can't bark. A strap muzzle is the type to use, of course.

Now, I can't condemn the persistent barker if he's kept chained to one spot. He has a just grievance and my whole-hearted sympathy. If a dog must be kept outdoors, he should be kept under control by the use of a dog trolley—a wire strung through his chain and stretched between two posts or trees. This gives him plenty of freedom, but prevents the dog from wandering away. If a pooch so secured continues to bark, then he should be punished or, if incorrigible, muzzled. Punishment should go no farther than a suitable number of whacks across the rear end with a few loosely rolled sheets of newspaper—this is a satisfactory punishment for any doggy misdeed.

**T**HIS brings us to a problem that often finds its way into my mail. Readers write in to learn how to cure a dog of the car-chasing habit. Well, if Fido isn't allowed to gallivant on his own, he can't chase cars. However, if he is permitted to roam at will, then one cure for car-chasing is to have someone drive a car slowly past the dog, so slowly as to permit the dog to run alongside for some distance. In the back of the car another person should sit ready with a bucket of water and after the dog has done a bit of chasing, that person should empty the water on the pooch. A few of these treatments usually effects a cure. Some people advise the use of a light switch in lieu of the bucket of water, but this depends on the dog—a large dog with a war-like disposition might resent a switch and become dangerous. If the use of a bucket seems too cumbersome, then a water-pistol filled either with water or a very weak solution of ammonia and water could be substituted. Another device—and this is useful for the chronic jumper, too—is to fasten a fairly heavy bar of wood to the dog's collar so that it will dangle down in front of his paws. This discourages running and jumping.

In the line-up of canine culprits we find the jumper one of the most common offenders. Now, all dogs like to jump, but the pup that jumps at the wrong time and on the wrong person can be an outright pest. Due allowance must be made for youthful spirits if the dog is a pup, but not too much allowance. At this stage, the training should begin and be continued until the habit is broken. The newspapers should be used here, but only on the dog's caboose. Never strike the head or sides—both of which can be easily injured—seriously, too. Catching the dog's forepaws and walking him backwards sometimes has a sobering effect, as some dogs—why, I don't know—strongly dislike to be walked this way. If the dog persists in these annoying acrobatics,

then, while holding its paws, it may impress him if you step gently on his rear feet.

In our canine rogue's gallery, we find the guy that thinks anything chewable is his to chew. He's the fellow that begins his criminal career in puppyhood and, of course, that is the time to teach him the error of his ways. It's pretty hard to break an adult dog of this habit. Fairfax Downey, a fellow writer who has appeared frequently in these pages, reported an experience with a chewer. Mr. Downey asked me to give him the names of kennels breeding poodles; he just had to have a poodle. He bought his dog from one of the places I named and promptly decided that no other dog was nearly as good, but his dream didn't last long. The very day he took his prize home, the pup chewed to ribbons a check Mr. Downey had received for an article. I believe he still thinks a lot of that dog, though. Prompt punishment when the dog is nabbed while chewing usually gets results in time, but if this rascal isn't caught in the act, then a liberal sprinkling of pepper on those forbidden items that appeal to him will take all the joy out of chewing them.

Such offenses as soiling sidewalks, digging in the garden and fighting can be prevented simply by keeping the dog under control and not permitting him to wander loose.

Next we have the self-appointed four-legged garbage collector. He is often an embarrassment to his owner and a bad-word nuisance to others. We set a trap for this guy; in fact, we lure him by leaving the trash pail uncovered and placing some tempting tidbit, liberally coated with pepper, on top of the contents. We may even stuff pepper into the delicacy. I cured one neighborhood nuisance of this calibre by fastening two short sticks together with elastic, winding them together in opposite directions and placing the contraption very carefully on top of the contents of the trash can. I figured that the slightest disturbance would start the sticks unwinding wildly and noisily; they did—at the right time, too, when the neighbor's garbage hound came to investigate, and you never saw a more astonished dog in your life. He detours our place now. I can't guarantee the efficiency of this device, nor can I tell you what the effect would have been on the man who collects our refuse, if he had gotten there first. I think it would have agitated him quite a bit, as he seems to have a violent disposition.

What are we going to do about the offender that won't come to his owner when called? This is a matter of training—usually early training, the earlier the better. Of course, if he isn't allowed to run loose, the problem doesn't arise. But let's look at the pup that thinks it's

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funny to ignore a command. This sort of dog should be taken out on a long rope, allowed to go on ahead, and then called back. If he refuses—and nine out of nine will—he should be hauled to the trainer's side gently and firmly. At this time, the command words, "Come here", should be

repeated again and again. In time, the dog will learn that the command isn't a jest. It is advisable to use a rope long enough to allow the dog to turn a corner or range a sufficient distance for the trainer to get behind some concealing object. There's a reason for this. Mr.

## Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 16)

We walked into a covey of sagehens before we had been out half an hour. We had a dog along, but its nose was so plugged with dust and the odor of sage that it was useless. Consequently, the first warning we had that any birds were near was when they began struggling up out of the sagebrush all around.

A sagehen takes off as though he hates to leave the ground. He's so heavy that it takes a lot of work, and even birds don't like to work unless they have to. Once in the air, the big grouse climb at a labored angle until they are 20 feet or so above the ground. Then, alternately flapping and sailing, they fly somewhere between a quarter and a half mile and settle down again.

My two friends, surrounded by rising birds, stood still and emptied their guns. They were both using three-shot pumps. They reloaded. One of them managed to scratch down a long shot before the guns were empty again and the last sagehen was out of range.

Naturally, there was a short period of heavy production in the alibi department. You just *can't* miss sagehens like that—but they had. Why? Well, these birds have two or three flight peculiarities that make you shoot where they ain't, as the hillbilly said, until you get wise.

The first is their speed or, rather, their lack of speed. If you're accustomed to swinging fast with doves or ducks, or snapping at quail, you're going to shoot ahead of a sagehen every time until you learn to hold that muzzle back.

Second, despite their comparatively slow climb, they top out rather quickly. They don't go very high. Unless you catch them on the rise, you're going to be throwing shot at a bird that has

leveled off and may even be angling slightly down. That causes overshooting.

Third, they have a peculiar rocking flight, once they get under way, that has caused many a change of shot to pass harmlessly to one side. Alternately flapping and soaring, they tip first one way and then the other. If you pull the trigger just as one slips right or left, you're going to miss him.

In addition, once they get going, they sift right along. No bird as heavy in relation to his wingspread can soar at low speed. He has to be moving to stay up. The standard procedure is to shoot ahead of a sagehen the first time, behind him the second, and off to one side the third. Of course, anybody who has been shooting them for a few days will find it ridiculously easy to make the first shot, taken while the bird is rising, good.

Odd things happen when you're hunting. A wiser man than I once said, "Just keep shooting long enough, and eventually you'll make some shots nobody will believe."

A long time ago my brother Burt made the most amazing shot at sagehens I ever saw. We were walking through the brush about 20 feet apart, when a covey flushed and angled away on his side. At the same time, a single bird got up somewhere behind us and flew in the opposite direction.

Burt picked a bird in the covey and shot when they were about 25 yards away. It dropped. The single, flying the other way and twice as far out, also pitched down at the crack of the gun. Burt picked up the close bird, dressed it, tucked it in his bag and started on. I said, "Aren't you going to get the other one?" He hadn't even seen it.

Dog, not being able to see its trainer, very likely will get the idea that the command can be ignored. Such self-confidence should be dissipated promptly; it will surprise and impress the dog to learn that even out of sight he must obey the command to return.

The first time I went sagehen hunting, another boy and I drove out into the sagebrush country of southern Idaho just as far as my Model T, and what the residents laughingly called a road, would take us. It was long after dark when we finally decided that we must be in a spot that harbored chickens. (Just what led to this conclusion, I cannot now recall.)

We beat the nearby brush to rout any rattlesnakes that might be there—sagehens and rattlers seem to go together—rolled out our blankets and crawled in. Next morning, we awoke shortly after daylight to discover that there were low, sagebrush-covered hills as far as we could see in every direction.

We were somewhat surprised, although what else we might have expected, even if we had driven on south halfway across Nevada, I have no idea. We burned some bacon and eggs and used a little of our precious water making something that we called coffee, and started hunting.

**Y**OUNG and full of enthusiasm and ignorance as we were, the question of where to hunt didn't bother us at all. We just loaded our guns and started off. Sure enough, an hour later and about three miles away, a covey of 12 sagehens flushed wild ahead of us. We marked them down near a big rock on a hillside and dashed after them.

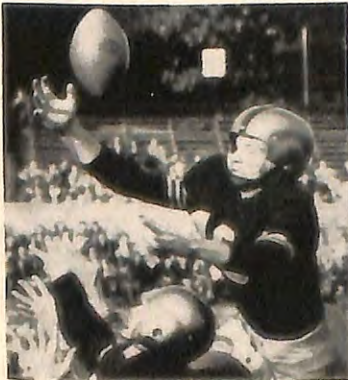
When we reached the rock, they weren't there. We looked around and swung left into some taller, thicker brush that grew along the bottom of a shallow draw. After we had hurried down it for a hundred yards, the air around us suddenly was full of immense, struggling, climbing birds.

I had a 20-gauge double. My companion had his father's 12-gauge pump. We cut loose, and when the smoke, dust and feathers cleared away, we had three sagehens on the ground. They were the first we had ever shot at and virtually the first that we had seen. Boys can do anything.

Some old timer had told us that they should be dressed immediately. If you don't remove the entrails at once, he explained, the sage in their crops will give the flesh a strong, unpleasant flavor.

My partner pleaded ignorance of this job. As long as I could remember, the onerous task of dressing chickens for my mother had been mine, so I quickly removed the insides without picking more than a dozen feathers from all three. We stuffed them into our bags—the season was in August then, and it was too hot

## LOOKING FORWARD TO OCTOBER



### OUTLOOK FOR FOOTBALL

The football article by Stanley Woodward, announced for September, was advanced to October because of the time element. Mr. Woodward, considered one of our foremost experts on football, will review the 1950 intercollegiate season and give his views of the top teams based on observations made during his visits to the training camps.



to wear a coat—and were on our way. In the excitement, we had failed to mark down the remainder of the covey, so there was nothing for us to do but to start walking again. We walked. We walked about three hours. We came to a stream bed with a pool of stagnant water every quarter-mile or so, and followed it clear to the head, thinking that the sagehens would have to come to it to get a drink.

At last, along toward the middle of the afternoon, footsore, weary, hungry and thirsty, we turned back toward the car. Somewhere along the way a single sagehen, and old cock that looked as big as a turkey, flushed ahead of me. I was so unbuttoned that I couldn't collect myself in time to shoot. He flew in front of my companion, who was 50 yards to one side, however, and became the fourth bird in our bag.

This excitement helped as much as a drink of cold water. We stepped right out, and before long we could see the car,

down the hill and then half a mile away across the flat. We were nearly there, swinging along with all we had left, when everything around us took to the air. The sky was full of sagehens.

I picked one angling off to the right, shot too soon and missed. Another left the ground at my feet. He caught most of my second load of No. 6 shot.

My pal also let one down. That made six—only two to go for the limit, but the car, with food and water, was tantalizingly close. We talked it over. The sun was low. Our feet hurt. We were tired. We had to drive home that night. There was just one thing to do: we went after the other sagehens.

We chased them off across the flat, and just as the sun was setting, we put them up again and killed two more. That was it.

The half-mile to the car was one of the longest walks I ever made. The drive home was a thousand miles. But the trip was wonderful. I'd do it again tomorrow—if I were seventeen!

## Florian Slappey—Private Eye

(Continued from page 9)

Florian reasonably. "I can heah you over the transom."

He extracted an enameled cigarette case from the inside pocket of his tweed jacket, fired up, and regarded his new secretary through a haze of fragrant smoke. "Ise studyin' to smoke a pipe," he told her. "But I ain't gittin' ve'y far. Kinda makes me sick. All the other rules, though, Miss Johnson—you got to learn."

"Like for instance?"

"Like what happens to all these other private eyes. They all got beautiful secretaries which is in love with them."

"You mean that I—"

"That's the one thing I don't mean nothin' else but. The public espekks certain things an' we got to give it to 'em. So you has got to be in love with me, but it ain't gonna git you nowhere on account I is tough an' hard-boiled. Always my regard fo' you is gwine remain plutonic."

"My boy friend will depreciate that."

"Also, you got to be prepared fo' not gittin' paid on payday, 'ceptin' that when I break a big case, why then I always give you what I owe, an' a bonus besides. This ain't like no ordinary business, Miss Johnson. It is filled with high excitement an' grave danger. In other words, it's just lousy with vicissitudes."

"What's them?"

"Don't matter what they is. Tha's what the radio narrators always say, an' since I ain't able to afford no narrator of my own, I got to use the words myse'f. So now—," he moved to the door of his private office and stood smiling at her, "so now we commences."

"Commences what?"

"Waitin' fo' clients. Ise gwine surround myse'f with a lot of solitude, an' take my bottle out of the bottom drawer."

"Shuh! Florian—you don't drink."

"No. But I got to have a bottle in my desk, otherwise I woul'n't be no legal private eye."

"What do I do while you is solitudin'?"

"Arrange the files."

"They ain't nothin' in them files."

"Well, git 'em so they can be arranged when somethin' does git in 'em. Leave plenty of space under the C's an' I's."

"What's the C for?"

"Clues."

"An' the I?"

"Impawtant clues."

Mr. Slappey closed the door gently, seated himself in his swivel chair, swung it around so that it faced the window, and looked happily out upon the city of Birmingham with its background of steel mills on one side and mountains on the other.

HE WAS, as always, optimistic. And even though business should be meager at first, he felt that he already had achieved a considerable degree of prestige in the colored community.

He had distributed cards with a lavish hand, announcing to all and sundry that he had started private-eying. Hundreds of these had been dumped in the lodge rooms of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise, at the headquarters of The Over the River Burying Society and at Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor. He had purchased an ancient sectional bookcase and had

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started a library, featuring such works as Sodermann & O'Connell's "Modern Criminal Investigation", The Penal Code, and assorted works of Erle Stanley Gardner, Agatha Christie, Brett Halliday, Dashiell Hammet and Raymond Chandler. He felt that he was adequately prepared for anything which might show up, and he paused long enough to hope that it would show up soon because his exchequer was in a rather sadly depleted condition.

But when several days had passed and no clients had materialized, Mr. Slapppy commenced to experience the first faint stirrings of doubt, even though his journeys through the business and residential sections of the neighborhood were almost triumphal processions, and he was obviously held in high esteem by such old cronies as Lawyer Evans Chew, Epic Peters, Dr. Lijah Atcherson and Jasper de Void.

ON THE fifth day, however, something happened. Private Eye Slapppy was engrossed in some particularly gory photographs of murder scenes when he heard voices in the outer office. Then he heard Miss Johnson—ostensibly speaking through the intercom, but actually availing herself of the open transom—saying, "Does you wish to consult Mistuh Slapppy professional?"

"I sho' do," rumbled a large masculine voice.

"He's all tied up with a lot of investigations."

"Tell him it's Gus Trout. I aim to hire him right away."

Gus Trout, Florian frowned. The name was vaguely familiar, but only vaguely. Not a regular Birmingham resident: in that case, Mr. Slapppy would have known all about him. And yet . . .

"Someone to see me?" he asked through the transom.

"Yassuh. A big, han'some man named Mistuh Trout."

"Ise immersed," stated Florian. "But send him in anyway."

The man who was ushered in by Rosabel Johnson was very large, very dark and disconcertingly muscular. He said Howdy to Florian and jerked his head at the secretary. "Send her out," he ordered.

"Huh?"

"What Ise got to talk to you about is private, Mistuh Slapppy."

"What you want her to do?"

"Get lost."

"Okay, Miss Johnson. Go git lost. An' while you is out, inquire if them spectrosopes has come back fum Washin'ton yet. Also find out if our Operative X has got them mug shots of Homicide Harry. Also git me a barbecue samwich with plenty of hot sauce."

Miss Johnson departed. Gus Trout was regarding Mr. Slapppy with an inscrutable expression. "Seems like you got plenty of business, Mistuh Slapppy."

"Yeh. Us private eyes is always pre-

occupied. Now, then, Mistuh Trout, what can I do you for?"

The ebony giant hesitated, but only briefly. Then he said, "I ain't been long in Bumminham. Me an' my wife, Verna, is livin' in our own house trailer. We got it parked just off Avenue F, near Sis Callie Flukers' boardin' house."

"Tha's where I live at."

"I know. I done found out all about you, Brother Slapppy. I wouldn't hire me just *any* private eye. Who I require has got to be somebody special."

"Astuteness," stated Florian, "is the most thing I got."

"How would you like," inquired Mr. Trout, "to make one hundred dollars cash money?"

"In advance?"

"When you solve the case."

Florian tried to conceal his disappointment. He would have welcomed \$25 advance with even greater warmth than the prospect of \$100 in the future, but he reckoned things like that had to be taken in stride. He said, "Tell me ev'rything, Brother Trout. Don't hold back nothin'."

Gus Trout's story was simple. It appeared that he was a gentleman of considerable worth, and that all his worldly possessions were kept in the house trailer in which he and his wife lived. According to his story, they had, in the course of several years, accumulated quite a store of watches, rings, pendants and other gewgaws of considerable value.

"An' right recent," he stated darkly, "some dirty, no-good, slab-sided hunk of tripe been robbin' our trailer when we wasn't there. A'ready he gotten away with about one thousand dollars wuth of stuff. Does you git 'em back fo' me, you git that hund'ed dollars cash. It's as simple as that."

"Sho' is," agreed Mr. Slapppy. "Ain't it?" He started making notes on a piece of paper. "You got any suspicions, Brother Trout?"

"Yassuh. I sho' have."

"What's his name?"

"You know a feller called Neuritis Mapes?"

"Long, tall an' kind of meager?"

"Tha's the one."

"I know him," admitted Florian. "An' I don't know him. What I mean is, I an'

him says Hello when we pass each other—but the point is that we pass. We never stop fo' no talk." He eyed his client. "How come you think Mistuh Mapes done burgled you?"

"I met him two-th'ee times, an' once he come to the trailer to visit I an' Verna. He looked aroun' mighty careful."

"Casing the joint, huh?"

"What kind of talk is that?"

"Private Eye talk. Now, what else makes you think Neuritis is susceptible?"

"Since us lost the fust of our joolry, I been sort of watchin'. I seen sev'al shadders that looked like they might of been cast by Brother Mapes. Tell me, Mistuh Slapppy, how does this feller make a livin'?"

"Ain't nobody knows that fo' sure. He lives in Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel, an' he don't mix aroun' much. Seems like he's always got enough money, but I ain't never seed him doin' no work."

Mr. Trout produced a piece of paper and shoved it across the desk toward Florian. "There's the list of ev'rything me an' Verna had stole fum us. I ain't sayin' positive it was Neuritis Mapes: If I knowed it was, I'd bust him up into li'l pieces. Fust of all I need proof. Then I aim to git my stuff back. Tha's where you come in."

Mr. Slapppy nodded. He said, "Seems like the best thing I can do is to put a tail on Mistuh Mapes—"

"Says which?"

"A tail. Somebody to foller him ev'rywhere an' scrutinize his demeanor. I'll assign one of my best operatives."

"Who?"

"Me." Mr. Slapppy did some heavy thinking. "Why didn't you take this case to the police, Brother Trout?"

"'Cause I ain't posolutely sure. Was I to tell them it was Neuritis Mapes an' they arrested the guy, an' if it was a diff'ent feller, why then Neuritis would sue me fo' false arrest. This is strickly a Private Eye job."

"You is a gemmun of discernment, Brother Trout. An' leave me git this straight: The minute I recover these heah articles of joolry which maybe Neuritis Mapes stole offen you, I git one hund'ed dollars cash reward. Right?"

"Right."

"So now I got to git information. Is yo' house trailer locked at all times?"

"Yeh. Same key wuks fum both inside an' out. But they ain't nothin' hard 'bout pickin' that lock. If a feller knows the least li'l bitty thing about burgling, he could git in easy."

"Looks like I better go to yo' trailer with you an' inspect the scene of the crime. Also dust fo' prints. Then I better git straight in my mind about the *corpus delicti*."

"Who he?"

"Tain't no 'he'. It means the body of the crime."

"An' after you got that . . . ?"





"Private Eye Slappey proceeds by his own methods. He ain't tellin' nobody his *modus operandi*."

"Boy!" said the large Mr. Trout, visibly impressed, "You sho' do ooze language."

From the bottom drawer of his desk, Private Eye Slappey took a small box marked Fingerprint Kit. He wasn't quite certain how to use it, but felt that it would impress his client as well as himself.

He said, "Leave us be on our way," and started for the outer office. There he encountered the pulchritudinous Rosabel Johnson. "Where at is my samwich?" inquired Florian.

"I lef' it at Bud Peaglar's."

"How come?"

"I didn't have no two bits an' you didn't have no credit."

"That Bud!" snapped Florian. "Always makin' jokes." He gazed sternly at Rosabel. "You stay right heah until I return back, Miss Johnson. When the office commences to fill up with clients, you take down their prognosisses, an' arrange them in alphabetic order. An' you might also fix up that special file of our'n: the one we call 'Cases Already Solved by Slappey.'"

"Yes, darlin'."

"An' don't be sweet-talkin' me in front of strangers. Us is supposed to keep that fo' private."

"Ise sorry, Chief. But I cain't he'p . . ."

Florian grabbed Mr. Trout's arm and hustled him toward the elevator. "Private Eyes," he grumbled. "We all got troubles. Seems like it ain't possible to git no secretary without she falls in love with you."

Mr. Trout's somewhat asthmatic car—the one which, as he explained, supplied the motive power for his house trailer—was parked on Fourth Avenue. He climbed in one side and Florian clambered in the other. They turned south, bumped across the L. & N. tracks and made their way to the vacant lot on the South Side where Gus's home was parked.

IT WAS a nice enough trailer. Mr. Slappey tried not to betray the fact that he was impressed. But he was. Here was a man who owned a car and a trailer, and who was rich enough to have been robbed of \$1,000 worth of stuff. More and more it became apparent that Mr. Trout was a client worthy of Florian's steel.

In answer to Gus's thunderous knock, Verna Trout opened the trailer door. She was a buxom lass, rather addicted to avoirdupois, but pleasant looking for all that.

This was Mr. Slappey's first opportunity to perform like a detective, and he made the most of it. He fired questions at Mrs. Trout. It seemed that on several occasions Verna had seen a long, lean gentleman prowling in the neigh-

borhood, and each time there had been a burglary shortly thereafter. Once, she said, she had gotten a good look at the suspect and then had seen Neuritis Mapes the next day. She was convinced—though she wouldn't exactly swear to it—that he was their man.

They conducted Florian inside the trailer. They showed Florian a tiny chest of drawers. The bottom one showed signs of having been worked over with a heavy instrument.

"Tha's the one they prized loose," explained Verna. "Us kept most of our joolry in there."

Florian nodded sagely. He inspected the damaged drawer inside and out. Then he opened his fingerprint kit. He tried to recall the directions, and, failing that, dipped his brush into a little bottle of powdered graphite and brushed it over all adjacent areas. Then he produced several sheets of paper and pressed them against the surfaces. He was rewarded with several smudges, but since—obviously—his clients knew even less than he did, he wasn't worried that they would detect any inefficiency.

During the procedure, Mr. Trout hovered over Florian, making guttural sounds. It appeared that Gus was considerably wrought up, not alone by the financial loss, but also by the sheer effrontery of the burglar. "If'n I ever know fo' sure it was Neuritis Mapes—an' if'n I git my han's on him, that feller is gwine git mayhemmed."

Mr. Slappey stopped long enough to inspect the massive frame of Gus Trout. He was very glad that he was not Mr. Mapes because Gus seemed overendowed with physical prowess.

Eventually the job was done. Gus drove Florian downtown and deposited him in front of Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor. After promising his client that he would stick to the case as closely as a hound dog to a possum trail, Florian went into Bud's place and talked the proprietor into crediting him with one good meal: namely, two barbecue sandwiches, two cups of coffee, one bowl of Brunswick stew and a large slice of gooey lemon meringue pie.

Mournfully, Mr. Peaglar noted the additional indebtedness in his day book. "Sho' is a lot of money you ain't never gwine pay me, Florian."

Mr. Slappey chose to regard this as friendly badinage. "You gits paid all that—an' mo'." He lowered his voice and beckoned his friend closer. "What you know 'bout Neuritis Mapes, Bud?"

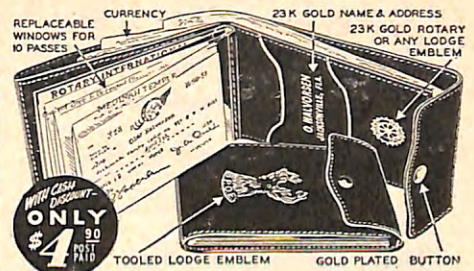
Mr. Peaglar said something profane. "What I ain't got fo' him is no use," he declared.

"Just 'tween I an' you, Bud—would you say he was nefarious?"

"I sho' would. Dishonest, too."

"How you know?"

"Nobody knows. But he's always got plenty money an' he ain't got no divisible means of support." Bud was becom-



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ing interested. "He been up to some-thin'?"

"Ise tailin' him," confided Florian. "Mind you, I ain't accusin' him of nothin', an' Ise sayin' even less. But if'n he done what I think he done, an' if I can prove it . . ."

"Who he done it to?"

"Tha's a secret, Bud. An' look, next time he comes in heah, you give him a glass of water. But when he finishes, you keep the glass."

"Why?"

"Fingerprints."

"What you fixin' to do with them?"

"I dunno," confessed Florian. "But the books says I got to have 'em."

Mr. Slappey returned to his office and its appalling dearth of new clients. Rosabel Johnson was wrestling somewhat futilely with a cross-word puzzle. She said, "What us ain't got, Florian, is no business—'ceptin' only that big feller that come to see you. Did he give you any money?"

"Not yet. But as soon as I solve the case . . ."

"You reckon you will?"

"I got to." There was a hint of desperation in Mr. Slappey's voice. "Otherwise, us is gwine git infected with a bad case of bankruptcy."

That night Mr. Slappey started active investigation of Neuritis Mapes. He stalked the hotel where Mr. Mapes resided, and picked up that gentleman when he emerged.

It was not too difficult to tail his quarry. Neuritis was thin as a matchstick, but much taller. He towered above his brethren on 18th Street, and when he slipped into a movie, Florian followed.

The feature picture was a cops-and-robbers thing, featuring a private eye. In the picture this gentleman was rather brutally handled, but he emerged triumphant, confounded the police with his explanation of how he had done what he had done, and then married the beautiful heroine. All of this thrilled Florian. Except the marriage part. Mr. Slappey was a confirmed misogynist.

Three nights in a row he tailed Neuritis Mapes. He discovered only one thing about the suspect: That he was a man of fixed habits, and a motion picture addict. Each night he took in a movie, and on the third night Florian waited outside in the rain for the sole and simple reason that he didn't have the price of admission. He was becoming more and more aware that he'd better bring this case to a successful conclusion if he was to continue to eat, drink and make merry.

There were considerations other than mere survival. What the Slappey Agency needed was one successful case, solving a crime problem so brilliantly that Birmingham colored folks would go get themselves in trouble just for the sake of having Florian pull them out.

What he required more than anything else was achievement; good, solid ac-

complishment. And it rapidly became apparent that Gus and Verna Trout were sharing his view. They called upon him twice. Verna critical and Mr. Trout bel-ligerent.

"What I deman' is action," he roared. "I got to have results. 'Tain't no use explainin' to me you is follerin' that ornery drink of water aroun' town ev'ry night. That ain't gittin' me back my joolry."

"B-b-but Mistuh Trout . . ."

"Don't but me, feller. I know who stole them things offa me, an' you know who stole 'em. All you got to do is git the evidence that says so."

"What would I do with it?"

"Confront Neuritis Mapes with it. Fling it right in his ugly face. He'd give you back the stuff, all right."

Muttering threats, Gus Trout departed, leaving Mr. Slappey wallowing in the slough of despond. Seemed like nothing never come out good.

"I know Neuritis is guilty," reflected Florian sadly, "an' Neuritis knows he's guilty. But how is I ever gwine make Neuritis know I know it?"

It was maddening. It was a situation which wasn't to be stood, nohow, no time. And because he was desperate, Mr. Slappey hit upon a frightening but efficient plan.

**W**HAT he proposed to do was to break into Mr. Mapes' room at the Cozy Home Hotel, shake it down, and establish once and for all whether Neuritis really was guilty as suspected.

Mr. Slappey did some good hot sleuthing. He drifted into the Cozy Home Hotel and dazzled Sally Crouch with a box of candy. Since Miss Crouch was a maiden lady with a considerable amount of heft and no semblance of beauty, she was swept off her feet by this display of interest on the part of Birmingham's Beau Brummel.

Struggling to conceal the object of his mission, and keeping Miss Crouch neatly buttered up, Mr. Slappey learned certain facts concerning Mr. Mapes.

He discovered that the number of Neuritis's room was 212, that he frequently entertained visitors who seemed always to leave the room looking more forlorn than when they arrived, that he always had money but that the source of his income was a mystery to Sally Crouch. He also learned that Neuritis possessed a large trunk which was always locked. Mr. Slappey thereupon bade Sally a hasty farewell, brought a flutter to her large bosom by promising to see her again, and went out to buy himself a cold chisel and a hammer . . . instruments which he expected to use if his collection of keys failed to open Mr. Mapes' trunk.

When Mr. Mapes emerged from the hotel that night, Florian was lurking in the shadows. He waited patiently while Neuritis ate a slow and solemn meal. He followed his suspect to the newest

movie house and saw him safely inside. Then Florian raced back to the Cozy Home.

He waited until the lobby was empty, then eased inside, grabbed the pass key which he had spotted that afternoon during his interview with Sally Crouch, and made his way to the second floor. It was the work of only a moment to let himself into room 212.

With fingers that shook, he tried his collection of keys on the lock of Mr. Mapes' trunk. No dice. He then produced his hammer and cold chisel. In a few seconds the trunk was open and Mr. Slappey—perspiring profusely—started going through it.

He probed through one drawer, then another. He opened the third, yanked the lid off a box, and his eyes popped. He said, "Hot diggity dog! I got it!"

Jewelry. Watches, rings, pendants, earrings, cigarette lighters and cases, brooches, pins . . . all glittering and gleaming up at him. There was the whole story right before his eyes: He had uncovered the lair of a really astute burglar, he had solved his first case, justice had triumphed, he had out-amazed Mr. Malone and out-thinned the Thin Man.

Thing to do now, he reflected, was to gather together the exact items of which the Trouts had been robbed. Later, he'd consider what to do with the information he had uncovered. He had a hunch that he was on the verge of solving a lot of burglaries, for each of which he'd collect a handsome fee.

He dragged the Trouts' list out of his pocket, and readily identified each of the items. He took those and no more. He stuffed them in his pocket, wiped away some of his fingerprints, tried without success to repair the lock he had damaged, and then left.

He pussyfooted down the stairway and once again waited until the lobby was clear. It was the work of only a few seconds to replace the pass key and make his escape. In the street, headed south, he once again breathed deeply and freely.

He walked all the way to Avenue F. He found the house trailer with the car standing nearby. He rapped on the door and announced himself.

Mr. and Mrs. Trout seemed to have been about to retire. They looked at him without warmth and wanted to know what he meant by bothering them at this time of night.

"You got one hund'ed dollars cash money on you, Brother Trout?" Florian inquired.

"Yeh."

"Leave me see it."

Gus Trout extracted a fat wallet and took one hundred dollars from it. "Now," he asked, "what's it all about?"

Mr. Slappey reached into his pocket. Piece by piece, he produced the missing jewelry, savoring each delicious moment of triumph. The eyes of Gus and his



wife bugged out, and they made exclamations of surprise and delight.

"It's all there," stated Florian. "Ev'y last piece of it."

They agreed that it was. They were almost hysterical with delight. There was no protest over paying Florian his \$100 reward, and when he finally departed it was with a song on his lips and optimism in his heart.

He went to his room in Sis Callie Flukers' boarding house, but didn't turn in. He pulled a chair up to the window and sat contemplating his own greatness. From where he was sitting he could see faintly the weedy lot in which the Trout trailer was parked. The moon was brilliant, the visibility good.

He saw two figures moving about near the trailer. One man, one woman. Couldn't be anyone except Gus and Verna Trout. But why? When he'd barged in on them, they'd been ready to retire. Now, they were dressed.

He saw their automobile pull out of the lot and roar toward town. That gave him further pause. They seemed to be in a hurry. He remembered an all-night market which was located in the general direction they had taken. An idea—a hunch—something—grabbed him, and he said, "Seems like this is somethin' Private Eye Slappey better had look into."

HE LEFT the boarding house and walked swiftly back to the lot. The car had vanished, but the trailer was still there. He withdrew into the shadows of a clump of hollyhocks and waited . . . and wondered.

"This don't figure," he told himself. "It don't figure at all."

After a long, long time the Trout car returned. Mr. and Mrs. Trout alighted. They commenced storing bags of groceries in the trailer. They seemed to be in high good humor, yet there was something in the quality of their merriment which was sour.

Mr. Slappey strained his ears, but it was not until all their provisions had been stored and they started attaching the trailer to the car that Florian was able to catch their conversation.

"That Florian Slappey," stated Gus to his wife, "we sho' made a sucker out of him."

Verna laughed merrily. "The po' tripe," she said. "Callin' hisse'f a detective an' never figurin' we was usin' him to swipe more than one thousand dollars wuth of stuff fo' us."

"Suttinly was a cute scheme," Gus gloated. "It popped into my head when I fust went to see Neuritis Mapes. Somebody had tol' me he was in the business of lendin' money. I pawned that ol' bracelet of yours with him, an' when he put it away I had a chance to study all the other stuff he had. What I remembered, I put down on our list, an' tha's what I tol' ol' dumbbell Slappey us had lost. By tomorrow mawnin', honey, we'll

be long gone fum Bumminham an' we'll sell all this joolry in the next town we git to."

"An' the best part of it," chuckled Verna, "is that if anybody gits into trouble fo' burgling Neuritis Mapes, it will be Florian Slappey."

Gus was still wrestling with the car. He asked, "Where you put that joolry, gal?"

"In the second dresser drawer in the trailer. C'mon, Gus—git busy. Us got to be travelin'."

An awful sensation swept through Mr. Slappey. He had heard the words clearly, but their meaning was too terrible to absorb in a moment.

Now it hit violently. He'd been outsmarted. He'd been used as a catspaw, set up as a patsy. He had committed an out-and-out burglary in the mistaken belief that he was merely recovering stolen property.

He was suffused with mixed sensations of righteous fury and profound indignation. He considered confronting Mr. Trout right then and there, but a second look at that gentleman's Gargantuan frame and bulging muscles caused him to change his mind.

Yet he knew he had to do something immediate and drastic. Once the Trouts had left town he'd have no idea where to locate them. Nor could he enlist the aid of the police, because in that event he'd have to tell the truth about his part in the affair, and he had more than a mere suspicion that they might not believe his story.

Gus Trout finished his job. He climbed behind the wheel of the automobile, and Verna got in beside him. He pressed the starter, but nothing happened. Gus swore, climbed down, and lifted the hood of the car. And that was when Florian—impelled by desperation and a sense of outrage—acted.

Mr. Slappey slipped out of the gloom, approached the trailer from the off-side, and, protected temporarily by the noise of Gus Trout working on his balky motor, let himself into the trailer. All he wanted was to recover the stuff he unwittingly had stolen from Neuritis Mapes.

The trailer gave a lurch which sent Mr. Slappey sprawling. Florian peeked out the window and saw houses flitting by. Horror clutched him, and he said, "Oh! Woe is me! I done got myse'f in a sling, sho' 'nough."

Mr. Trout was driving south, and he was driving fast. He was headed in the general direction of Montgomery, Mobile and New Orleans. "An' where he stops," moaned Florian, "nobody knows. Especially me."

He decided on a desperate and dangerous course of action. He'd grab Neuritis Mapes' jewelry, and make a leap for life the first time the car and trailer slowed down. He knew he might bust himself up in the process, but that was a chance he had to take.

He opened the second drawer of the

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compact dresser. The stuff was there, all right. Florian crammed it into his coat pocket. Then he went to the door and waited.

The trailer was rolling and rocking. Without doubt all the driver wanted between him and Birmingham was distance and a lot of it. Horrible thoughts came to the trapped Private Eye. Suppose they never slowed down, suppose he opened the door and jumped into the night and really smashed himself! Suppose . . . he shook his head and decided miserably that he'd better quit supposing. Each suppose seemed worse than the last.

And then, just when Florian had commenced to give up hope, the motor began to cough and stutter. The trailer slowed down. Now, he reflected, now was the time. Now or never.

He acted on instinct. He opened the door, gazed with horror at the wild country through which they were passing, drew a deep breath, closed his eyes—and jumped.

The ground he hit was hard and unyielding. He rolled over and over, and finally fetched up in a dry ditch. Far down the road he could see the tail lights of his erstwhile prison vanishing. He breathed a sigh of relief. Even if Gus and Verna heard the banging of the open trailer door and stopped to investigate, they'd never suspect what had happened. And if they did, they couldn't find Mr. Slappey. Not in this darkness where he was surrounded by nothing but a lot of Alabama.

Florian stood up. He was bruised and battered, but not permanently injured. He touched his wallet—it was still in his hip pocket—containing the \$100 reward money Gus and Verna had given him. The jewelry he had recovered was in the side pocket of his coat.

He still faced problems, but anything seemed minor after the awful situation from which he had just extracted himself. And he had no fear of the Trouts. When they discovered their loss, they'd be unable to figure what had happened. Certainly, they couldn't connect Florian with it—and, even if they did, they'd never dare return to Birmingham because they'd then have the law to face.

He stumbled across the road. His first efforts to thumb a ride met with disheartening results.

Then he got a break. A dilapidated truck, loaded with vegetables for the Birmingham market, coughed up the road. A dusky gentleman was at the wheel. Florian stepped into the path of the vehicle and waved his arms. The truck stopped. Florian handed the driver a five-dollar bill in exchange for transportation back to town.

The driver was not loquacious, and Mr. Slappey was content to be left alone with his thoughts. Now that he was safe from extermination at the hands of Gus Trout, he found himself faced by a problem only slightly less acute.

In his pocket he had all of the jewelry he had swiped from Neuritis Mapes. Mr. Mapes must long since have discovered the burglary. There was even a chance that Florian had been seen slipping into, or out of, Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel for Colored.

Of only one thing was Florian sure: In some way he must return the jewelry to Mapes, and yet keep his identity concealed. That in itself was no small task. Having been burglarized once, Neuritis would be taking added precautions.

"I don't know what to do," reflected Florian. "But I sho' got to do it quick."

He left the truck at Avenue F and staggered to his room at Sis Callie's boarding house. He ached all over. He took off his clothes and sprawled out on the bed. His situation was good only by comparison with what it might have been. Neuritis Mapes worried him. The tall gent was the type to make trouble just for the sake of trouble.

Eventually Florian slept. He awoke at eight o'clock, and dressed without enthusiasm. He was fresh out of ideas, and as he put on his clothes, the jewelry in the side pocket of the coat seemed to weigh a ton.

He went to Bud Peaglar's place, drank four cups of coffee, smoked half a pack of cigarettes, and refused to indulge in any conversation. Bud said, "You look like you just come fum yo' own funeral, Brother Slappey."

"I doggone near did," confessed Florian.

**HE PROCEEDED** wearily to his office, said a languid Good Morning to Rosabel Johnson, entered his inner sanctum, closed the door and then stacked Neuritis Mapes' jewelry in a drawer of his filing cabinet. He locked the drawer.

He was plenty worried. "What I got to do," he reflected, "is to unburlarize Brother Mapes, an' all these heah books ain't got no instructions 'bout how to do that."

The morning dragged interminably. Florian did nothing but think in circles while Rosabel Johnson practiced writing "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party". Nobody seemed to be getting anywhere.

At precisely ten minutes after eleven o'clock the door of the outer office opened and Florian heard a thin, nasal, unpleasant voice inquiring for him. Miss Johnson went into her rehearsed routine about Private Eye Slappey being engrossed in important matters, and while she was in the middle of it the visitor flung open the door.

"My name," he announced belligerently, "is Neuritis Mapes."

Florian winced. He motioned Mr. Mapes to a chair and glanced through the window, wondering whether a man would bounce very hard if he jumped out of a fourth-story window.

"Mistuh Slappey," whined Neuritis, "I been burgled."



Florian started to say, "You're telling me?" and choked back the words just in time.

"Some dirty crook stole a heap of joolry off me. You heah what Ise sayin'?"

Miserably, Florian admitted that he heard. He wondered why Neuritis insisted on torturing him; why he didn't come right out with the accusation. And then, as though from a great distance, he heard words of hope, "An' what I come heah fo', Mistuh Slappey, was to hire you to find that stolen joolry an' return it to me."

"Huh?"

"You is a Private Eye, ain't you?"

Florian gulped. Nimble-witted as he usually was, he was a long time pulling himself together. He eyed Neuritis narrowly to ascertain whether he was being kidded. The answer was No; definitely No.

Florian said, "How come you to seek me out 'stid of goin' to the police, Brother Mapes?"

Neuritis was hesitant. Then he confided his reason. It appeared that he had been engaged in the business of lending money on jewelry without the formality of having taken out a license, and he was afraid of complications if the police ever got wind of it. "So this is all gwine be just 'tween us two, Brother Slappey, just you an' me."

**T**HE pieces were falling into place. Florian felt his spirits soaring. Forgotten was his prolonged misery. He even ignored his dislike of his elongated client. Mr. Slappey's voice became sharp and incisive.

"How much I git fo' this job, Mistuh Mapes?"

"Git me back that stuff, an' I give you a reward of one hund'ed dollars. Take it or leave it."

"I'll take it," said Mr. Slappey, hoping that he didn't look too pleased. "Now, s'pose you leave me have all the details."

Neuritis Mapes talked long and earnestly, but Florian didn't bother to listen. He wasn't interested in clues and descriptions and things like that. He needed no information beyond what was already in the locked drawer of his filing cabinet.

"How long you reckon it'll take you to solve this case an' git me back my joolry, Mistuh Slappey?"

Florian said thoughtfully, "Well, an ordinary run-of-the-mill private eye would take 'bout a week, Mistuh Mapes. But a feller like me . . . well, I don't see why I shoul'n't have this whole thing cleaned up in 24 hours."

Mr. Mapes was skeptical, but then he didn't know all that Florian knew. He repeated that he cared nothing whatever about having the culprit arrested, or even of knowing his identity. All he wanted was to recover his property.

The ensuing 24 hours dragged.

Florian was his customary chipper, optimistic, debonair self. At eleven the following morning he telephoned Neuritis Mapes and told him he had fulfilled his mission. Mr. Mapes said he'd be there fast, and he was.

Pending his arrival, Mr. Slappey spread out on the desk all the jewelry he had borrowed from Neuritis in the first place and then taken a second time from Mr. and Mrs. Gus Trout. As an afterthought, he unclasped his own wrist watch and mixed it in with the other pieces.

Mr. Mapes breezed into the office and stared unbelievably at the treasure on Florian's desk. "You is a wizzard," he exclaimed. "Heah's the hund'ed dollars I promised you."

Florian took the hundred, but told Neuritis to keep his hands off the jewelry.

"All yo' stuff is heah," he stated. "But I got other loot mixed up with it. I want you to pick out just what joolry belongs to you."

"Okay." Plainly, Mr. Mapes was tempted. Finally he reached out and picked up a wrist watch. Florian's own wrist watch. "This is mine," he said.

"Halt!" Mr. Slappey's voice crackled. "That ain't yours, an' you know it. An' the ve'y next move you make to select somethin' that don't belong to you, Ise goin' to call the law."

Mr. Mapes, properly squelched and highly impressed, proceeded with meticulous care. Piece by piece, he selected the articles which had been stolen from him. He thanked Florian, and then departed.

Mr. Slappey gazed raptly at his desk-top. Remaining thereon were two watches (one of them his), three bracelets, two pairs of earrings and an exceedingly handsome clip.

He drew a deep breath and said, "Hot diggity dog!"

This was indeed the payoff. One hundred dollars from Gus Trout, another hundred from Neuritis Mapes—and now an additional reward consisting of these extra pieces of jewelry.

He knew what had happened. Obviously, Gus and Verna Trout had mixed their own personal jewelry in with what they had gotten from Mr. Mapes, and Florian not knowing that—had merely swept all the loot into his own pocket. It was fantastically wonderful. He summoned Rosabel Johnson, pointed proudly to the stuff on his desk and invited her to select one piece for herself.

Miss Johnson was thrilled. This was in the best Private Eye tradition.

"You is a genius, Mistuh Slappey," she complimented.

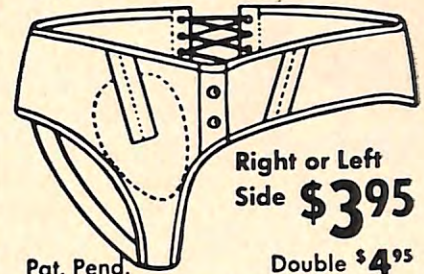
He took her praise modestly. "Reckon I is, at that," he agreed. "You know, Rosabel, it just hits me all of a sudden that I is more than just a private eye. I ought to git myse'f another title."

"Yeh. What you aimin' to call yo'se'f?" "Fum now on," said Florian, "you better call me Bifocal. Bifocal Slappey."

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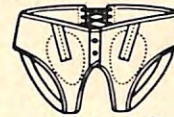
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# editorial

## GENERAL EVANGELINE BOOTH



Members who attended the Grand Lodge session in Atlantic City in 1919 will tell you that no more eloquent and touching an address ever was made before the Grand Lodge than one delivered by General Evangeline Booth at that meeting 31 years ago. The recent death of General Booth at the age of 84 brings to mind the interesting circumstances.

It will be recalled that one of the first nation-wide fraternal, patriotic or civic undertakings of the Order of Elks was the raising of funds for the Salvation Army in the years when that organization established its magnificent record of service to the American soldiers in France during World War I. The Elks War Relief Commission supplemented that activity by a direct contribution.

At the end of the war General Booth asked, and was granted, permission to appear before the Grand Lodge to express her appreciation of that assistance. As she told dramatically, with eloquence and feeling, the story of the early struggles of the Salvation Army there were few hearts among those members of the Grand Lodge that failed to be deeply stirred—few eyes but were dimmed by tears.

It was a new experience for the Grand Lodge body to be addressed by a woman, and the message itself detailing the efforts of her organization to bring comfort to the underprivileged touched their hearts.

When General Booth progressed in her story to the part in which the Elks entered to help in service to American soldiers in France, the members present were moved to a feeling of great pride.

“At that crucial hour,” she said, “when we were in dire want of money and friends, the Order of Elks rushed to our aid.

“I say without hesitancy that our organization could not have achieved its exceptional success in this war but for the splendid, practical, tangible aid that was rendered to us by the Elks.”

In the May, 1950, issue, *The Elks Magazine* observed the 70th anniversary of the establishment of the Salvation Army in the United States. A letter from Miss Booth commenting on that article was published in the July issue. From it, we reprint the following paragraph:

“Naturally, it brought back to me many cherished memories of the help rendered the Salvation Army through the years by the generous and able serv-

ice of the Elks and I can only reiterate my appreciation and gratitude.”

The benevolent activities of the Elks were as deeply etched on General Booth's mind as is her long and praiseworthy career of service to humanity recorded in our living memory.

## THE MIAMI CONVENTION

### In Retrospect

What stands out in one's memory of the Miami Convention now that a month and a half has passed since adjournment?

Is it the impressive registration of 2,273 members of the Grand Lodge?

It may be the able, considerate and effective manner in which Grand Exalted Ruler Anderson presided.

It may be the sincere, forceful and confident manner in which incoming Grand Exalted Ruler Kyle accepted the responsibilities of the office.

Possibly it is the conscientiousness with which the members of the Grand Lodge attended all of its sessions from the first to the last.

Perhaps it is the resolution, adopted unanimously, authorizing the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Board of Grand Trustees to levy an assessment of \$1.00 on each of the Order's over one million Elks, should necessity arise, for purposes of national defense, such sums to be expended under the direction of the Elks National Service Commission.

Is that which remains strong in the memory, a report of the Elks National Foundation showing an accumulated permanent fund of nearly two and a half million dollars, or the presentation of the scholarship awards to the boy and girl selected as the nationally outstanding Mosi Valuable Students?

With many it may be that the report of the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission, of the earnings of *The Elks Magazine*, enabling the Commission to turn over to the Grand Lodge this year \$170,000 in addition to devoting \$67,000 to the maintenance of the National Memorial Building.

To many it must be the report of the Grand Secretary that the subordinate lodges of the Order devoted over six million dollars last year to charitable, civic, humanitarian and patriotic activities.

Surely there remains strongly in the memory of many the report of the National Service Commission and the dramatic and affecting appearance on the stage of five disabled veterans from the nearby hospital, two of whom were members of the Order.

Surely, to many it was the beautiful, impressive services in memory of our departed.

With all there will remain, the memory of the thoughtful, hospitable and efficient convention management of our Florida Brothers.







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### 10 DAY HOME TRIAL

We are so certain that you will find this the greatest knife value ever offered that we make this guarantee: try these knives in your home for 10 days - you must be 100% satisfied or you may return the set and your money will be cheerfully refunded at once.



Here's what you get in this miracle-value knife set:

- 8-inch blade Roast Slicer
- 8-inch blade Ham Slicer
- 7-inch blade Butcher Knife
- 5-inch blade Sandwich Knife
- 4-inch blade Vegetable Knife
- 4-inch blade Utility Knife
- 3-inch blade Paring Knife
- 4-inch blade Chef's Fork
- 6-inch blade Grapefruit Knife
- 8-inch Sharpening Steel



Stainless Steel Mirror finished Hollow Ground Blades



Rosewood handles shaped to fit the hand



Double compression brass rivets

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### THIS CERTIFICATE SAVES YOU \$5.00

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