

THE
Elks
MAGAZINE

Holiday
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NOVEMBER 1950

JIM THORPE

BY KYLE CRICHTON



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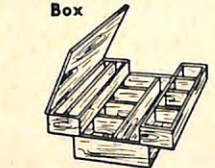
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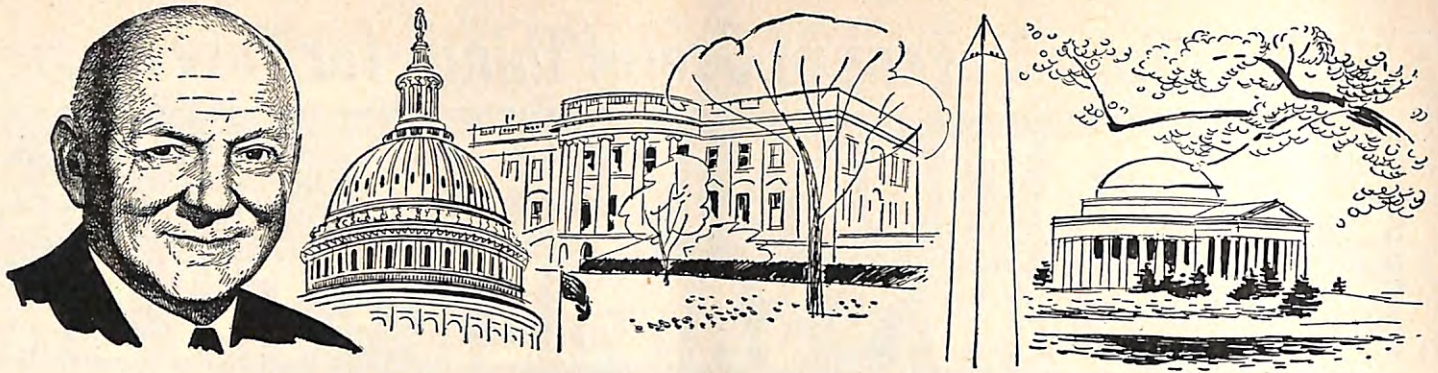
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TOM WRIGLEY WRITES FROM WASHINGTON

DEFENSE orders and "government business" are beginning to crowd Washington with manufacturers, contractors, representatives of supply houses and the like. However, conditions are more orderly than in the days preceding World War II. Negotiations are proceeding through well established channels since many men and women trained during war days still are in government departments. Many war-time mistakes won't be repeated. As government agencies expand, new employees are carefully screened. Young girl clerks and typists from small towns, who are not adapted for big city life away from parental controls, will not be induced to come to Washington as they were in the last war. Hotel rates remain the same. Apartment rentals are fixed by the District rent control law. Some small increases are granted from time to time, but try and get congressmen to raise their own rents—or taxi rates, either. You can ride a long way here for 30 cents and get a good apartment for \$85 to \$95 a month.

WASHINGTON BUILDING PAINS

Under the new defense program, home building in Washington, where a lot of new homes are needed, is becoming a problem. Many building materials are becoming scarce—steel, cement, copper, aluminum, some brick. Nails are scarce. Lumber is plentiful in certain grades. As a result, speculative house construction has nearly come to a standstill. Over all hangs the dark cloud of uncertainty as to whether all construction, except that for defense purposes, may be knocked out. Builders here say the picture is anything but rosy. Yet Washington continues to grow.

"SUNSHINE SPECIAL" RETIRES

That big Lincoln convertible known as the "Sunshine Special" to news and cameramen has gone into retirement. For 11 years it carried Presidents, foreign rulers, diplomats and other celebrities in Washington parades. FDR took the big car to Yalta, Casablanca, Teheran and Malta. The King and Queen of England

rode in it when they visited this country before World War II. President Truman used it this year on his spring trip when he rode through the streets of Chicago. The car is 21½ feet long, weighs about five tons. It is loaded with armor plate, has bullet-proof glass, special running boards and hand grips for the Secret Service men and a lot of interior gadgets which spectators never glimpse. The armor plating was put on in 1942 and the speedometer reset. It now registers 37,960 miles. The "Sunshine Special" made its last journey from Washington to the Edison Institute Museum at Greenfield Village, Dearborn, Mich. There you can see it, a proud old bus if there ever was one, rich in memories of great days when millions of people wildly cheered those who rode in it and waved from the back seat.

BE KIND TO CANTALoupES

Tell your wife that a cantaloupe kept on end will resist bruising and breakage better than one kept on its side. On 16 carloads, tests made by the western growers in cooperation with the Department of Agriculture showed that melons packed on end instead of the usual way reduced bruising by 50 per cent.

BATTLE OF MOVIE FILMS

A lively battle of the movies is now raging between Russia and the United States. Headquarters of the American movies are in a few rooms at 1778 Connecticut Avenue, N. W., where the International Motion Picture Division of the State Department turns out shorts and trailers. Russia, it is stated, has a much more pretentious set-up. Our reels are made intelligible in 30 different languages and last year reached an estimated 115,000,000 people. Under an expanded program, and using mobile units, it may be possible to reach a half billion people a year. Director Herbert Edwards says the new program also will use animated shorts, cartoons and full-length features. Right now films of the Korean war are being shown. They make it plain how the Republic of South Korea was

established under the United Nations, the invasion inspired by the Soviets, and the action taken by UN to resist the invasion by force. Shots of Russian-made war material captured in Korea are shown. All films are 16 mm. The mobile trailer units, now totalling 184, cost \$4,500 each. And, get this—Russian films stressing American "brutality," show scenes of American wrestling matches, with extra grunts and groans on the sound track.

D. C. DANGER ZONE

This world capital is preparing defense against the A-bomb. Initial outlay for Washington's civil defense system is \$100,000. There will be a big auxiliary corps of police, including some women cops, and firemen. These will be given special training so they may be called into action at a minute's notice. Health department employes are attending courses in A-bomb treatment set up by the District Medical Society. Some of the suburban communities are planning to take care of refugees, when and if. There is a movement upon the part of some to get out of Washington and away from danger areas.

TURKEY ON FREE LUNCH

Turkey will be on the menu of school lunch programs from now until after Thanksgiving at least. The Agriculture Department, with 5,800,000 pounds of frozen turkey on hand, offered the birds free for distribution at schools which have a free lunch program.

BACK TO WORK GIRLS

Get ready to go back to work, girls; your Uncle Sam will need you soon. What with unemployment 'way down and production 'way up, and men being inducted into the armed services, it is estimated some one to two million women will be needed to work in the plants and shops which aid the defense effort. American industry since VJ day has spent some \$70 billion on expansion and equipment and is well prepared.

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She drinks! Feed her from bottle.



She wets! Change diaper; bathe her.

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You need not risk one penny. Just mail the coupon below for complete 10-Piece Play Nursery as illustrated. Remember this is not a miniature set... the doll is 10" high and the nursery pieces are of ample size to hold her, yet all fit into playpen. All pieces of sturdy wood, enameled to match in beautiful "Nursery Blue." An unusually attractive and costly-looking gift! When you open this package if you are not as thrilled as the little girl herself, return for full refund of purchase price.

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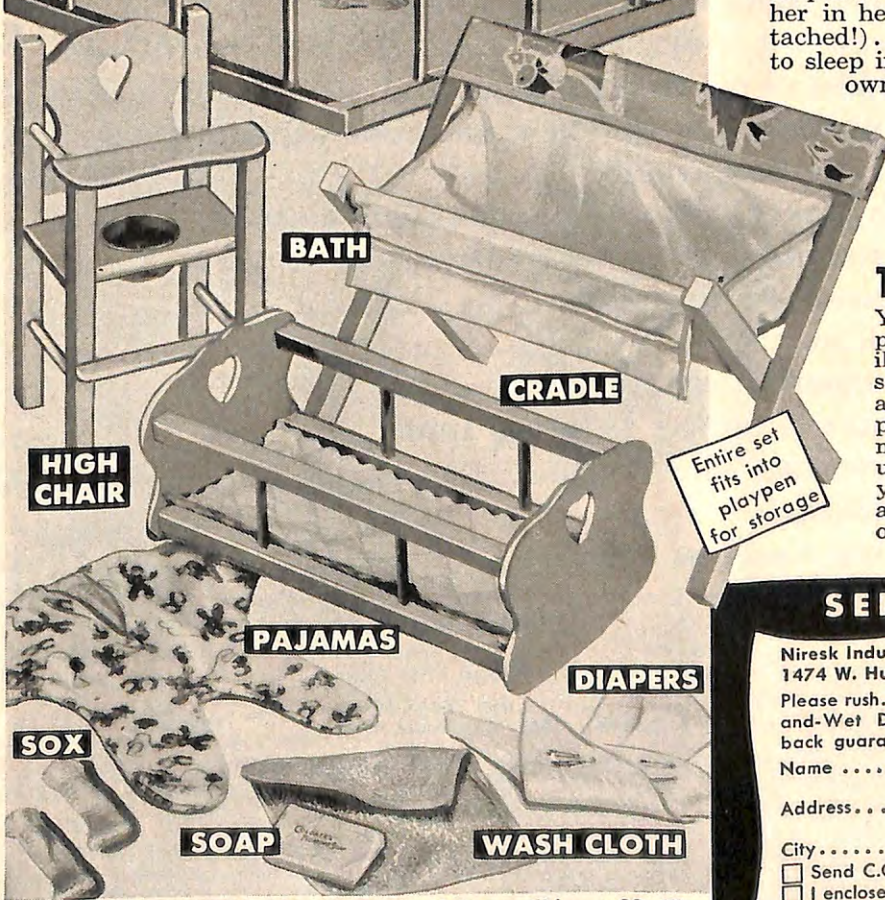
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P.A.*

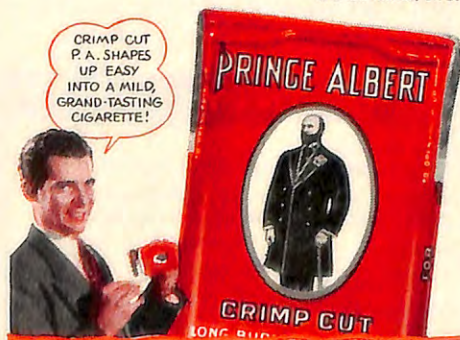
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THE Elks

VOL. 29

MAGAZINE

NO. 6

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

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CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER 1950

COVER BY FRED IRVIN

| | |
|--|---------------------|
| TOM WRIGLEY WRITES FROM WASHINGTON..... | 2 |
| ARCTIC CIRCLED..... | David O. Woodbury 6 |
| THORPE WAS THE BEST..... | Kyle Crichton 8 |
| WHAT MAKES SANTA RUN..... | Dickson Hartwell 10 |
| THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S VISITS..... | 12 |
| ROD AND GUN..... | Ted Trueblood 14 |
| NEWS OF THE STATE ASSOCIATIONS..... | 15 |
| NATIONAL FOUNDATION SCHOLARSHIP PRESENTATIONS..... | 16 |
| EVERY VOTE COUNTS!..... | Robert Froman 18 |
| A MESSAGE FROM THE GRAND EXALTED RULER..... | 20 |
| ELKS NATIONAL SERVICE COMMISSION ACTIVITIES..... | 21 |
| NEWS OF THE LODGES..... | 22 |
| IN THE DOGHOUSE..... | Ed Faust 24 |
| GADGETS AND GIMMICKS..... | 25 |
| ELKS CHRISTMAS SHOPPING SHELF..... | 26 |
| FOR ELKS WHO TRAVEL..... | Horace Sutton 40 |
| EDITORIAL..... | 54 |
| OLD TIMERS IN ELKDOM..... | 56 |

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What Our Readers

Have to Say



I was particularly interested in your editorial in the September issue regarding the address made by General Evangeline Booth at the 1919 Grand Lodge Session in Atlantic City. I was a delegate at that session representing Jamestown, North Dakota, Lodge. In thanking the Elks for the help given the Salvation Army during World War I, Miss Booth made one of the finest addresses I have ever heard and, even though that was 31 years ago, I will never forget it. I might add that I am 78 years old and a member of the Elks since 1897, when I joined Fargo, North Dakota, Lodge. I thank you for the wonderful memories this brought back to me.

Paul N. Allen

Pasadena, Calif.

I would appreciate it if you will advise Tom Wrigley that I greatly enjoy "Wrigley Writes From Washington". I find his articles very interesting and informative.

Joseph Koffend, Jr.

Appleton, Wisconsin

(Additional letters on page 38)

OUR JULY COVER —AND NOVEMBER



The unlucky fellow on our July cover sharing an experience we all have had—having it rain just as the final touches were being put on the car wash-and-polish job—proved popular and we are returning him to our cover this month. In the offing are two more covers of "Bill" and his family. Next appearance will be April, when we run our annual Spring Fishing Section and fishing cover.



There's only One favorite

Favorite of all holidays is the merry season of Christmas. And, a favorite Christmas custom is to proudly serve the very finest in foods and refreshment. That's why so many people highlight their holiday hospitality by inviting their guests to enjoy life with Miller High Life...the beer that's acclaimed the country over as the NATIONAL CHAMPION OF QUALITY! Brewed and bottled by the Miller Brewing Company ONLY...and ONLY in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.



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CIRCLED ARCTIC

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

ILLUSTRATED BY
C. E. MONROE, JR.

*Two men were alone on
the Alaskan tundra — a
land where Nature did
not intend Man to be.*



ALL AT ONCE the relentless pressure of the Arctic cold crushed down on Mike Gallanti, as he lay in his sleeping bag in the James Way hut, and forced him awake. Like some huge, formless animal stalking through a nightmare, it brought him up gasping and pawing the hood of the sleeping bag off his curly head. Automatically, his eyes sought the stove. It was flickering out. "God help us!"

With one motion, surprisingly agile for so big a man, he snatched up his flashlight and got himself clear of the bag. In the thin beam of light he found the can of gasoline and poured the tank full. The flames of the two burners re-

sponded at once, and resumed their healthy blue.

Mike swore softly. Three times he'd waked himself to refill the stove, but this time he'd nearly missed. Close shave. Too close for a couple of men alone on the Alaskan tundra in the dead of winter. At fifty below zero you didn't fool with the cold. One slip and it got you for good.

He turned the flashlight on George. Still dead to the world. Mike moved over to him and rooted him with his foot. "Hey, you George! Snap out of it! On your feet, engineer!"

Bartlett groaned and lifted his head. "What's the matter?" he mumbled.

Mike seized his shoulders and shook him broad awake. "The cold, man! The cold! It nearly got us! Come on, get up out of there and get warmed up!"

"Just went to bed," George complained irritably.

Mike was pulling on his parka and Eskimo boots. "You did not! It's thirteen hundred! You was dead twelve solid hours, buddy."

George warped himself stiffly out of his sack. "After yesterday I could sleep for a week." He started wearily to climb into his gear.

Mike lit the gasoline lantern and picked up the fuel can again. "I'm not
(Continued on page 49)

THORPE WAS THE

BY KYLE CRICHTON

EVERY four or five years I feel impelled to speak sharply to my sports-writing friends about the All-America nonsense. Ordinarily the most charming, self-possessed and erudite of companions, they are suddenly seized with a form of autumnal madness, mount to rooftops and begin shouting strange cabalistic slogans. When these assorted sounds are sifted, it is found that they are heatedly debating the comparative merits of Angus Whipsnitch of Rolla School of Mines and Hank Garbunkle of Notre Dame for the position of left half on the mythical team.

The Whipsnitch adherents are maintaining, with no reservation or show of modesty, that their man is the greatest runner, passer, backer-up, punter and line-smasher the world has ever seen. The Garbunkle faction merely wheels in a bale of clippings 12 feet high, points to the record and rests its case. The Whipsnitchers reply furiously that any plot to keep Angus off the All-America will be repulsed by all Southern Missouri in

a campaign not matched in ferocity since the notorious Quantrell Raids.

My answer is that there has only been one, true, rip-snorting, gargantuan, authentic All-American and his name is Jim Thorpe. In saying this I intend no pun and resolutely refrain from mentioning that Jim was a member of the Sac-Fox tribe. I mean merely that Jim was a man, and the rest are children. I mean that Jim Thorpe was monumental, Brobdingnagian, colossal and perfect; the others are only shadows in his wake.

In my day I have seen most of the great football players of modern times and have had accurate information on the rest. Red Grange and George Gipp were great runners; Kircheval, Preston Johnson and Glenn Dobbs were great punters; Charley Brickley was a great drop-kicker and Ward Cuff was a great place-kicker; Beattie Feathers and George McAfee were wonders in the open field. Roll them altogether and you have a facsimile of Jim Thorpe.

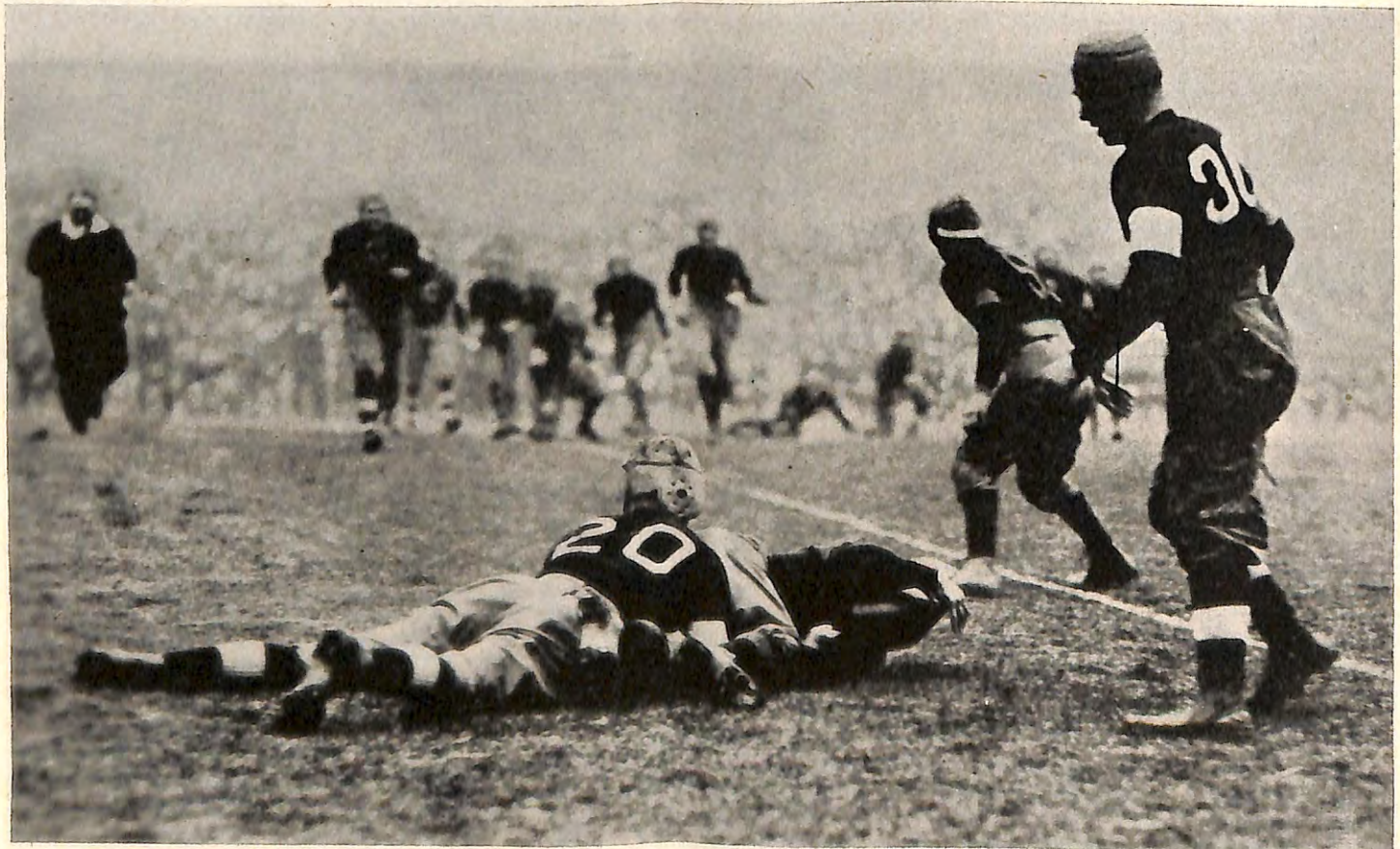
Comparing old-timers and new-timers is the best way ever invented to start a fight. Nobody can prove anything, and the argument inevitably ends in loud

wrangling and, occasionally, with contusions. With no gridiron Geiger counter available to weigh the merits of a 1910 oftackle-slant touchdown against a 1950 forward-lateral touchdown, the debate could go on endlessly unless somebody brought it to earth. The quality of football cannot be gauged, but there are certain physical attributes of the game that never change.

This brings me to the first proof about Old Jim: with my own eyes I have seen him punt a football *in the air* the length of the field. Not only has he done it once, but repeatedly. The length of the field is what it has always been: 100 yards. Old times and new times, it is still 100 long yards. The nearest approach to Thorpe that I have seen lately is Glenn Dobbs, who once got off a punt that measured 90 yards before landing on terra firma, but where are the other punters in Thorpe's class?

To the retort that punting is a lost art in a modern game where quarterbacks think nothing of passing from behind their own goal lines, I will simply reply that the famous Carlisle Indians of Thorpe's day were equally scornful of

Brown Brothers Photo



Jim Thorpe, No. 20, nails a runner in an early pro-football game between Canton and Buffalo.

BEST

defense. They operated on the theory that they could always make one more touchdown than anybody else. Whether this was a calculated policy to keep the opposition happy, I don't know, but I can't recall an instance where the Indians shut out the opposition. They could stiffen when they had to, but otherwise were extremely lenient when the enemy had the ball. So it is true that Jim kicked very seldom, but when he did get around to it, he kicked it right out of the stadium.

IN HIS college days—which in itself is a joke, since Carlisle had the approximate academic standing of a high-grade grammar school—Jim was a place-kicker and some of his feats are legendary, but as a professional player at Canton and Massillon, he turned into a great drop-kicker. I mention this as another way of establishing Jim's quality as a football giant. About a drop-kick, there can be no dispute. Either it goes over or it doesn't go over. This holds true in 1920 or 1950. In his waning days in pro football, Jim was used exclusively as an exhibition kicker. One afternoon at the Polo Grounds in New York between the halves of the regular game, Jim came out to do his drop-kicking stint. Again I can present myself as a witness, for I was at the Polo Grounds that day, with my eyes bogging out a foot.

Jim started by pumping them over monotonously from the 30- and 35-yard lines. He worked back to the 40- and 45-yard lines with the same success. Down went the pigskin, up went Jim's foot—and right between the cross bars sailed the ball. He then established himself at the 50-yard line in the center of the field and proceeded to give an exhibition of kicking that had the crowd agog. He faced one goal post and kicked the ball over with the greatest of ease; then he turned around and did the same thing in the other direction. In ten tries, he made eight goals and each of them went so far over the posts that they looked to be good for at least 80 yards! I have never seen anything like it, and I don't think *anybody* has ever seen anything like it.

Before going on to the larger aspects of Jim's career, I'll finish my personal recollections, which center upon a game at Lehigh in 1912. Like many another small college that has since subsided to its proper level, we had fine teams at Lehigh in those days. We paid the men an honest monthly salary, housed them comfortably and sheltered them cautious-

(Continued on page 44)

There's been only one all-time, All-American football player—and his name is Jim Thorpe.





What

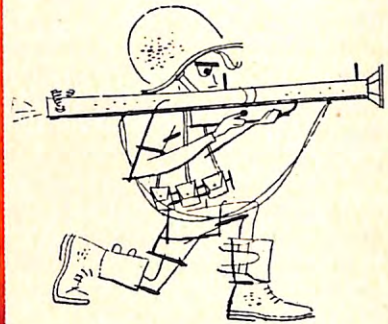


Makes



Santa

The toy business harbors some of the most imaginative brains in U. S. industry.



BY DICKSON HARTWELL

TODAY'S sophisticated youngster who writes a letter to Santa Claus doesn't address it to the North Pole; he knows it would end up at the dead letter office, so he sends it directly to 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City, where it stands an excellent chance of being delivered to one of several hundred major toy manufacturers with offices in that building. If it doesn't reach one of these, he feels it will surely get to the 12th floor headquarters of the Toy Manufacturers Association which represents the interests of some 2,000 toy makers, thereby increasing his chances of a response ten-fold.

The old but sprightly building at 200 Fifth Avenue is the nerve center of the

sprawling, highly competitive and often intensely profitable business of toymaking. It is one important U. S. industry (\$600,000,000 a year retail value) that couldn't be crippled by a dozen atom bombs; it is dispersed in big and little plants from Delaware to Oregon, and with all respect to the scientific skill of such giants as General Motors, du Pont, and U. S. Steel, the toy business harbors some of the most imaginative, highly developed and ingenious brains to be found in U. S. industry.

The toymakers' ingenuity extends to such elaborate and timely playthings as an atomic energy laboratory set complete with a Geiger counter that gives visual and sound signals in the presence of uranium or other radio-active material. Nor does a youngster have to run up and down alleys with his Geiger counter to

see if it works. The toy includes a supply of radio-active minerals which can safely be scattered around the living room. It also includes a cloud chamber that makes visible the routes of alpha particles (whatever they are!), traveling at more than 12,000 miles per second. It even has a fluorescent screen on which you can see, with your very own eyes, the disintegration of atomic radio-active material.

I, for one, don't want to look. It seems to me that in the eternal struggle between small and big fry, such gadgets aren't toys; they're weapons. When Junior shoots alpha particles at 12,000 miles a second, and checks his breakfast cereal for radio-active tracer elements, parents have lost the war. I say this toy business has gone far enough.

It will go further though. There is a

ILLUSTRATED BY
ALEXANDER ROSS



toy garage and service station on the market this year which provides a working pump for washing model cars, a lift for oil changes and an operating elevator for roof parking. There is a plastic malted milk machine like those in drug stores. There is a model Mixmaster that will beat an egg. There are miniature soda fountains, kitchen equipment with push button electric stoves and refrigerators with top-drawer freezing compartments. A new fire engine, an exact scale model, has an extension ladder that can be winched to a length of four feet and swiveled in a complete circle. There is even a junior drafting set with plans for the United Nations Building. Junior isn't just winning the war; he's preparing to win the peace!

The fabulous toy business has attracted so many new manufacturers in the last

few years it is possible adults will soon have to ask them to make giant toys to fill adult consumer demand. If, for example, General Motors finds out about a new bicycle which can be adjusted instantly for proper tension on bumpy or smooth rides or for light or heavy riders, the chances are America's biggest firm will convert to toys at once.

Then there is the new four-wheel bike, expandable to take care of bike-riding needs from age two to seven. It does the job first of a small velocipede, then of a chain-drive tricycle, and later of a regular bike. By an amazing new device the bike can be expanded in seat-to-pedal distance by as much as 84 per cent. Moreover, when the extra balance wheels are outgrown they can be converted into a trailer truck, a stroller doll carriage or a shopping cart—or, if Pop gets his hands on them first, into a golf bag carrier, or caddy cart.

With such developments it's no wonder the possibilities for getting rich quick in the toy business are unlimited. One good idea can catapult a manufacturer or designer into a life of ease and independence. One of the biggest toy companies, the Ideal Novelty and Toy Company, was founded on the smart hunch of a Brooklyn immigrant who parlayed the original Teddy Bear into a \$30,000,000-a-year business. In 1904, while hunting along the Mississippi, Theodore Roosevelt found an orphaned bear cub. Someone took a picture of Roosevelt holding the appealing baby and it was widely publicized. In Brooklyn, Morris Michtom saw the picture and got his hunch. He and his wife fashioned a tiny bear cub out of fluffy brown wool and put it in his store window with a card, Teddy's Bear. They sold as fast as he could make them. Smart Michtom wrote Roosevelt asking permission to use the name nationally. Said T. R. naïvely, "I don't think my name is likely to be worth much in the bear business, but you're welcome to use it." It was worth a fortune to the Brooklyn inventor.

Then there was the classic example of Charles Darrow, who during the depression was raking leaves in Philadelphia for enough to keep his family fed. Lacking money for movies or other entertainment, and bored with poverty, he and his wife worked out a game involving millions of dollars which imparted a pleasant if temporary feeling of immense wealth. They called it "Monopoly" and, when neighbors became interested, made up sets and sold them. The Parker Game people of Salem, Mass., tipped off that a best seller was brewing, bought the rights, giving Darrow a royalty. Darrow promptly retired and has lived a life of luxurious ease ever since, with "Monopoly" working for him.

Sometimes a success rises out of apparent failure. A New York school-teacher perfected a simple device for a doll that would drink and, inevitably, require a diaper change. She tried to

peddle it from one manufacturer to another, but almost all of them objected to it on the grounds of bad taste. This was in 1935, before the days of stark realism in toymaking. Finally, when the school teacher was about to give up, one of them agreed to take a long chance. The doll was a sensation. From that moment, the school teacher has enjoyed a royalty of some \$50,000 a year.

A big money-maker this season is likely to be a Christmas card, the first new design in years. It was developed by a professional inventor who, by means of ingenious die cutting and unlimited imagination, fashioned a design that is mailed flat as a greeting card with the usual personal message. But when pulled out of an envelope it becomes a unique three-dimensional ornament which can be hung over fireplaces, doorways or on the Christmas tree itself. There already are 20 designs employing lively combinations of green, red and gold foil. This inventor, it would appear, has something for the coming season.

DESPITE its occasional opportunities for monetary reward, success in the toy business doesn't usually stem solely from getting a brilliant idea and putting the sales force to work. Production requires precise planning, for toy factories use assembly lines, just as any other major industry. In fact, creating toys requires the skills and know-how of some 27 different industries. A maker of cast-iron toys uses iron foundries and faces the problems typical of that industry. Toy furniture-making is real furniture-manufacturing with smaller tools. Production of doll clothes is similar to making women's dresses. Many steel toys are stamped out like automobile bodies, and molding a toy telephone in plastic is about the same as making a standard set.

One problem which is easing is the seasonal nature of the toy business; a few years ago 75 per cent of the sales were concentrated at Christmas. Gradually, though, like turkey-eating, toys are attracting customers the year around. Since VJ Day hundreds of stores have installed permanent toy departments.

Naturally, this is endorsed enthusiastically by toymakers who endeavor to encourage it with gimmicks with an off-season appeal. An unexpected bonanza like Hopalong Cassidy, for example, which overnight puts practically every child in the country into a whoop-em-up cowboy outfit, regardless of Christmas, birthdays or Fourth of July, would be a welcome annual affair. Before the Korean invasion, the stage was set to introduce the circus motif into the lives of our children in 1951, and there are dozens of circus sets on the market now in hopeful anticipation of that trend. The circus may make the grade anyhow; if it does, Hopalong Cassidy will be fighting it out with Barnum and Bailey for No. 1 place on the small-fry hit parade—a position,

(Continued on page 26)

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits



The leaders of two great organizations, Joseph B. Kyle of the Elks, right, and George Craig, National Commander of the American Legion, meet at the latter's home Elks lodge, Brazil, Ind.



The Kyles are welcomed to Miles City, Mont., by a group including S. D. McKinnon, a member of the Grand Forum, second from left, and Past Exalted Ruler Les Boodry of Miles City Lodge, right.



GRAND EXALTED RULER Joseph Kyle, accompanied by his wife and E.R. and Mrs. T. T. Thews of Gary, Ind., Lodge, made his first official lodge visitation to HARVEY, ILL., NO. 1242, on July 24th. Over 250 persons heard the Order's new leader's inspiring message at a gala banquet. The next day found 750 persons at a banquet and public meeting conducted by NEW ALBANY, IND., LODGE, NO. 270, when Mr. Kyle, Grand Est. Lead. Knight Arnold Westermann and many other dignitaries participated in presenting a Life Membership to P.E.R. Sherman Minton, U. S. Supreme Court Justice.

Several days later, MILES CITY, MONT., LODGE, NO. 537, observing its 50th Anniversary, entertained the Grand Exalted Ruler and the 1950 Convention of its State Association, as reported in our October issue.

On Aug. 20th, accompanied by his wife, Mr. Kyle, with Chairman Robert L. DeHority of the Lodge Activities Committee, both of whom addressed the gathering, were welcomed by E.R. Hugh W. Price and fellow members of MOUNT VERNON, IND., LODGE, NO. 277, for ceremonies marking the dedication of its \$100,000 remodeled home. "State Officers' Day" was observed during the celebration, when State Pres. Thomas E. Burke, Secy. C. L. Shideler, Vice-Presidents L. A. Krebs,

The "Joseph B. Kyle Class" of Mount Vernon, Ind., Lodge meets its namesake, seated right.



Charleston, W. Va., Elk officials with the Grand Exalted Ruler, eighth from left, at the banquet held in his honor there.



Left: A waiter's eye view of the speakers' table and some of the guests at a dinner marking the dedication of the handsome new home of Beckley, W. Va., Lodge. In the background, left to right: E.R. E. S. Pugh, Jr., Grand Exalted Ruler Kyle, D.D. Lawrence E. Pruett and State Pres. E. G. Grissell. Facing camera, center foreground, is lodge Secretary Ross Irle, P.D.D.

Below: Minnesota Elks join the Order's leader in paying their respects to Paul Bunyan, legendary hero of the North Woods, during the Golden Jubilee of Brainerd, Minn., Lodge.

Cecil Rappe and P. W. Loveland, Treas. Paul Manship and Trustee John Jennings were honored guests.

On Aug. 23rd, Mr. Kyle, who is a member of the Loyal Order of Moose, delivered an outstanding address to the 62nd International Convention of that organization in Chicago, Ill.

Two days later, E.R. Nathan S. Poffenbarger and other CHARLESTON, W. VA., LODGE, NO. 202, officers honored Mr. Kyle at a dinner, and on the 26th, Elks of BECKLEY, W. VA., LODGE, NO. 1452, heard Grand Exalted Ruler Kyle, State Pres. (Continued on page 39)



The Grand Exalted Ruler, second from left, has the pleasure of presenting the \$700 Foundation Scholarship to Richard J. Cravens at ceremonies conducted by Whiting, Ind., Lodge, where Mr. Kyle was initiated into Elkdom. At left, E.R. Leonard Ogren; at right, P.E.R. D. W. Hynes.



A memorable meeting takes place at New Albany, Indiana, Lodge between, left to right: Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Arnold Westermann, District Deputy W. A. Franklin, Mr. Kyle, U. S. Supreme Court Justice Sherman Minton, P.E.R. of the host lodge, and E.R. C. S. Townsend.



Mr. and Mrs. Kyle, fourth and fifth from left, with, left to right, Esteemed Leading Knight Harry M. Zahler, E.R. Francis L. Stevens and Past Exalted Ruler William D. O'Hara of Harvey, Ill., Lodge.



The Grand Exalted Ruler shows his pleasure on being accepted into Great Falls, Montana, Lodge's "Indian Tribe" Drum and Bugle Corps which won the 1950 Elks National Championship in Miami, Florida.

ROD AND GUN

Of all western quail, Ted favors the lance-plumed speedster of the mountains—rated a real game bird.

BY TED TRUEBLOOD



THE dirt road wound around and over the frost-browned November hills. On our right a range of mountains, with pine timber near the top, sloped up to seven thousand feet. To the left the foothills rippled down to the floor of the irrigated valley, less than half that high above the sea.

The sun had just come up. Long rays slanted down across the ridge to glitter on the windows of farm houses far below and melt the icy crystals on the exposed slopes of grass and sagebrush through which we traveled. In the shady spots, under the north slopes, the frost still glistened, thick and heavy.

Suddenly, as the car nosed around a curve, a flock of blue-gray, running birds poured across the road. They were bigger than bobwhites, but smaller than Hungarian partridges, and their sides were boldly barred with chestnut on white. On each head was an erect, lance-like plume, slender and black.

They were mountain quail, a big covey of 25 or so, and they melted quickly into the tangle of willows and wild rosebushes that lined a dry stream bed, 100 yards below a rocky canyon.

We drove off the road and parked. Then we got out our guns and loaded them and opened the rear door for Joe, the pointer. He didn't waste time on preliminaries. The morning air was loaded with scent. He covered the 50 feet between the car and cover in a few easy bounds and snapped into a point.

Below him, we could hear the rustle of the quail, sifting through the brush and, occasionally, the soft, whistled *whhht, whhht* of their talk. The birds were running. My wife hurried down to stand by Joe, while Dan Holland and I quickly swung 20 yards to left and right and got into position near the brush.

Joe began to inch ahead; it was an electric moment. Unlike bobwhites, an unbroken covey of mountain quail is not likely to crouch motionless. Some might, but others would continue to run here and there among the willows until one,

more nervous than his mates, took to the air. Then the entire bevy would explode, flying fast and low both ways along the strip of cover.

Suddenly, with the whir of many powerful, stubby wings, the air was full of quail. Some of them buzzed up the stream, others down, and still more zoomed up one way to swing fast overhead and double back. The shooting was over in an instant. Our six shots had grassed four quail. We watched the singles pitch in, up and down the strip of cover, then turned our full attention to the job of helping Joe recover the birds that we had dropped.

A WING-TIPPED mountain quail can run like a rabbit, and will continue to do so until he finds shelter in the thickest, most impenetrable tangle of briars anywhere around. A running cripple—and this holds true for any of the western quail—always should be stopped with another shot. Otherwise, he might easily be lost.

We had no difficulty this time, however, and in a few minutes Joe had retrieved our birds. Three were dead, and the

other was a cripple that he caught in some willow roots after a short dash up the stream. They were chunky, meaty birds, with plump breasts, and would weigh from nine to eleven ounces. If there is any difference in markings between the males and females, I don't know what it is.

This mountain bird is the largest of the western quail. His range extends from Idaho down through Nevada into California and at elevations up to nearly two miles above the sea. He likes broken, brushy, foothill country, with rocky canyons into which he retreats during cold weather. Another subspecies, nearly identical in appearance, occurs along the humid West Coast in northern California, Oregon and Washington.

The California, or Valley quail, is native in the valleys and foothills of southern Oregon and California, but it has been widely introduced in other western States. It is not so large as the mountain quail, and its plume, instead of extending straight up and back, curves forward over its head.

This bird, too, is a runner, but a good
(Continued on page 47)

Photo by Ted Trueblood



Dan Holland, co-writer of our "Rod and Gun" column with Ted Trueblood, holds a Hungarian partridge and a mountain quail (the one with plume).

News of the State Associations



This photograph, taken during the Colorado Elks Assn. Convention, records the presentation of the Elks National Foundation's \$1,000 check for the operating fund of Elks Laradon Hall, a school opened recently by the Colorado Elks for the training of exceptional children. Left to right: Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Kyle, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, Committee Chairman John Godec, Jr., School Supt. Joseph Calabrese.

COLORADO

Colorful Idaho Springs was the scene of the 47th Annual Convention of the Colo. Elks Assn. Sept. 22, 23 and 24. Over 2,000 Elks and their ladies registered, representing Colorado's 39 lodges whose membership has increased 1,188 during the past year, now totaling 25,059.

Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Kyle and Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen were among the dignitaries in attendance at this conclave, when the following were elected to head the organization for the coming year: Pres., Lewis E. Kitts, Greeley; 1st Vice-Pres., Glen R. Lamberg, Salida; 2nd Vice-Pres., Ralph Rieves, Colorado Springs; Secy. (reelected), Frank H. Buskirk, Montrose; Treas. (reelected), Victor DeMerschman, Grand Junction; Trustees, W. C. Wambaugh, Idaho Springs, and Glenn Ellington, Delta.

Climax of the first session was the stirring address delivered by the Order's leader, who was introduced to the Con-

vention by Mr. Coen. Other Elk luminaries on hand included D. E. Lambourne of the Board of Grand Trustees, Chairman M. B. Chase of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee and his fellow committeeman J. Ford Zietlow, and Special Deputy Seth Billings, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials.

A highlight of the meeting was the report delivered by Chairman John Godec, Jr., of the Elks Laradon Hall Committee. This is a school recently purchased by the Elks of Colorado to train and care for exceptional children, in particular, cerebral palsy victims. Great progress has been made on this fine project, and when the need for more funds was announced, every Elk in the Convention hall walked up to the stage to make a personal cash contribution.

Eight lodges competed in the Ritualistic Contest with Greeley's entry, the 1949 National Contest winner, taking top honors, followed by Pueblo and Montrose. Judges were Cyril A. Kremser of the Lodge Activities Committee, former

Chairman Arthur Umlandt of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee, and John MacLennan, Mr. Kyle's Secretary.

Pueblo Lodge will be host to the 1951 meeting of this group.

CALIFORNIA

The 36th Annual Convention of the California Elks Assn. Sept. 27, 28, 29 and 30 took place in Sacramento with over 2,000 delegates on hand.

The Convention, opened by Pres. Robert Craine, had Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Kyle as its principal speaker, a duty shared by Gov. Earl Warren, who is a member of the Association.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis was also on hand to see San Fernando Lodge win the State Ritualistic Contest and to join his fellow members in making the decision to assess each member \$1.00, to give assistance to children afflicted with cerebral palsy.

At the President's Ball on the 28th, Mr. and Mrs. Kyle were paid special tribute by the Californians and their ladies and on Saturday afternoon the residents of the city witnessed one of the finest parades ever staged by the Association, with floats, marching units and bands representing all 97 California lodges, whose membership now totals 93,892.

Prior to the parade, the following officers were installed for the coming term: Pres., Ben Osterman, Santa Ana; Vice-Presidents: Frank Linnell, Newport Harbor (Balboa); Edw. S. Friel, Oxnard; Dan Searle, Monterey; Jack Busch, Delano; P. J. Kramer, Pittsburg, and J. F. Siegfried, Nevada City; Secy (reelected), Edgar W. Dale, Richmond; Treas. (reelected), Floyd E. Tumbleson, Huntington Park; Trustees: No., N. G. Culjis, Sacramento; So., Norman C. Deaton, El Centro; E. Cent., E. C. Niete, Visalia.



E.R. Wm. R. Williamson with his fellow officers of Hampton, Va., Lodge and the trophy they won in the Virginia State Elks Assn. Ritualistic Contest.

National Foundation Scholarship



Nashville, Tenn., Lodge presents \$2,100 in scholarships to 11 students, some of them pictured here receiving their awards from State Chairman Earl Broden, left. Frank Bath, fifth from right, is the lodge's Scholarship Committee Chairman.



Scholarship Committee Chairman John M. Poole presents Sheboygan, Wis., Lodge's scholarship award to Lois Heyn before a portrait of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton.



Mesa, Ariz., Lodge's E.R. Oliver M. Johnson presents Foundation awards to R. E. Couthie, left, and P. G. Pomeroy, right.



A \$300 scholarship winner, Joseph E. Balloun, left, is pictured with his award and E.R. R. E. Boxberger of Russell, Kans., Lodge.



The Quincy, Mass., event recorded pictorially. Left to right: Chairman L. P. Marini, E.R. Ellis L. Hughes, students Ada Emma Harvey and Peter J. Anastasia.

Presentations



This group was on hand for the Everett, Mass., Lodge presentation held in conjunction with its Wake Up, America Program attended by 2,000. The three central figures in the foreground are, left to right: E.R. Laurence Bleiler, Student Albert Parlow and District Attorney Thompson.

On these two pages are photographs taken during a few of the Foundation award presentation ceremonies—scenes repeated throughout the country.



At Batavia, N. Y., Lodge's ceremonies, left to right: Treas. F. L. Kane, E.R. V. R. Callahan, student Thelma Wood, George Martin, student Donald Kossuth and Scholarship Committee Chairman John Henderson.



Sheila St. Cyr accepts her award from Elks National Foundation Chairman John F. Malley at Leominster, Mass., Lodge. Left and right, center, are Committee Chairman John Coburn and E.R. Harry Malo.



Committee Chairman Gaston Burt, Jimmie McClain, Barbara Brown and Committee Vice-Chairman L. S. Duke, left to right, at the Columbia, Tenn., Elks' and State Assn. scholarship presentation ceremonies.



A Foundation award goes to Michael F. Monahan, third from left, from Hagerstown, Md., Lodge's E.R. L. V. Martin, as his mother, School Principal Sister M. Hermes and Rev. Father Simon Kenny look on.

BY ROBERT FROMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY
PAUL DANNHEISER

Every Vote Counts!

Voting is one of the oldest and one of the most important of our national institutions.



All in favor clashed their spears.



Ancient Greek citizens voted annually.

DURING the last national election the secretary of Oklahoma City's election board received a startling letter from a local citizeness who was on vacation out of the state. It contained the absentee ballot he had sent at her request, plus a brief note.

"I don't like any of these people," read the note. "Please send me another list."

Published by newspapers from coast to coast, this little tale left a trail of delighted chuckles wherever it went. For it neatly expresses our affectionate American attitude toward our democratic processes. We always are ready to make, or to laugh, at a joke about elections and candidates. Even when we gamble on an election, it often is to determine who is going to push whom down Main Street in a wheelbarrow.

Underneath, of course—though sometimes you have to dig down pretty deep—most of us are dead serious about casting our ballots. In fact, voting is one of the oldest and one of the most important of all our national institutions. Even before the *Mayflower* passengers landed, they held an election to choose temporary leaders. We've been at it ever since.

We've been at it so successfully, in fact, that periodic voting has become *de rigueur* throughout most of the world. When the American colonists started holding elections, nearly all the rest of the world was governed by monarchs who held their power as an unquestionable divine right. Since then, most of the monarchs have disappeared. They have been replaced in some places by rulers whose power is equally absolute. But in the meantime, so great has grown the prestige of government by election, that now even the most total of totalitarian states occasionally must give its citizens at least the outward forms of an election.

In the process of holding their sham elections the dictators often make themselves look foolish. Hitler, for instance, used to persuade Germans to vote "yes" to his proposals by requiring such a vote before issuing ration books. And the Russian communists currently—and absurdly—boast that the fact of their democracy is proved because 99 per cent of those registered vote in Russian "elections", although the election consists only of a meaningless endorsement of candidates approved by the Communist Party.

Last spring's polling in Yugoslavia was a good example of these goings-on. At each polling place two large boxes were arranged on a table, one represent-

ing votes for the government, the other votes against it. Each voter was given a rubber ball. He closed his hand around it, then inserted the hand into the boxes one after the other. By keeping his hand closed until he had inserted it into both boxes theoretically he kept secret which box he had dropped the ball into and thus which way he had voted—for or against.

U.S. reporters were allowed to observe the procedure at one polling place. They told how one not-very-bright girl obviously had dropped her ball into the pro-government box, then opened her hand before making a perfunctory pass at the anti-government box.

"No good!" the election monitor ostentatiously proclaimed. He then sternly lectured the embarrassed girl and ordered one vote deducted from the government's total.

A grizzled old peasant waiting in line was heard to make the only possible comment.

"What a fuss," he muttered, "over nothing."

Today, many Americans take their far-more-serious voting privilege so much for granted that they often ignore it. But there are others who will go to no end of trouble to register their choice of candidates. In the national elections this fall backwoodsmen all over the country will battle blizzards, icy roads and frozen carburetors to reach the polls. In some Rocky Mountain fastnesses ranchers and trappers will snowshoe or dogsled scores of miles. Some of the polling places will be so remote and so deeply snowed in that ballots and other election supplies will have to be parachuted to them by plane.

ONE of the most unusual precincts is Spirit Lake, Wash. A vast and heavily forested area sprawling across the lower slopes of towering Mount St. Helens, it had in the last national election a total of exactly four registered voters. By law each precinct requires an election board of three members to serve from 8 A.M. to 10 P.M. on election day. So three-fourths of the Spirit Lakers spent election day recording and counting the vote of Number 4.

Naturally, in a world like this, it's inevitable that certain peccadillos crop up occasionally in connection with the voting process. When the 107 eligible voters of a certain rural school district recently voted on a plan to consolidate theirs with another district, the whole thing finally had to be called off. The ballot box, it was found, contained 114 ballots.

In all likelihood electoral procedures always have involved problems of this nature. Even far back in the remote primitive times when the habit of holding elections got its start there were ways of rigging the results. According to anthropologists the earliest forms of

(Continued on page 36)



The Pilgrims were confirmed voters.



One politico designed a six-foot ballot.



Today we vote secretly by machine.

A Message from the Grand Exalted Ruler



MY BROTHERS: Elkdom has been enriched by the initiation of many hundreds of sons, and other relatives of members of our Order, in Father and Son classes during September and October. Family ties have been strengthened through the fraternal spirit of Elkdom. I am deeply grateful to all who made these classes possible.

Lodges with a closed membership should never let this bar a father, son or other kin of a Brother Elk.

★ ★ ★

You will be astonished to learn, as I was recently, that there are 960,000 former Elks in our midst. So long as they are eligible we should do our best to bring them back. Consequently, we are going to conduct a Stray Elk Roundup during November and December.

During this period I would like every Elk to wear his emblem every day. Among your friends and acquaintances there probably are some Stray Elks. Your emblem will remind them of their former associations and help to revive their interest. It may give you an opportunity to invite them to visit your lodge. Be sure to tell them about our Community Service program; the Keep Awake, America!, Fraternal Center and Veterans Service programs of the National Service Commission; the cerebral palsy and college scholarship activities of the Elks National Foundation.

Every lodge should hold Open House during this period. It should be carefully planned and well publicized with

news stories and dignified advertisements in press and radio. Invite your District Deputy, State Officers, your Past Exalted Rulers to make short talks. Let your hospitality convince these wandering Brothers that we want them back, and that we mean it when we say that an Elk is never forgotten, never forsaken.

Open House events are a wonderful way for a lodge to improve its community relationships at any time. I hope that every lodge will be host at one or more Open Houses during Stray Elk Roundup.

★ ★ ★

The second of four lodge clinics to be held during the year will be conducted by District Deputies in December. Exalted Rulers and Secretaries will report on the progress they are making on the lapsation study and their survey of community service projects.

A good Elks lodge is one that serves its community well. In such a lodge you will find a strong spirit of fraternity, good will and good fellowship. You will find that that lodge has no membership problem. Does your lodge measure up to this standard? If it doesn't, I suggest that you ask your Exalted Ruler and Secretary what your lodge can do to make your community a better one.

Our country needs us today, and one of the best ways we can serve is to strengthen democracy in every community of the land. Is your lodge doing all that it could to make the American way of life in your community something to be prized so dearly that communist appeals will be as ineffective as termites on steel?

★ ★ ★

Every American should be so grateful for the abundance of blessings that Providence has granted our people. The trials that are visited upon us, and I am thinking especially of those who are fighting in Korea and of their families, should make us even more humble in our acknowledgment of the good things that are ours.

Our Order has prospered. Its influence has grown.

Let each of us show our gratitude to Almighty God by giving thanks to Him on the day that is especially set aside for Thanksgiving.

Sincerely and fraternally,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Joseph B. Kyle".

JOSEPH B. KYLE
GRAND EXALTED RULER

ELKS

NATIONAL SERVICE COMMISSION

ACTIVITIES

Every Exalted Ruler received this letter shortly after September 18th from Chairman James T. Hallinan of the Elks National Service Commission. It is reprinted here so that every member may learn its message. Everyone is urged to peruse it carefully in order to understand fully the purposes of this important program:

Continuing our leadership in the movement to drive home to our fellow Americans the serious situation that confronts our American way of life, your Elks National Service Commission is again appealing to all our subordinate lodges for the promotion of a KEEP AWAKE, AMERICA program. In May, under the sponsorship of our Commission, we launched a most successful WAKE UP, AMERICA program in which all of our subordinate lodges took part, and our Order of Elks did much to arouse the vigilance of our citizenry to the dangers with which we were faced. Now that we have awakened our fellow Americans, let us continue our efforts in keeping before them the necessity for their constant alertness to these dangers.

F.B.I. Director J. Edgar Hoover says:

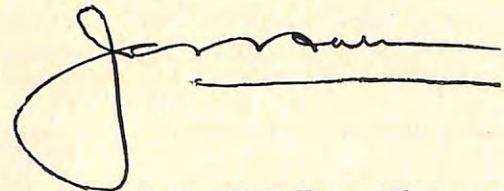
"In our national community, there are 55,000 Communists. In sympathy with them are 500,000 additional Americans who, although

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."

Is any other evidence needed to put us on our guard in view of the conditions existing in the world today? What better way to attack this situation can be adopted than to ask you and our Brothers in your lodge to join with us through the immediate appointment of a KEEP AWAKE, AMERICA Committee whose duty it should be to prepare plans immediately for the setting aside of an afternoon or evening between November 1st and November 15, 1950 and holding a KEEP AWAKE, AMERICA program in your community? We would suggest that it be held either in your lodge room or some other meeting place, and that the citizens of your community be invited. Such a program should center upon the dangers that confront us through the growth of Communism, and in addition, the advantages and benefits of our way of life should be stressed.

Your Commission strongly urges that all possible publicity, through the press and radio, be secured in connection with your program, and we are pleased to report that we have ordered stickers which we would appreciate your distributing to your membership in the hope that they will place them on their automobiles during the period in which your program is being arranged and held.

Sincerely and fraternally yours,



James T. Hallinan, Chairman,
ELKS NATIONAL SERVICE COMMISSION



Suggestions for Arranging Lodge Observance—"KEEP AWAKE, AMERICA!"

• These are suggestions only for whatever help they may be to you. You are urged to plan programs that will best carry out the spirit of this occasion in your own community.

1. Select a date your lodge will hold its program and it should be an afternoon or evening that you feel will attract a large audience.
2. Appoint a strong, active Committee to make all arrangements for the affair. The Committee should
 - A — Decide as soon as possible whether the meeting should be held in the lodge room or a large auditorium, or if an outdoor location will be more attractive to the public.
 - B — Select an outstanding speaker to deliver the principal address and obtain his or her acceptance promptly. The speaker should emphasize the growth of Communism in America and should stress the advantages of our American Way of Life in addition to alerting those present in the preservation of the ideals upon which our Nation was founded.
 - C — The program should be attractive and include vocal, instrumental, or band selections.
 - D — Invite all civic, fraternal, patriotic and church groups to attend. If space is available, include Boy and Girl Scouts and school children.
 - E — Stickers should be placed on each Brother's car. Orders for stickers should be mailed immediately to the ELKS NATIONAL SERVICE COMMISSION, 292 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.



This is a black-and-white reproduction of the Elks' red, white and blue automobile sticker now available in quantity to all lodges. Every Elk who drives should take pride in displaying the sticker prominently either on the windshield or rear window of his car.

News of the Lodges



● **FREDERICK, MD.**, Lodge, No. 684, is taking bows on the completion of a \$53,000 project which makes its completely reconstructed and refurnished home one of the finest establishments of its kind.

Actual construction and remodeling of the three-story building began in October, 1949, and proceeded without a hitch to culminate in a week-long rededication program.

All rooms have been refurnished with

ultramodern equipment and the color schemes, lighting and decoration display the finest taste. The entire airconditioned building is wired for a central sound system through concealed amplifiers.

The week's program began with a dinner at which Past Grand Est. Lect. Knight Charles G. Hawthorne, former Chairman H. Earl Pitzer of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, P.D.D.'s Daniel Sullivan and R. Edward Dove, Pres. and Secy. respectively of the Md.,



Dr. B. O. Thomas, Jr., Frederick County Emergency Hospital Director, receives the Frederick, Md., Elks' check for an oxygen tent, from Past Exalted Ruler Emmett R. Bowlus. Right foreground is Mayor Elmer F. Munshower.

Dela., and D.C. Elks Assn., were among the honored guests. This was followed by the formal rededication ceremonies conducted by Mr. Hawthorne assisted by P.E.R. Francis Petrott and P.D.D. Henry Schuoler.

The celebration included a semiformal open house for Elks and their ladies, a special "Guest Night", and a "Get Acquainted Night", with topflight entertainment at each event, climaxed by a banquet attended by many admiring city and county officials.

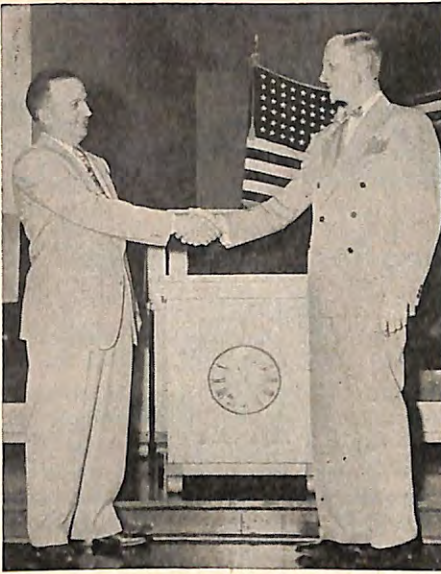
● **JOHN DAY, ORE.**, Lodge, No. 1824, began its career with a large group of Oregon Elk dignitaries on hand, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan who headed a delegation of Portland officials. The evening was a memorable one, devoted to the institution ceremonies, the initiation of 98 new Elks, the election of officers, their installation and finally the dedication of the lodge's home. As is customary, the Portland branch of the Order presented a handsome flag to the new lodge.

● **WILMINGTON, N. C.**, Lodge No. 532, has a Youth Activities Committee with a lot of ideas. The latest innovation was a huge success, a baseball game between the Shriners and the Elks. The event was called "The Battle of the Ages", since the members of neither group could be called youngsters.

The game with Mayor Royce McClelland and Judge John J. Burney as umpires drew huge crowds of interested citizens, which was exactly what the players wanted; the match was played for the benefit of the city's underprivileged children, the proceeds from the sale of tickets going to the particular benefit funds of the two organizations.



The talented and well-known Elks Chorus of Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge has given both stage and radio performances, accompanied by Walter H. Weber and directed by Louis B. Goodrich.



E.R. Andrew L. Lutz greets D.D. W. A. Franklin on his official visit to Boonville, Ind., Lodge.

● **BOONVILLE, IND.**, Lodge, No. 1180, was selected to receive the first official visit of D.D. Willard A. Franklin on his tour of calls.

The officers and members of the lodge's fine Degree Team attended a dinner prior to the meeting when 20 candidates joined the Order in the presence of the largest crowd ever recorded by No. 1180. Two of the new Elks were initiated for Paris, Ill., Lodge. Following this ceremony, during which Boonville Lodge's quartet sang, D.D. Franklin delivered his message from Grand Exalted Ruler Kyle and expressed his pleasure with the status of the lodge, as well as the splendid leadership of its officers.

● **MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.**, Lodge, No. 44, sponsored the enlistment of a Minnesota Elks Marine Platoon comprised of youths residing in the State. A recruiting booth was placed at the city's principal intersection and was manned by members of No. 44 and Marine officers 12 hours a day over a ten-day period.

On the evening of their departure for boot training at San Diego, Calif., the recruits were honored at a dinner given by the officers of the lodge who, together with other members, have assumed the role of Big Brother to each man in the platoon and will keep in contact with him by correspondence throughout his entire period in service.

After dinner, public swearing-in ceremonies were conducted in the lodge room by Marine officers in the presence of the young men's parents, and E.R. Ernest M. Peacock presented each recruit with an identification card as a gift of the Minneapolis membership.

On their arrival at the California depot, the new Marines were welcomed by San Diego Lodge's E.R. Wallace O. Stratton and a cordial group of his fellow officers.

(Continued on page 32)



Phoenix, Ariz., Elks break ground for the clubhouse to be erected on a ten-acre plot for the benefit of the Elks and their families, as well as for the Boy Scouts and other local youth groups.



The Chadron, Neb., Elks Baseball League, 1950 Western Nebraska Night Champions, managed by Exalted Ruler Harold Tuma and Trustee W. J. Hampton, P.E.R., a most successful group.



Here is the fine Denver, Colo., Elk-sponsored baseball team with Coach Jerry Mangone, a star semi-pro player, standing at right. Manager Walter Scherer, Past Exalted Ruler, is at left.

in the Doghouse

Faust explodes some theories about dogs.



Ed Faust

IF I WERE to title these articles, I think the one you're reading now could be labeled: "Strange Dog Owners I have Known"—strange, that is, because of their weird beliefs about dogs, all dogs. But these beliefs aren't the sole property of dog owners; others accept them as gospel, too. Now, I'm not referring to downright superstitions, but to honestly-held misconceptions. As far as superstitions are concerned, though, perhaps no other animal has attracted more hocus-pocus ideas than our guileless friend, the dog, but I'm not going into these ranki-boo notions now.

Let's say that the difference between misconception and superstition is that the former is usually premised on an experience that was not recognized as a departure from the normal and, in the course of time, became accepted by an unquestioning mind as being normal. Superstition, as this bystander sees it, is simply bullheaded ignorance. (Wish I hadn't walked under that ladder yesterday.)

One of the milder misbeliefs, and it occasionally pops up in my mail, concerns the beneficial effects of putting sulphur in Fido's drinking water, supposedly as a tonic; a horseshoe would serve as well. A horseshoe doesn't dissolve in water and neither does sulphur. Otherwise applied, it does have a beneficial effect, such as when it is applied externally for the treatment of certain skin diseases, or when given internally as a laxative in the form of Flower of Sulphur. But in the drinking water, no; file and forget that idea.

Another notion, fortunately less widely held, is that feeding gunpowder to a dog will make him a hellion in a fight. Outlandish, you say? Then you'd be surprised how many people believe this fantasy. All gunpowder is likely to do is make the pooch look askance at his dinner pail, and rightly so. Why anyone would want a fighting dog—anyone other than those alleged sportsmen who arrange dog fights—is beyond me. An over-bel-

ligerent dog is about the worst nuisance there is and, as owners of such dogs know, a distinct liability. I know. I've owned several inflicted on me by a misguided brother who had a fancy for such dogs. But he wanted no part of taking care of them. He solved that problem to his own satisfaction by immediately leaving home, to return to his beloved race horses, after giving me the dog. The Faust family would then begin its period of unpopularity. No, dear reader, don't yearn to shelter a canine scrapper. Of course, the dogs I mention were trained fighters, but even the docile housepet Fido with an exaggerated, warlike disposition is a trouble-making pest, as far as other dogs are concerned.

Then there's the dog that harbors the delusion that he's been appointed to make the world safe from cats. Frequently he

is owned by someone who thinks it's a noble sport to sic' the purp on Tom or Tabby. If the dog takes the scrap, of course it means death or mutilation for the cat, but note that I inject an "if" to this. Fido isn't always a sure winner. In fact, if I were a betting man, and I would be but I hate to lose, I'd quote 8-to-5 on the cat. A husky feline can give the average dog, barring the largest kind, a pretty good battle, and has more than a chance of blinding the dog with those sharp, lightning-like claws. If, by chance, you own a cat-hound, discourage him if you value his eyesight.

More than a few dog owners are firmly convinced that all dogs must have an occasional bone to gnaw. Actually, any dog can live to a healthy old age without ever seeing a bone. However, there's much to
(Continued on page 46)

Dogs on Parade



Meet the Fox Terrier

One of the world's most popular dogs. English origin. Two varieties—smooth-coated and wire-haired, pictured above. Breed developed originally for use in fox-hunting. Carried by mounted groom and released to unearth fox when latter would seek den. Being small, able to penetrate where larger foxhound couldn't. Game, gay and stylish. Weight:

16 to 18 pounds. Size not to exceed 15½ inches at shoulder. Smooth-coated coat should be flat, hard. Wire-haired coat, hard, wiry, broken, never silky or woolly. Color: white should predominate. This is the third of our "Dogs on Parade" series, illustrated by Edwin Megargee in cooperation with our dog-column writer, Ed Faust.

Gadgets and Gimmicks



IT IS ALMOST possible to foresee, at some distant date, the combining of all our mechanical contrivances into one huge, complex machine which will do everything for us. At least the trend is in that direction since, as we all know, a device today that does only one thing is hardly worth mentioning. The machine must do several things. Here is one that does several things and so assures its manufacturers some degree of security as they produce it. This is a small, electrically-operated heater (in the winter) and cooling fan in the summer. As a heater its various uses are: to heat, to serve as a hair dryer, to defrost frozen foods quickly, to dry clothes rapidly. It is excellent for small apartments, small kitchens and small budgets.



AFTER you, at the insistence of your wife, have transplanted all the growing things in your backyard to her specifications, the least that could be done is keep them alive. To do that requires some care and skill. Not only must they have water but, for a while, they have to be protected from too much sun. Assuming you're in a spot where there is too much sun, of course, here is just the thing. It's a lathe-house, so called, that is made up of four lathe retainers, 27 metal lathes (two inches wide and four feet long) plus two telescoping aluminum supports. With this device, trees, shrubs, and even you, can be easily shaded. The lathe-roof is adjustable so that slant of the sun won't ruin the efforts of your transplanting.

SHOULD you wish for the wild goose to hang high this winter, here is the simple way to make the dream the reality. For a nominal sum you purchase

this decoy—tuck it in your pocket and leave the house early in the morning, shotgun in hand. When you get to the lake, inflate the rubber goose and set it out (securely anchored, of course) then wait. Pretty soon there'll be a pretty sight. This naturally colored decoy will draw other, and more eatable, geese within shooting range. The rest is up to your shooting ability. Weighing 18 ounces and, when inflated, measuring 23½ inches long and 12½ inches high, the inflatable rubber goose was realistically designed from studies of live Canadian geese and, of all things, stuffed geese on exhibit at the Harvard University Peabody Museum. And if they don't know what a goose is, who does?



WITH the prices of things going where they are—up, it would seem that any small gesture toward economizing would be well worth making. Let us say, for example, that you are a golfing enthusiast. You have spent numerous bucks on clubs, caddies and cold drinks. Your wife is beginning to complain. The outlook is less than blindingly bright. Now (here comes the gesture) you rummage around in your closet and come up with the most comfortable pair of old shoes you can find. Next you whip out a set of these golf-plates and have them nailed on. *Voila!* A pair of golf shoes that are inexpensive, comfortable as an old pair of shoes—which is what they are—and ideal for wet fairways. The plates, four in number, are stainless steel with spikes set in non-rusting aluminum.



THE winter months confront the avid Tangler with a great problem. In short, what shall he do until he can break out his gear and get his line wet again? Well, for one thing, he can fix up his gear for the coming season and here is just the thing to get him started in the right direction. It is a new rod-wrapping instrument that should make the task easy for the greenest beginner. By plac-

ing the rod correctly in the stand, and adjusting either one of two spools of thread, he can neatly wrap his fishing rod. Both hands are left free to start, guide and tie off the wrap. Also, you may let go of the rod at any time without fear of having the thread loosen or slip. The stand comes ready for use with two spools of thread, color preservative and rod varnish. Another feature: golf clubs can be wrapped, too, in the same stand.

NOWADAYS, if you don't have a turn signal on your car two things are likely to happen. One: the fact is instantly noted by your neighbors and you suffer a loss of face. Two: you stick your arm out the window in bad weather and suffer a loss of arm via frostbite, freezing, exposure and whatnot. If your car doesn't have automatic turn signals, and millions of cars don't, you can get this inexpensive model that can be installed on all makes of cars from 1942 through 1950 models. The set permits you or, if you are not at all mechanically minded, your service station attendant, to install the turn signals, using the wiring already existing in your front parking lights and tail lights. It's no trouble to get—certainly much less than sticking your arm out the window to signal a turn when the snow, rain, sleet and indefatigable postmen are out.



AMONG Americans with manias for hobbies we find large groups of philatelists. They watch new issues of stamps like hawks and can be seen every day lurking around the post office windows asking when the next commemorative issue will be on sale. Their zeal is laudatory but oftentimes their equipment is old and out of date. Here's something for them that should bring their stamp examining equipment up to date quickly. It is a single device with a variety of uses. With it the rabid philatelist can measure size, count perforations and check watermarks of stamps. Made of plastic, the instrument has a built-in tray for watermark-detecting solutions. Measuring scales in both inches and millimeters show on top, while a cylinder, visible through a slot in the top, bears different stamp perforation scales. Atop the entire mechanism is a sturdy magnifying lens held in place by adjustable brackets.

If you are interested in obtaining the source of any of the items described on this page, write to the Reader Service Department, Elks Magazine, 50 East 42nd Street, New York City, 17.



CHRISTMAS SHOPPING SHELF

PAIR OF GADABOUTS



ONLY
\$3.98
COMPLETE

A little trunk, plastered with resort labels from all over the world, comes filled with complete outfits for two 8" dolls. One wears ice skates, the other roller skates, and any little stay-at-home will have the time of her life touring the world with her two proteges. Trunk is 12" high.

Rush Your Order Today! Send No Money! Remit \$3.98 and we pay postage or C.O.D. plus postage charges. If not completely satisfied in 5 days return for money refund.

NOVELTY MART 59 E. 8th St., New York 3, N. Y. Dept. 133

What Makes Santa Run

(Continued from page 11)

incidentally, that carries a winner's purse of several million dollars.

No matter which wins, the future of the toy business appears as bright as a desert sky. According to Thornton B. Moore, Department of Commerce specialist, who last year published the first exhaustive statistical analysis of the industry, "the American toy industry has truly entered a golden era... (with) a position of world leadership. The potential market for toys in the U. S. presents an extremely favorable picture."

Moore bases his optimism on many pages of analyses of which most impressive to the layman is a table showing the steady increase in the number of children. Where there are children, there will be toys, come Christmas or high water, and by 1955 there will be 42,900,000 youngsters under 15 years of age (40 per cent increase since 1940) clamoring for teeters and tricycles, fire engines and dolls that walk, talk, wet, sleep and maybe get their own breakfasts.

THERE'S A TOY FAIR

Obviously, distributing toys to this vast market takes a little more than the old reliable Kris Kringle-reindeer combination. The method is unique in U. S. business. Because the industry is widely scattered, and often found in small towns (Del Mar, Calif.; Carlinda, Iowa; Colden, N. Y.; Granite City, Ill.; Hackensack, N. J.) the manufacturer's problem in showing his products to stores over the country would be enormous. Happily, it has been simplified by an American Toy Fair held each year in March in New York, in and around 200 Fifth Avenue, at which 1,200 exhibitors display more than 100,000 items. So immense is this affair, 10,000 buyers crowd one another for two weeks going from exhibit to exhibit in every room on 16 floors of the Hotel New Yorker and the McAlpin. Some eager wholesalers arrive in New York a month before the Fair opens to assay the lines of manufacturers permanently exhibited in the city.



Time and again we've had people say: "They're the world's finest flavored apples." For size, color and perfection, we believe them to be unequalled.

You don't need to take our word for it—you can see and TASTE for yourself. Only \$1.00 will bring you a sample package of big Hesperian beauties—giant size and exquisite flavor—apples that will amaze your friends.

Postpaid—Guaranteed to reach you in prime condition.

Mail coupon with check for \$1.00.

Myron Foster
Hesperian Orchards, (E-50)
Wenatchee, Washington

I want to see and taste these giant apples. Here's my check for \$1. for sample package.

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Address.....

City and Zone.....State.....

ELK MEMBERS!! Xmas Gifts!!

This Elk miniature, symbol of your famous lodge, is a trophy every member would be proud to own. The soft lifelike appearance of its simulated hair and handmade glass eyes, actually makes it look alive. Line includes Alaskan Brown Bear, Polar Bear, Black Bear, Buck Deer, Doe Deer, Antelope, Ram, Elk, Moose, Texas Long Horn Steer. Fully guaranteed.

\$3.95 Prepaid
Handcrafted

LITTLE DEER CO.
SAXON, WISC.



12" High



\$32.50



\$42.50

Every Elk ...

WANTS A RING
THAT IS OUTSTANDING
Authentic and Approved

DESIGNS
YELLOW OR WHITE GOLD 10 OR 14 KT.
DIAMOND PRICES ON REQUEST

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NOW!



What they see would make a bachelor's eyes pop. The difference between toys today and a generation ago is as great as the difference between automobiles of that day and this. Toys today must be safe. Darts no longer have sharp, rusty points that might blind an eye or start an infection. They have magnetized heads and are thrown against a metal target. When they hit they stick. Even the pin had been taken out of the old game. Pin the Tail on the Donkey, and the donkey tails are magnetized.

ONE-MAN SHOW

For the radio fan, there is a sound effects kit which reproduces the beat of marching men, the crackle of frying bacon, an ocean roar, galloping horses and so on. With it is a real recorded radio show and a script providing the proper sound-effect cues.

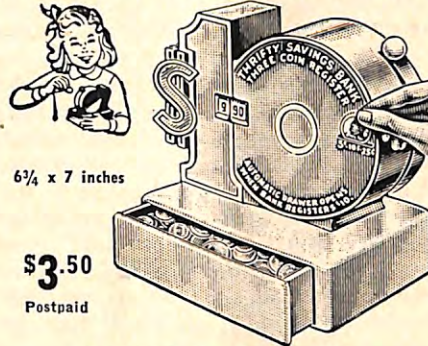
Today's penny bank isn't just a bank; it's a tiny Hershey bar dispenser. Put a penny in, push the plunger, out comes the candy bar. The penny remains accumulated against a rainy day.

But one that surprised me most is a recent addition to a train set, a cattle loader. Black and red cattle in two pens are made to circle the pens, and, when a gate is opened, walk up a chute into a cattle car. After the train has made a dozen or so laps, the cattle mysteriously unload themselves. Don't ask me how it is done. Some sort of a vibrator. Go and see it for yourself.

As if such creations were not enough, toymakers employ child psychologists to rate their products according to proper age levels and to advise them on needs of children. For example, jealousy is almost inevitable in the first born when the second born comes along and monopolizes parental attention. To meet this situation bright toymakers developed dolls modeled on a four-day-old infant. The head is molded from a new kind of soft plastic that makes the face pliable. Kids have discovered that new babies give when you touch them. Even the hands are pliable and the toes curl. One realistic newborn baby doll has a heart that beats.

Well, sir, with that doll to fondle, the youngster can have a new baby just as mother does and thereby gain a sense of responsibility, instead of jealousy. There are doll bath sets where the offspring can be bathed with real water; there are

MAKE "51" ... a THRIFTY ONE!



6 1/2 x 7 inches

\$3.50

Postpaid

ADDS 5c 10c 25c

DRAWER OPENS AUTOMATICALLY AT \$10

Fun to save small change. Only bank with drawer like cash register. Holds up to \$50! Dial indicates exact total of deposits at all times. Handsome, rugged Styron. Choose Lustré Black or Deep Maroon. Letters and Dial in Gold. Send \$3.50. Receive Bank postpaid.

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EMBLEM CUFF LINKS and TIE BAR SET
\$4.50 set (tax incl.)
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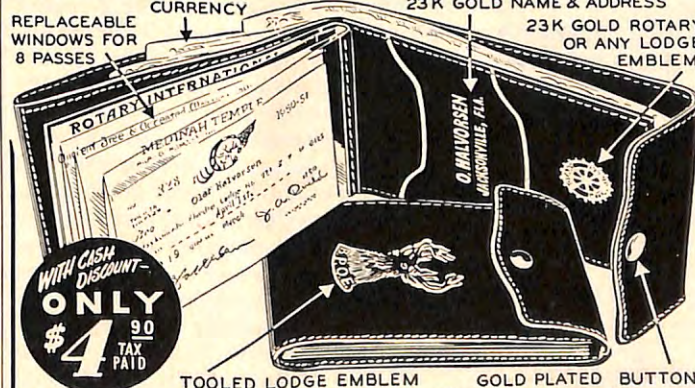
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 Postage Paid—No C.O.D.'s

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 Liberal discount on these items! Write on letterhead for new Emblem Jewelry Catalog!

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 "Emblems For All Lodges Since 1907"

TOOLED ELK EMBLEM Special HALVORFOLD Pass Case

(Also plain—without Emblem)



REPLACEABLE WINDOWS FOR 8 PASSES

CURRENCY

23K GOLD NAME & ADDRESS

23K GOLD ROTARY OR ANY LODGE EMBLEM

SMOOTH BLACK OR BROWN COWHIDE

8-12-16 OR MORE PASS CAPACITY

FREE! 23K Gold Name Address and any Emblem

SEND NO MONEY PAY NO C.O.D.

Use The Halvorfold A Week Free

Newly perfected, extra thin model HALVORFOLD—Pass-Case Bill-Fold, Card Case—just what every Elk needs. No embarrassing moments fumbling for your passes—just snap open your HALVORFOLD and they all show, each under separate, transparent non-inflammable acetate face, protecting them from dirt and wear. The ingenious Loose Leaf Device enables you to show 8 or more passes, membership cards, photos, etc. Also has Card and Ticket Pocket besides large currency compartment at back. Made of high grade, smooth, black or brown GENUINE COWHIDE specially tanned for the HALVORFOLD. Tough, durable and has that beautiful, soft texture, that shows real quality. All nylon stitched. Gold Plated snap fastener for added beauty. Size 3 1/2 x 4 3/4" closed, just right for the hip pocket. (Flattens to only 1/4" thickness.) Backbone of Loose Leaf Device prevents breaking down. You simply can't wear out your HALVORFOLD. 23K Gold Name, Address and Emblem FREE. This would ordinarily cost you \$1.00 to \$1.50 extra. An ideal gift with your friend's Name. And now for a short time I am making the extraordinary offer of giving FREE TO ELKS my genuine Cowhide Key Case (illustrated at right) merely for the privilege of showing you the HALVORFOLD—No no strings.

Free Examination! Send No Money—No C.O.D.

Read my liberal offer in coupon. No strings to this (the genuine cowhide key-case is yours whether you keep the HALVORFOLD or not)—just send the coupon and your HALVORFOLD and key-case come by return mail. No C.O.D.—no payment of any kind. Examine the HALVORFOLD carefully, slip in your passes and cards and see how handy it is. Show it to your friends and note their admiration. Compare it with other cases at \$10.00 and over (my price to you is only \$1.90). No obligation to buy. I trust Elks as square-shooters and am so sure that the HALVORFOLD is just what you need that I am making you the fairest offer I know how. Don't miss this chance. **Send Coupon Now—Today!**

FREE to

This Genuine Cowhide Key-case with your name in Gold for the privilege of showing you H. C. H. A. L. V. O. R. F. O. L. D. Handiest thing you ever saw for car or latch keys. Keeps 4 keys on strong



ELKS

It's yours whether you keep the HALVORFOLD or not. Don't miss this free offer. **Read Coupon Below Clip & Mail Today**

HALVORSEN, P.C.M.—Station G—Dept. 43, Jacksonville, Fla. Send me HALVORFOLD for free examination, with name, address, etc. in 23K Gold as per instructions below—also the FREE key case. If I decide not to keep the HALVORFOLD I'll return it at your expense within three days and call the deal closed. If I keep it, I will send your special price of \$1.90. Either way the key case is mine to keep free. HALVORFOLD comes regularly for 8 passes; for 12 pass add 25c; 16 pass 50c. Check Square for Black Brown

For protection mention here your Lodge: _____ Inside Emblem

Name _____

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2% Off to save bookkeeping, if you prefer to send cash with order. Money back, of course, if not satisfied. Check TOOLED emblem: ELK MASON K. C. NONE



CHRISTMAS SHOPPING SHELF

A GIFT REMEMBERED TWICE EACH DAY

Snap-Rack

KEEPS TIES NEAT
TIES LOOK BETTER
LAST LONGER



LIFT—AND IT SNAPS UP TO REMOVE TIES
PUSH—AND IT SNAPS DOWN
TIES CAN'T SHIFT OR FALL

ACCESSORY DRAWER HOLDS CUFF LINKS, TIE CLASP, RINGS, ETC.

The perfect necktie accessory. Holds 24 ties in plain view. Personalized with Two Chrome Initials 50c Extra. Specify Your Choice of Walnut, Maroon or Ivory.

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HUNTING SLINGSHOT

Heavy duty 7" ash stock. 40 steel balls, extra rubber straps. GUARANTEED—at dealers, or send \$1. to Wham-O Mfg. Co., Box 67, South Pasadena, Calif. *Professional model of Nat'l Slingshot Assn

For your "GG"!

Leather Case Included

Grand Guy and or Gorgeous Gal Who has everything—but



Bushnell's New 6 POWER MODEL

PALM-POCKET SIZE World's smallest, handiest full 6 Power Coated Binocular. Brings objects 83% closer. Field 370 ft. Color-Corrected Achromatic Lenses. Originated in World War II for secret agents. 2" x 3 3/4", 5 ozs. Beautiful 2 tone Chrome. 1,000 and 1 uses!

\$35 Value \$17.95

AMAZING 7 POWER, 35MM

Extremely accurate. Highly color-corrected. Advanced design. Coated. Needle sharp vision. High resolving power. Amazing clarity. Extreme lightness. Field: 375 ft. 4 3/4" x 5 3/4". Featherlight Magnesium Model \$54.50. (Central Focus \$4.00 extra.)

\$145 Value \$45.50

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* \$5 Reserves any model till Xmas. Ask for Bushnell's "Lay Away Plan." Money back guarantee. 30 Day Free Trial Plan. Registration - FREE! Act Today. 33 more Bushnell Models \$5.95 up. *ADD USUAL 20% Fed. Tax

FREE! Xmas Catalog and Guide "How To Select Binoculars!"

Bushnell Bldg, Dept., EL-11
Pasadena 1, Calif.

washing machines that really wash doll clothes, and there are diapers galore. And believe me, after a youngster has taken care of the new baby doll all day, there is an eagerness to hit the hay.

The psychologists also figured out that the ten-twelve year old girl was being neglected at a time when boys begin to ban her from their games as inferior. How to keep her from moping? Now there are kits on the market for designing and making tiny hats and dresses complete even to patterns, needles, thread, material and head and body forms upon which to model hats and dresses. The girls love it.

AN OLD IDEA

While such refinements are 20th Century, the idea of toys is not. They are considerably older than recorded history and doubtless are as old as man. *Pithecanthropus erectus* probably handed little Pith, Jr. a shiny stone with which to while away the bleak pre-school hours, and when Junior got tired of the stone and began to holler, old Pith scratched his scraggly chest and racked his peanut-sized brain for something more complicated. By the time man had achieved the comparatively complex life of cave dwelling, 100,000 years or so ago, kids had bawled long and loud enough to get a variety of toys. When Poppa came home after a busy day slugging it out with a saber tooth tiger, he sat down and carved for his offspring miniatures of the primitive hunting and cooking equipment used by him and the Mrs. In cave-age burial mounds, excavators invariably find tiny bows and arrows, stone dolls and animals and miniature dishes.

By the time of Babylon, kids in all those Mediterranean countries, where the poets say civilization was cradled, had dolls, and toy wagons, furniture and farming equipment. Even parlor games were being played. The knuckle bones of animals were used to play a primitive form of modern dice which, if not exactly a parlor game, is often played in horse parlors.

The inventive genius of ancient parents was never allowed to rest by youngsters who got bored with toys then as quickly as they do today. In an effort to keep energetic kids quiet for a little while even the Biblical Medes and Persians developed dolls and animals with movable parts. Long before Cleopatra got to be

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Personalized KROMEDGE DeLuxe magnetray

The MAGNETIC Utility Tray



ON THE DASH IN A FLASH!
Everlasting GIANT ALNICO channel MAGNET HOLDS IT TIGHT . . . Magically!

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LUXURIOUS PERFUME DISPENSER

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Prepaid East of the Mississippi, beyond add 25c

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V.I.P. No. 1 of Egypt, kids there had toy crocodiles with movable jaws. They have been found in the pyramids. Lucky Grecian children had mechanical toy birds that could fly, and in the ruins of ancient Crete archaeologists have dug up exquisite dolls with complicated hairdos, dressed in embroidered gowns and decked out with precious jewels. That kind of stuff was not for the peasants, of course, but it conveys the idea.

IN THE MIDDLE AGES

During the Middle Ages indulgent kings and noblemen put highly skilled artisans to work making exquisite XIV Century doll houses which reproduced in precise detail the luxury of court life of the day. They featured carved woodwork and furniture, silver dishes, miniature tapestries and elaborate beds. Toy knights were made with chain mail and plated armor, modeled in exact detail from armor won by real knights. Even the toy horses had bright colored heavy embroidered trappings.

These and subsequent refinements over the next 500 years may have been fun for kids to play with but they didn't teach them anything. To certain modern advocates of the learn-while-you-play school this was a shocking waste of time and may have held civilization back ten centuries. The first to advance the idea that education could be a part of play was a now forgotten fellow named Frobel who wrote a book on the subject, founded a kindergarten to project his novel idea, and was laughed into obscurity.

In those days Germany dominated the toy business and the objective of skilled whittlers was to provide toys amusing to watch. But they were too fragile to be used. Then the Americans, being practical folk, started making toys that were durable: sleds, blocks, wooden dolls, cast-iron farm implements, turning them out in volume. When World War I shut off German imports, U.S. makers had half the business cornered with the Germans and the Japanese fighting it out for second place.

THEY'RE GETTING BETTER

Since then leaders among U.S. toy-makers have been quietly upgrading their product. Lead free paint is used on all infant playthings, for example, and only when an ignorant parent refinishes a toy with housepaint is a baby any

GIFTS FOR HIM! Lodge Emblem Jewelry



Handsome
Tie Chain
1/20 12K
Gold-filled

\$4.80
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Tie Slide, massive,
stunning! Engine-turned 1/20
12K Gold-filled. Beautifully pack-
aged.

\$6
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POCKET KNIFE, 1/20 12K Gold-filled with
2 high-carbon cutlery steel
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TIE CHAIN, Gold-plated, gift-
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NEW GENUINE HALVORFOLD

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longer in danger of lead poisoning. Toys are graded now for age levels and many manufacturers test them on nursery and school groups in their communities before going into production. They try them out on parents too because a toy that amuses a child but drives Daddy mad will not get wide acceptance.

Fortunately, the passion to educate youngsters through toys is not the object of every toymaker. "After a youngster has played a couple of hours with a brain maker", one manufacturer told me, "he needs something to relax with. So I just make toys that'll get rid of that tired feeling."

A PLACE FOR TOYS

But what annoys all toymen is the carelessness of most parents in planning for the proper toy storage. "In designing a child's room," toymakers say, "parents provide clothes closet space, racks for shoes, bureaus, a desk or play table and other small size but adult appurtenances. The most they plan for toys is a window box where everything can be dumped at the end of the day. But toys are about the most important facility in a child's room. They should be an integral part of it."

To aid parents in building efficient playrooms, The American Toy Institute asked architect Joseph Aronson to prepare plans which could be easily followed by fathers at small cost and in whatever space was available. The result is a



Zadiix Video-Scope—exciting gift!

For sports—television—theatre. 2 1/2-power binocular worn as glasses! Weighs under 3 1/2 ounces! Precision ground lenses individually adjustable. Flexible black plastic frame can be bent to contour of head. Morocco grained black, plush lined case fits in coat pocket. Made in U. S. A. Postpaid . . . \$11.95. Walter S. Nicklas Co., P. O. Box 98, Orinda, Calif.



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Complete set only \$5
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Measures alcoholic liquors and automatically repeats. Just insert Magicflo in bottle and pour. Accurate—saves time, prevents waste. No moving parts.

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6x30 PRISM BINOCULARS

With leather case and Straps **\$24***

6 power, wide field of view, sharp images. Send \$2.00 deposit on C.O.D.'s, cash orders postage prepaid, 15 day free trial, full refund if not fully satisfied.

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行及 樂時 *Enjoy Yourself*
It is later than you think!

Particularly appropriate for close friends, customers or people "hard to buy for" on your Christmas list. Genuine cast bronze tablet for desk or wall, bearing currently popular Oriental proverb in English and authentic Chinese characters. Hand-tooled, richly finished; size 8" x 5". State whether felted back, bronze chain for hanging; or brackets (as pictured, add \$1.00). Send check or money order. Write for quantity prices.

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series of simple inexpensive shelves, fold-away tables and racks, any or all of which can be used, depending on space. The plans are distributed free.

There is an easy-to-make plan for an upper bunk bed with an appealing peg ladder. Underneath it, conserving space, is a child-size closet. There is also a table that folds into the wall which can be used for all large games and as a permanent repository for a miniature railroad. Tracks are mounted on a piece of wallboard which fits into the molding around the table top. When games are played it is lifted out. Against the wall into which the top folds are shelves for train cars, engines, switches, etc.

Has the war hit toy supplies? Manufacturers tell me the possibility of a toy shortage this Christmas is very real but it should not be serious. Toymakers felt the steel shortage pinch two months before the Korean War began and they've felt it more since. There is a major shortage of latex, the natural rubber essential for balloons. Well-seasoned wood of high quality, vital to durability of many toys, is short or very expensive. But despite these handicaps there will be almost as many toys available during the holidays this year as last.

What the toymakers will evolve in the next few years of cold or hot war is anybody's guess but for sure it won't detract from the precocity of our children. Soon kids will learn so fast that the twelve-year-old who's still in high school won't have anybody his size to play with, unless he wants to fool around with lightning trigonometry and the electronic games of the little fellow. Kid stuff.

But a forecast of things to come is revealed in a cartoon in the trade publication *Playthings*. A child is watching a toy demonstration by a sidewalk pitchman. "I know it's a swell toy," says the youngster. "But is it educational?"

Xmas Stockings to Fill for Children

Filled with nuts, candy or small toys these sturdy red net Xmas Stockings will delight the kids. Stockings measure 13 1/2" in length. Easy to fill and handy to distribute. Special close out price. Te each in lots of 100 or more. Postage prepaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write: Box #931, Toledo, Ohio.

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Reservation Country, of soft washable suede cowhide, with flexible padded soles. Versatile cuff can be worn rolled up or down. HANDCRAFTED in Natural, Turquoise, Golden Corn, Brown, Em, Green, Red, Royal Blue, Indian White. **FOR MEN and WOMEN** in sizes 4 to 8... \$4.95 in sizes 9 thru 12... \$5.95 **Braided BELT** (adj.) \$2.95; Pouch Bag (Tax. Incl.) \$5.95 **FOR CHILDREN** in natural or brown only. In sizes 5-7-9... \$2.95. In sizes 11-13-2... \$3.95 Order by mail today. Send cash, check or M.O. and we pay postage, or send \$1 deposit, balance C.O.D. plus P. O. charges. Satisf. guar. Immed. del. Gift orders carefully handled.

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AMAZINGLY LIFE-LIKE

"Baby Blue Eyes"

DOLL with **MIRACLE SKIN**

She Sits Up! She Sleeps! She Cries!

She's **LIFE SIZE!**

24 INCHES TALL



Regular \$12.95 value only

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GIVEN!

If you order now—Beautiful heart-shaped locket necklace

Look at these features:

REAL MOHAIR CURLS!

And real eyelashes, too! Eyes close in sleep when "Baby Blue Eyes" lies down. And the cutest plump little face you ever saw, perfectly framed in chic organdy bonnet, with lace, tulle and satin trim!

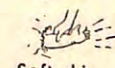
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"Baby Blue Eyes" is all dressed up in flared organdy dress, bonnet, white cotton slip, rubber panties, white socks and booties!

MIRACLE SKIN!

Movable arms and legs are made of "Miracle Skin" latex rubber that's soft like a baby's skin. Easy to clean, too—just wipe with damp cloth.

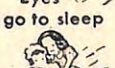
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Soft skin feels real



Eyes go to sleep



She cries

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Please rush complete Baby Blue Eyes Doll and heart locket and chain on money-back guarantee.

Name..... (please print)

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Send COD plus postage.
 I enclose \$4.95—ship postpaid.

NEWS OF THE LODGES

(Continued from page 23)

● **CONNECTICUT'S P.E.R.'S ASSN.** set Sept. 16th aside to pay tribute to the three men who have been part of the group for the greatest number of years. They were octogenarian Arthur A. Mead of Danbury, an Elk since 1895 and one of the Assn.'s organizers in 1905; 76-year-old Anthony Silva, a 48-year Elk, a Trustee of New London Lodge for ten years, its Secretary since 1933 and a member of the P.E.R.'s Assn. for about 40 years, and John F. McDonough of Bridgeport who became an Elk in 1908 and spent many years as Treasurer of this Assn., and as Conn. Elks Assn. Treasurer.

About 200 former leaders of Connecticut's lodges attended the testimonial banquet at which P.E.R. Martin J. Cunningham, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, presided and Past Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall delivered the principal address. Two other former leaders of the Order, Raymond Benjamin and James R. Nicholson were also in attendance, as were Grand Est. Lect. Knight James T. Welch, Arthur J. Roy, a member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee, and P.D.D. Irvine J. Unger of Detroit, Mich., a former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials. Engraved resolutions of appreciation were presented to the guests of honor who were also the recipients of special gifts from their lodges.

● **HOLLISTER, CALIF.,** Lodge, No. 1436, has a member with a very unusual record—every male relative is his Brother. He's Frank J. Smith, and his son is an Elk; his brother-in-law is an Elk; he has four daughters, and they're all married to Elks.

● **MOBILE, ALA.,** Lodge, No. 108, has hit upon a terrific idea as a money-maker for its Crippled Children's Fund. These enterprising Elks sponsor a three-day showing of the Warren Brothers Circus. Proof that the idea is a good one lies in the fact that the Fund netted \$1,722.90 from these performances. Not only that, but, through friends of the Elks, every underprivileged child in the area, as well as youngsters in hospitals and orphanages, saw the show free of charge.

One of the evenings was designated as "Joe Marques Night" in honor of the Chairman of the lodge's Crippled Children's Fund. Joe Marques doesn't let his handicap, blindness, stop him from making a go of these projects. Several years ago No. 108 rated second among all lodges in the raising of funds for crippled children work. That year the lodge, under the direction of Mr. Marques, raised over \$10,000 for the program. Each year Mobile Lodge leads its State in this line of endeavor and ranks high among other lodges throughout the Nation.



Cedar City, Utah, Elks, behind table at right, present silk American Flags to the 175 departing servicemen who were guests of the lodge at a well-planned farewell banquet and dance.



Principal speaker Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis, seated fourth from left with E.R. Dr. Irwin Wells on his left, surrounded by the other officers of El Cajon, Calif., Lodge at its institution.



D.D. Don L. Dickason gives Gallup, N. M., Lodge's \$1,200 to Sister Claritas of St. Mary's Hospital to equip a waiting room there. Onlookers include E.R. Dean Kirk and other interested Gallup Elks.



Prescott, Ariz., Lodge officers and new Elks.

NEWS OF WESTERN LODGES



E.R. E. F. Arjo of Palo Alto, Calif., Lodge presents to Priscilla Gurr the \$300 scholarship award for that Zone in the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee Leadership Contest.



Celebrating Salinas, Calif., Lodge's Golden Anniversary, left to right: Past Pres. Horace R. Wisely, Past Grand Est. Lead. Knight F. Eugene Dayton, Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis, E.R. Lee D. Thomas, retiring State Pres. R. J. Craine and Committee Chairman R. J. Ladra. Honorary Life Memberships and pins went to only living Charter Member Dan Madeira and C. B. Rosendale, a member of the first class initiated.



Charter Members observing Bremerton, Wash., Lodge's 40th Anniversary, left to right: A. G. King, P.E.R. E. J. McCall, A. A. Dickover. A three-day observance, the second day being proclaimed "Bremerton Elks Day", it included dinners, dances, service-pin awards.



At the bond-burning dinner held by Beloit, Wis., Lodge, left to right: Trustee Sam Slaymaker, E. R. T. J. Schuler, Jr., Past State Pres. William I. O'Neill, former Lodge Activities Committeeman, P.E.R. Charles Goulet, Chaplain W. O. Johnson, P.E.R.'s George W. Perring and F. R. O'Neal.



To allow the handicapped children at the Rainier State School enjoy a party outdoors, the members of Puyallup, Wash., Lodge brought Christmas to them in August with a gala show that was a combination circus and amusement park affair. Here are some of the children, their benefactors and a few of the ponies, carts and performers who made the event a very happy one.

NEWS OF THE LODGES



This unusual shot shows E.R. J. M. Lewis, left, and Chairman Truel Tourtelotte giving a pep talk to the Class "A" Swimming Team sponsored by San Rafael, Calif., Lodge. The team has won many first and several second prizes in various exhibitions, earning an enviable reputation.

E.R. H. E. Nichols, third from right, presents a plaque to be placed on the 25-foot refrigerator, given by the St. Joseph, Mo., Elks for the YMCA Camp, to Y Board members.



Below: Lamar, Colo., Lodge's 1950 State Championship Junior Softball Team, with its Elk coaches, P.E.R.'s Fred L. Applegate, Secy., Clarence Ward and Edward Applegate, Jr.; Manager Albert Payne; Exalted Ruler Curtis H. Gentry, and the various trophies the team has acquired.



● **NEW YORK, N. Y.,** Lodge, No. 1, is keeping its place at the top of the list with the veterans interned at Base 81 Hospital.

Several boxing bouts, arranged through D.D. Charles L. McGuire, have been sponsored by the lodge, the first consisting of seven rousing matches held in the athletic oval on the hospital grounds. This was attended by over 500 disabled servicemen who were given packs of cigarettes during the events by the lodge's Veterans Service and Rehabilitation Committee. The second program was held indoors for the benefit of more than 600 convalescent fighting men.

Attendance at both events was the largest in the hospital's history. New York Lodge, recognizing this as evidence that this is the sort of entertainment the men enjoy most, are planning many more similar programs, and expect to add several wrestling matches to the series during the winter months.

● **FORT LAUDERDALE, FLA.,** Lodge, No. 1517, complying with Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Kyle's request that Father and Son Classes be stressed throughout the Order, made a special occasion of a recent evening. The event was a Father's and Son's Banquet at which 132 Elks and their sons enjoyed a turkey dinner. The event was so successful that it has been made an annual affair on the lodge's agenda. State Assn. Chaplain Rev. C. C. Stauffer gave the invocation and Hon. Dorr Davis, who is Judge of the Juvenile Court, served as Toastmaster.

E.R. Harry J. Kimbro introduced the guests and State Pres. Arthur C. O'Hea delivered a brief address. P.E.R. Stephen C. O'Connell was the principal speaker on the program.

An entertainment followed, which succeeded in its well-planned efforts to keep everyone from the youngest boy to the oldest father interested and amused and glad to be there.

● **AUGUSTA, KANS.,** Lodge, No. 1462, is a great friend of the city's youth. This year's annual picnic for school children and their teachers was the largest youth gathering the county has ever seen. The invitation was open to all students and instructors in schools within the jurisdiction of the lodge and practically every one of them came.

John Moyle, a member who has done great philanthropic work, particularly for children, was honored by the lodge at a dinner not long ago. His many charitable activities were cited, with emphasis on the donation of the land for the community swimming pool, used for the first time this summer.

Another evidence of the Augusta Elks' generosity was their recent \$200 donation to the Copeland Memorial Building Home.

● **LAKE WORTH, FLA.**, Lodge, No. 1530, is right up front when it comes to taking quick action on vital points.

E.R. Ed. M. Mackin appointed an Americanism Committee of eight P.E.R.'s who, directed by Chairman Dr. Claude E. Hicks, drew up and submitted to the membership a resolution which was passed unanimously. This resolution concerned itself with the importance of being watchful that no communistic infiltration takes place in the community, of being ready at all times to counteract any such influences. The Lake Worth Elks have pledged themselves to this purpose, as a group as well as individual Americans, under the guidance of their Americanism Committee.

● **HARTFORD CITY, IND.**, Lodge, No. 625, holds a Family Picnic every year. This year's event attracted nearly 600 persons who consumed staggering amounts of good food.

Although rain forced the picnickers indoors in the morning, the skies cleared later on and everything went off as scheduled, including some very good entertainment.

● **ST. PAUL, MINN.**, Lodge, No. 59, as one of its Social Service projects, gives support to the Capitol Community Center Summer Camp in Wisconsin. This Center, a Community Chest agency, serves a section of the city that is densely populated by indigent families.

The Camp it operates accommodates about 80 children who receive special and individual care and guidance in order to combat the influences that might handicap them.

Not only do the St. Paul Elks sponsor a group of ten youngsters for a vacation period at the camp, they also make frequent visits there, to give the children the feeling of security this sort of personal contact and interest can bring.

● **MISSOURI ELKS** inaugurated a Boys Camp program two years ago, under the direction of H. H. Russell, a member of the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee. This year 107 "less-chance" youngsters enjoyed a healthy two-week vacation as guests of Elk lodges all over the State.

The boys, accompanied by D.D. Ben B. Hanis and State Assn. Sgt.-at-Arms Glenn G. Griswold, were transported to camp in chartered buses, stopping en route to be luncheon guests at various Elk lodges.

The vacation period includes regular camp activities, with various added Elk-sponsored programs, such as Elks Night, when members of Missouri's lodges, led by State Pres. Dr. H. Chris Oltman and D.D. Guy D. Moore, Chairman of the Assn.'s Boys Camp Committee, participated in campfire activities.



Barberton, Ohio, Lodge's E.R. J. W. Fitzpatrick and his officers, with new members.



E.R. H. P. Pranke and other St. Paul, Minn., officials, with some of the less-chance boys at the Capitol Community Center Summer Camp which receives great support from the Elks.

Below: Navy recruits, D.D. Guy D. Moore, E.R. C. F. Bottorff, Rabbi C. B. Latz and Naval officers, following a Joplin, Mo., Elks' farewell banquet for the recruits.



Every Vote Counts

(Continued from page 19)

voting were rigged deliberately by clan leaders who used voting as a means of stirring up enthusiasm among their followers.

When a smart cave-dwelling chieftain wanted to move his tribe to a new location or expel some rival who was growing too popular, he didn't simply order the move or expulsion. Instead, he put his henchmen to work talking up the idea among the tribesmen. Then he called a meeting and made a speech asking the boys how they felt. All in favor cheered or clashed together their spears and shields, or found some similar way of expressing their enthusiasm. The henchmen usually saw to it that "all in favor" was, quite literally, all. With this "vote" on record the chief had a perfect alibi in case anything went wrong with the plan.

By the dawn of historical times the voting process had developed far beyond this stage. Ancient Greek and Roman citizens voted annually, or even more often, on questions of public policy as well as on public officers. One of the methods they favored most was a simple, straightforward show of hands. Another often used on yes-or-no propositions was to deposit in a box a little white ball for yes, a black one for no—a method still widely used among private organizations. Our word ballot is derived from the Italian *ballota* which means "a little ball".

When the Pilgrims brought the election habit to this country, the method they used at first was the old Athenian show of hands. As the population grew, this became too cumbersome, and other methods had to be worked out.

One alternative was to assemble at the polls on election day the candidates, an impartial election judge and a clerk. When a voter entered, the clerk read his name from the rolls, and the judge intoned, "John Jones, for whom do you wish to cast your vote?"

"I vote for Candidate So-and-so," announced Jones.

The clerk duly recorded the vote and the judge proclaimed it recorded, sometimes announcing the total of votes the candidate had reached. Thereupon Candidate So-and-so arose, bowed to Jones and thanked him heartily. The candidate's followers cheered. His opponent's partisans indicated their displeasure either verbally or by throwing something, usually at Jones. Not infrequently the proceedings degenerated into wild melees.

As an alternative to this procedure the colonists developed the written ballot. At first these were simply "papers wherein the names of the voter's choices among the candidates" were to be written in the voter's own hand. The voters were admonished that the papers were not to be

"twisted or rouled up which maketh them difficult to peruse".

By the time of the American Revolution there were so many offices and so many proposals to be voted on at elections that this hand-written ballot was becoming much too troublesome. Voters sometimes had to spend half an hour or more writing down their choices. It was at this point that the printed ballot was developed.

For a while some of the states allowed the party in power to design and print the ballots. This, to put it mildly, didn't work altogether fairly. One ingenious politico, for instance, designed a ballot nearly six feet long and folded in such a way that it was practically impossible to vote for candidates of the opposing party. These were listed at the very bottom of the last fold and in such fine print that the names were all but invisible.

Later this practice was spoiled when each party was allowed to print its own ballot which its partisans could carry to the polls and deposit in the ballot box. New problems soon turned up, however. Each party printed its ballot on paper of a distinctive color and usually added an insignia on the back. This meant that poll watchers could tell who was voting for which party and made it easy to apply pressure to voters.

OCCASIONALLY, unscrupulous politicians would do a good deal more than merely put on the pressure. Thugs were hired to create uproar and stage sham battles near the polls to frighten away elderly and timid voters approaching with the wrong color ballots. If that didn't work, the coats might be torn from their backs or the ballots snatched from their hands. Frequently, to create confusion, one party would counterfeit the outward appearance of the ballots of the other party.

By the mid-1800's the public was sufficiently disturbed over the situation to

begin demanding reforms. Many experiments were made to prevent or minimize the corruption. One of these was to require that ballots be placed in plain envelopes before they could be presented at the polls. But this didn't work for long, because the parties soon found ways of labeling the envelopes so that it was easy to determine which ballots they contained.

Then, in 1851, a group of citizens of the raw new nation, Australia, appalled by the venality and corruption of the elections held there, sought a means of making every man's vote his own inviolable secret. Five years later they succeeded in legislating such a voting method and gave to the world the famed Australian ballot. Each ballot was completely indistinguishable from every other ballot used in the same election, and each listed candidates of all contending parties impartially.

At first many machine politicians denounced this ballot as the work of the Devil. In the U.S. they succeeded in preventing its adoption for several decades. But in 1888 the city of Louisville, Ky., gave it a try, and the state of Massachusetts soon followed. So favorable were the reports of the results that opposition rapidly faded. By the 1892 election 32 states had switched to this ballot.

It probably is inevitable that today, when the Australian ballot and the equally secret and simple voting machine have made voting just about as easy as possible, as many as half those eligible to vote should regularly forego the privilege of voting. Such is human nature. But the reasons or excuses of some of the non-voters take odd forms.

A few years ago a sociologist made a study of the reasons given by some 6,000 non-voters in Chicago. About 12 per cent pleaded illness, 11 per cent had been out of town on election day and 25 per cent frankly said they didn't give a hang who was elected. The other 52 per cent included some truly remarkable explanations.

One old gentleman, for instance, said that his father and grandfather before him had been Whigs and that he wasn't going to do any voting until they put the Whig Party back on the ballot. Even more startling, however, was a woman who said she didn't believe in woman suffrage.

"Women," she informed the interviewer, "are delicate flowers. They should be taken care of and should not mix in men's affairs."

Many times in recent years proposals have been made that voting should be compulsory. Some of these proposals in-

(Continued on page 38)



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soap and water!



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and legs!

What Our Readers



Have to Say

I want to congratulate you on the September issue. I enjoyed Octavus Roy Cohen's story and the article "Why We Have Communists", a welcome variety in the Magazine's contents. I have been a constant reader since the Magazine was founded in 1922.

W. T. Pate
Jackson, Miss.

In the illustration for the article, "Why We Have Communists", you have a drawing of the Daily Worker bearing the date line Friday, July 31st, 1950, whereas July 31st actually was on Monday.

C. L. Fink
Fresno, Calif.
The illustration was intended symbolically and we deliberately used a fictitious date to avoid an exact reproduction of that publication.

Our organization is very anxious to obtain a few copies of the September issue of *The Elks Magazine* in which appears the article "Why We Have Communists" and also recorded in the *Congressional Record* of September 5th by Senator Pat McCarran of Nevada. Would you be kind enough to send me five or six copies?

Anthony W. Fitzgerald
Federal Grand Jurors' Association
New York

Thought you would be interested in knowing of the extremely favorable comment that I have heard from Elks as well as non-Elks who had the opportunity to read the article on communism in the September issue of the Magazine. On my part, I found it very constructive and timely and agree 100 per cent with the sentiments expressed by the three eminent citizens quoted.

John C. Cochrane
Toledo, Ohio

Having been an Elk for more than 30 years, it has been a pleasure to read *The Elks Magazine* these many years. Being a harness racing fan, I thought you might be interested in adding this information to your article, "The Trotters Are Back". The gentleman in the sulky behind Nancy Hanks is Budd Doble, a great reinsman who established the record of reducing the world's records for trotters three times—with Dexter in 1867, Goldsmith Maid in 1874 and Nancy Hanks in 1892. The gentleman in the high-wheeled sulky driving the runner in the picture that you show was John Dickerson, also one of the top reinsman in his day.

George P. McDonald
Beverly, Mass.

Every Vote Counts

(Continued from page 36)

clude specific suggestions that those eligible either be fined some small amount if they don't vote, or be given a tax rebate if they do. But many people strongly opposed any such legislation on the grounds that attempting to make people vote who don't want to smacks of the totalitarian approach.

Other democratic nations have attempted experiments along these lines. In Belgium, for instance, fines for failure to vote have raised the percentage of those voting from 10 per cent of the total eligible to over 90 per cent. Even the strongest advocates of such measures in this country don't seem to expect any action along such lines for many years.

It would take very strong measures to have any effect on types like the Whiggish gentleman and anti-feminist lady mentioned before. Still, even the most habitual non-voters have been known to change their minds. At the last national election one of those voting for the first time was a Connecticut lady who felt unable to make the trip to the polls and asked for an absentee ballot. In filling out the form requesting this she proudly gave her true age—104.

Even the very process of holding an election can result in harassment for officials responsible for the myriad details involved. The affair of a certain municipal election in a small town in California was typical. On the date set for the voting everyone searched high and low, but the ballots were nowhere to be found. Papers all over the state got quite a chuckle over that. But three days later, when the chief of police found them tucked safely away under the front seat of his car, the story was reported uproariously all over the country.

Election officials do not, by any means, furnish all the electoral humor; voters contribute their share, too. Clerks in the Seattle, Wash., Voters Registration Bureau, for instance, still are trying to figure out if one citizen was being deliberately whimsical. If not, the problem of what could have been on his mind probably will remain unsolved forever.

A Seattle resident, temporarily living in San Francisco, wrote the Bureau a brief note. "How," he asked, "do I find this here Apson T. Ballard?"

There was great brow-knitting at the Bureau. But the clerks finally translated the man's meaning, though not his reasoning. They sent him his absentee voter's ballot.

But in spite of our general enjoyment of a laugh over such aspects of the voting habit, we still can put plenty of vehemence into our electoral feelings. Indeed, nowadays elections often split families right down the middle. Wives have been known to run against husbands, and brother against brother is almost com-

monplace. Last year's mayoralty election in one Wisconsin village saw a son pitted against his father. When the latter won by a decisive three-to-one margin, he made no attempt to conceal his delight.

"I guess," he remarked to reporters, "that I showed that whippersnapper."

Occasionally, the election proves indecisive. In one such case the opponents were seeking the job of tax assessor in a South Dakota town. They fought the good fight during the campaign and then sat back to let the voters make the choice. But the voters split right down the center. Even after a third recount the result was an exact tie. Both candidates were horrified. Neither of them wanted to go through the whole process all over again. So they settled the affair quickly, simply and amicably, by tossing a coin.

Seldom, however, will candidates go that far in hatchet-burying. In fact, some of them go so far in the effort to win that it is impossible to imagine them ever speaking politely to their opponents again. The intensity and ingenuity they put into their contests are not easily matched in other lines of endeavor.

ONE of the best illustrations of this was the campaign put on by a candidate for treasurer of a Rhode Island town. In the final week before the election he retired to his home, donned an apron and a chef's cap and went to work over a hot stove. From then on he spent approximately 12 hours a day baking pies and distributing them among his constituents as evidence of his good will.

Most common of all candidatorial efforts, of course, is the ancient and honorable practice of infant-osculation. Baby-kissing has been the foundation of many a successful politician's career. In the old days it used to be a good idea for any candidate simply to boss every child-in-arms he encountered. With the growth of our population this has become impossible; nowadays he has to be selective. Just how selective it is necessary to be, few can realize. One congressman has shown that the degree must be great, at least in his native and highly overpopulated California. After the last election he filed a list of his expenses as required by law. Among them was an item of \$18 for lists of the names and addresses of infants whose parents might be swayed by judicious osculatory attention to their offspring.

On the whole, the modern American electorate seems to enjoy such antics on the part of petitioners for its vote. We may not vote for the man who performs them. But it's nice having someone around trying to entertain us. In a way, that epitomizes our attitude toward the whole election process, for we can be

GRAND LODGE COMMITTEE ON JUDICIARY ANNOUNCEMENT

Chairman Earl E. James of this Committee takes this opportunity to impress upon the lodge officers the necessity of revising the Lodge By-Laws annually; further, that when they are revised, they must be submitted to the Judiciary Committee on guide By-Law forms *in triplicate* before they can become effective. These revisions must be sent to John C. Cochrane, 840 Spitzer Bldg., Toledo 4, Ohio, for approval.

In order to facilitate the administration of the many important and involved duties of this Committee, Chairman James has distributed among his colleagues the responsibilities coming under

the jurisdiction of this group.

Chairman James, assisted by John E. Fenton, will handle the granting of Opinions and Decisions, while John C. Cochrane will take care of Lodge By-Law approval and amendments. H. L. Blackledge will assume the responsibility of Corporation By-Laws and Articles of Incorporation approvals, and the matters of handling approvals of Building Applications and Permits, as well as Lodge Bulletin and Publication approvals, will be directed by William S. Hawkins.

For the addresses of these gentlemen we refer you to page 54 of our October issue.

extremely jealous of our right to make up our own minds in secrecy and without influence from others, but we also can see the lighter side of the whole thing—see it and enjoy it to the full.

Perhaps one of the most enjoyable election campaign stories is that of a recent speech by a certain candidate for Congress. Renowned as a great talker, he was scheduled to make an address after a banquet held in his honor by a political club. When he rose at the end of the meal, an expectant—not to

say somnolent—hush fell over the crowd.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began in his oratorical manner. "One pound of butter." He went on, reading from his notes, "One dozen eggs. . ."

He stopped short, glanced through the rest of his notes, slowly turned purple, then abruptly began to deflate. "I am afraid," he announced, "that there has been a terrible mistake. Instead of my notes, I seem to have brought my wife's shopping list."

The applause was deafening.

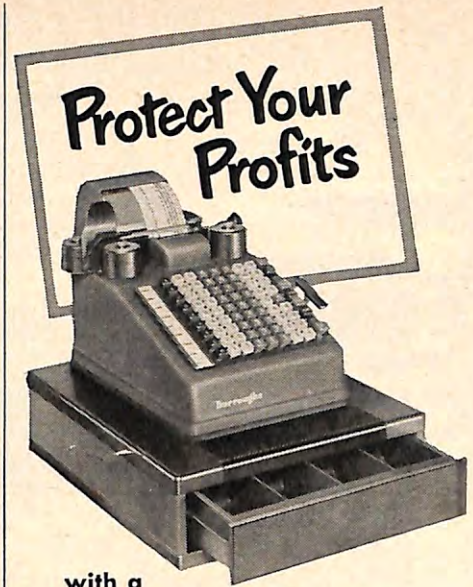
The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 13)

E. G. Grisell and many other officials congratulate their officers on the lodge's magnificent new home at a dedication dinner.

Mr. Kyle's address, broadcast over Station KLIZ, on Sept. 9th, climaxed the Golden Anniversary Dinner of BRAINERD, MINN., LODGE, NO. 615, when, introduced by D.D. George F. O'Brien, Sr., Mr. Kyle presented 50-year pins to Charter Members, P.E.R. Dr. J. A. Thabes, Sr., Frank G. Hall and J. R. O'Malley. Two others, unable to attend, P.E.R. M. J. Reilly and Dr. Werner Hemstead, received their

awards by mail. E.R. F. E. Ditty and Mayor Levi Johnson welcomed the 600 diners, among whom were many former and present State Assn. officers, including State Pres. V. L. Howerton, Secy. Paul Wintervold, Vice-Presidents E. J. Curry, Dr. M. H. Carlson and Dr. J. D. Mitchell, Trustees John Meurer and E. Archie Cook, and D.D. L. W. Spolar. Mr. Kyle also addressed a meeting of the Minn. Central District and made several automobile trips to various points of interest, prior to leaving for BEMIDJI LODGE NO. 1052 for a banquet on the 10th.



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St. Moritz has a high-powered winter sports plant and immense hotels which seldom are crowded.

for Elks who Travel

Our travel writer reports on Switzerland—the land of snow, mountains and memorable holidays.

BY HORACE SUTTON

Lucerne

IF THERE is one thing the Swiss produce more of than Swiss cheese, it's snow. Should the schussing conditions around your bailiwick be questionable come winter, you'll find the broadest expanse of white slopes in the world within the rockbound borders of Tell's old territory. Leave us, for the moment, forget the question of money. In less than 20 hours Swissair will lift you from New York's International Airport and deposit you, well-fed, at Zurich. The stops between are Gander, Newfoundland and Geneva. From there Switzerland's compact electrified railway will whip to a dozen different resorts in a few hours.

For those who like to ski with royalty, deposed or reigning, there is always an assortment at St. Moritz in the Swiss canton of the Grisons. The scene of the Winter Olympics in 1948, St. Moritz has a high-powered winter sports plant which includes, besides the usual ski runs, a course for bob sleds, the famed Cresta Run (where you belly-flop on a tiny sled at 60 mph.) and horse racing on the frozen lake. The Corviglia mountain railway takes skiers into the hills in perfect comfort, whence they can take a T-bar lift to the Plateau Piz Nair, 7,500 feet in the Swiss sky.

The hotels at St. Moritz, are, for the most part, immense fortresses which hardly ever are completely filled except for such sometimes events as the Olympics. Dinner is late, the service is fas-

tidious, the crowd elegant. St. Moritz plays hard by sunlight and starlight. For years now the not-so-saintly St. Moritzers have been descending by night into the murky depths of the Grotto Steffani, a highly irregular establishment where your table is liable to be set up inside an ancient wine cask. Steffani's guest book carries inscriptions from such nostalgic notables as, for example, Vilma Banky and Rod la Rocque, who quaffed a brew there on March 4, 1933. On New Year's Day a year later a note was scribbled in the book, that read, "This guy Steffani knows his onions and so do I—James J. Walker." You can also gamble in St. Moritz on a game called *boule*, but after the temperate Swiss nature you can only play one or two francs (one franc equals 23 cents) each

turn of the wheel. At Monte Carlo they would look upon it as a Frenchman looks upon milk.

Those who would have their snow without horseplay will enjoy Davos, a short ride north of St. Moritz, toward the Austrian border, where everyone is in bed at ten o'clock and up early for serious skiing. There is a chair-lift leaving from the center of town for Strelapass, but the most celebrated lift in Davos is the Parsenn Railway which takes skiers up the Weissfluhjoch for a ski down to the village over trails that stretch as long as ten miles. Ice skaters will find ample elbow room on the Davos rink which measures 36,000 square yards, the largest in Europe, and the scene of two championships won by Barbara Ann Scott.

Americans are not exactly foreigners in Davos, which was host to 600 Yank airmen interned in the town during the war. The GI hangout, the Café Schneider, now serves banana splits and milk shakes in addition to such native specialties as cheese fondue.

LITTLE KNOWN—BUT GOOD

Families seeking a friendly, less strenuous romp in the *schnee* will enjoy Flims, a resort virtually unknown in the States, lying just west of Davos. Its brightly decorated chalets somehow give Flims an almost whimsical, Disneyesque flavor that children love. For skiing, Flims offers a low, rambling chair-lift that takes you skimming over open plains, sometimes almost touching the ground, floating over house tops, gliding over trees. The lift takes two persons together in a dual chair which rides the cable sideways so passengers look out at the view instead of at the chair in front.

Flims, St. Moritz and Davos are in the Grisons, a province which has some particular dishes of its own. The mountain air is so dry that the citizens hang out meat, which dehydrates before spoiling. The result is a dish called *viande des Grisons*, a dried beef served paper thin. To wash it down, the people of the Grisons drink Veltliner wine which comes from the valley of Veltline. Now Italian, the Veltline was once the property of the Grisons, but the vineyards still are Swiss-owned and the wine is sent duty-free across the border under the rules of a special customs dispensation.

You're sure to find plenty of Americans at Zermatt, a tiny tourist village which lies in the shadow of the mighty Matterhorn, just above the Italian border. In the summer most everyone is engaged in climbing the Matterhorn, or in waiting for the right weather to begin climbing it. In winter the bronzed guides become ski instructors. The Gornergrat Railway takes skiers as far as the Riffelalp, the source of the best downhill runs. For those who like to live up where the skiing begins, a pigny red tamcar takes guests from the rail station at

(Continued on page 42)



Skiers in the region near Zermatt. The Matterhorn overlooks this winter scene.



The ice rink at Davos is the largest in Europe and the scene of many international skating tournaments.



For ELKS who TRAVEL

(Continued from page 41)

Riffelalp to the Riffelalp Hotel which actually was built in 1884, long before the construction of the railroad. Its elevation is 7,300 feet, a long walk for any guest in 1884 or now. Like four other Zermatt hotels, the Riffelalp is owned by the Seilers, a family that began operating hotels when the world first discovered Zermatt, back in the 19th Century. Handsomest of the Seiler chain is the Mont Cervin, a pleasant wood-trimmed Alpine retreat which has 200 beds, an excellent kitchen, and charges about \$7.50 a day per person in a double room with bath, all meals included. There are additional charges for service (figure about 13 per cent) and the customary European town tax. Rooms without bath run as low as \$4.50 a day with meals. One of the handsomest of the smallest establishments in town is the Walliserhof, done up in Swiss chalet style. Its bar is one of the liveliest places in town and the local fraternity keeps warm by swallowing a kerosene concoction known as *Mar*. Since Zermatt is in the canton of Valais, you ought also to try its specialty, which is *raclette*. To make a *raclette*, the cook sticks a whole goat cheese in the oven, then cuts off what melts. You eat it with a slice of potato. When you take leave of Zermatt in winter, they take you to the depot from the hotel—as they have brought you—in an open, horse-drawn sleigh festooned with jingle bells.

Interlaken, which sits between two lakes, almost in the dead center of Switzerland, is a famous summer resort, but it is also, summer or winter, a transfer point for trips up the Jungfrau, a moun-

tain about which Cole Porter has recently become lyrical in the Broadway show, "Kiss Me Kate." While not of such distinctive shape as the Matterhorn, the Jungfrau is mountable to anyone who has the price of a railway ticket. A mountain train, boring through long tunnels for the better part of two hours, takes you all the way to Jungfraujoch, the saddle of the Jungfrau, 11,333 feet above the nearest ocean wave. You can, if foolhardy and expert, ski on the Jungfrau slopes all year 'round—especially, of course, in winter and spring. There is also a year-'round ice palace on top, a restaurant, hotel, observatory, television transmitter and a pack of huskie dogs which you can engage for a short spin around the glacier.

NO ROADS TO WENGEN

For those who would prefer their winter sports in less celestial strata, the Jungfrau is handy to the twin resorts of Wengen and Grindelwald. Wengen, popular with the British, can be reached only by rail or parachute, since there are no roads, there are no cars and your baggage is transported from the station to the hotel in electric carts. There are two T-bar lifts in town, and a longer lift in Kleiner Scheidegg, a nearly one-hotel community that also services skiers staying in Grindelwald. The British have a ski organization in Wengen known as the Downhill Only Club, and the boys have rechristened some of the local slopes with names like Plum Pudding Hill and Slipped Cartilage Corner. There are 30 hotels in Wengen, of which the Palace is the best. It housed 200 American fliers who were interned there for six months in 1944. Nobody ought to miss the opportunity of one meal at the Kreuz, an otherwise inconspicuous hostelry with a conspicuous chef.

Summer or winter, Grindelwald, in the adjoining valley, is one of the most pleasant little resorts in all Switzerland. It has a road connection with civilization and you can travel over it in 20 minutes from Interlaken. Grindelwald's chairlift, built on the Flims order, is the longest in the country—just under three

miles. From the top station, which is a 30-minute ride, you can walk for two hours along a ridge to the Faulhorn Hotel, which has been likened—for location and inaccessibility—to a Tibetan monastery. Little Grindelwald has produced some of Switzerland's best skiers. Erna Steuri, who sells music boxes and cuckoo clocks to tourists, competed at Mt. Hood, Oregon, in 1939 and has a pair of silver cups decorating the shop to prove it. Rosemary Bleuer, whose father owns the Hotel Hirschen, skied at Aspen last year, and won the Silver Dollar Derby at Mt. Hood in 1943.

Whether you ski, skate, curl, or prefer to curl up in front of a fire, your stay in Grindelwald can't leave you very far in the hole. At the Black Eagle, a handsome, modernized hotel, the rates run about \$5.00 a day with meals, all tips and taxes included—or, should you want a private bath, about \$6.50 to \$7.50 a day. You'll find the same state of affairs at the all-wood, chalet-style Schweizerhof, near the station, and should you want to risk even less an investment, full pension at the Bellevue or the Gydisdorf will cost you \$3.50 a day. That's with all meals.

GRINDELWALD'S GLACIERS

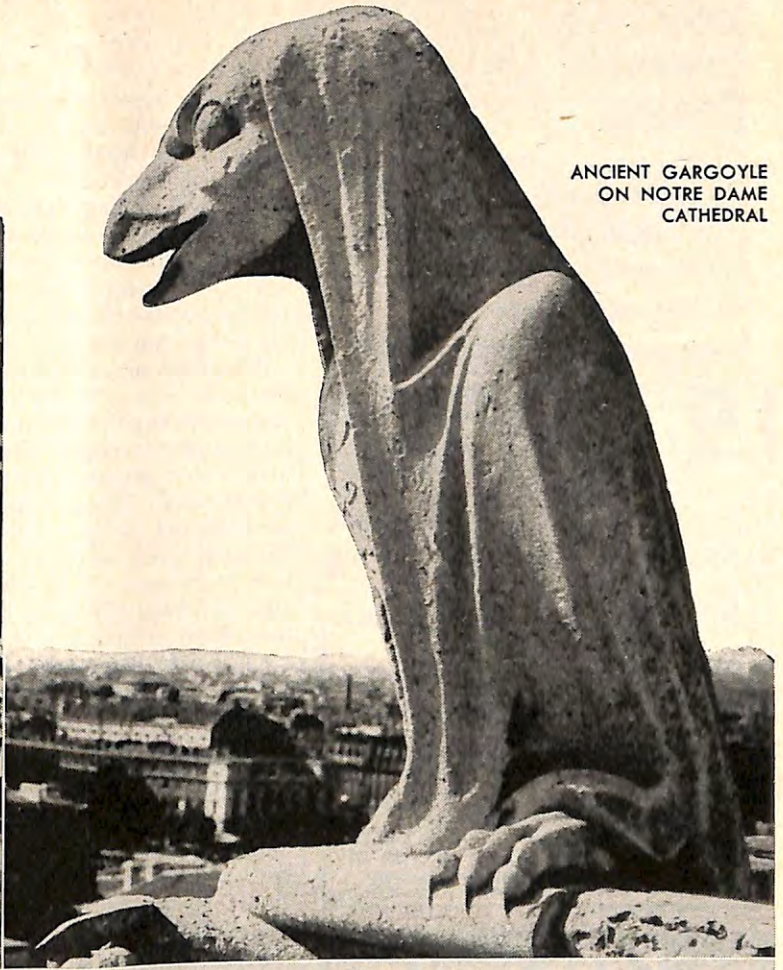
Grindelwald's early fame dates from its pair of glaciers which in the middle of the last century were sliding down into the valley. Both glaciers have receded during the past 100 years, and it now takes the local bus 20 minutes to get up to the edge of the upper ice cake. From there it's a 30-minute climb on a rustic stairway to the ice grotto cut out by local guides. The lower glacier is of very little scenic value indeed. For one thing, it is covered with an ugly layer of dirt and grime, and doesn't look at all like a glacier in a travel poster. When Heinz Von Bidder, Grindelwald's travel director, first came to town a few years ago, he took one look at the dirty glacier and decided his first duty was to have it scrubbed clean. He has since decided that it would take more elbow grease and perseverance than even Switzerland possesses.

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Thorpe Was the Best

(Continued from page 9)

ly from the impact of education. College spirit was never higher, and we had a wonderful time kicking our rivals around. We took the kick-off against Carlisle and brought the ball right down the field. The Indians were in their usual happy mood and did little about it until we reached the ten-yard line. They stiffened, held us for three downs and then we produced our miracle play that had won half a dozen games for us. This was a short-pass play in which our All-American quarterback, Pazzetti, took the ball from center, scrambled back and heaved it right over the line. He scrambled, he passed—and Thorpe intercepted—ten yards behind the goal line. Anybody in his right mind would have touched the ball down for a touchback, but not Old Jim. He started weaving his way out of that mass of players. Everybody was jammed into that small compass and it seemed impossible that he could get through, but the next thing anybody knew Jim was on the 20-yard line headed for a touchdown. Pazzetti, our fastest man, took after him. Jim was trotting happily along when he became aware that Pazzetti was at his heels. He turned his head, gave a laugh and kept going. In an instant, he was 20 yards away and Pazzetti seemed nailed to the spot. That little jaunt went 110 yards, and ruined us for the day.

There was a similar play that year at Dickinson when the Indians were pinned back on their own ten-yard line. Their substitute center made a pass a mile over Jim's head into the end zone. Old Jim scurried back, retrieved the oval and started bringing it out. That completed journey totaled 120 yards and ended in a touchdown. At this point someone will arise to ask sardonically how the great man did it, and that gives me a chance to expatiate on the wondrous spectacle of a Thorpe touchdown-gallop. In the first place, he was a big man, and strong. With that, he had the agility of a goat and, like a high-powered motor, at least three speeds forward. If his superb change-of-pace didn't fool you, he gave you a stiff-arm that knocked your head right off your shoulders. If none of that served, he simply ran over you.

But that was against a little college like Dickinson; what did he do among the grown-ups? Just the same, and often more. Take the celebrated Army game in, I think, 1909. They were tough gentry on the Plains in those days and took no backtalk from Carlisle Indians or anybody else. Since Thorpe's reputation had grown to fabulous proportions by this time, everybody was laying for him and determined to stop him. The Indians were the Notre Dame of their time, breaking attendance records wherever they played and playing all their games on foreign fields. Play had been rough on

the Plains that day and the score was tied when Jim finally broke it up. Army punted, Jim took the kick on his own ten-yard line and ran for a touchdown through the whole Army team. Before the excitement had died down, there was a handkerchief on the field, Carlisle was penalized for off-side and Army had the ball again—five yards better off. When they still couldn't gain, they punted again. Jim grabbed it and ran right through them a second time for a touchdown. This trip he went 95 yards.

And there was the famous game with Harvard in 1911, when Percy Haughton had his powerhouse elevens that dominated the country. The spotlight was on Jim for fair. All that had gone before was a build-up for this, and Jim was in the position of a baseball pitcher who starts his big-league career by facing the New York Yankees in the World Series. It was hinted quite plainly that Jim and the Indians were out of their class, and what had happened before in the bush circuits would have little meaning in Cambridge. The Indians scored 16 points and won the game. Jim scored all the points. He took the ball nine consecutive times and went 70 yards for a touchdown. He kicked the point after touchdown. He kicked three place-kicks, the longest traveling 43 yards. The world was ready to concede by this time that Jim could play with anybody; the question was, who could play with Jim?

THEY were wonderful teams Glenn (Pop) Warner turned out at Carlisle, and in my opinion they were the only purely amateur teams that ever operated in this country. That is a paradox that needs explaining because it was widely rumored and fully believed that both Mr. Warner and the boys shared in the box-office receipts. The truth of that was never determined, but the fact that the Indians dragged in capacity crowds wherever they appeared and were distinctly big-business had nothing whatever to do with their attitude toward the game. They played it lightly and for laughs.

The Indians were the first team I ever saw that disdained the dressing-room rites between halves. In that Lehigh game I was telling you about, they simply wandered off to a side of the field when the half ended and had a hilarious time among themselves until the whistle blew again. Anybody who thinks the Indians are a solemn race is nuts. Do you know how they called signals in that game? They'd line up and then Old Jim would yell, "How about through left tackle this time?" and off they'd go right through that spot. Next time Jim would yell, "Right end, huh?" and away they'd go again. After the first few times, Lehigh realized they weren't kidding and rushed all their defenses to the spot, but

it never did any good. They'd pick up three or four or five yards at a clip, and then Jim would break off for a real good gain. And if they got stopped with that monkey business, they'd run sequence plays, three or four quick plays, without a signal. There'd be a wide sweep to the left, line up quick, bang; a wide sweep to the right, line up quick, bang; back to the left again. Before Lehigh woke up, the Indians had another 30 yards and were chuckling among themselves.

The famous days of Mt. Pleasant, the great quarterback, were over before I saw them, but they still had a good backfield with Welch, Arcasa and Powell backing up Old Jim. Powell was a little squatty fullback who wore a black skull cap on his bullet-like head and left his feet for dives through the line. He resembled a torpedo in mid-flight, and was approximately as deadly. Welch was a good quarterback, but poor Arcasa was just in there to fill up the quota.

My brother, Harry, was on that Lehigh team and he maintains that the noblest Redskin of all was Garlow, the Carlisle center. Garlow was a runty little individual who talked all the time in a pleasant, conversational tone, and specialized in commiseration. There was a pile-up on the goal line when Carlisle was going over for a touchdown and the officials were frantically unraveling legs and torsos to locate the ball. Garlow began talking: "It's a distressing thing to have to break this news to you gentlemen, but I very much fear it is over. We should much prefer that this were happening to somebody else, but the facts are clear and you will very soon see that the little pellet is resting securely beyond the last white line. We regret it, I am sure you regret it, and I hope that nothing happening here will spoil what for us has been a very pleasant afternoon."

The spectators in the stands were amazed to see that in this tragic moment when all loyal Lehigh players should be standing around with bowed head and tortured countenance, they were instead pounding each other on the back and lifting their faces in loud, raucous laughter. That's why I say the Carlisle Indians were pure amateurs. They played because they enjoyed playing; on a Saturday afternoon when the whole idea bored them, they merely went through the motions. This is the sheerest kind of heresy, and perhaps it is well that Carlisle no longer exists, but when it did, it was certainly fun.

One time in Hollywood I went out to call on Jim to talk over old times. Among other things, he told me how he had got started as a football player at Carlisle. When he arrived there in 1907, he was a tall, gangling kid who had never seen a football before. The Carlisle squad was always small and they took no chances on injuries. For that reason they seldom scrimmaged after the season had started and were chary about getting their good men banged up in the pre-season condi-

tioning period. Jim was hanging around with the younger kids when Pop Warner threw him the ball and said, "Boy, run down there with this toward those fellows, so they can tackle you."

Jim ran the length of the field through the whole Carlisle first squad for what would have been a touchdown.

"No, no," said Pop, disapprovingly, "you don't understand. You're to give these fellows tackling practice."

As Jim was telling me this, his eyes flashed much as they must have flashed 30 years before.

"Nobody was going to tackle Old Jim," he said firmly.

He took the ball and ran through the whole squad again. After that, Pop decided to put Jim on the first team and use somebody else for a tackling dummy.

Thorpe reached his peak as a player during his pro days, but, unfortunately, the game was confined to that maniacal section of East Ohio around Massillon and Canton, and it was only in his later days that those teams ventured into the big-time territory. Many people who saw Thorpe only in these waning years are inclined to scout the claims for his greatness, but the players who faced him in his prime provide testimony enough in the matter. Knute Rockne always told the story of his first encounter with Thorpe, at a time when Rock had just finished up a brilliant college career and felt he was some shakes as a player. The first time Jim came around Rock's end, Rock dumped him with some severity.

"Boy," said Jim, getting up, "you should oughta let Old Jim run."

Thorpe tried again, Rock tackled him with vim, and the tableau was repeated.

"Boy," said Jim, patiently, "you shouldn't oughta do that."

"By that time I thought I was just about the greatest end that ever walked," Rock would say, "and when Old Jim started around again, I was raring to get at him. And then Jim hit me! It was like being trampled by a buffalo. In one complete, beautifully-perfect movement, he seemed to hit me with a shoulder, a hip, a knee, an elbow, while at the same time walking on me. When I woke up, I was 30 feet from where the collision occurred—and Jim was sitting on the ball over the goal line, grinning at me."

The old-time greats were united in proclaiming Thorpe the most wonderful figure that ever trod the gridiron, and there was some bitter grumbling when Pop Warner, some years later, announced his opinion that Ernie Nevers was a greater player than Thorpe. When backed into a corner, Mr. Warner admitted that his belief stemmed from the fact that Nevers always gave 100 per cent effort, and Jim never got much above the 40 per cent mark.

"I wouldn't have felt safe even up in the press box," Grantland Rice cried at this news, "if Old Jim ever put out 100 per cent!"

Somewhat the same reaction was re-

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corded years later after a discussion I had with Lou Little about Old Jim. Lou didn't deny Jim's greatness, but felt that he might have been lost in the modern game.

"The old-timers never had the faintest idea of blocking as we know it," said Lou.

When I relayed this to a friend who shares my reverence for Old Jim, I

thought he was going to have a stroke.

"What kind of logic is that!" he cried irately. "If Thorpe could have done all that without blocking, what would he have done with blocking! He'd have ruined football; he'd have turned it into a track meet!"

Well, that's my Jim Thorpe report, and I hope to hear no more on the subject for another five years at least.

In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 24)

say for both the anti-bone and pro-bone people—small bones such as steak, chop, chicken or rabbit can be, and sometimes are, the cause of serious trouble to the dog. These bones are easily splintered and swallowed splinters may penetrate the stomach or intestines, which means a canine funeral. The wise owner makes these taboo in his dog's diet. A very large, hard-to-splinter bone is safe; a bone of this sort helps to keep the dog's gums firm and cleanses the teeth—particularly are they good for puppies during the teething stage. As a dietary necessity, however, bones can be eliminated entirely without making the dog any the worse for it. It's well to remember that not only are bone splinters dangerous, but small bones or pieces swallowed have been known to remain in the dog's stomach and become impacted; that spells real trouble. On the other hand, ground bone added to the growing dog's diet is excellent as a source of calcium.

It's hard to believe, but here and there we find those who believe that a whip is a necessity for a dog. Nothing could be farther from the truth and certainly nothing could be more cruel than the use of such an instrument. One of the outstanding authorities on dogs in this country, and an experienced trainer in a forthright way, is emphatic in saying that anyone using a dog whip should have it used upon himself. My own opinion is that any dog savage enough to require a whip should be disposed of; such a dog does not belong in a civilized community—nor does the user of a dog whip, either. When the human race was younger, and dogs were just becoming man's companion, perhaps the semi-wild beasts among them required a whip for control. But those days are long gone and only among the barbaric people of our times are dog whips used. True, using a whip on a dog will instill fear and exact a kind of obedience, but there will in the dog be a certain amount of hatred for the wielder of the whip. Hatred can make the house pet a most dangerous animal. The better professional trainers don't teach their dogs through fear; kindness and firmness are the rule. Even the trainers of wild animals know how dangerous it is to beat one of their charges and, therefore, more often utilize the whip merely for the authoritative sound of its cracking—as a command signal.

I've mentioned this before, but it is so much more prevalent than I thought at first, that I'll mention it again. Too many people have the idea that a doctor for a dog is ridiculous—wholly unnecessary—anyone can treat a sick dog. This idea is by no means always founded on penurious reasons; it's mainly a belief that a dog is a simple animal and is subject to simple remedies, and, besides, some people have the idea that the owner who takes his dog to a vet is only trying to be Mr. Big. Must I try to puncture this cockeyed attitude? Yes—not because you don't know any better, but perhaps someone who doesn't may read this, and what follows might help change his ideas. Pity the dog owned by such a master. At the risk of seeming to scold, I'll say that anyone who has so little regard for his dog does not deserve to have a dog's love and loyalty. It's a poor return for what the dog gives to withhold the help it needs when it is in distress. How many dogs have died as a result of such neglect I don't like to think about. While veterinarians are the first to admit that there is still a lot to learn about dog pathology, any experienced and intelligent dog owner will tell you that science has progressed a long way in recent years. No owner who values his dog will hesitate to consult a vet when his pet is ill. Home doctoring is dangerous because quite a few serious dog sicknesses in their early stages show only mild symptoms which may resemble minor ailments. Distemper, for example, frequently begins with the symptoms of a common cold, but who is to diagnose it—the untrained owner or the vet who has devoted his life to making sick dogs well? As in the case of a person who is mysteriously ill, it is better to be safe than sorry; better to call the dog doctor than get another dog. Any good dog deserves good care from his owner.

WHILE on this subject I'm reminded of a question I'm often asked: "How can I tell if my vet knows his business?" You can't, any more than you can determine your own doctor's capabilities before you see results. But, as in choosing a physician for yourself, you can use this as a rough footrule for measuring up the dog doctor's qualities: Take notice of his establishment. Is it clean? Are his boarding kennels clean? Is he prompt? What's his reputation? Does he allow you

to tell him how to treat your dog? (A good vet won't.) Does he seem sure of what he's doing? Last, and by no means least, is he businesslike in the conduct of his practice and his dealings with you? No—not last, here's another: if he doesn't know what is wrong with your dog is he honest enough to admit it and to suggest a consultation with another vet who has had greater experience?

Perhaps the most common of all fallacies is the mad-dog business. Rabies is comparatively rare. A rabid dog doesn't froth at the mouth; he drools. He'll drink water as long as his jaws can move. He doesn't always run around wildly; there are two forms of rabies—active and inactive. In the latter, the dog is just that—inactive, seeks dark corners, sulks, and is the more dangerous because of it. The dog flinging a simple fit races around,

snaps and froths at the mouth, but his bite is no more deadly than any similar wound requiring simple medication. So don't think your dog has rabies when all he's doing is having a fit. Try to capture him, put cold water on his head and put him where it's quiet. It's a good idea to call in your vet, and you should definitely call him if the dog's fit lasts more than a half-hour or so.

And now don't think I'm harboring the idea that I'm a lawyer and take this as presumption on my part—but 'ware that common belief that a dog is entitled to one bite. A lot of people think this is so, but it's an opinion that is full of legal pitfalls. So if you know anyone whose dog has all the teethmarks of a one-time biter, and its owner is lulled to feeling secure on the one-bite premise, warn him: It ain't necessarily so.

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 14)

pointer or setter can nail it down, just as he can its larger cousin. When a covey of valley quail is scattered in good cover, the singles seem to stick even tighter than bobwhites—if that is possible.

Once, several years ago, a couple of us flushed a huge covey in a sagebrush flat, with rimrock on one side and a river on the other. We saw them running through the sparse cover first. We chased them as fast as we could run and fired a shot or two when they got up, hoping to scatter them, but we did not succeed.

We marked them down and hurried after them. Once more, we pushed them as hard as we could go. This time the bevy settled in some dense buckbrush along the edge of a low rise, and they were spread out for a hundred yards. We soon were in their midst.

Unfortunately, it had not rained for months. The dust rose underfoot like powdered chalk. The dog's nose was so clogged with it that he probably could not have smelled a goat, much less a six-ounce bird, recently air washed, sitting motionless with clamped wings and tightly depressed feathers.

I kicked out the first quail. It buzzed up and over the waist-high brush, and then pitched down so rapidly that I didn't get a chance to shoot. It was below the crest before I could bring gun to shoulder. My companion flushed the next one, and it also curved down the hill. He was quick enough to miss his bird twice, however.

This trait of flying down grade seems to be almost characteristic of valley quail. Most shots in the uplands are at rising targets, and the man who shifts to these quail from grouse, pheasants or bobwhites is almost sure to miss at first by overshooting.

I finally got a shot. I had shifted closer to the crest of the hill, so that a bird

could not disappear over it so quickly, when I kicked one out of a clump of salt brush, almost at my feet. I knew that I had to hold low on such a shot. In fact, as I moved along, kicking first one bush and then another, I had been cautioning myself mentally to leave plenty of air between the top of the barrel and the target. When the quail came out, however, to whip up and over and down, all in a blue-gray streak, I simply couldn't get the muzzle low enough fast enough. I pulled the trigger twice, and didn't turn a feather.

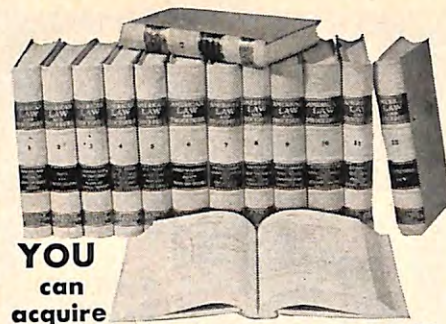
Eventually, of course, we managed to get a few. But out of that covey of nearly a 100 birds, we only succeeded in flying a dozen and a half. Most of them we missed, high, wide and handsome—especially high.

THE valley quail has black-edged feathers on his lower breast that distinguish him from Gambel's. While the valley's breast appears to be scaled, the other's is plain, buffy gray, with a black patch on those of the males. Both birds have bluish upper parts, with white-rimmed, black "bibbs," but the male Gambel's has a bright, reddish-brown patch on the top and back of his head. That of the valley quail is much more subdued.

Both birds have a plume-like, nodding top knot that tips forward, and they can easily be confused unless one notices the scaled breast of the valley quail and the reddish-brown pate of the Gambel's.

While the Gambel's quail is primarily a desert bird and the valley prefers cultivated fields and the foothills around them, their ranges do overlap in spots. It has been reported that they hybridize occasionally, and I suppose this could occur.

If you are driving through Arizona or New Mexico in the spring, and see a pale gray bird, about the size and shape of a



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bobwhite—but perhaps a little more slender—sitting on a fence post, look closely. If it appears to have a tuft of cotton on its head, you have seen a scaled quail, or "cotton top". Also called blue quail, this pale, grayish bird actually is not nearly so blue as the three described previously.

The scaled quail is at home in the arid Southwest, with its heat and rocks and cactus. It finds a living among the scattered vegetation that would starve most other game birds, and seems to thrive in places that make you wonder how it finds a bite to eat.

Like the others, the scaled quail is a big-covey bird, and a runner. A bevy of 50 or 75 of them seems fairly to flow over the ground, with each bird apparently running for himself, yet all managing somehow to stay together.

If you hunt cotton tops and see a covey running through open brush, push them hard. Make they fly if you can, and try to scatter them. Once they're dispersed in any halfway decent cover, they'll hold for the right dog. As long as the covey is together on bare ground, however, his chance of pinning them is mighty slim.

Third, all of these quail are preyed upon occasionally by four-footed predators, chiefly bobcats and coyotes. A pussy-footing, creeping dog that might nail single bobwhites like Murphy nails laths, is going to scare the living daylight out of these wild-country quail. Their experience for hundreds of generations has been that anything creeping up is going to pounce on them.

I've seen this demonstrated many times, especially on mountain quail. A slow, cautious dog will just naturally chase a covey of them out of the country. A slam-bang pointer or setter, however, that crashes through the cover as though he would take it apart, will pin them down before they think to run.

If you're lucky enough to hunt these western birds when scent conditions are ideal—after a shower to lay the dust—and have the right kind of dog, you'll be surprised at the way he can pin them down. For my money, there is no finer shooting, bar none.

I like all game birds. Each has some particular quality that sets it aside and makes it different and, in that one respect, at least, better than any of the others.

THE last of the five western quail, excluding subspecies, is the little, spotted Mearns' quail, the only one smaller than a bobwhite. It, too, is a bird of the arid country, ranging from central Arizona and New Mexico into western Texas. The spotted sides of both sexes and the oddly striped faces of the males, coupled with their small size, make it impossible to confuse this quail with any of the others.

Like virtually every other bird, animal or fish in which the sportsman is interested, there is a lot of false information in circulation about western quail. Foremost among these rumors is the erroneous belief, frequently voiced, that they won't hold for a dog. Actually this is far from true, but it is not hard to understand how it came into being.

In the first place, all of them are hunted part of the time—and the scaled quail and Gambel's most of the time—in cover that is extremely sparse. Any bird is inclined to run when it is caught out on bare ground. They run because they have nothing in which to hide. Chase them into grass or thick brush, meanwhile scattering the covey, if possible, and they usually will stick as tight as anybody could desire.

Second, except for mountain quail on the western slope, it is likely to be bone dry when you hunt. Powdery dust that rises into the dog's face at every step, coupled with the strong odor of sage and other desert plants, will clog his nose and cut his efficiency about 90 per cent. Scent hangs best in moist air. Take a pointer or setter, accustomed to a damper, cooler climate, out into the desert where there is no water for him to plunge his muzzle into occasionally, and he is operating at a terrific handicap.

Of all the western quail, however, the lance-plumed speedster of the mountains is my favorite—possibly because I know him best. I can think of no other adjectives that describes him so well as *sweet*. He is a sweet bird, in every sense of the word. But he is also game.

Several summers ago, my wife and I were driving along a mountain trail when we rounded a bend to see a pair of mountain quail, with their brood of eight tiny puff balls, drinking rain water from the wheel track, scarcely 30 feet ahead. The baby quail were not as big as golf balls, but they were nearly as round. Their legs were so tiny that we could scarcely see them, yet each had a ridiculous, little top knot, like a carpet tack sitting upside down upon his head.

While we watched, a streak of gray and rusty orange flashed down toward them from behind the car, almost too fast for us to see. It was a sparrow hawk, and he wanted one of those baby quail.

Quick as light, one of the parents met him in mid-air taking the full force of the hawk's stoop against a chunky shoulder. The feathers flew. Then, from the center of fluttering and confusion, darted three birds. The hawk was in the lead. One quail was close behind. The other was perhaps a yard from it.

After 30 feet, the rearmost quail turned back. It probably was the female. She lit beside the babies, which were huddled helpless and confused, and hurried them into the shelter of some thick brush beside the road. The male chased the little hawk about 50 yards and then returned. His feathers were ruffled and one primary, on the wing with which he had met the hawk, stuck out at an absurd angle.

He came to earth in the middle of the

road and actually seemed to strut an instant, as though he were saying, "I guess I showed that so-and-so!" Then he, too,

disappeared into the cover to rejoin his family.

A bird like that is all right!

Arctic Circled

(Continued from page 7)

taking any chances," he said. "Going out to the cache and fill this up from the drum. Be right back. Then I'll get breakfast." He started for the door.

"Hey! You going to leave me in the dark?" George's voice was querulous.

Mike faced around at him. "For cripes' sake, you afraid? Here," he added testily, "play with the flashlight." Then he headed out again, trying to regain his good nature.

Peculiar character, this George. Radio genius, yes. But he knew too much, just like all the rest of the technicians at the Base. Take yesterday, when they had had to dig the parts of the hut out of the snow, where Arne Johnssen had piled them, and put them together at top speed to make shelter. George was always criticizing, always wanting to do it some other way. Sure, he had plenty of strength for a little runt, but he didn't take orders worth a damn. Hundred per cent technician, nothing else.

The Italian had a natural distrust for people with too much brains. When Superintendent King had called him in and told him he was to be flown out onto the tundra by Arne Johnssen to help establish the radio range station, he had said, "I'm sending you out there to cook, Mike, yes. But that's just a small part of it. Actually, you'll be in command. What you say goes. Understand, Bartlett is a good man. He knows his radio. But he doesn't know the Arctic the way you do. Remember, if he blows up, it's up to you to hold him in line. You'll be there three weeks. Good luck."

Mike had felt a great pride in the assignment. This was his second year with Arctic Oil Associates, and the new well out here at Alnavik would depend entirely upon the success of this pioneer dash into the wilderness to set up the radio range, so that the freight trains could be guided in through the dark.

The memory of this, now, gave Mike a warm glow. He felt strong and full of fight as he pushed the canvas doorflap aside and stepped into the black dark of the Arctic noon. A nasty shock awaited him.

It was snowing. He held up the lantern anxiously. Full blizzard. The knife-sharp wind drove the small flakes at him like a blast of sand. Shifting the gas can to the same hand as the lantern, he covered his face with his free mitten and kicked his way out into the drifts in the direction he knew the cache to be.

The path they had trampled, bringing in the parts of the hut, was gone, snowed full. The snow was fine and hard and clung tightly around his legs and thighs. Even with the strength of his 250 pounds

it took him ten minutes to push the 20 yards to the cache.

The lantern, choked with snow, showed it only dimly. He stared at it lovingly. Good old Arne! A crazy Swede, but what a guy at the controls of a plane! Trip after trip he had made during the fall, ferrying the stuff out here for the camp, dropping down on the sand of the river bar, or skidding in on skis when it snowed. Arne could land on a dime and give you a nickel change. And he had a head on him, too. Carefully he had piled the makings of the radio station at the bottom of the cache, then laid in the cases of food, the makings of the James Way hut, the barrel of gasoline, so that they would come out first. Too bad Arne wouldn't be coming in today, to see how well they'd made out. "I can land in a blizzard," he would be saying. "But why should I? Bushwhacking's plenty tough without that!"

Mike cupped a place in the snow to set the lantern down, then attacked the mound of white that he knew hid the gasoline drum. He worked fast by habit, as if the time were very short. You did that here in the Arctic, because of the cold. Because this was not a land where men were intended to live. Nature resented you here and would fight like a wildcat to get you out. Maybe she didn't like to have you steal her oil, either. Mike was only mildly superstitious, but he couldn't help thinking this blizzard bléw in just to frighten them. "All right, friend," he chuckled, "let's see you do it!"

The rim of the gasoline drum came into view, and he cut the hard-packed snow away till the whole circle of it was exposed. For luck, it turned out to be the end with the brass faucet in it, through which the fuel must be drawn. Mike surveyed the drum with resignation. It was there only because Arctic Oil insisted on cutting every corner. Back in the days when the Navy had pioneered this new oil field, fuel would have been supplied in heavy five-gallon cans easy to handle. The civilian contractors were different. They had made Arne fly in with just this one big drum, lashed between his ski struts. Tony remembered how he had growled about it, having to roll that 300-pound barrel from the river bar all the way up here on the high bank. Now it would be necessary to plow out here twice a day and fill a small can.

He shoved the can under the faucet, lined up the opening and pushed down the valve lever. Nothing came out.

"Hmm!" He rattled the lever smartly. Could it be cold enough to freeze

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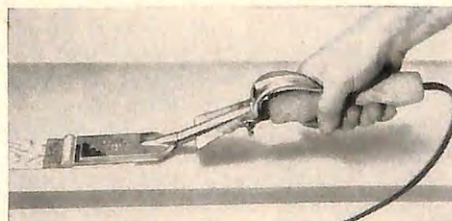
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gasoline? But the valve was perfectly free. Water, perhaps. Just a drop or two would plug it.

Mike seized the end of the drum to shake it. The drum lifted, light. He felt a pain go through his middle, like a knife. The drum was empty.

His naturally easygoing temperament cushioned the shock of the discovery. For a second his mind did not work at all, as if someone had knocked him out. Then, painfully, he groped for the facts. The gasoline was gone. In the months the drum had lain there, waiting, it must have leaked through the faucet, a drop at a time, a few drops an hour even. But enough—enough to beat them to it.

And now that his methodical mind understood the reason for it, the disaster hit him full in the chest, bringing him to his feet. Seizing the can, he lowered his head and plunged back toward the hut. He had to get to shelter, where he could think what to do.

Blindly he started off, the lantern revealing nothing but a ball of white streaks close around him. Trying desperately to follow the tracks he had made on his way out, he soon lost them, and cut his way into the wilderness. A moment later, realizing he was waistdeep in untouched snow, he stopped. A man travels a wide curve to the left, he knew, when he can't see. His heart was pounding wildly, and he held himself rigid, so that he would not shake. "Take it easy, Gallanti!" he whispered, as if afraid the storm would hear. He forced his mind clear of shock and fright and remembered what King had told him, briefing him for the job:

"If it snows," the boss had said, "and you have to go out, go slow. A step at a time, and check every step you make. You can get lost quicker than you can count ten. Remember this: Men have died in the snow a few yards from shelter!"

Mike pulled himself together, got his bearings and struck out, a step at a time, as King had said. After a heartbreaking interval he fell over the cache, fell before he could see it at all.

He leaned heavily on the traitorous gas drum and caught his breath, thinking carefully. The wind! Yes, the wind would help. It had been in his face as he came from the hut. A bit to the left, maybe. It should be behind him, over his right shoulder, as he returned. He started out again, protecting the lantern in front of him. After a few feet he stopped to check the wind; again, after a few more. Over and over he did this till finally, and with no warning, the frozen canvas of the hut wall stopped him.

For a few minutes Mike steadied himself, letting his heart slow down and his breathing return to normal. He could not let George know that he had been badly frightened. When he felt all right again, he pushed his way in.

The technician jumped up from his bag and advanced angrily. "Thought you

were the cook around here," he said unpleasantly. "Or was I supposed to do it while you went for a walk?"

Mike stared at him, holding his anger down. Even in all his Arctic gear, George was skinny and small, a runt. His sharp-nosed, narrow face carried a perpetual air of insolence. When he spoke, it seemed to be always in contempt.

"You look like you met a polar bear, Gallanti," he said lightly.

"Yeah?" Mike turned to a crate of supplies that stood near the stove, and began lifting out the things he would need for breakfast. His back was still turned to George when he said, in a low voice, "I got bad news for you." He waited.

George gave a little chuckle that was more of a sneer. "Forgot to bring the coffee, huh?"

Mike raised his head slowly. This wise-cracking fool would have to be slapped down. "Worse than that, mister," he said, giving each word time to sink in. "I was out to the cache to fill the can up. The gasoline drum turned out to be empty."

George gave another mirthless little chuckle, but said nothing.

"I said, the drum's empty!" Mike repeated, raising his voice. "All the gasoline we got is right there in that can!"

THERE was a pause, while George studied him. "Great little kidder, aren't you, Gallanti? Why don't you finish getting breakfast? You ought to have got it half an hour ago." He turned away and began looking for something in his duffle bag.

In that moment Mike hated him for making his problem so much more difficult. Thought he was kidding, did he? Wait till he found out. He picked up a can of soup and an opener and ripped the tin open savagely, then dumped the contents into a saucepan. He found another pan and lumbered angrily to the door to scoop up snow to melt for water. When he came back the technician was studying a thermometer he had found in his bag.

"Fifty—nine—minus," he read with exaggerated accuracy. "Just too bad we can't have any coffee."

Mike clattered the pan down on the stove and got out a bottle of prepared coffee pellets. He shook a couple out onto the ground cloth.

"You'll have your java," he said thickly.

George put away the thermometer, using elaborate care to pack it in its pasteboard tube. It seemed to Mike that he was baiting him deliberately.

"It's snowing outside," the Italian said. George looked across at him, suddenly attentive. Their eyes met.

"If you don't believe that either, why don't you go out and look," Mike added tersely.

"I will," George said, and walked across to the door, taking the lantern

with him. Presently he came back and set the lantern down. "You're right. It's snowing all right," he said.

Mike handed him a cup of soup, then helped himself to another. They drank in silence, each immersed in his thoughts. Mike gulped his rapidly, letting the steaming liquid burn his gullet. Heat! How hungry you got for it if you didn't have enough! He wondered about freezing. The doc back at camp had told him that people felt warm and comfortable just before they died of the cold. He shuddered. There must be something—some way—

George spoke suddenly, and his tone was not sneering. "I got you wrong about the kidding, Gallanti."

A surge of relief flooded through Mike's breast. He's come down off his high horse! he thought. Now we can work together.

"If that drum really is empty," George went on, calmly, "we'll have to go back to Barrow with Arne Johnsen when he comes in today."

Mike poured two cups of coffee and drained one of them at a single gulp. "What if he don't get in? Today, or tomorrow either?"

"He will." It was the confidence of a man without knowledge.

"Arne made thirty-five trips in here to set up that cache," Tony said, feeling he had authority again. "About half of them he never landed at all. Once he couldn't get in for two weeks straight. Blizzard. Just like this one."

George took up his coffee and sipped it carefully, relishing it. "Fool business, all of it. Coming in here in midwinter."

Mike gave him a tired look, and then explained that the contractors had no choice. The only way they could move hundreds of tons of oil well equipment over the tundra was by sledge-trains hauled by tractors over the snow. "What else would they put up a radio range for, except to guide them?"

"You know all about it, don't you?" George said, but with interest.

"I make it a point," Mike told him, "to know all about a job when I'm risking my life on it." Then he softened a little, and related his experience outside in the blizzard. "I wasn't fifty feet from the hut," he finished. "I couldn't find it."

George sat close to the stove, closer than before, and hugged his knees with his heavily padded arms. Mike stole a glance at him, and congratulated himself that the crisis between them had passed. George was not contemptuous any more.

All at once the radio man jumped up and lifted the can of gasoline. His voice shook a little as he said, "There's a gallon in there yet."

"Gallon, gallon and a half, maybe."

"How long will it last?"

Mike considered carefully. "About an hour, or a little more. There's some in the tank on the stove, too."

"Two hours in all?"

"Yeah. More if we turn out one bur-

ner. But that would mean just freezing slower."

George got up stiffly and flung himself down on his sleeping bag. "God!" he muttered. "God!"

A pang of alarm struck Mike. Would this guy crack up and be useless, as some did under the Arctic strain? He thought again of King and was partly reassured. King was no dumbbell. He wouldn't have chosen Bartlett if he'd thought he was a coward. Still—

Mike started rinsing the tin cups in the left-over hot water, forcing himself away from panic. He had to think! He had to think!

"God!" George mumbled to himself. "What did I ever come up here for?" He buried his face in his mittened hands. "Here I was, doing all right in Seattle, going steady with a gal and—" His voice broke.

"George," Mike cut in quietly, "I figured out what we got to do. Set up that radio and send for help."

It was some time before the technician seemed able to focus his attention. "You're crazy!" he retorted finally. "It would take a week at least. What could I do in two hours?"

"Never mind. We've got to do it. Anyway, we've got to try."

"In this cold?" George protested. "Who do you think I am? Marconi?"

Mike went and stood over him. "Come on, George." It was an order.

There was wildness in his quick, jerky movements as the man leaped up. "Don't be a fool, Gallanti!" he shouted. "We got one thing to do! Walk back to Barrow. Start now, quick! Take the stove with us, and some food. We can camp in the snow—make shelter—when we get tired—"

Mike let a little smile play over his face. "Ninety miles? In this storm? We wouldn't get a hundred feet."

George's glance darted around the hut, as if he were hunting for a way of escape. Then his eyes settled on Mike again. "Then—what can we do?"

"The radio, like I said."

"The radio's out, I tell you!"

Mike's voice was cold. "Then I'll do it, if you'll tell me how." They stared at each other in a contest between re-

sourcefulness and panic. In the silence of that deadlock they both heard the hiss of the snow, eating at the roof cloth outside. Crazily, Mike thought of an acetylene torch, consuming steel girders. In the cold, his mind reached out for heat—

The sound pressed down upon them with increasing insistence. All at once Mike was aware that there was a deeper undertone, a faint, continuous hum. He had heard it somewhere before.

"Wait!" he whispered, waving George to silence. The sound was filling in; it was becoming a muted roar, separate, distinct from the snow.

"Arne! The plane!" he yelled, and made a lunge for the lantern.

They reached the door together and fought each other to get out. As they flung themselves into the storm, the roar of the engine was louder, and coming rapidly near. It was upwind, beyond the cache. Mike gripped the lantern handle and swung it in wild circles. "Arne! Arne! Here!"

George was screaming hysterically. "There! What did I tell you! I knew he'd come back! You and your freezing to death!" He made a grab for the lantern. "Let me do that!"

Mike shoved him aside, and kept on swinging. The plane thundered by, directly overhead, and was gone instantly, downwind. Mike faced around, swinging the lantern with both hands. George was shouting incoherently. After a minute the plane shot over them again, not so low this time, taking a little longer to pass. Both men were screaming Arne's name, knowing that he could not possibly hear. The sound faded.

"He could land if he had to," Mike cried. "But he doesn't know he has to!" He was in an agony of helplessness.

The sound had leveled off now to a steady, faint pulsation.

"He's down by the river, looking over the ground." Mike dropped his arm and listened. "Feeling his way in. Good old Arne."

Then, suddenly, he was conscious that the engine sound had not stopped, as in landing, but was fading away. It grew thin, like a raveling thread, then broke and was gone. There was nothing left

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ment. Each boy set 1,460 frames. The pin weight per frame was 32½ pounds; total pin weight for the day was 47,450 pounds. Each bowling ball weighed 16 pounds; an average of 16 balls was tossed per line, for a total of 256 pounds per line. The total for 146 lines makes 37,376 pounds of ball weight for the day. Pin weight added to ball weight equals 84,826 pounds, or, in terms of tons, Paul and Ted lifted 42.4 tons apiece each day of the Elks tournament.

—Irving Wallace.

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but the wicked, steady cutting of the snow crystals on the hut roof.

"Arne didn't land." It was George, and his voice had the mute protest of small dead twigs under a heavy boot. He turned and stumbled back into the hut, moaning.

Mike followed, his head bent, the life gone out of his limbs. He set the lantern down carefully. Then he straightened up to his full height. "We're on our own, now," he said. "He won't come back unless we get word to him. Buck up, George. Let's tackle that radio."

The technician's eyes were glassy. Like an automaton he followed the other into the storm once more. They fought their way to the cache, George holding meekly to Mike's sleeve. When they got there, Mike pulled the tarpaulin off, exposing the neat piles of boxes. "Buck up, George! Buck up, now! We'll make out somehow." It was a new Mike; not the veteran camp cook of the oil wells, but the man King was relying on to pull the expedition through.

Bolstered by Mike's spirit, George brightened perceptibly and presently his mind was working again. It was his idea, now, to take a coil of rope that was there and stretch it back to the hut for a guide. Mike circled his shoulder with an affectionate arm. "Nice work! It'll save time," he said. Then, fastening one end of the line to a crate, he took the other back to the hut and secured it to the door flap. He was back quietly, and they began the carry.

In less than an hour they had the essentials of the radio inside and were ripping the coverings off. The equipment, when it was unpacked, appalled the Italian.

"See what I mean?" George said. Mike nodded. "I don't know," the technician went on. "I don't see how I can do it." He toed the apparatus with his boot. "It'll take days to straighten this out—diagrams, racks, construction. If they'd only given us one of those little portables! This thing is big enough for a broadcast station!"

Mike was at his side, gripping his arm with the strength of a bear. "George, old boy! You figured that rope out there. You can figure this! Get that ol' bean working, huh?" The eagerness in his face shone out. A queer feeling of inspiration was in him, warming him. If he could only transmit it to George!

"You got an awful lot of faith in me, haven't you?" George said, impressed.

"Sure! Sure, George! You can do anything! The radio ain't made that you can't lick!"

George turned back to the apparatus. It filled half the hut. He flung a mitten off and pawed through the clutter—cabinets, tubes, wires, reels of antenna wire, collapsible metal poles; all carefully tagged, all completely disassembled. He released a heavy sigh. "I could try the transmitter alone, without any controls."

"Yeah! Yeah! That's it!" Mike had his arm around him again.

They dug out a panel board and stood it up against an empty crate near the stove. George pulled off his other mitten and went to work, a diagram in one hand, pliers in the other. He swore softly and steadily as his fingers touched the dead cold surfaces.

Mike said exultantly, "I'll fix some coffee," and went about it rapidly. Every little while the stove gurgled, as a bubble of air replaced the sinking fuel in the tank. He stole a glance at the level indicator; it was dangerously low. He snatched up the can to fill it again, and to keep George from noticing he burst suddenly into song. His raw, huge baritone stuffed the hut with sound. When the can was emptied into the tank he stopped. It had been quite a strain.

"Didn't know you could sing," George said, deep in his wires.

"I can't," Mike guffawed. "They used to call me the Donkey, down at Coal-inga. Donkey Gallanti! Mostly just Donk."

THE stove gurgled again, and George glanced around at it, worried.

Mike filled in quickly. "California!" he said vehemently. "There's a State for you! Me, I come from Santa Rosa. Grapes. Wine grapes. My old man's got five hundred acres. And I got a girl, too, same as you. But she's a school teacher. That's a laugh! A guy like me—"

George had turned towards him, stopping his work. "Mike, I forgot something! Power supply. We can't make this transmitter go without juice."

"You can't, huh?" Mike felt suddenly heavy. "What's supposed to make it go?"

"That gasoline-driven generator set. We didn't bring it in."

"We'll get it."

"No use. It's all pulled down. It would take all day to get it working. Besides, there's no fuel."

Mike eased himself down on the ground cloth with a long sigh. "You mean you're stuck?" he said, almost in a whisper.

"I guess so." George held his hands over the stove. They were white. Then he put one of them to his forehead, fingers fisted. The stove gurgled heavily. They stared at it.

George gave a wan smile. "You want to bet how long it will last?"

Mike stared at him. "Sure, why not?" George worked his hand into an inside pocket and brought out a crumpled dollar bill. He tossed it on the ground cloth. Mike followed suit.

"This buck says half an hour," George proposed.

"Twenty minutes. Or less. Shake." Solemnly they shook hands. Then Mike stripped off his wrist watch and laid it down facing them. It was a good watch, with a sweep hand. He picked it up

again and wound it, affectionately, and returned it to the floor. They sat what seemed a long while. The minute hand of the watch scarcely moved. Mike kept his eyes on the flame, studying it for the first sign of faltering. "Here we sit, George," he said softly. "Getting ready to freeze to death, and right beside us is a radio that could reach Siberia! Only we can't use it." He leaned over and adjusted the burners a trifle. "Think, George. You gotta think!"

George was searching his face, his brow wrinkled almost painfully. All at once he jumped up. "Mike! I have thought of something! Batteries! They gave us some batteries for testing!"

Mike was on his feet, too. "Here!" George cried. "Give me that flashlight. They're still out in the cache with the engine set."

"I'll go with you." Mike felt suddenly strong again.

"No! Stay here. Take that antenna wire and string it all around the hut. Maybe it'll work!" He plunged for the door.

"Keep hold of that rope!" Mike yelled after him. And then he began to work as he never had before, tearing the wire off the coil and throwing it in a tangle everywhere. The job was soon done, and he stood surveying the crazy maze, wondering what it was for.

The stove gulped again, and the flame dipped. He made a lunge for the adjusting knob and knew that it was too late. The two rings of little holes, from which the flames sprang, showed sickly red. Then the small spots of color faded and died, one by one, first one burner, then the other, like tiny necklaces that had been broken, their beads slipping away into the dark.

Slowly Mike bent forward and picked up his watch. It had been just 19 minutes. He reached for the two bills, then withdrew his hand. "Forget it," he mumbled. "I'll say I lost."

HE REALIZED then that George had not come back. Grabbing the lantern he ran to the door, calling him. Hearing nothing, he seized the rope and leaped through the drifts to the cache. George was not there. He had missed his way somehow and was lost.

Mike delayed only a second. He knew what to do. There was no time to think. Plowing back to the hut, he unhitched that end of the rope and, using it as a radius, struck off in a circle through the snow. George could not have gone far. He would find him.

After a hard fight he made the full sweep back to the hut, then started again, using a few feet less rope. Round he slogged his way, rope in one hand, lantern in the other. Then shorten the rope again. On the fourth trip he found him, face down, the snow already covering him by inches. He knelt and shook him, but the electrician did not move.

With what seemed the last ounce of

his own strength Mike shouldered the freezing man, picked up the carton of batteries that lay beside him, and followed the rope back to the cache. Then, using the wind for a guide, he struck out for the hut. A few minutes later he stumbled inside and laid his burdens down by the dead stove.

"George!" he cried, rubbing him hard. At first there was no response. Then the man stirred and his eyelids fluttered.

"Susy?"

"It's Mike, George! Look, old feller. Tell me something. Where do I connect those batteries?"

"Ba-batteries? Never mind the batteries. I want Susy."

Again Mike shook him, pummeled him, rolled him over, mauled him, till at last George sat up, bleary-eyed, but fully conscious. The cold was settling on them fast, and Mike knew that his own strength would not last much longer. All he understood was that he was alternately thrusting his ear against George's mouth for directions, then making crazy, unexplainable motions with his hands.

"Pay attention, George!" he cried finally. "I've done what you said with the wires. Now, how do I call for help?"

"That button—there's a button—"

"Yeah, yeah—"

"Push . . . SOS . . . three times quick, three slow, three quick—"

"Yes, George?"

"Then . . . wait . . . repeat—"

Mike dropped George on the ground cloth and crawled to the set. Only by moving the lantern close to the panel could he tell he was pushing the button. His fingers felt nothing. Then, little by little, he fell into the rhythm of it: One, two, three; one—two—three— It became a singsong and lulled him. He began to feel warm.

"Say it out loud with me, George," Mike begged. "One—" But George only mumbled unintelligibly.

The hut was no longer cold, Mike thought. Somebody must have lighted the stove, a heck of a big stove . . . One, two, three— It was hot now. With his left arm—there was no hand on it any more—he tried to loosen his parka jacket. The dam' thing was suffocating him . . .

ARNE JOHNSSEN yelled back through the door of the hut to someone outside. "Go get that bottle of hooch under the pilot's seat, Johnny. Maybe we can save them yet!"

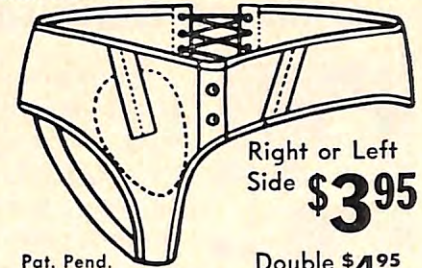
Back at the Base, in a hospital bed days later, Mike stretched and yawned luxuriously. "Y'know, George," he said expansively, "for sheer nerve, I never saw a guy to equal you."

George, muffled almost completely in bandages, could not look at him. Even his face was swatched in white. But he mumbled, "Aw, don't give me that stuff, will yuh, Donk!"

"Well," said Mike, "okay. Want me to try a song?"

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editorial

"TO INCULCATE THE PRINCIPLES OF CHARITY, JUSTICE, BROTHERLY LOVE AND FIDELITY; TO PROMOTE THE WELFARE AND ENHANCE THE HAPPINESS OF ITS MEMBERS; TO QUICKEN THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM; TO CULTIVATE GOOD FELLOWSHIP . . ."—FROM PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION, BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS

SPIRIT OF THANKSGIVING



On November 23, the people of America will pause in their daily occupations to observe their 330th Thanksgiving Day. To many, it will be merely a day to "heap high the board with plenteous cheer and gather to the feast".

That it has greater meaning, however, is best appreciated by a flashback to its origin in 1621, when Governor Bradford of Plymouth Colony proclaimed it as a day to be set aside for "public prayer and praise for God's merciful dealings with us in the wilderness".

Let us visit for a moment with those American colonists who risked their lives to establish themselves in a land where they might enjoy freedom of worship, of thought, of opportunity. The preceding winter, the biting cold and the meager stores caused such suffering and hardship among them as to deplete their number. Nevertheless, they carried on courageously with spring planting and summer tending of crops. They have just been rewarded for their God-given endurance and purposefulness by a bountiful harvest. A sense of gratitude surges in their beings. This harvest is a milestone in their lives and the lives of their children. It provides not merely the makings of a feast, but a surety of the continuance of their new way of life. The freedom for which they have made the supreme risk is now theirs to have and to hold. It is an inspiring sight to see them bow devoutly at the peak of their happiness and give thanks to God.

Today, we have as much reason to be thankful for life in America. We enjoy the same priceless freedoms. The visible harvests of our labors in farm crops, manufactured products and technological advancements, evince "God's merciful dealings with us in the wilderness" of a world beset by want, tension and strife.

The members of our Order who take such pride in our country and are alert to the threats against its freedoms will observe this holiday in its intended spirit. More than that, they will seize it as an opportunity, as has been their custom in the past, to extend cheer to the less fortunate of our people by preparing baskets of food and clothing and delivering them throughout our American communities.

AMERICA AROUSED



In response to a stirring appeal from the Elks National Service Commission, through its Chairman, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, lodges throughout the country staged community services last spring to WAKE UP, AMERICA.

Chairman Hallinan's message stated truths that are worth repeating now. He reminded us that the United States was being undermined by less than one per cent of the people; that this group has a hatred for the basic truths upon which this nation was founded—that every human being is a child of God, created in His image and that he gets his fundamental rights from God, not from the state; that the chief purpose of the state as affirmed in the Declaration of Independence is to protect those God-given rights.

Thousands of Americans who participated in these public services were strengthened in their determination to defend our American way of life.

The timeliness of this patriotic undertaking was underscored a month later by the Communist invasion of the Republic of Korea.

Now, the Korean threat has been met, but where will they strike next? What new dangers will we be exposed to, and when? Time alone will provide the answers, but our duty meanwhile is to keep alert and powerful. Recognizing the urgent necessity for leadership by the Order, the Elks National Service Commission again points the way with an appeal to

"KEEP AWAKE, AMERICA!"

Elsewhere in this issue appears the communication which the Commission has sent to every lodge asking that it follow up the good work done in May by holding another public program in November to strengthen the vigilance of the people and to nourish their faith in the principles of democratic freedom.

The Commission recognizes that it is not enough that we be against Communism. There have been others who were against Communist but succumbed to it because they lacked vigilance. They lacked the will and the spirit that dynamic democracy demands if it is to flourish.

Keep Awake, America! to the danger that faces you. Keep strong and vigilant! Where the fires of patriotism have dwindled, rekindle them! Where the spirit of Freedom lags, arouse it! Is there a lodge of Elks that will not rise to its duty in this cause? We doubt it.

"COUNT OFF!"



We are pleased to quote from a message of Exalted Ruler Harry Ritzman to the members of Casper, Wyoming, Lodge, No. 1353. "More than one American this summer paused to think about the mountains . . . the rice fields . . . the beaches . . . of Korea. Our hearts turned sick as we realized that once more American blood is trying to cleanse the world of tyranny and oppression . . . that many an American youth has already given his life to safeguard the principles of this nation . . . which are the very same principles upon which is founded the great Order of Elks . . . the principles you and I embrace.

"Already some of our own members . . . and the sons of members . . . have answered liberty's call, clear and unmistakable. The conflict of ideologies has finally reached down into our midst. It no longer *can* happen; it *has* happened. It behooves us to put aside personal and selfish prejudices and interests, and stand ready to assist in what may be democracy's last stand."

The Exalted Ruler enjoined the members of Casper Lodge to attend meetings regularly and stand ready to do their part in the times ahead. Then he continued:

"We have a job ahead of us. Many thousands of Brother Elks in the past have served gallantly in the armed forces, and will serve again in the present conflict. As one of America's greatest bulwarks against those who bore within at its heart, our great Order provides the antidote against the evil forces which threaten our country today.

"Our solidarity, multiplied by all the Elks lodges in the country, will serve as a stimulus, encouragement and example to all good Americans to do whatever is necessary to crush the foes, in whatever disguise, of our God-given way of American life.

"This is the time for all to stand up and be counted. Won't *you* be there?"

Officers and members alike may find inspiration in this review of our Order's opportunity to render further service in aiding America to meet the challenge of this day. The solid front which will thwart communism is an organized people. We should accept it as our duty to influence others to stand up with us and be counted as loyal Americans.

AN INVITATION TO COLLEGE



Among the interesting points in the last Grand Lodge report of the Elks National Foundation was the reminder that children of Elks who were either killed or incapacitated in World War II have the opportunity to

receive college training through the Elks Emergency Educational Fund.

This fund of over \$50,000 was established at the Chicago Grand Lodge Session in 1944 on recommendation of the then Grand Exalted Ruler, Robert S. Barrett. It is administered by the Foundation Trustees who are directed by resolution to employ it "to provide for the proper and adequate education, beyond and supplementary to the usual high or preparatory school courses, of any child of a member of this Order who has lost his life or been seriously incapacitated from injury received by reason of action of the armed forces of any country with which the United States was at war, or while serving with the armed forces of the United States, during World War II".

No application has yet been received for assistance from the Emergency Educational Fund. Perhaps the Order should count itself fortunate and conclude that need does not exist. Rather than adopt such an attitude, however, it is felt that additional publicity and attention may be required to carry information to eligible students that the fund is available for their college training. We feel sure that if any member knows of a student entitled to this benefit, or is in a position to learn of one through his own children at school, he will take the opportunity to promote application.

The procedure in applying for assistance from this fund is as follows: The student, under sponsorship of a parent, guardian or member of the parent's lodge, files an application with the Secretary of the lodge with which the parent was or is affiliated. The Secretary refers it to a special scholarship assistance committee for investigation and report to the lodge. The Exalted Ruler and Secretary certify the action of the lodge in forwarding the application to the Chairman of the Elks National Foundation and attach a memorandum of their views, together with the report of the special committee.

One other point relating to the Elks Emergency Educational Fund bears repetition to members of our Order. This fund, although administered by the Foundation Trustees, is kept separate from the Foundation Fund for this reason: The entire principal of the Emergency Educational Fund may be expended for the purposes outlined in this editorial. However, only the income earned on the Foundation Fund may be expended in charitable, benevolent and educational activities; any donations or bequests entered into the corpus of the Foundation Fund may never be touched.

OLD TIMERS IN ELKDOM

COLUMBUS, OHIO, Lodge has an Oldtimer in 48-year member, C. W. Wallace, its Secy. for 25 years. He has served in all Chair Offices, on almost all lodge committees, two Grand Lodge groups, was State Assn. Treas. for many years, Ohio Scholarship Fund Secy. 20 years, has attended literally thousands of Elk meetings. Globe, Ariz., Lodge's Secy., 77-year-old P.E.R. Joseph F. Mayer, resigned recently as State Assn. Treas. after 20 years. Trenton, N. J., Lodge's Secy., 88-year-old Albert E. Dearden, has been an Elk 51 years; Rome, N. Y., Lodge's Secy., A. L. MacMaster, is serving his 35th term in that capacity, as is Galesburg, Ill., Lodge's Secy., J. Willis Peterson. Fred A. Irish, Fargo, N. D., Lodge's Treas. since 1897, has a good friend in George R. Merritt, only surviving Charter Member. 57 years an Elk.

Cleburne, Tex., Lodge has 103-year-old T. J. Coyne, an active member since 1911, and Crawfordsville, Ind., Lodge is proud of 86-year-old P.E.R. George S. Harney who officiated as E.R. at its Golden Jubilee last year. One of Negaunee, Mich., Lodge's most devoted members is P.E.R. Al F. Willman, Esquire when it was instituted 42 years ago, and P.E.R. Warren Wellford, of Roanoke, Va., Lodge, a P.D.D., initiated in 1893, is still going strong, as is Knoxville, Pa., Lodge's Charter member of 53 years an Elk, 85-year-old Charles J. Moye.

On Will S. Albert's 21st birthday in Feb., 1888, in Chattanooga, Tenn., he set to work to form an Elks lodge there. He succeeded; it was instituted that July. Joe A. DeHority did the same for Elwood, Ind., Lodge 51 years ago. He never held office until last year when he was "drafted" as E.R.

No. 1 card in Evanston, Ill., Lodge belongs to P.E.R. John F. Stafford, initiated in 1895, and that card for Louisville, Ky., Lodge has been in J. W. Flood's wallet for 60 years. Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge's 58-year member is 86-year-old Paul F. Markhof, and C. P. Hale, an Elk since 1906, is Wichita, Kans., Lodge's Honorary Life Member. LaCrosse, Wis., Lodge welcomed Sam A. Rask, now of Owatonna, Minn., 54 years ago, and John W. Vogel of Chicago, Ill., Lodge, 85 years old, an Elk 64 years, now lives in Columbus, Ohio. He's one of the last few former minstrel show owners, was known as "The Minstrel King". Musician Joseph B. Caldwell of Washington, D. C., Lodge, initiated in 1889, danced at his recent 90th birthday party; Findlay, Ohio, Lodge's only living Charter Member, Wm. H. Saltz, recalls anecdotes of his nearly 65-year affiliation, and 89-year-old Harry M. Elwell, a Macomb, Ill., Elk, has taken up painting as a hobby.

Yes, Elk Oldtimers are young men.



AL F. WILLMAN
Negaunee, Mich.



WILL S. ALBERT
Chattanooga, Tenn.



PAUL F. MARKHOF
Grand Rapids, Mich.



JOSEPH F. MAYER
Globe, Ariz.



J. WILLIS PETERSON
Galesburg, Ill.



JOHN W. VOGEL
Chicago, Ill.



GEORGE R. MERRITT
Fargo, N. D.



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