

THE
Elks
MAGAZINE



JANUARY 1951
**RUSSIA'S WEAPON
OF SATELLITISM**
BY W. B. COURTNEY



→ Did you ever shop for dinner in Paris?

Even if you parlay-voov like a native, you get a queer, lost feeling the first time you go marketing in a foreign country.

You look at the shelves filled with strange goods, and not one of them means anything to you. And you haven't the faintest idea which are good, and which are so-so, and which won't satisfy *you* at all.

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clear and proud. You try it, and if it doesn't suit you, you know what not to get the next time. And if it does please you, you can buy it again with the certainty that it will be just as good... because the manufacturer can't afford to let his brand name down.

Brand names give you the wonderful power of taking it or leaving it alone. And that power—a force as mighty as your right to vote—is what keeps manufacturers vying with each other for your favor... making their products better and better... offering you more and more for your money.

So make use of your power of choice to get what you want. Know your brands—and study the ads on these pages. That way you will get what pleases you best—again and again and again.

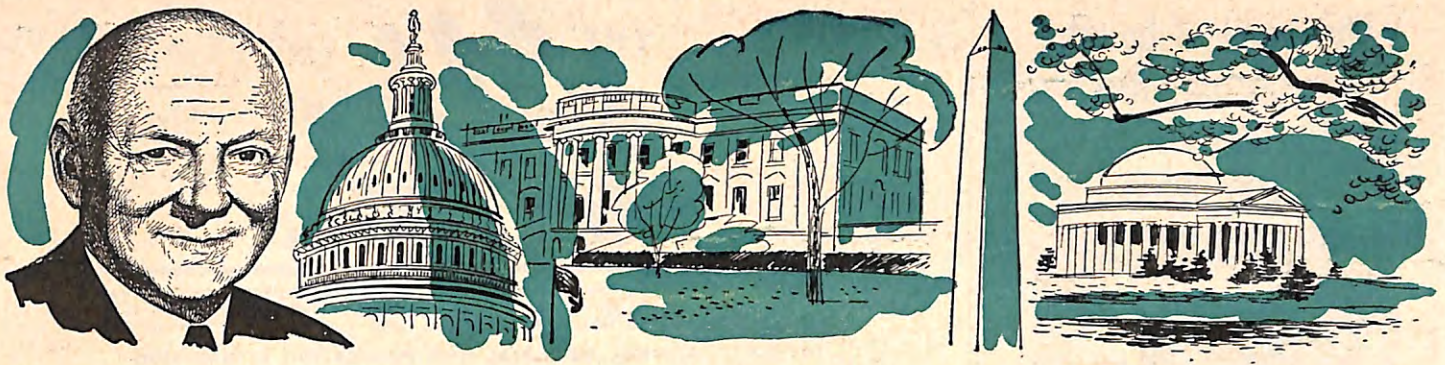
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TOM WRIGLEY WRITES FROM WASHINGTON

THE opening of the 82nd Congress finds freshman Senators and Congressmen very much excited and somewhat confused. To them, Capitol Hill is a layer-cake of red tape, regulations and old customs, covered with a thick icing of politics. Sizing it up, the "baby" member doesn't know just where to get the best and biggest bite. Over half the 14 newly elected senators and over 50 representatives were elected to Congress for the first time. Here they are on the payroll for \$12,500 a year, plus a multitude of allowances and expenses which are bewildering. For instance, a senator actually could use upwards of \$75,000 a year if he took full advantage of everything on the list. It has been done.

Looking around a bit, the "baby" member gets a number of chest-swelling surprises. His spacious office is air-conditioned and luxuriously carpeted. A senator rates gold letters on his door. There are free phone calls, including a lot of long-distance calls. Plenty of reference volumes are available for the library shelves. Senate and House have fine gymnasiums; medical service is provided; travel allowance is 20 cents a mile each way. Senate and House restaurants, which, incidentally, operate at a deficit, serve low-cost meals. Senators get free barber, turkish bath and massage service. If they don't like Potomac River water they can have free mineral water. They get \$900 per year toward maintaining offices in their home cities. Their office expense for advisers, clerks and secretaries runs from \$35,000 to \$42,500. They are allowed \$800 per year for stationery. House members have only \$12,500 base pay for their clerk hire and \$2,500 for expenses. Every two years they have to run for office all over again. What with living costs in Washington and campaign expenses, there's little "take home" pay left.

TOO MANY ARE WORKING

From the newly created National Production Authority comes information that "unemployment is dangerously low." In other words, under the peculiar situation now existing too many people are work-

ing and the expanded defense production will have difficulty in securing workers. The Labor Department already reports severe manpower shortages in over 30 communities. Aircraft manufacturers are taking on up to 25 per cent more employes as of January 1. Many old employes who were pensioned are going back on the job. Department of Commerce figures show some 65,000,000 persons now working, including those in the armed forces. In October, unemployment dipped below the two-million mark, but only about a million were men out of work throughout the country.

THERE'S MONEY IN OIL

Young people wondering what road to take to earn a living after they leave school or college might well consider the petroleum production and refining field, the Labor Department says. Employment in this field is expected to increase gradually during the next ten years and there will be good opportunities for advancement. The report, "Employment Outlook in Petroleum Production and Refining," is available. It states that indications point to an increased demand for petroleum products and that supply of oil will be adequate during this period. Result: many new job openings for workers. At present, more than 200,000 workers are employed in crude petroleum production, including exploration, drilling and operating the nation's 445,000 producing wells. The 375 oil refineries employ another 200,000. Oil field activity in the last two years was the highest in history.

K-9 CORPS REVIVED

Famous dogs of the K-9 corps did a lot to help win the last war and the bowwows are enlisting again to bolster the defense program. After World War II, the corps was reduced to a mere yowl and a couple of yoicks but right now it is back to a total of over 900 of the best war dogs available. In the last war a total of about 10,000 dogs saw action, doing sentry duty, detecting mines, acting as scouts and messengers, guarding supplies, pulling sledges and carrying packs. Most of the K-9 corps are German shepherds, but

there also are huskies, malamutes, Great Danes and hounds. Poodles, Pekes and the like are exempt from the draft.

AS CONGRESS LINES UP

Facts about the Congress convening January 3: It is the first session of the 82nd Congress. There are 96 Senate members and 435 representatives in the House. The average age for senators as the session opens will be 56.6 years; for the House, 52 years. About 74 per cent of the congressmen have had previous experience in politics or civil service. About 58 per cent are lawyers and 47 per cent are veterans. This Congress is the 11th under Democratic rule since 1900, and the eighth elected in the last 18 years. Since 1900, Republicans have controlled 13 Congresses. The line-up of this Congress: Senate, 49 Democrats; 47 Republicans; GOP gained 5. House, 234 Democrats; 200 Republicans; 1 Independent; GOP gained 28.

KEEP ADDING SHIRTS

It is easier to keep warm in winter by wearing layer after layer of clothing instead of a few very thick garments, the Department of the Army points out. In a Pentagon demonstration of what the GI's were issued in Korea, army spokesmen said the "layer principle" takes advantage of the use of air pockets as insulation. Wool shirts and a sweater are used for inner clothing and wind and water repellent outside clothing keeps the cold out and the warmth in. Shoe pacs have rubber bottoms and leather tops. The soldier wears two pairs of wool socks and a heavy felt insole. Arctic type parkas with hoods are worn in extremely low temperatures.

IRELAND TOPS THE LIST

People in Ireland, New Zealand and Iceland have the highest calorie-consumption of food per capita of all nations, a survey by the food and agriculture organization of the United Nations reveals. India has the lowest calorie diet. Strange but true, the report says the nations with the poorest diets are increasing fastest in population.

**"The bonds I bought
for our country's
defense
will see my twins
through college!"**



**HOW U.S. SAVINGS BONDS
ARE PAYING OFF FOR
Mrs. Mary Callon
OF INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA**

"Janet and Jack are my twin reasons for buying bonds," says Mary Callon. "I've been a widow since the children were 8, but in 1942 I started buying bonds for defense and for their college education, setting aside 10% of each week's pay.

"I've saved systematically through the Payroll Savings Plan at the U.S. Naval Ordnance Plant, where I'm an executive secretary.

"It's Butler University for my twins this fall—and I have my U. S. Savings Bonds to thank! I'll always buy bonds—it's the world's best way to save money!"

**Mrs. Callon's story
can be your story, too!**

What Mary Callon did, you can do, too—and just as easily! Take these three steps today:

1. Decide to put savings first, before you even draw your pay.
2. Decide to save a regular amount systematically.
3. Today—start saving automatically by signing up in the Payroll Savings Plan where you work or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank. If you can set aside just \$7.50 weekly, in 10 years you'll have \$4,329.02 cash!

You'll be providing security for yourself, your family, and the free way of life that's so important to us all.

**For your security, and your
country's too, SAVE NOW
—through regular purchase
of U. S. Savings Bonds!**



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No. 8

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What Our Readers

Have to Say



In your letter of November 10th you extended an invitation to me to write a Letter to the Editors. Through such a vehicle of correspondence you would present my Legionnaire views to my Brother Elks.

As the matter stands, it appears that *The Elks Magazine* has committed our fraternal organization to the support of a program that is objectionable to many of our members. The mere publication of a Letter to the Editors from me, or from any other member, does not change that situation. Only a statement from the Magazine, with the imprimatur of the Editors, could correct the situation even to a limited extent. [See statement of *The Elks Magazine* policy below.]

It would seem to me that *a priori* reasoning in this matter has led the Editors of *The Elks Magazine* to assume a wrong position from the standpoint of the Elks membership at large. Basically, I think it is wrong to place the Elks in the position of appearing to give unqualified and full support to the Hoover Commission recommendations, when some of them are almost certain to affect adversely the veterans of this nation.

The majority of the Hoover Commission members (and this includes Members of Congress) have disagreed violently with many of the Hoover Commission's approximately 300 recommendations. The American Legion does not oppose the report *in toto*. It merely opposes four recommendations affecting the veteran. Yet our Editors, representing a membership that is peculiarly American in its support of the basic concepts of our government,

have denied a large element to the right to disapprove certain of the recommendations of the Hoover Commission.

If the foregoing assumptions are correct, the publication of this letter should be accompanied by a published statement from the Editors correcting the impression that *The Elks Magazine* is supporting a program that would bring so much distress to the Legionnaires who are Elks, in the event that the program was ever accomplished.

Paul S. Samuels,
Dutchess County (N.Y.)
Commander
The American Legion

I read with much interest your story on Jim Thorpe in the November issue. I have seen this old-timer play and agree wholeheartedly that he was the greatest of them all.

C. F. Collins

Leominster, Mass.

In the article on Jim Thorpe the author says that he kicked 100 yards. This point has been in dispute with a group of local football followers and we would like to obtain more proof that he did actually punt a football 100 yards.

John W. Barrett

San Francisco, Calif.

There is no proof other than the statements of spectators at Thorpe's games. We are inclined to think that the author is correct in his statement, particularly in view of a clipping forwarded by William A. Draves, Milwaukee, Wis., stating that in 1897 Pat O'Dea of the Wisconsin team punted 110 yards against Minnesota. At that time it was 110 yards from goal post to goal post.

A Statement of Policy

In its issue of September, 1950, *The Elks Magazine* published a message of the Citizens Committee for the Hoover Report which offered our readers free literature on the recommendations made by the Commission on the Organization of the Executive Branch of the Government (Hoover Commission).

This message carried the statement, usual in such cases, that it was published by *The Elks Magazine* in the public interest. Readers have written the management of the Magazine to protest publication of the message on the ground that it constituted an endorsement of the Commission's recommendations. This would indicate that others may have regarded it as an endorsement.

It is the policy of the Magazine, to which it adheres strictly, to take no position, either for or against, on subjects of a political nature. Although the management of the Magazine was aware that some of the recommendations of the Hoover Commission were political, this message was published solely to encourage members of the Order to familiarize themselves with the recommendations in order to form intelligent opinions thereon. Publication of the message is not to be construed as an endorsement of the Commission's report in whole or in part, and we regret that such endorsement may have been implied.

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Russia's weapon of Satellitism

Within the orbit of its Satellite nations, Russia is developing a new type of imperialism—Dictator style.

THE Russians, as a by-product of their Cold War propaganda, have been claiming the invention of practically everything useful in modern life, from egg-beaters to airplanes. This nonsense has merely deepened the ignorance of the Soviet Union's native masses and increased the fanaticism of its outside followers; and raised contemptuous hilarity in the civilized West. Yet the devious minds in the Kremlin must be given credit for scoring an important point:

While we have been chuckling, they have quietly created something *really* brand-new. They have invented "Satellitism".

Satellitism, perfected, can wipe out the benefits to us of many of the legitimate discoveries and inventions we made—and *they* claim.

To understand what Satellitism is, and what it can mean to the future of you and your family and the destiny of our country, we must first honestly weigh America's most characteristic weakness for its inescapable role of Free World leadership.

Two World Wars have demonstrated the immense physical, technical and economic strength of America when aroused. But neither Pearl Harbor nor Korea, apparently, have cured our traditional mental habit—before shooting begins—of wishful thinking, half-thinking, "for granted" thinking and sometimes no thinking at all until the casualty lists smack the block in which we live.

There is some excuse for this sort of thinking by the average lay American or Canadian, brought up in the historic safety of geographic isolation between the two greatest oceans, capped by the Polar wilderness. No old or new foes stare at us from a few yards off, across the barbed wire and gates of frontier roadblocks—as in Europe. The nearest slave camp is half the earth away; and sixteen hours of hard labor a day on one bowl of watery soup and one piece of maggoty bread are something only read about, never seen.

There is no excuse, however, for official thinking such as that expressed in these

quotes from a speech made lately by a high Government man in Washington:

"... 60 to 90 per cent of Satellite populations are anti-Soviet..."

That is half-thinking; even if it were true, it still does not go a dozen feet up the long, hard road to the provable realities of Satellitism.

"... Stalin has completely failed to win over the Satellite populations..."

That is wishful thinking, wholly unrelated to the facts of daily life in the Satellites. As one of the sources of his opinions of what goes on behind the Iron Curtain the orator mentioned a Communist major who had deserted to our side. Those of us who have worked along the Curtain know that deserters may be untrustworthy witnesses. They will try, more often than other escapees, to ingratiate themselves by saying whatever they believe you will be pleased to hear. Also, we know that the largest share of desertions is due less to our current propaganda than to the lingering effects of what has been called the "two greatest mistakes" Stalin made at the end of the war; he let the West see his army, and he let his army see the West!

One last passage from the Washington speech:

"... It (Stalin's propaganda) has generally been crude, stiff, unimaginative..."

IMITATING OUR BROADCASTS

That, to put it bluntly, is no thinking at all—because it makes no sense of factors and events which certainly must be known in top Government circles both here and abroad. For proof that Stalin's propaganda is, on the contrary, malevolently slick, clever and thorough, I am able to give you a piece of secret and exclusive intelligence just received from a Balkan capital, whence it was despatched via Underground two days before the moment of this writing. It highlights Red adroitness in contriving a propaganda blow of far-reaching possibilities; one that cannot be readily countered.

"Jamming" has long been a serious though not fatal handicap to radio penetration of the Curtain. Now the Russians have begun *imitation* Voice of America broadcasts, with perfect simulation of identifiable characteristics of the originals, even to jamming attempts—which, however, are carefully ineffectual.

So cunning are these spurious broadcasts that nine out of ten of the items are true—monitored and stolen from the American "Voice". The tenth, indistinguishable from the others in tempo, accent, tone and delivery, shoves in the unfelt and unsuspected needle. The opportunities for casual and flexible use of such poison droplets are endless; as, for instance, "The President has forbidden the rebuilding of Korean homes smashed by American bombing attacks except by American firms using unemployed labor brought from the United States. Payments by the Koreans must be in dollars, at rates fixed by Wall Street banks".

Although most of the world's attention is presently fixed upon the Oriental Satellites—and that's the way Russia wants it—no matter what tragedies befall in

(Continued on page 34)

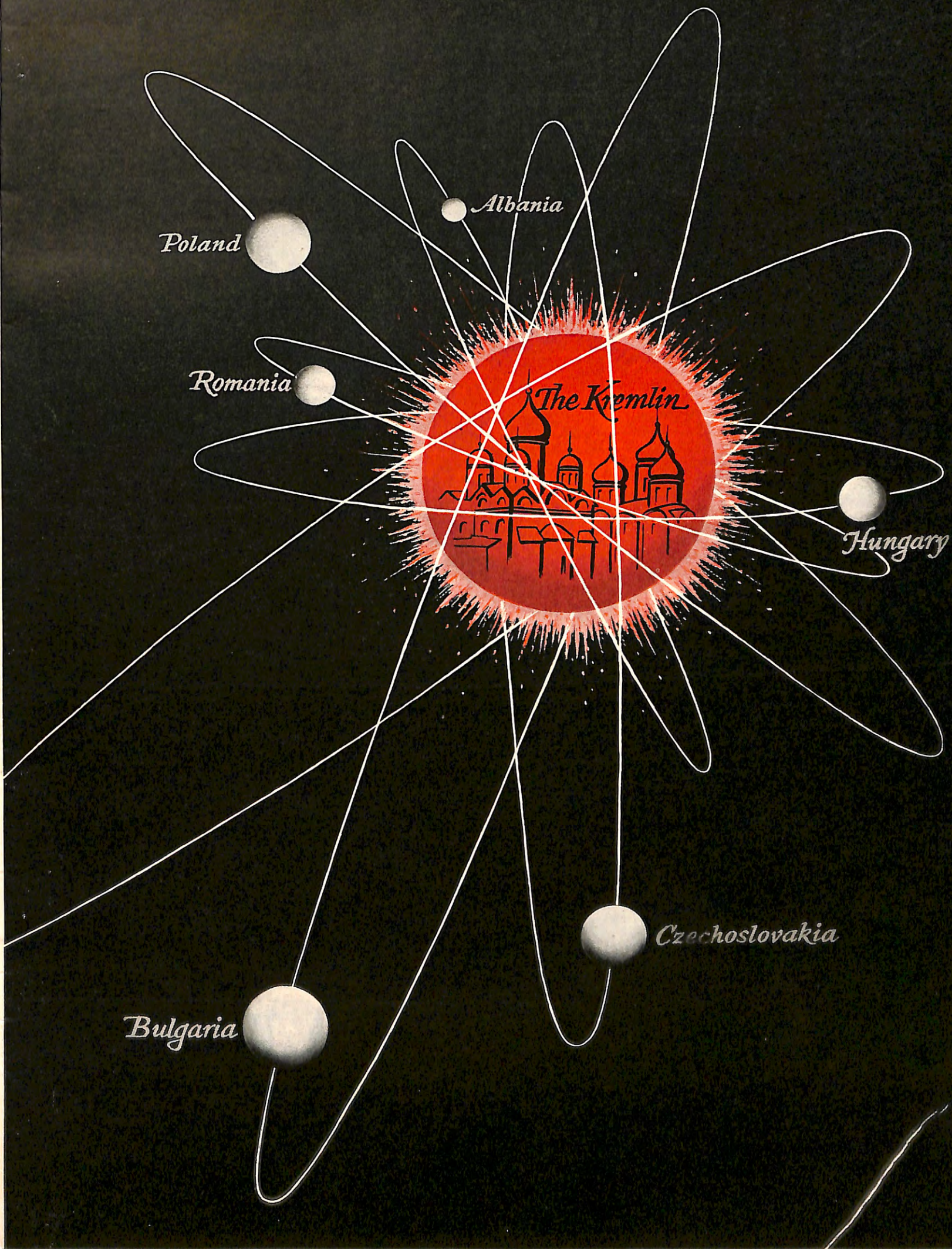
*East
Germany*



BY W. B. COURTNEY

ILLUSTRATED BY

JOHN HULL



Poland

Albania

Romania

The Kremlin

Hungary

Czechoslovakia

Bulgaria



Everest's peak was his goal—the ice-clad, gale-driven summit of the earth.

BY MARGARET CRAVEN

**ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN BLAINE**

THEY had been four weeks trekking in from Darjeeling, following the old established route through the passes of the eastern Himalaya and across the plateaus of Tibet.

At every high, far-seeing place their eyes had sought the goal, but each time it had been denied them. From Kampa Dzong clouds hid the horizon. From Pang La they caught no glint of ice or snow.

Even when they entered the Rongbuk Valley itself they did not see it. Weary from the day's march and the increasing altitude they had stopped to rest, when quite suddenly the mists began to rise. They stood waiting, eager for the sight and yet afraid. And there, some twenty miles distant, at the valley's end and blocking it, was revealed at last that

great soaring mass of rock, of ice and snow which is Everest. And none of them, white man or native, moved, and no man spoke.

To the left was the monastery founded many hundreds of years ago as a worship place to Chomo Lungma, Goddess Mother of the World. Tomorrow they would present their respects. Perhaps they would be permitted to stand in the presence of the most ancient saint. Assuredly, lesser hermits would receive them, hiding their awe that the foolish white men were back for an eighth time, although they must know that the spirits who guard Chomo Lungma's top would permit them to advance only so far, then repudiate them as they had their predecessors.

Now it was enough to look, and the looks were the same; the poised body,

the lifted head, and in the eyes that mingling of hope and veneration which the mountaineer offers humbly to the mountain whose dream has lain long and deep within the heart.

The unspoken words behind the hope were the same also, so deeply felt they amounted to prayer: That the imponderables—the coming-together of men, mountain, weather and condition, which no mind can foresee and no skill compensate—would break with them. That the monsoons hold back and give them time. That the slabs on the last thousand feet be blown sufficiently clear of powder-snow to expose the ledges, the foot- and hand-holds. That they might have their chance.

Even the men were alike. They made a small army of attack in so desolate a

LAST ASSAULT



Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Harry Lowenthal, P.E.R., delivers an address to the diners at Evansville, Ind., Lodge's banquet. Seated, left to right, are Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Kyle, Exalted Ruler John E. McCutchan, P.E.R. Jerome D. Beeler, to whom Mr. Kyle presented an Honorary Life Membership that evening, and Dr. B. F. Shepp.



Seated with the Order's leader at the rededication ceremonies of Bluffton, Ind., Lodge are E.R. M. W. Crandall, right, and Lead. Knight Henry Grabowski, left. Standing, left to right: P.E.R. J. H. Edris, Chairman R. L. DeHority of the Lodge Activities Committee, P.E.R. Amos Gerber, Program Chairman Lewis Smith and Treas. G. M. Lewis.

of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, Lee A. Donaldson of the Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge and State Pres. Francis T. Benson. The Grand Exalted Ruler, the first to visit the lodge since 1907, enjoyed a meeting with E.R. Victor A. Kimmel, Jr., who had returned from Army duties for the occasion, talking with the wounded at the VA Hospital, and receiving a tribute from the Elk-sponsored Scout Troop.

The NUTLEY, N. J., LODGE, NO. 1290, visitation on Oct. 26th was a well-planned affair Chairmanned by Grand Treas. William J. Jernick who, in his capacity as Mayor, presented the city's "key" to the Order's leader.

TRENTON LODGE NO. 105 was visited by Mr. Kyle on the 27th, when he attended a dinner at which Mayor Donal J. Connolly and the lodge's Secy. for 32 years, Albert E. Dearden, paid him special tribute. Among those present was Atlantic City's 55-year Elk, Frank J. McIntyre.

On Oct. 28th, PLAINFIELD, N. J., LODGE, NO. 885, welcomed Mr. Kyle to a dinner meeting for the Cent. Dist. lodges. Accompanied by Grand Treas. Jernick and many other dignitaries, Mr. Kyle was greeted by Mayors C. W. Crane of Plainfield, R. J. Underhill of North Plainfield and Lewis Gray of Watchung.

Over 250 people attended the banquet given by POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., LODGE, NO.

275, on Oct. 29th, when a great number of Elk officials were on hand, among them Past Grand Tiler Michael J. Gilday, State Pres. Thomas P. McGowan, P.D.D. James A. Gunn and former State Chaplain Rev. T. E. Kaminski.

At UNION CITY, N. J., LODGE, NO. 1357, on Nov. 1st, the Grand Exalted Ruler was honored at a dinner meeting, and two days later met with E.R.'s of 20 N.Y. N. E. Dist. lodges at TROY LODGE NO. 141. On hand were Past Grand Est. Lead. Knight Dr. J. Edward Gallico, John J. Sweeney of the Grand Lodge State Assns. Committee, State Assn. Vice-Pres. William Healy, P.D.D. J. B. Mulholland, D.D. Leo Watt, and Past State Vice-Pres. John L. Fleming, Jr., Chairman of the affair. Former State Senator J. J. Mackrell delivered the official welcome.

Mr. Kyle attended the Nov. 4th rededication ceremonies for the newly remodeled home of BLUFFTON, IND., LODGE, NO. 796, completed at a cost of \$200,000. Three of the four living Charter Members were on hand, P.E.R.'s C. E. Sturgis and J. A. McBride, and Frank Ulmer.

(Story continues on page 32)
(Photos on page 12)



Above: Elk officers are pictured with Mr. Kyle during his official visit to Troy, N. Y., Lodge.

Right: Altoona, Pa., Lodge's officers, photographed with the Grand Exalted Ruler, seated center, on their 62nd Anniversary. E.R. Victor A. Kimmel, Jr., in uniform, is at Mr. Kyle's right.





WASHINGTON, MO.



GRANITE CITY, ILL.



PLAINFIELD, N. J.



LACONIA, N. H.



TENNESSEE ELKS ASSN.

READING counterclockwise, starting at top: At the **TENNESSEE ELKS ASSN.** Convention Banquet, seated, left to right: Chattanooga Lodge's E. R. D. L. Hill, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland, Mr. Kyle, State Assn. Treas. John T. Menefee and, standing, D.D. Edwin Seagraves, Past Pres. Ed. W. McCabe, Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committeeman, Convention Chairman W. B. King, Past Pres. James Farrell and D.D. Ben Talley. At **WASHINGTON, MO.**, Lodge, the Order's leader appears with P.E.R. J. H. Dickbrader, Honorary Life Member, right, and E.R. Elmer J. Berding, left. At **GRANITE CITY, ILL.**, Lodge are, left to right: State Pres. John E. Giles, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, E.R. Floyd Taylor, Mr. Kyle, State Vice-Pres.-at-Large William Wolf and State Secretary Albert W. Arnold. At the festive board at **PLAINFIELD, N. J.**, Lodge are, seated, left to right: Elks National Service Commission Exec. Secy. Wm. M. Frasor, Grand Treas. Wm. J. Jernick, E.R. Arthur D. Brown, the Grand Exalted Ruler, Grand Lodge Auditing Committeeman Charles H. Maurer and D.D. Henry W. Quinn. Standing are 50-year Elk George L. Hirtzel, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committe, D.D. Wm. H. H. Ely, D.D. Joseph S. Loth, Esq. J. A. Reilly, D.D. Dr. Louis Hubner and Toastmaster P.E.R. H. R. McCusker, P.D.D. Talking things over at **LACONIA, N. H.**, Lodge were, left to right: Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Gov. Sherman Adams, a member of Berlin Lodge, Joseph B. Kyle, E.R. Donald W. MacIsaac and Past Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan. The Grand Exalted Ruler and Mr. Jernick are pictured at the latter's home lodge, **NUTLEY, N. J.**, with P.E.R.'s and father-and-son groups of the lodge and the N. J. N. W. District.



NUTLEY, N. J.

ROD AND GUN

Cousin Alvin never left third grade, but rates as an outdoor chef.

BY TED TRUEBLOOD



MY COUSIN ALVIN—he's my ignorant cousin—and I got back to camp a few minutes before sunset. We had followed the trail of a big old buck about ten miles, and we were tired. We were hungry, too. In fact, we had reached that ravenous state where, as Alvin put it in his own forthright way, "My big ones are eating my little ones."

Under the circumstances, there was only one thing to do. We both flew in and cooked up a thumping big meal. After we had eaten, I stepped outside to pick up a few sticks of wood. It was just getting dark. When I came back into the tent, I remarked to Alvin that we had made good time. "Boy," I added, made philosophical by being full, "that's the way to get camp work done. Both pitch in and do part and it doesn't take long to get the job done."

"Yep," he answered, whittling off his after-dinner chew of Day's Work, "there's just one better way: take your wife along and let her do it all."

Of course, Alvin was right. For somebody who stayed in the third grade until he was old enough to marry the teacher, he has an uncanny ability to hit the nail on the head.

Despite the fact that camp cooking is something to be avoided whenever possible, sooner or later every man who hunts or fishes has to try his hand at it. When the time comes, some of Alvin's tricks may help him provide the most good eating for the least effort.

My Cousin Alvin, as I may have intimated in these columns before, is lazy. "I operate on the theorem," he once remarked, "that a man is born with only so much strength. Some has more and some has less. When you use up your share, you're done. I don't aim to waste any."

He doesn't, either. His cooking in camp, like everything else he does, is accomplished with a minimum of effort.

That should appeal to the man who'd rather fish than rattle pans.

One of Alvin's favorites is what he calls a "one disher"—an entire meal that can be cooked in one pan and eaten from a plate. This is a quickie.

Simply empty the contents of a can of chile con carne, a can of pork and beans and a can of vegetable soup into a big skillet. When it's hot, it's ready to eat.

With a pot of coffee, bread and butter, and fruit and cookies for dessert, it makes a meal that will stick to your ribs, no matter how tough the trail. Even better, it is ready to eat by the time the coffee comes to a boil.

This, of course, is for lunch when you're in a hurry to be on the stream again, although it will do for dinner on those evenings when you come in so tired that you simply haven't the strength to cook a more elaborate meal. Alvin will, when he has the proper incentive, expend more energy. One thing that brings out the best in him is trout.

"A trout," he has often told me, "is too ignoble to let a woman spoil. Few women can cook fish. Besides, the sooner you eat them, the better. Time you tote 'em home and let 'em get mushy, you've lost all of that delicate savior."

When we have trout, it is my job to dress them while Alvin makes the more important preparations. I leave the heads and tails on those less than a foot long.

Those between a foot and 15 inches are cut into sections about three inches long. The big ones have to be filleted. All this, of course, on Alvin's orders and, in addition, I have to get them hospital clean.

Meanwhile, Alvin pours two quarts of cooking oil—peanut oil, Mazola or Wesson Oil—into his Dutch oven. (A deep iron skillet would do as well.) He regulates his heat so that the oil is just at the verge of smoking. This is the most important part. If it is too hot, the trout will be browned before they are cooked through and if it is not hot enough they will soak up grease until they are, as he puts it, "just like a hunk of sow belly."

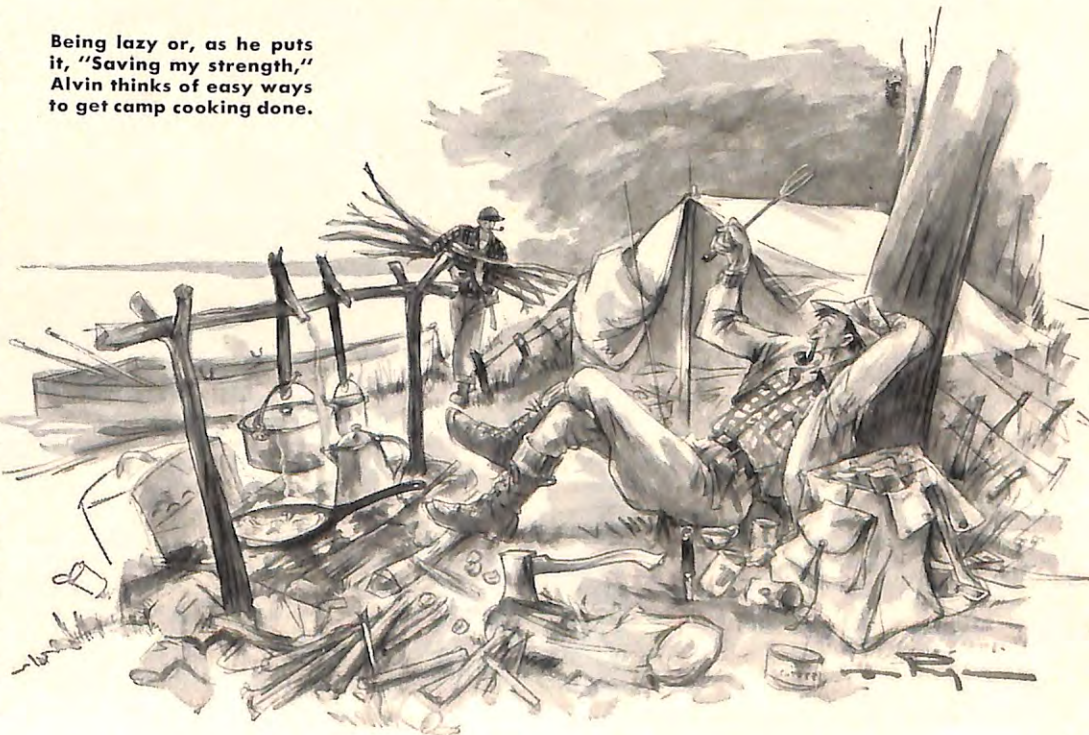
When I come in with the trout, he always is testing the temperature. He breaks off a piece of bread and holds the corner in the oil. When it turns to a beautiful toast color in about half a minute, he reaches for the fish.

He dusts them thoroughly inside and out with salt and pepper and eases them into the Dutch oven. The trout, or pieces of trout, go in one by one with short pauses between. "Dassent put 'em all in at once," he explains, "it would chill the fat."

Alvin can tell when they're done by the color. They look just like you've always imagined perfectly cooked fish should look—gold shading into brown, with most of their spots still showing.

(Continued on page 40)

Being lazy or, as he puts it, "Saving my strength," Alvin thinks of easy ways to get camp cooking done.



THE ORDER SALUTES THE PRESS

"For Service to Community and Nation in Promoting Our Democratic Form of Government . . ."

Joseph B. Kyle, Grand Exalted Ruler



ONCE again the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks took the lead in the observance of National Newspaper Week in October. All across the country, our lodges were the centers for special programs at which homage was paid our newspapermen and women.

Many of these observances were joint affairs, some participated in by other fraternal, veterans and civic organizations of the community. Frequently, a lodge selected this particular occasion to hold some special ceremony—the presentation of a scholarship to a deserving student, the donation of a gift to a hospital, the initiation of a class of candidates—but all were devoted to paying tribute to those members of the working press to whom we owe so much for the preservation of the principles of truth in the dissemination of news of this troubled world.

Special awards were made to the honored guests, in the form of citations and

certificates attesting to Elksdom's appreciation of our newsmen's unceasing efforts to keep America informed.

Inquiries sent to all lodges for information as to whether or not a special Elk observance of Newspaper Week was being arranged revealed that practically every lodge would participate.

All reports on these observances were submitted to the Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, of which Robert L. DeHority is Chairman. This Committee went over every report very carefully—a tremendous task taking a great deal of time and effort. Chairman DeHority reported that while it was extremely difficult to select the most outstanding ceremony in each of the three groups into which the lodges are separated—Group I, over 1,000 members; Group II, between 500 and 1,000, and Group III, less than 500—a final decision gave the first place in Group I to San Antonio, (Continued on page 33)

These clippings represent the hundreds which appeared all over the country, publicizing Elk observances of Newspaper Week. The photograph is representative of the observances themselves, this being taken at Paducah, Ky., Lodge.



in the Doghouse

Ed Faust



ALTHOUGH I'm dogless at the moment, life isn't as empty as it might be, for a neighbor's new terrier has decided I need looking after. His interest is embarrassingly proprietary, although his official boss seems to view the situation with complacent amusement. For a dog to buddy up to someone other than his master isn't my idea of correct canine etiquette; the sure way for your dog to become anybody's purp is to allow him to fraternize at will. Of course, I haven't gone so far as to feed my terrier friend—that sort of mistaken kindness would be anything but a good turn for his owner; he'd lose his dog's respect for keeps—and I'm in no position to adopt any four-legged dependents.

No, little Tex and I aren't going overboard into the sea of mutual admiration but I have to keep the little guy at arm's length. He's exuberant, impetuous and nosey, which sometimes gets him into unhappy situations—his early attempts to commit mayhem on the next-door cat, for instance, and his later unpleasantness with a work crew's tar bucket. But, withal, there's a grave streak in him and he and I hold long, unspoken conversations during which he offers many sage opinions. Now, he's no talking dog, and I suspect you're all impatient with those threadbare jokes dealing with gabby purps, but Tex has his own special brand of eloquence, and I'm his official interpreter. He isn't always respectful, but a recent get-together offered something like this: "You know, Mister Ed, I've heard a lot about this New Year resolutions business and I think the idea is good—especially for you. Me? I don't need any; my intentions always are good, but that black cocker up the road could take a lot of improving."

Well, I never saw a normal terrier that wasn't an egotist, but despite my little friend's good opinion of himself, there's a lot in what he seems to think concerning the other fellow—this fellow, Faust, for example.

A few days ago, a disagreeable notice

Faust has definite ideas on canine etiquette.

about a completely forgotten \$14 debt I owed the bank dropped into my lap. It was for a safe deposit box I'd rented some two years ago. Why, I don't know: all I'd ever put in it was an unsigned contract with a publisher who had indignantly refused my rewrite of his terms. This wasn't the first notice I'd received from the bank; it was final, very final, coming from the attorneys for the bank. It was one of those "or else" things. What followed I'll cut short to say that I visited the bank, explained I'd forgotten about the box and had lost the key. At first the bank man had no more expression on his face than a pancake and was apparently as unmoved.

NOW, 14 bucks after Christmas and sundry taxes is a pinch—maybe not for a Rockefeller but certainly for a Faust, particularly this one. I reached for

my wallet, two business cards, a commutation ticket and a two-year-old losing raffle ticket, and then the bank man melted. "Just let us have the key, or pay for its loss, and we'll call it square," he told me.

Was I surprised? Don't ask. "What about all those nasty notices you sent me?"

He gave me a controlled smile. "Routine, my friend, routine."

Now it was just at that point that I made a mistake I've been making for years, up to now, which is to say what I don't mean. "No, no, no. I'll pay the \$14. After all, I owe it and I should pay it."

Reader, let me assure you I had no more desire to shell out that money—or, for that matter, a thought in the world that I'd be permitted to do so—than an arm or a leg. The remark was simply

(Continued on page 46)

Dogs on Parade



Meet the Dachshund

A little dog that is growing increasingly popular. Its name, literally, *Dachs*-badger, *Hund*-dog, badger hound. An old breed dating back perhaps as far as the 15th or 16th century, primarily used for tracking and, as name suggests, for hunting and following badger to earth. A good rabbit dog and a game, hardy, courageous hound. Excellent, even temperament makes it a good pet. Affectionate and docile. Intelligence permits easy training. Various sizes,

smallest used for hare and other small game; largest has been successfully employed on wild boar. Heavyweight from 14 to 15 pounds; lightweight, same; dwarf, 7 to 8 pounds; smallest (rabbit), 7 pounds. Color, solid red (tan) in various shades, also black with tan, chocolate with tan. Other colors, but rarer, grey or white. Three varieties of coat: smooth, wirehaired, long-coated. This is the fifth in our "Dogs on Parade" series.

Business Outlook-1951

*Elks Magazine's
Third Annual
Business Forecast
by Dr. Nadler*



Dr. Marcus Nadler is Professor of Finance at New York University and consulting economist for Central Hanover Bank and Trust Co.

SO LONG as a rearmament program of the magnitude contemplated by the Government is in operation, business activity will be greatly influenced by the huge military expenditures. These outlays are estimated at about \$30 billion for the fiscal year 1950-51, and for the next fiscal year they may reach 50 or 55 billion dollars, depending on international political developments. Since the program is being superimposed on an economy already operating at near-capacity and with virtually full employment, and at a time when prices and wages are very high, it is evident that the consequences will be quite different from those experienced in 1940-41, when unemployment was large and a part of the productive capacity of the country was idle. However, before analyzing how the defensive effort may affect business activity, it first is necessary to determine the meaning of rearmament on the scale planned.

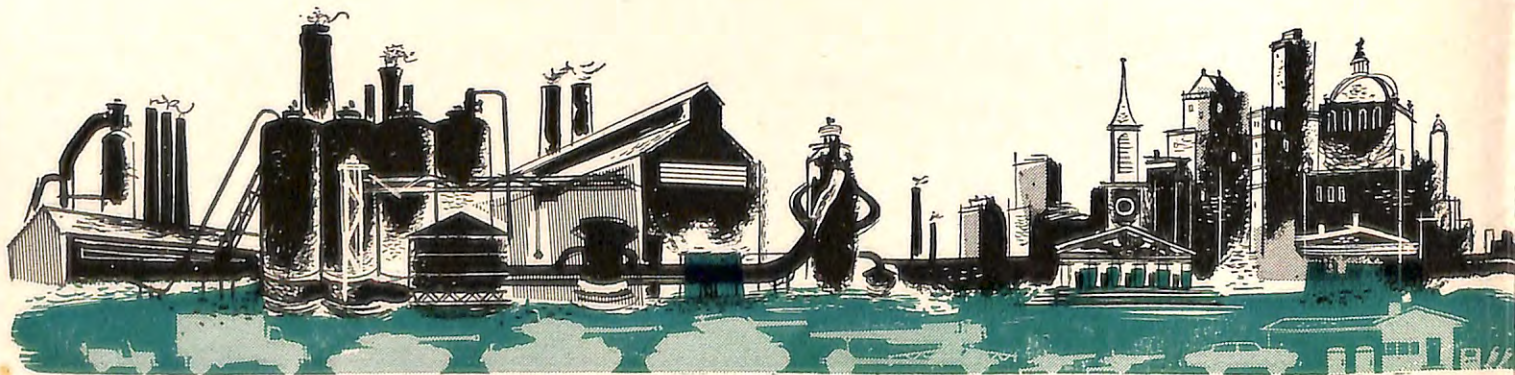
THE MEANING OF REARMAMENT

The rearmament program will necessitate a shift of a portion of the country's productive capacity, raw material and labor resources from civilian goods to the production of military equipment. This means that the supply of commodities available for general consumption will decline. Such a development is bound to bring about a reduction in the real standard of living of the people,

which is measured not in terms of money but by the available supply of goods and services. A prime question is: Who will bear the burden of the fall in the standard of living: the entire population or only certain economic groups? To a large extent the answer to this question will depend on the fiscal measures to be taken by Congress.

The decline in consumer goods output will occur at a time when personal disposable income will be expanding because of increased employment and overtime payments at higher wages than ever have prevailed. Whenever the supply of commodities available for consumption decreases and disposable income increases, the result must be either an increase in prices of commodities or the imposition of direct economic controls. Even before the rearmament program really got started, commodity prices rose materially. The index of wholesale prices climbed from 151.6 on November 15, 1949, to 171.1 on November 14, 1950. Already controls have been imposed on the construction industry and on the extension of consumer credit, and allocations of certain raw materials in short supply have been ordered.

The consequences of the preparedness program are bound to be far-reaching, perhaps more so than is generally assumed, and these consequences will continue so long as the program is in force. Since any agreement it may be possible





The Singing School of Hendersonville, N. C., entertained veterans at Oteen and Moore General Hospitals, in a program sponsored by Hendersonville Elks.

ELKS NATIONAL SERVICE COMMISSION ACTIVITIES



Above is the Elks Booth, manned by Louisville, Ky., members, at the U. S. Veterans Hospital carnival.



Left: During a topnotch four-act show sponsored for convalescent servicemen by Toledo, Ore., Lodge, some of the performers toured the wards of the hospital to entertain the many nonambulatory patients.



The first contingent of many Oil City, Pa., Elk blood donors who made the trip to Deshon Veterans Administration Hospital in Butler to give a pint of their blood for patients at the institution. Left to right: Joseph Jerko, Lawrence Moon, Joe Guyton, Phil Montgomery, John J. Camp and Joseph W. Reinsel.



Right: Musicians put everything into it, during a big affair put on by Topeka, Kansas, Lodge at the Winter Veterans Hospital.



News of the Lodges

Indiana Elks See Results of Cancer Control Program

In 1947, the Indiana Elks Assn. adopted a tremendous Cancer Control Program. In the first three years, the Elks have raised more than \$155,000 for this project, contributing over \$94,000 to the Indiana University Medical Center for Cancer Research; another \$22,500 was granted in five Fellowships in the field of cancer research at Purdue University, and over \$30,000 went to the Ind. Cancer

Society to further its educational program.

Not long ago, through the generosity of these Elks, two expensive weapons for use in the battle against cancer were placed in the hands of the Indiana University scientists—the electron microscope, an instrument of almost unbelievable magnifying power, and its complementing rotary microtome, necessary in preparing ultra-thin sections of tissue and cells for study in the microscope.

The University invited Indiana Elk offi-

cial to attend a luncheon at the Center for the dedication of this equipment. After hearing a lecture, and making a tour of the laboratories, the Elks were even more determined to continue their support of this vitally important work.

Pontiac Lodge Holds Michigan Interlodge Initiation

Something new in Michigan Elkdom took place when Pontiac Lodge No. 810 was host to 700 Elks at a joint initiation for the 11 lodges in the S.E. District; each lodge provided a candidate with the Lansing State Championship Team, fifth-place winners in the National Contest, exemplifying the Ritual. Among the guests were D.D. Russell F. Christie and State Pres. Hugh Hartley who delivered a stirring address.

North Carolina Elks Expand Youth Activities for Winter

The North Carolina Elks have just completed their sixth year as sponsors of the 300-acre Boys Camp in Hendersonville, where over 2,500 deserving youngsters have been entertained at summer sessions.

Having spent over \$100,000 on an improvement program for the camp, the membership, under the supervision of Past Grand Est. Loyal Knight Boyce A. Whitmire, a member of the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee, decided at the Assn.'s Fall Meeting, to adopt a Winter Youth Program. Each lodge is the sponsor of a Midget Basketball Team of boys under 14 years of age who, during the regular season, will play other teams in their localities. Next month, in Greensboro, the State Assn. will sponsor a State Championship Tournament for all the teams. Each lodge is sending a participating group to the Tourney, at which many valuable prizes will be awarded.

Plane Crash Claims Lives of Two Kingman, Ariz., Elks

The sympathy of the entire Order goes to Kingman Lodge No. 468 which suffered the loss of two devoted members in a tragic airplane accident. They were E.R. William Scott Ford, 46 years old, and 36-year-old Junior P.E.R. Roy Wicke, Secretary of the lodge's P.E.R.'s Assn. The two men, who were affiliated in business, were on their way to Flagstaff.

Joint Elk Services were conducted for these two loyal members at the home of the lodge, Rev. Donald Lathrop delivering the eulogy for E.R. Ford, and Rev. Gerald Pletcher for P.E.R. Wicke.

Mr. Ford, a member of several other organizations, was well known for his many community interests. He is survived by his wife, mother, two sons, a brother and a sister. Mr. Wicke, a prominent member of the Volunteer Fire Dept., being a key man in its annual program for fire prevention, is survived by his wife, son, daughter, mother and three brothers.



On hand for the laying of the cornerstone to the Fort Morgan, Colo., Community Hospital to which the local Elks contributed \$10,000 are, left to right: Hospital Assn. Pres. C. E. Barkley, State Pres. L. E. Kitts, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen and E.R. L. E. Keagy and his fellow officers.

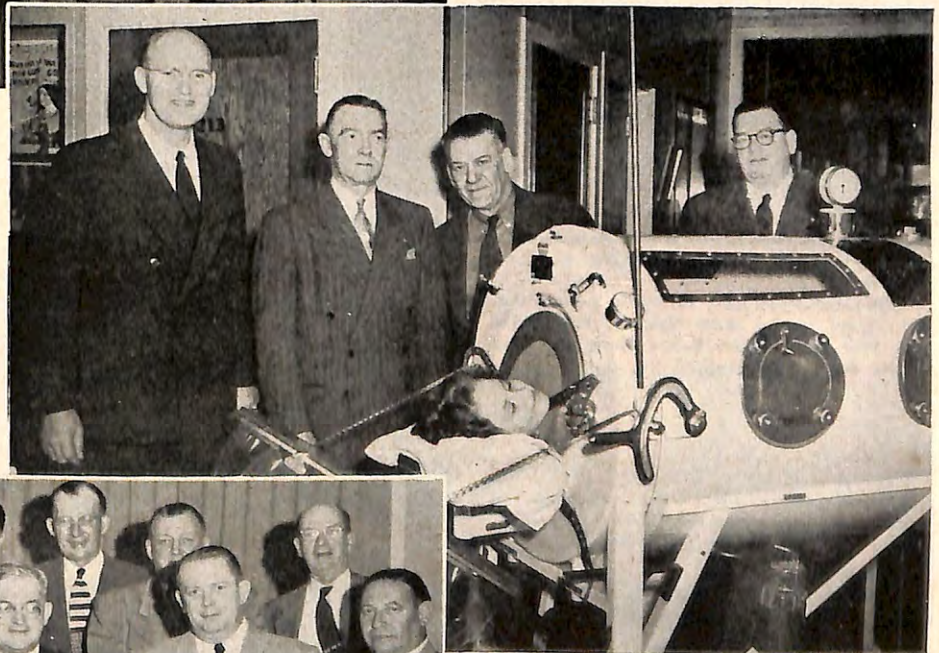


Seated before the altar at the Pontiac, Mich., Interlodge meeting are the Exalted Rulers of all the State's Southeast District lodges, State Pres. Hugh Hartley and District Deputy Russell Christe. Behind them are the 700 old and new Elks who were on hand for this unusual event.



Left: Indiana Elk leaders, with officials of the Indiana University School of Medicine to which the Elks Assn. has donated nearly \$100,000 for Cancer Research. Left to right: State Pres. Thomas E. Burke; State Treas. Paul Manship; Dr. Edwin A. Lawrence, Coordinator of Cancer Research and Study at the University; State Trustees Norman Freeland and Dr. Wm. A. Hart, John H. Ewing and State Tiler Earl Kremp.

Below: At the organization meeting for the newly formed Illinois Elks Bowling Assn. to plan its first Annual Handicap Tournament to be held in Springfield May 7-20, 1951, are, left to right, foreground: State Elks Assn. Pres. John E. Giles, and Bowling Assn. Pres. G. W. Thomas, Secy. J. F. Krizek, Treas. E. R. Schryver and David Brown; background: Bowling Assn. Vice-Presidents Thomas Martin, A. C. Sauer, Clarence Elledge, D. M. Mallory, Thaddeus Beggs and W. C. Gaffney.



Above: Visiting JoAnn Wold whose life is being saved by the Emerson Respirator given to the city by Fairbanks, Alaska, Lodge during the polio emergency are some of her benefactors: Left to right: Mayor Robert Hoopes, E.R. W. L. Lhamon, Charles Bennett, Manager of Pan American Airways which flew the respirator from the States, and Elk Sick Committee Chairman Dr. S. N. Bredlie.





Left: When D.D. Adin Batson paid his official visit to Sheffield, Ala., Lodge in its new, \$50,000 home, he photographed these officials. Exalted Ruler John R. Burt is seated center, with Mayor C. L. Beard on his left.



Below: Gainesville, Fla., Elks officers are pictured with the class of candidates they initiated in honor of D.D. Walter J. Matherly.



Above: Mt. Pleasant, Pa., Lodge's Exalted Ruler M. F. Farrell and his officers, with the class initiated in honor of D.D. C. Herbert Ellis.

Right: Delray Beach, Fla., Lodge's splendid gift of game equipment to be used in the clubrooms of Explorer Post #1 of the Boy Scouts, sponsored by the Elks, is turned over to the boys at special ceremonies. Left to right: Ronald Macheck, Scout Leader Mike Macheck, Elk Trustee C. A. Will, Post Adviser Buster Musgrave, John Barrow and Jerry Boatright.



Below are some of the 72 boys of the Junior Baseball League sponsored by Joplin, Mo., Lodge, as part of their Youth Activities work.



Manila Elk Reports on P. I. Anti-Communist League

E.R. Frank Bertell appointed A. H. Acosta to represent Manila, P. I., Lodge, No. 761, at the Office of the Philippine Safety Council meeting when the Anti-Communist League of the Philippines was formed. The group has been organized with the assistance of many civic, veterans and fraternal groups. Its object is to get down to the "grass roots" of mass public opinion in the Philippines, and to combat in every way possible the insidious propaganda and active dissidence promoted by communism there.

Although the League includes Government people vitally interested in the communist problem in the Philippines, it is in no way connected officially with the Government; it is a spontaneous civic response to the dangerous inroads made in the Philippines by communist ideology and the communist party. Mr. Acosta reports that its purposes are to promote continued observance of our national holidays with patriotic programs, the active support of the national defense of the Philippines and the organization, printing and distribution of anti-communist propaganda in an unrelenting word-war against this vicious enemy.

The Manila Elks have pledged wholehearted support to this program.

All That Glitters Is Silver in Wallace, Ida.

The officers of Wallace, Ida., Lodge, No. 331, went to a lot of trouble to impress the U. S. Navy Bandmen with the fact that the city is located in the heart of the Silver Belt.

It happened to be pay day for the band when the Elks had the group in Wallace for a matinee and evening performance for over 5,000 people. At dinner that evening at the lodge home, the players received their salary in cold, hard cash—shiny silver dollars, 4,500 of them. This was the first time many of the astonished musicians had ever seen this coin.

Hancock, Mich., Lodge Loses Senior Past Exalted Ruler

The entire State of Michigan has been saddened by the death of P.E.R. Frank C. Condon of Hancock Lodge No. 381.

A widely known attorney, Mr. Condon was noted for his activities in the social and community affairs of the city. As an Elk, he was an inspirational worker, having served the lodge as its Secretary and Exalted Ruler. Mr. Condon had been District Deputy, was a former Trustee and President of his State Assn., and was influential in the organization of the Upper Peninsula Elks Assn. of which he was President.

A number of P.E.R.'s of No. 381 acted as Honorary Pallbearers, while the active bearers included several lodge officials, led by E.R. Henry W. Weber.

Mr. Condon is survived by his wife, two sons, a daughter, a brother, two sisters and several grandchildren.



Pictured with Laguna Beach, Calif., American Legion and civic officials before the Freedom Bell are State Assn. Vice-President Harry D. Riley, left, and Exalted Ruler Dr. Wendell Hall, third from left, representing the Elks who played a large part in the Crusade for Freedom there.



Officers of Kingston, N. Y. Lodge, pictured during the official visit to his home lodge of District Deputy Sydney Flisser, seated left, who was accompanied by State Vice-Pres. Frank H. McBride.



At the recent organization meeting for the 31st annual Elks National Bowling Tournament to be held this year in St. Louis, Mo., on weekends between March 10th and May 6th, are several Executive Committeemen, and, seated, E.R. R. J. Connelly of St. Louis Lodge, left; National Bowling Assn. Secy. Edgar N. Quinn, third from left, and Assn. Pres. Fred Sunkel, fourth from left.

NEWS OF THE LODGES



These young diamond stars, sponsored by El Centro, Calif., Elks, won the "C" League Championship of the Kiwanis Baseball League.



Playground equipment, including volley balls, roller skates and other game necessities, was given to Mt. Pleasant Orphanage by the Elks Juvenile Service Committee of Dubuque, Ia. With some of the youngsters are E.R. S. J. Frommelt, Mrs. G. Gotski of the Home, and Committee Chairman J. T. McKeever.



Pictured here is Salina, Kans., Lodge's 1950 City Championship Baseball Team with Dewey Young, Manager, a member of the Order.



These Rock Island, Ill., Elks may be straining a little, but that's better than straining their pocketbooks. When the lodge building needed touching-up, the members decided to keep down expenses, held Painting Parties and did a bang-up job with great fun, little expense.



On hand for the initiation of the 82-man class into Clinton, Okla., Lodge, conducted by Woodward Lodge's capable officers, second row foreground.



for Elks who Travel

In the winter, Quebec is a vast ski slope.

BY HORACE SUTTON

THOSE hearties who like to exercise out of doors this time of year will find *La Province de Quebec* both foreign and frosty. The assortment of ski lifts built in French Canada during recent years carries many a skier closer to heaven than he might ever have conceivably gotten if left to his own efforts.

With snow on the ground, Quebec becomes a vast ski slope, a toboggan slide, a skating and curling rink—a place to go ski-joring, sleigh-riding, or to sit in the sun protected by a wall of ice blocks. To find civilization among the snow drifts you look for three separate areas: the Laurentians, which stretch generally north and west from Montreal; the environs of Quebec City itself, 160 miles north of Montreal, and the Eastern Townships, just above the Vermont and New Hampshire borders. The Laurentians of—
(Continued on page 26)



Typical of Quebec's spacious and comfortable lodges.



For ELKS who TRAVEL

(Continued from page 25)



ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., No. 461

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

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

Welcome to SACRAMENTO

B. P. O. Elks No. 6



One of Elksdom's most beautiful buildings and California's best Elk hotels. 80 comfortable rooms all with bath . . . \$3 transient . . . \$50 and \$60 monthly. Fine cuisine . . . luncheon daily Monday through Saturday . . . Dinner Tuesday on lodge meeting night. 3 ample banquet rooms . . . Mirror room seating up to 600 for Elks or public use. Largest and finest swimming pool in city.

11th and J Sts., Sacramento, Calif.

fer the greatest assortment of ski lifts and inns, and the fee for putting you up for a night and feeding you will run from \$7 to \$15 a day, depending upon the place you choose. Around Quebec City the innkeepers will relieve you of from \$8 to \$10 a day. Eastern Townships, a striping among ski areas, still keeps its prices between \$35 and \$50 a week, all per person, of course, and American plan.

To reach the Laurentians from the East, an overnight train from New York will deposit you in Montreal at 8:40 the next morning. A Canadian Pacific puffer winds up into the mountains from there and the lodges make pick-ups at the stations. Round-trip tariff from New York to Montreal adds up to \$32.70, plus 15 per cent rake-off to your Uncle in Washington, and \$3.75 (plus tax) for a lower berth. On the other hand, if you prefer to take off like a bird, Colonial Airlines will whip you up to Montreal from New York in 105 minutes, and in little more than another hour from Washington, D. C. The round-trip from La Guardia Field comes to \$34.10 and your skis, by long-standing Colonial custom, fly for free. Wheeler Airlines, an air-borne segment of Gray Rocks Inn, connects with Colonial's flights and puts you down on the snow-packed runway of Gray Rocks in St. Jovite half an hour after leaving Montreal.

30,000 BUSY SKIERS

On a fair and snow-packed weekend in winter some 30,000 skiers will be making Christies and sitz-marks throughout the 2,000-square-mile Laurentian area. They will skid across some thousand miles of ski trails, arrive at 37 established downhill areas, take one of 87 different lifts, tows and other devices for double-crossing gravity. All of this area is linked by the Maple Leaf Trail, an overland route laid out from Shawbridge all the way up to Mont Tremblant, probably the best developed ski area in Canada.

The famous lodge at Mont Tremblant, with its Swiss village buildings, its res-

taurants and shops, long the subject of much controversy, is now reorganized and under new management. There is talk that the new owners include Lowell Thomas, and perhaps his entry will portend a pleasant atmosphere around a potential paradise. Nobody in Canada eats better than the guests at Manoir Pinoteau, a short walk from Mont Tremblant. Small and cozy, Pinoteau's has a bar and juke-box dancing, and a cuisine that is famous all over the Laurentians. There are practice slopes in the back yard, and guests can use the T-bar and chair lifts on Tremblant. About \$9 to \$15 a day.

ROOM TO MOVE AROUND IN

Anyone who wants room to move around in will find Domaine d'Esterel a miniature national park. It counts among its real estate some 3,500 acres, and you can have your *choix* of three places to stay—Hotel de la Pointe Bleue, modern and fireproof; the rustic Esterel Lodge, and the Cottage Colony. Domaine d'Esterel sits 55 miles from Montreal and the rates run about \$9 a day in the hotel and \$7 in the lodge. Add two or three dollars for a private bath.

The magnificent Alpine Inn at Ste. Marguerite Station, once a Cardy hotel, has been taken over by the Sheraton chain. It is probably the largest log lodge in captivity, decorated for relief with playful Norwegian stenciling all over the ceilings and the woodwork. The dining room has more glass windows than a Studebaker and there is an oversized night club sunk deep in the basement. A bar nestles at the end of a particularly steep ski slope which has since been named the Bar Room Kandahar. If your brakes don't work you're liable to land next to a case of Scotch.

Ste. Agathe and Ste. Adele, two typical French Canadian villages now surrounded by ski resorts, indulge in colorful winter carnivals every year. Although the origin of the carnivals is perhaps less traditional than promotional, the towns



have resurrected old French Canadian customs which serve as a background for the election of carnival queens, winter parades, huskie races over the snow, horse races over the ice, and even dancing in the streets. The villagers, no matter what their calling, deck themselves out in lumbermen's shirts, long-tasseled *toques*, and a traditional belt handed down through the family and known as a *ceinture flechée*. The hit of the Ste. Agathe frozen festival has been the nighttime ski procession staged by the Brothers of a nearby religious school who lead their charges down the slopes by torchlight.

It's an hour by plane or four hours by train from Montreal to the city of Quebec. Ski-daffy Americans travel up that far because the snow is better and surer. The flakes fall early around the Quebec ski grounds, and they stay on the ground longer.

Lac Beauport, nine miles north of Quebec City, has the Manoir Castin, a pleasant inn, Alpine as all get-out. At the front door you'll find a 2,500-foot ski slope installed with a Constamm ski lift. If you'd rather sit in front of a cozy fire, you can watch the proceedings on the slopes from the lobby or your own room. Two in a room, with private bath and shower, is \$9 per person per day, or \$60 a week. The simple and comfortable Auberge des Monts, down the road, is about \$5 less on the weekly basis, and you can also enroll there on a European plan (no meals) basis.

Kent House, so named because it was once the home of the Duke of Kent, Queen Victoria's father, is open for the winter, with facilities at hand for skating, tobogganing and skiing. It is seven miles from Quebec, and you can call it old, quaint and tea-roomy.

CITY COMFORT AVAILABLE

If you seek city comfort and skiing too, it is perfectly possible to stay at the Chateau Frontenac in Quebec by night and ski by day. The Chateau has its own Ski Hawk School run by Fritz Loosli, a Canadian exponent of the French parallel-ski technique. Buses leave the 700-room hotel every morning bound for Lac Beauport and Valcartier. Back at the hotel at night, the skier can return his rented equipment, order a hot buttered

rum at the Ski Hawk Club and warm his feet by the open fireplace.

Dufferin Terrace, just outside the hotel, the summer promenade overlooking the St. Lawrence, is a winter-time toboggan slide. Sleigh riders start high up under the guns of the King's Bastion on the Citadel. Nearby is a floodlit ice-skating rink. The old cabbies who drive the *calèches* in the summertime are around in winter offering sight-seeing trips of old Quebec by horse-drawn sleigh. They wrap you in a welter of buffalo hides which will insulate you from the weather, but probably not from the spiel about the city which the driver insists upon.

For winter visitors the Chateau has worked out some packaged stays which include room and board at the hotel, transportation to the ski areas and the use of the Alpine lift. The wrap-up comes to \$49 per person in a double room for a three-day lay-over, \$110 for seven days, and \$151 for ten days. Add about a dollar a day if you want a single room with bath.

OLD ENGLISH GYRATIONS

Should you ever make tracks for Quebec over Christmas or New Years, you'll find the management indulging in all kinds of Old English gyrations. Carolers warble in the lobby, and there is a boar's head procession led by the cooks decked out in medieval costumes. Heralds give a blast on the silver trumpet, jesters cavort along the route of march, and a number of muscle-men lug in a 200-pound Baron of Beef, the boar's head, a suckling pig, and a 50-pound plum pudding burning blue brandy flames. In case anybody gets around to taking any exercise up there, Quebec City and the hills thereabouts average no less than 123 inches of snow per season. That comes to ten feet. Why, a man could drown in that.

PLANNING A TRIP? Travel information is available to *Elks Magazine* readers. Just write to the Travel Department, *Elks Magazine*, 50 East 42nd St., N. Y., stating where you want to go and by what mode of travel. Please print name and address. Every effort will be made to provide the information you require. Because of seasonal changes in road conditions, if you are traveling by car be sure to state the exact date that you plan to start your trip.

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Bar service—bowling alleys—television.

*Meals served members in clubroom also.



Trophies are presented to the Championship Team of the Junior Baseball League of Hillside, N. J., Lodge. Front row, left, Committee Chairman William Kobin; third row, left, Committeeman George McCatchey.



E.R. William Einreinhofer, fourth from left, with representatives of five hospitals when Rutherford, N. J., Lodge gave equal amounts totaling \$6,332 to these institutions to celebrate its recent Golden Jubilee.

NEWS OF THE LODGES

Deputy Visit Occasion for Cocoa, Fla., Initiation

When D.D. Victor W. Kuhl paid his official call on Cocoa Lodge No. 1532, a fine class of 14 members was initiated in his honor by officers headed by E.R. Sam D. Culler. Escorting the visitor were P.D.D.'s M. R. Buckalew, Jr., and Hubert E. Griggs, who joined the other Elk hosts in entertaining Mr. Kuhl. 30 Melbourne-Eau Gallie Elks, five New Smyrna Beach members and nearly 150 others at a barbecue dinner.

Ephrata, Wash., Lodge Growing

Last June, under the direction of D.D. H. S. Holmes, 203 men became Charter Members of Ephrata Lodge No. 1816, with 58 more on transfer dimit. The officers of Wenatchee Lodge initiated the

new Elks, and the Ellensburg officials installed the officers, led by E.R. Felix Rea.

The affair gave every indication that No. 1816 was off to a great start. It was; not long ago, D.D. John T. Raftis made his official visit to Ephrata and on that occasion 19 men became active members of this enterprising branch of the Order.

DuBois, Pa., Elks Pay Tribute to 30-Year Treas. Newmeyer

It can never be said that the Elks of DuBois Lodge No. 349 are not appreciative. Not long ago, P.E.R. Fred L. Newmeyer, who has been Treasurer of the lodge for 30 years, realized the truth of that statement when, at special ceremonies, a class of 28 men was initiated in his honor.

On hand for this memorable meeting

were many Elk dignitaries, including State Assn. Pres. Francis T. Benson and D.D. James A. Yuengert.

Joseph F. Mellyn Is Mourned

Elkdom lost a tireless worker in the passing of Joseph F. Mellyn, a member of Boston, Mass., Lodge No. 10, since 1907.

Mr. Mellyn, who was given an Honorary Life Membership in the Order in 1937, was well known for his ability as a court stenographer. He served two Boston Mayors and one Mass. Governor as secretary. During James R. Nicholson's term as Grand Exalted Ruler, Mr. Mellyn assisted him in a secretarial capacity. From 1928 to 1947, he was the official reporter for the Grand Lodge. Mr. Mellyn's last duty in this connection was to train and direct the new reporter at the 1948 Session.

Youth Memorial Building Dedicated by Brawley, Calif., Elks

All business in the city was suspended one afternoon not long ago, when the magnificent \$16,000 building given by Brawley Lodge No. 1420 to the youth of the community was dedicated by Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis in the presence of 6,000 persons.

The Elks have given the Boy and Girl Scouts, Campfire Girls and other American youth groups exclusive use of the building, which was raised through gifts of money, time, labor and materials from the Brawley Elks, with no outside help.

The edifice, which E.R. W. I. Hoopes turned over to the city for maintenance and administration, is constructed to provide the utmost use for both indoor and outdoor activities. One entire side is enclosed by hanging doors that give full access to the hard-surfaced apron and outdoor barbecue kitchen. The building is complete in every detail.



At the dedication of the handsome building erected by the Elks of Brawley, Calif., for the youth of the community are, left to right: E.R. W. I. Hoopes, P.E.R.'s E. Ted Kipf and S. D. Carey, P.D.D., Building Committee Chairman Steve Ziegler and P.E.R.'s Wm. T. Montgomery and J. Ward Casey.



A recent Wakefield, Mass., Lodge event marked the presentation of inhalators to the Police and Fire Departments of the city. Left to right: Leading Knight E. A. Butler, Fire Chief Clifford E. Jacobs, Exalted Ruler John J. Powers, Police Chief John G. Gates, Chaplain T. M. Ward.



Clayton Goddard, blind and especially trained, pictured with the display in a Great Falls, Mont., store of which D.D. W. L. Hill is General Manager, to acquaint the community with the work being accomplished at the local Elks' Center for the Handicapped, a favored project.

Long Beach, Calif., Elks Resume Role as Entertainers to Servicemen

The home of Long Beach Lodge No. 888 took on the appearance of World War II days when its membership entertained the uniformed men of the *USS Helena* and *Toledo*, heavy cruisers returning from Korea for the first time since July 6.

An eight-act show, with professional talent, preceded three hours of dancing in a program sponsored by the city's Armed Service Commission and the Elks Veterans Welfare Committee headed by J. E. Mason.

Dignitaries Entertained at Ohio N.W. District Meeting

Fostoria Lodge was a gracious host to a large number of Ohio N.W. Dist. Elks at a recent meeting. On hand were State Pres. Nelson E. W. Stuart, D.D. Harold

S. Green, State Vice-Pres. Walter J. Beer, and many officials of the District Assn.

The program included many pleasant social features, such as a smorgasbord and variety show the first evening, and a special dinner and an entertainment program, all enjoyed by the Elks and their ladies.

Handicapped Offered Courses at Great Falls, Mont., Elks Center

A really worthwhile project, launched by Great Falls Lodge No. 214, is the only one of its kind in that part of the country. It is the Elks Center for the Handicapped who receive special instruction in the operation of various machines in order to become independent. Equipment and material are pouring in to the Center, which is under the direction of Shop Manager Clayton Goddard, himself completely blind and a living example of what handi-

capped people can accomplish. He received two years' training in Texas, and at State College in Montana, and is demonstrating his craftsmanship in training others at the Center which has received full approval of the VA and State Welfare Department. As a matter of fact, the U. S. Government Employment Bureau has requested copies of several photographs descriptive of the Center's effectiveness, for inclusion in various labor magazines.

The Elk Committee in charge, led by P.E.R. Robert Noble, and Sidney Bachelder, Executive President of the Center's Board of Directors, plan to have Great Falls Lodge pay for the rental of the building, and the Center's maintenance, materials and the salary of the manager-instructor. However, it is fully expected that, in time, the Center will become self-supporting.



Officers of Minot, N. D., Lodge, pose with the class they initiated in honor of D.D. Ben L. Miller, seated center, during his official visit.

NEWS OF THE LODGES

Portsmouth, Ohio, Elks Report Several Successful Projects

The members of Portsmouth Lodge No. 154 concentrated on three projects during the past year, and chalked up a bull's-eye on every one. Nearly \$1,000 was spent on sending 105 underprivileged boys to Scout Camp for a week during the summer, and the program will be repeated this year. The youngsters were selected by a committee of able civic leaders, including the Juvenile Judge of the County, a Scout Executive and a School Principal.

The second project was the purchase and erection of an electric scoreboard at Municipal Stadium where all local high school games are played. The board, representing an expenditure of \$1,135, was presented at ceremonies held during the season's first football game.

The third project was the presentation of a four-year scholarship to the most deserving caddy at the Elks Country Club during the current season, an expenditure of \$1,600. The boy may select his own school and the scholarship will be paid yearly in the amount of \$400. This is another phase of No. 154's community work which will be repeated annually.



Portsmouth, Ohio, Lodge's Activities Committee with E.R. Kermit H. Frecka, right.



Officials of the newly instituted Euclid, Ohio, Lodge pictured with civic officials when the Elks presented an American Flag and flagpole to the Senior High School before a crowd of 8,000.

Kenton, O., Elks Hold Annual Sports Night

Billy Southworth, making his only major address of the winter, was the principal speaker at the 9th Annual Sports Night event held by Kenton Lodge No. 157. Committing himself to 450 listeners, the Boston Braves Manager predicted that his team would win the 1951 pennant for the National League. An attractive program, giving the impressive history of this great Elk sports figure, was distributed to each guest, including P.D.D. Louis A. Kuenzli and many luminaries of the sporting world, among them the great pitcher, Cy Young.

Macon Lodge was a gracious and entertaining host to the delegates.



At Kenton, Ohio, Lodge's Sports Night, well-known baseball figures and Elk officials are pictured with the program's principal speaker, Billy Southworth, Boston Braves Manager, seated center.

Georgia Elks Assn. Executive Committee Meets in Macon

The Fall Meeting of the Ga. Elks Executive Committee, at which Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland gave the invocation, was called to order by Pres. Clay Davis and Past Pres. Roderick M. McDuffie gave the Salute to the Flag. Several Assn. officers were on hand, including Vice-Pres. R. E. Falligant, Secy.-Treas. R. E. Lee Reynolds and Sgt.-at-Arms Dr. J. F. Hines, as were Grand Chaplain Rev. Fr. James E. King, Edward A. Dutton of the Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, D.D.'s O. B. Leverett, M. E. Braswell and Dr. E. C. Sowers, and representatives of 20 lodges.

Members and their wives prepared and served a fine dinner.



Here, with its trophies, is Hudson, N. Y., Lodge's softball team, city champions, twice running.

LODGE NOTES

The Elks of WYOMING are doing yeoman work in entertaining hospitalized veterans. Over 300 patients recently enjoyed one of the Elks' regular parties at which bingo is played, prizes awarded and refreshments and cigarettes provided . . . The five N. Y. State Capitol District Lodges, ALBANY, TROY, WATERVLIET, COHOES and SCHENECTADY, united to present an original 30-minute Armistice Day radio broadcast entitled "Emblem of Freedom," a thrilling dramatization of the history of our Flag written and produced by Troy P.E.R. T. M. Guerin, Jr. Six stations carried the program in which a cast of 20 participated . . . The membership is reminded by the Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge that this month is designated for the initiation of Joseph B. Kyle Classes throughout the Order. Every Elk should participate in this event by securing at least one new Brother . . . The ELKS NATIONAL SERVICE COMMISSION sends ten cases of Camel cigarettes to our men in Korea at regular intervals. That this is appreciated is evidenced by a heartwarming letter just received from Capt. L. C. Saffko of the Adjutant General's Corps . . . KEY WEST, FLA., Lodge paid tribute to one of its organizers recently when 50-year-member Charles Falk was honored at a dinner attended by many dignitaries, including P.D.D.'s Andrew Healy and P. J. Ross . . . Another noteworthy Old Timer is Charles Karpels, a masseur who has been in charge of treatments, baths, etc., for LOS ANGELES, CALIF., Lodge since his initiation 25 years ago. At 75 he is still working hard at his job of keeping his Brother Elks physically fit . . . BEMIDJI, MINN., Lodge has won a friend in Helmut Dieterich, a German teacher-student taking a one-year American course at the college there, by supplying the money for his general expenses during his training period.

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We have received so many requests for bound volumes of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, that we have arranged to make these available to lodges interested in ordering them, beginning with the 1948-1949 volume. The 12 issues are bound in full black Morocco leather, with gold-tooled lettering, including the name of your lodge, and can be purchased for approximately \$11.



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The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 11)

On Nov. 6th, the Grand Exalted Ruler made his official visit to all Wisconsin lodges at the home of **MILWAUKEE LODGE NO. 46** when a class was initiated in his honor, following a dinner attended by 400 persons. Among the 800 Elks on hand for the lodge meeting later were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton, Grand Lodge Activities Coordinator Bert A. Thompson, F. J. Schrader, Assistant to the Grand Secy., D.D.'s Goodwin R. Lyons, Wm. F. Reinke and Harvey C. Sargent. Many State Assn. officers were present, led by Pres. Ray J. Fink, as well as several former leaders of that organization, P.D.D.'s and past Grand Lodge officers. The uniformed "Elks Plugs" put on an exhibition drill, the Elks Chorus sang, and the Elks Military Band entertained.

Mr. and Mrs. Kyle were among 400 diners at the Nov. 7th **CHILLICOTHE, OHIO, LODGE, NO. 52**, banquet, attended by Cyril A. Kremser of the Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, D.D. Ralph Griffin, State Pres. Nelson E. W. Stuart, Grand Trustee Fred L. Bohn and a group of Boy Scouts of Chief Logan Council, who gave a medal of appreciation to Mr. Kyle, making him an honorary member.

On the 8th, more than 600 persons heard Mr. Kyle speak at a public meeting which followed a banquet given by **SISTERSVILLE, W. VA., LODGE, NO. 333**. The distinguished visitor received the lodge's \$1,000 check for an Elks National Foundation Permanent Benefactors Certificate at a meeting at which more than 20 lodges from West Va. and Ohio were represented, with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner, W. Va. Pres. Elwood Grisell and Ohio Pres. Stuart, Grand Lodge Activities Coordinator Thompson, Mr. Kremser and Dewey S. Kuhns of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials leading the contingents. The Grand Exalted Ruler was welcomed by D.D. W. E. Bradfield, Mayor of the city.

After attending a meeting of the Board

of Grand Trustees at the Elks National Home in Bedford, Va., the Order's leader paid visits to **ROANOKE LODGE NO. 197** and **LYNCHBURG LODGE NO. 321**. On the 14th, after a banquet and meeting at **TITUSVILLE, PA., LODGE, NO. 264**, Mr. Kyle left for Illinois for the Golden Anniversary of **STREATOR LODGE NO. 591**. A brilliant affair arranged by Chairman Harold Murray, it began with a gala reception at which Mr. Kyle received the key to the city from Mayor A. E. Dietman. Later 500 persons attended the banquet in the lodge's George Evans Memorial Room, when E.R. W. E. O'Hara welcomed the assemblage, well studded with Elkdom's luminaries, among them Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner who was Toastmaster. Mr. Kyle, who lauded the splendid growth of the lodge, presented a gift to Charter Member R. F. Purcell. The dinner was followed by an informal get-together at which top-flight entertainment and a sumptuous smorgasbord were thoroughly enjoyed.

Nov. 17th was Kyle-Beeler Day for **EVANSVILLE, IND., LODGE, NO. 116**, when the Grand Exalted Ruler presented a Life Membership to Jerome D. Beeler, who was E.R. 20 years ago and is now International President of the SPEBSQSA, an organization of Barbershop Singers. Several of these Elk Quartets entertained at the affair, including the Flint, Mich., Elks Antlers who took third place in the 1950 international competition.

The next day Mr. and Mrs. Kyle ar-

rived by plane to be the guests of **SHREVEPORT, LA., LODGE, NO. 122**, and **MARSHALL, TEX., NO. 683**, at a banquet. That evening, Mr. Kyle held an educative conversation with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor, broadcast over the radio.

The following morning he left by car to lunch with members of **ALEXANDRIA LODGE NO. 546**, and Elks of Southwestern Louisiana, after stopping at **NATCHITOCHE LODGE NO. 1363**, located in the oldest city in that area, where he enjoyed the traditional cup of tar black coffee.

That evening he was the guest of **NEW ORLEANS LODGE NO. 30** at a dinner attended by **BATON ROUGE, HOUMA** and **PLAQUEMINE** delegates, after giving another radio talk over Station WNOE.

The next morning, Mr. Kyle met the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee prior to leaving for Paradise Point where he was fêted by **GULFPORT, BILOXI** and **PASCA GOULA, MISS.,** and **MOBILE, ALA.,** Elks.

The 21st was Elks Day in **HATTIESBURG, MISS.,** as proclaimed by Mayor D. W. Holmes, when Lodge No. 599 celebrated its Golden Jubilee with a gala program, beginning with a luncheon meeting of seven civic clubs, addressed by Mr. Kyle whose words were broadcast over Station WRFM. An Elks Parade took place that afternoon, preceding a reception, dinner and meeting, when Mr. Kyle presented a 50-year Elks pin to Tom L. Morrow.

The following day, Mr. Kyle motored to **JACKSON, MISS., LODGE, NO. 416**, for luncheon, prior to returning to Gary.



Above: Enjoying the sumptuous barbecued chicken dinner honoring Mr. Kyle at Hattiesburg, Miss., Lodge are, left to right: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor, Trustee Sam Miller, P.D.D. J. B. Price, Past Grand Tiler Sidney Freudenstein, E.R. T. E. Rawls and La. D.D. Willis McDonald.



Left: Mr. Kyle visits the grave of a former Grand Exalted Ruler, Joseph G. Buch, in Trenton, N. J. Left to right: E.R. C. G. Pope, Mayor D. J. Connolly, Grand Treas. Wm. J. Jernick, D.D. Joseph S. Loth, Mr. Kyle, C. R. Waller, Mrs. Peter Buch, Mrs. Waller, the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler's sister, and his brother Peter.

The Order Salutes the Press

(Continued from page 14)

Tex., Lodge. The unique feature of this affair, which took the form of a special banquet and entertainment to which not only newspaper people were invited, but radio and television writers, artists and commentators, too, was the performance of "The Tabloid Queens". In this pleasant little diversion, three lovely seven-year-old girls, arrayed in ballet type dresses which were actually fashioned from the pages of the city's newspapers, with the banner headlines falling to make a decorative neckline, rang the dinner gong and escorted the guests to the tables, thoroughly charming every one of them.

Second honors in this group went to Inglewood, Calif., Lodge, which had Casey Shawhan, City Editor of the *Los Angeles Mirror*, as the principal speaker at a program to which the entire community had been invited. Third place was taken by Charleston, W. Va., Lodge which had invited all lodge members who had been newsboys in their youth—accounting for a vast number of guests over and above the city's newspaper people.

The following received Honorable Mention in this category: Bakersfield, Calif., Bloomsburg, Pa., Braddock, Pa., Coeur d'Alene, Ida., El Centro, Calif., Elyria, Ohio, Erie, Pa., Greeley, Colo., Klamath Falls, Ore., Lincoln, Neb., Monrovia, Calif., New Kensington, Pa., Parkersburg, W. Va., Phoenix, Ariz., San Pedro, Calif., Scranton, Pa., Stockton, Calif., Sunbury, Pa., Tampa, Fla., Vallejo, Calif., Wheeling, W. Va., Whittier, Calif., and Willimantic, Conn.

In Group II, Coldwater, Mich., Lodge's program won top honors—it was well planned, well attended, well publicized and well received; the story on it as received by the Activities Committee was especially well compiled.

City and State government officials were on hand for the Trenton, N. J., event, which took second place in this classification, with State Senate President Samuel L. Bodine, acting Governor, the principal speaker. Third spot for Group II went to Tyrone, Pa., Lodge, where not only were editors, writers, publishers and cartoonists present for their deserved tribute, but the lodge had also invited the newsboys who carry Tyrone's news to the public; 24 of them were special guests at the dinner program.

Worthy of Honorable Mention in this category were the ceremonies of the following lodges: Alliance, Neb., Beloit, Wis., Bethlehem, Pa., Centralia, Wash.,

Chico, Calif., Chillicothe, Ohio, Coral Gables, Fla., Corry, Pa., Cristobal, Canal Zone, Danville, Va., El Dorado, Kans., Ellwood City, Pa., Everett, Mass., Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Junction City, Kans., Kokomo, Ind., Laguna Beach, Calif., Milton, Pa., Mt. Carmel, Pa., Ogden, Utah, Ontario, Calif., Provo, Utah, Salida, Colo., Schenectady, N. Y., Union City, N. J., Wakefield, Mass., and Waretown, S. D.

In the lodges of less than 500 members, Norwood, Mass., deserved top spot, in the opinion of Mr. DeHority's committee. Its impressive ceremony was handled expertly by E.R. Raymond P. Wragg.

Next in line for honors in this category is St. Paul, Minn., Lodge, another group of Elks who included radio people in their appreciation program, while third place was won by Longview, Tex., Lodge. At this ceremony, E.R. Victor Ferchill presented a handsome trophy to the local *News-Journal* staff for meritorious community service. The trophy was a beautifully designed plaque which carried the Elks Emblem at the top and was faced with a gold plate on which were engraved the lodge's grateful sentiments.

Other lodges in this group whose programs were outstanding are: Antigo, Wis., Athens, Ga., Augusta, Me., Barnesville, Ohio, Blackfoot, Ida., Blythe, Calif., Fairbury, Neb., Greencastle, Ind., Griffin, Ga., Gunnison, Colo., Iron Mountain, Mich., Lakewood, N. J., Middlesboro, Ky., Mt. Vernon, Ind., Newport, Ky., Paducah, Ky., Paramount, Calif., Plainview, Tex., Red Bluff, Calif., Seguin, Tex., Texarkana, Ark., and Westerly, R. I.

An event worthy of special note was the very excellent program put on by Hammond, East Chicago and Whiting, Ind., Lodges. In tune with the times, the principal speaker at this joint affair was a military man—Brigadier General Robinson Hitchcock, a veteran of both World Wars who is now Indiana's Adjutant General and State Selective Service Director.

Yes, we can understand the difficulty the Grand Lodge Committee had in making its selections; but we can also understand its feeling of satisfaction in seeing so many hundreds of our lodges participate in this truly American observance. It is always a pleasure to see repeated evidence of the fact that the Order of Elks is comprised of intelligent, well-read Americans who never fail to give credit where it is due.

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with a metal base for desk use and hence it will enable you to confuse conversationalists at parties simply by saying, "Did you know that 654 butterflies flew across our lawn last Saturday?" That'll stop 'em.

Russia's Weapon of Satellitism

(Continued from page 4)

Korea, watch Europe. Leading Western statesmen, like Churchill, and military authorities, like Omar Bradley, have repeatedly warned that the zone of final decision is there.

Twelve European nations are orbited on Moscow from the West; either as Satellites in fact, or as victims of geo-political accident. Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania are the saddest and most despairing because the outside world has largely forgotten how they were slyly black-jacked into the Soviet Union under cover of the West's preoccupation with the Nazi onslaught in 1940. Finland is a valiant but helpless pawn under the Bear's claws. Yugoslavia is a Satellite in eclipse, since in the past it was a Satellite. That leaves seven—Albania, Bulgaria, Romania, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary and the East German Democratic Republic. The Red Seven hold, for reasons we shall examine, two fateful keys to:

1. When the Red Steam Roller will be ready to attack westward.
2. Whether the attack, once launched, will succeed.

This is a grave matter, in which unflinching thinking is our best safeguard. It is the purpose of this article to give you, before it is too late—and in contrast to official soft-peddling—a starkly candid picture of Satellitism at work on once free human beings and institutions: an undiluted view of how things are today with the guinea pig nations, and why. It is based upon first-hand experience, checked by talks with the latest escapees and with members of the Underground that still fearlessly taps the Curtain.

By their invention of Satellitism the Russians brought astronomical principles into world politics—and astronomical figures into world armament budgets. "Satellite," in cosmic affairs, denotes an inferior body revolving around a superior one, held in its orbit by forces of mutual gravitation. "Satellitism," actually, is the new type of imperialism that has bullied its way onto the international stage in the wake of the receding empires of Powers like France, Britain and Hol-

land. It is simply neo-Colonialism, Dictator style. It differs from old-fashioned Colonialism because, in addition to exploitation, it strangles and devours; sucking the muscles, souls, bodies, minds and nationality and character, as well as the resources, of the victim into its own bloodstream. Satellitism is inseparable from Communist expansion, which recognizes no racial, national, or religious allegiance, and sweeps all human flavor from life. Its bedrock was laid down for me during a conversation in Moscow, eighteen years ago, with Nadezhda Konstantinovna Krupskaya, Lenin's widow.

Then in her mid-sixties, Krupskaya wielded powerful influence in the Party; and was consecrating herself with frenzied zeal to the problem of Communist education. I asked what her frank estimate was of the pro-Soviet percentage among the Russian masses. Krupskaya smiled: "Now, you mean? What does that matter?" She went on, with cold assurance and vehemence, to explain: "The education needed to make any people or nation 100 per cent pro-Soviet is a simple exercise in arithmetic. In fact, the answer can be worked out from an actuarial chart, such as your insurance company's use. Just divide the masses arbitrarily into the Children, the Young and the Lost.

"The first group, from birth to adolescence, naturally receives fullest attention from us, just as it always has from your Western churchmen.

"The second group, from adolescence through the main child-bearing years up to 35, gets emphatic opportunity for education, too. But it must be vigilantly watched, for we recognize that many of those in its upper half cannot be won over. However, we can make use of the children they produce.

"For educational purposes, the Lost are all those over 35, when the masses become too set, too instinctively reactionary due to enmeshment with the past, to be converted to appreciation of the Communist way and the benefits of the changes it brings. In my educational Plan this group is not worth a lifted finger. Anyway,

it is a group that exists only in the early period of Communism, and presently disappears. Those among it whom the police don't liquidate, nature will.

"I am primarily interested, as the chief Soviet educator, in those who will be 35 years old 35 years from now!"

The callous and terrible simplicity of that Communist theory should put Americans on guard against optimistic guesses and calculations about the numbers of Satellite citizens who may still be anti-Soviet. It illustrates, moreover, how time works for the Reds, and not for us. It shows what precious little influence outside nations can exert within the puppets by propaganda. *Only a war that comes too soon* can handicap or halt the system.

The methods by which Communist organizing for Satellitism gets underway, and clears the path for Red education, are basically the same in every enslaved land. There have been confused and emotional and widely varying accounts of numerous steps and maneuvers in the initial terror. It has become known, however, that Satellitism is built upon a rigid central framework of three main policies. These are most clearly and naively exposed by the Communists themselves, in the fancy technocratic terms of which they are so fond: "Pauperization", "Social Engineering", and "Polarization".

Pauperization is the demoralization of the individual.

It is launched through destruction or confiscation of all natural resources and reserves, of all commercial and industrial activities and of all communications and utilities upon which a newly seized country might possibly base resistance. Then it closes down upon every individual in a flood of measures that grip every phase of daily needs and moves. Banks are taken over; savings impounded; inflation deliberately set loose to wipe out hidden means; a black market is created, for the profit of the new masters and the final debasement of the population. Every necessity, every person, soon is "on cards". This first policy of Satellitism is complete when every man, woman and child is 100 per cent dependent upon the Government for schooling, work, clothing, food, shelter, transportation—and life itself.

Social Engineering is the demoralization of Class.

On the surface, class is reversed. The working class is deluded into believing that it comes first—whereas it is robotized. The peasants are either collectivized, or pressed below subsistence level. For instance, in certain areas in the Western Satellites in which long experience has proved that ten acres are the bare minimum for a peasant family's existence, no one is allowed to hold more than seven acres. But it is the middle class—the people from whom normally is drawn the material of national government in modern Western civilization—that the Kremlin hatchet-men relentlessly and mercilessly hunt down, with no let-up

until all are driven out, killed, exiled, or broken to the wheel. This includes kulaks (in the Red lexicon, any farmer successful enough to keep a hired man or to own an agricultural machine is a kulak), professional men, educators, clergy, politicians, editors, corporation managers, small private shop or business owners, military officers—anyone, in fact, who has a following among the masses, or who is capable by initiative and intelligence of becoming a popular leader. This second policy of Satellitism is complete when there is not a single non-Communist person left footloose who is capable of influencing another single person.

Polarization is the demoralization of the State as a unified society.

It bends all personal relationships to community life into diametrically opposite directions to those in which they formerly existed. The moral strength that holds any free nation together from within lies in a natural cohesiveness represented by commonly shared traditions, aims, interests; by love of country; by family ties, and the mutual love of parents and children; by churches, unions, fraternal orders, sports clubs; by any and every sort of benevolent organic social growth. Such cohesiveness is achieved through what might be called a "social cement," which is deposited gradually over hundreds of years of kindred associations. It attains, even in comparatively backward lands and primitive tribes, a considerable sturdiness. Ordinarily it withstands frontal attacks. But the invention of Satellitism has brought ways of melting it.

Hungary affords one of the most diabolical examples. Since its "Liberation" in 1945, more than 900,000 men have escaped from the country, or have been deported to Siberia. Other thousands have been murdered, while tens of thousands of Hungarian soldiers captured by the Red army are still "missing". In all, well over a tenth of her total population has been eliminated. But note this: The process has been applied, savagely and with precise intent, upon *adult males*, of whom the majority were in the military age limits, their healthiest years. The consequences to the vigor of the nation, and to its chances of survival as a unit, are obvious.

Fear and Education are two of the principal solvents of this "social cement" used by Satellitism.

Fear is spread at night, in silence and mystery. In one Balkan village there was a favorite and outspoken priest. One morning he did not appear in church to say Mass. He wasn't home when the housekeeper arrived, as usual, to cook his breakfast. His books, clothes, and other meagre possessions were undisturbed; there was no sign of disorder in the house. The evening before he had made his accustomed cheery round of the village. No one had observed strangers; nor seen or heard a suspicious cart or automobile, or noticed any untoward

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voice or sound, in the night. Yet the beloved Father had vanished; noiselessly, and without a trace. There was alarmed discussion in the village, and one man was sent to the nearest gendarme post to make inquiries. He learned nothing. And three nights later *he* disappeared, in the same way. Neither priest nor inquirer ever were seen again. Today in that village no one asks questions: and there are furtive looks and mutual distrust among old friends and neighbors. The "cement" has dissolved.

A NATIONAL CORROSIVE

Education—the Krupskaya brand of solvent—corrodes national cohesiveness less swiftly and less dramatically but it performs a bigger scale, and perhaps more enduring, job. In the schoolbooks of Satellitism Moscow is the capital of mankind, Papa Stalin outglows all local nationalist heroes, and no Satellite is glorified for its past, but solely for its present contribution to the progress of the International Communist Party. For millions of youngsters born during World War II, or since it ended, textual knowledge and mental concepts of the world begin only with the day the Communists took over.

Wherever elementary schools exist within the Satellites, military training really starts at the age of six, disguised as play. Virtually babies, these children are given real guns, though toy size, and real explosives; and their group games are predicated on guerrilla tactics. The kids love it! But the majority of youths, especially in the Balkans, reach call-up age without ever having seen the inside of a classroom: they are peasant lads from remote villages and mountains where the illiteracy rate is often 100 per cent. So all get primary schooling, as well as Red indoctrination and military training. The former regular officers have been entirely weeded from the armies. Half of the new crop was commissar-picked from the regular noncoms; the other 50 per cent are Russian professional officers, from a special Red Army postgraduate academy in Moscow where they were taught the language, the national traits and the characteristics of the inhabitants of the particular Satellite to which they are assigned.

The Russian officers are amazingly deft at twisting and stuffing the blank minds of their youthful charges. All are patient and friendly lecturers, who tell absorbing tales of Red military omnipotence and virtue. Their labors are fortified by able and unsuspected colleagues; every seventh man in the ranks of a Satellite army is a police spy. Meanwhile, the conscripts get better food, clothing and medical care, and more recreational and social privileges, than they ever knew in their backwoods homes.

Underground channels sadly report that less than five per cent of the soldiers can be reckoned anything save Commu-

nist enthusiasts by the end of their two-year duty; and that, moreover, even the doubtful few are sufficiently impressed by Soviet might to be convinced of the futility of resisting it. Reservists now, the young men flock back to their villages with triple value. They are soundly drilled fighting men; they can read and write, for the astonishment of their relatives and friends as a practical sign of Communist benefits; and they are sincere propagandists. Thus, with each passing year, the pro-Soviet proportion of every Satellite's population leaps upward as hundreds of thousands of youths bring their influence to family hearthstones—and the elder home folks have little with which to counter it. The infectiousness of young zealotry and the normal attrition of time and misinformation are rushing Polarization, the third and clinching main policy of Satellitism, to completion.

That's the *what* and *how* of Satellitism. Now, to round out the grim picture in relation to its meaning to us, reflect upon its *why*.

Satellitism must not be confused with ordinary aggression, tyranny, unlawful occupation, and other brazen international crimes that attack lives and fortunes, enchain bodies, and rot sovereignty. It is something distinct, separate, and surprisingly unheeded and unpublicized. It is all the foregoing—and significantly more; it warps men's spirits, clouds their minds, and captures their souls.

FROM ONE WHO ESCAPED

The day of fully achieved Satellitism within the Red Seven is nearer than we have been led to believe by our Western statesmen and propagandists. But many former officials and top army men, of what are now the Satellites, cheated liquidation by managing to beat the Red police in harrowing races to the frontiers, and found refuge in the West. These leaders, besides their born knowledge, have secret means of keeping in close touch with affairs in their homelands. One ex-Cabinet Minister told me:

"Our military experts agree that by 1955 the Satellite armies will be at flood strength, ideologically trustworthy, ready to battle fanatically at Moscow's bidding. It is difficult to question such men's judgment of the outcome of ten years of Communist pressurizing of our countrymen—utterly blocked off from general contacts with the free world—in the face of the magic Stalin wrought in five years with the even less favorable human and material soil of Korea and China. It would be a serious mistake to underestimate the quality or strength of the Satellite armies. They include some of Europe's fiercest and hardest fighting stocks—Poles, Magyars, Balkan mountaineers. Numerically, their combat manpower potential matches that of the United States.

Satellitism completed, the victim nations will "voluntarily" beg admission to

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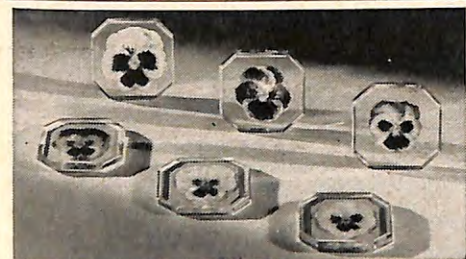
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actual membership in the Soviet Union—and become historical forerunners, in the confident Red view, of the eventual course of all nations until at last the consecrated objective of Communist faith is attained by a Soviet World Union.

For those and other good reasons we have dealt here primarily with the Western Satellites. They are the laboratory in which Russia is testing her invention of Satellitism; and that test, as we noted earlier, will determine her ability to pick the hour of her direct precipitation upon Western civilization—the single great physical and moral force that stands between the Kremlin and its dreams of world domination.

SPRING-BOARD FOR INVASION

Seventy per cent of the Soviet Union's population is crowded toward the European pocket of her vast landmass. The Western Satellites form the only threshold over which it is tactically possible for her to crash directly into the coveted West. Her overall strategic problem is threefold—distances, security and the peculiar nature of the Red Army. Those factors, together with political considerations, rule out her Asian puppets as a practicable springboard against the heart of the West for many decades to come. They have primitive roads and rails, seething populations, scant industrial development—plus the drawback of enormous distances that require logistical experience and skill that Russia does not possess; and involve lines of communication so long and thin it would be impossible to guard them.

By contrast, it is but a step for Russia over the Iron Curtain Satellites into highly-developed West Europe, where she can seize the powerful military advantages of excellent and numerous industries, communications, and rail and highway systems—and turn them to her own use on short distances.

In previsioning a Russian lunge to the West the strangely dual make-up of the Red Army must be recognized, because it might split the land fighting into two salient phases. The Reds have an elite primary force of picked and superbly trained men, equipped with more lavish emphasis on mobile armor, drilled more

thoroughly on infiltration tactics, than any Western army. Then comes a secondary, or backing-up force; masses of infantry, still largely supplied by carts and wagons, and dependent upon living off the countryside.

This mixture will make the first Russian drive the most critical for us, because the Reds will strike with surprise and move with speed—and it is in the opening days of any war that the United States and her sister Democracies are immemorally weakest. If the Reds should not gain a lightning decision, however, a second and slower phase is inevitable. Then Satellitism will have its severest test.

On the business end of European land warfare, the unimpeded use of one railway is absolute for the maintenance of one full division in combat. As of now only twelve railroads, some of substandard quality, connect Eastern Europe, at widely scattered intervals, with the fine rail networks of Western Europe. The Satellites, from the Baltic to the Black Sea, lie exactly across those lines—and, of course, across all the highways and waterways.

Good "security" is a vital factor in the maze of delicate balances that distinguish modern mechanized war. Bad security can make the most brilliantly planned campaign a morass; and cause the most efficient army to flounder.

Security—against saboteurs, underground agents, guerrillas, and other back-knifing elements—for Russia's passage over the ground communications through the Satellites will be in proportion to the success, in the last extreme, of her invention of Satellitism.

That is why Satellitism holds the keys to the Soviet Union's first major project—and why it must similarly hold the answer to the success or failure of any and every subsequent adventure she undertakes in the direction of her ruthless goal. And that is why Satellitism looms as her most sinister and crafty weapon.

Isn't Satellitism, then, worth plain talking and sharp understanding, instead of vague surmises? For Satellitism could be our lot Tomorrow, unless our thinking about it Today is whole and four-square to unsugarcoated realities.

Business Outlook—1951

[Continued from page 17]

Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System. Regulation W will prevent a further increase in the volume of consumer credit and Regulation X will slow down the increase in the volume of mortgages on small homes. Money rates already have firmed and further controls by the monetary authorities to curb the expansion of credit may be expected.

5—It is almost certain that if the inflationary forces continue un-

abated and the spiral of prices and wages is accelerated, controls will be imposed on both prices and wages. Therefore, it may be stated that the problem confronting the United States today is not so much one of inflation of the type experienced in some Continental European countries as one of preventing the economic controls from undermining the freedom of the economy of this country.

While the rearmament program will

bring about a generally high level of business activity, its effects will not be uniform and some industries are bound to suffer from the dislocation created by the shift from civilian to military production. Armament industries will operate at capacity, but while the demand for hard goods will continue strong, the supply will decrease, since a portion of the durable consumer goods industry will be converted to the production of military equipment. After the present lull, the soft goods industries should do fairly well. The disposable income in the hands of the people will be great, and since the supply of durable goods and homes will decline, it is likely that a portion of the released purchasing power will be used for all kinds of soft goods. Despite the decline in the supply of hard goods, the volume of retail trade will be large, and total sales, particularly expressed in dollars, will be high. On the other hand, those industries employing materials in short supply will find their activities reduced.

FISCAL POSITION OF THE GOVERNMENT

The extent to which controls will have to be imposed on the economy will depend on the position of the Treasury. It goes without saying that if the Treasury operates with a large deficit which is met through the sale of government obligations to the commercial banks, this will lead to an inflationary increase in the volume of deposits and purchasing power. During the current fiscal year, ending June 30, 1951, the Treasury will not have to engage in new borrowing. In testifying before a Congressional committee, Secretary of the Treasury Snyder recently stated that the present fiscal year will end with a deficit of \$2 billions. It is possible that even this deficit will be reduced, because the income derived from taxes imposed in 1950 will in all likelihood be greater than estimated, since business activity, wages and profits are all higher than was expected. Even if the Treasury's legislative budget should show a deficit of \$2 billion there will be a substantial cash surplus on account of the revenue derived from the Social Security and other trust funds, which are not considered as regular income.

Obviously it is impossible to state what the deficit of the Treasury will be in 1951-52. A great deal will depend on the new tax laws as well as on the rate of military expenditures and the extent to which non-essential federal expenditures are reduced. One may assume that in 1951 both corporate and individual taxes will be increased. Similarly, excise taxes will be broadened and taxes raised on alcohol, tobacco and gasoline. It is to be hoped that, in view of the great emergency confronting the nation and the tremendous military expenditures that will be required, really serious efforts will be made by Congress and

the Administration to reduce non-military expenditures as much as possible.

Since the inflationary forces are so pronounced it is of the utmost importance that any deficit that may develop during 1951-52 be financed through the sale of obligations to ultimate investors, such as insurance companies, savings banks, savings and loan associations and, above all, individuals. The fact that the redemption of Series E bonds has been rather large during the last few months is rather discouraging. In the present emergency it is highly desirable that individuals save as much as possible. Obviously, the removal of the fear of inflation will help to achieve this aim.

THE LABOR SITUATION

During the period immediately ahead, a moderate increase in unemployment may take place, brought about by the reduction in the building of homes and non-essential construction as well as in the output of durable consumer goods. In part, the increase will be seasonal in character. But it must be understood that the regulations curbing the construction of homes and building activity in general, as well as the production of durable goods, were designed to create some unemployment in order to facilitate the transfer of labor from civilian to military production. Once the defense gets well under way, unemployment will, for all practical purposes, disappear. At the end of October, when the preparedness effort was really just starting, the number of unemployed in the country was less than two million, which is subnormal. Moreover, wages will be higher, since a new wage pattern is being established and substantial wage increases have been granted throughout the country. Overtime will increase and more women will be employed in industry. Therefore, the take-home pay, in spite of the tax increase, should be greater than in 1950.

To what extent full employment will affect the efficiency of labor is a matter of conjecture. Usually, efficiency suffers when employment is plentiful. Because of the installation of new machinery and equipment in such large quantities during the past year, plus the new machinery that will be acquired in the near future, efficiency will probably tend to rise. In this connection, it must be borne in mind that the best way to fight inflation and controls is through increased production, which can be brought about by expanding the productive capacity of the country and by raising the efficiency of labor, machinery and management.

CONCLUSION

The economy in 1951 will be primarily under the influence of the international political situation and the armament program. Business activity will be at a high level, with full employment and a very large national in-

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come. Certain dislocations are bound to take place in some industries, however, particularly those using commodities in short supply. Those industries which cannot be converted to the production of military goods may also be adversely affected.

The great problem that confronts the United States today is to increase military security as quickly as possible and at the same time to prevent a dangerous spiral of prices and wages and the imposition of very drastic economic controls. In view of the great productive capacity of the country and the fact that not more than a fifth of the entire national output will be devoted to the production of military supplies, it seems clear that the United States can both achieve military security and prevent inflation if the necessary fiscal measures are taken and restraint is exercised by the general public.

The forces of inflation are strong, since disposable income is increasing and the supply of consumer products, particularly durable consumer goods, is bound to decline. Nevertheless, there is no danger that a violent inflation of the European type will take place. If the spiral of prices and wages is accelerated, one may expect the imposition of both price and wage controls. Taxes have already been raised, and a further increase will take place in 1951. Therefore, the increase in prices, which has been very pronounced during the past year, is not likely to go much farther.

It is of the utmost importance that

military expenditures be placed on a pay-as-you-go basis as far as possible. The taxation to be imposed should aim not only at raising revenue but also at siphoning off excess purchasing power.

The volume of retail trade is bound to be large, notwithstanding the decline in the supply of durable consumer goods. In contrast to 1950, however, spending on durable goods will decrease while spending on soft goods will go up.

Employment will be plentiful and anyone willing and able to work will find a job. Many women now unemployed will find gainful employment and overtime payments undoubtedly will increase.

In considering the future, we must remember that the responsibilities resting on the United States at the present time are exceedingly great. But for us to achieve military preparedness at the expense of economic soundness would be a self-defeating policy in the long run. To win the cold war and to prevent a third world war the United States must have both military strength and a sound economy.

Because of our huge productive capacity we can achieve both, if restraint is shown by all concerned and if each economic group realizes what is at stake and understands that one group cannot permanently benefit at the expense of the others. If the people of the United States approach the problem of rearmament in the same spirit in which we met the impact of the war, we can have military security without too great a dislocation of the civilian economy.

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 13)

When he is being extra fancy, Alvin beats up a couple of eggs in one plate and crumbles a handful of crackers in another. Then, after sprinkling on salt and pepper, he dips each trout in the egg and rolls it in the cracker crumbs. The final product is even better—if that is possible.

While Alvin reserves this method for trout, it works equally well with any other fish as long as the pieces are not too big. Bream cooked whole in deep fat provide one of the most pleasant means there is for spoiling a good appetite.

The early morning, when Alvin and I are camped out, is a desperate time. I always did hate to get up and Alvin says, "If it wasn't for huntin', fishin' and fear of the old lady I doubt if I could get out of bed at all."

Watching him get out of his sleeping bag is such a delight that I frequently pretend to be asleep, even though only a dead man could slumber through the series of grunts, groans and unintelligible complaints that precede the act.

First, his eyes come out from under the covers. He raises his head about an inch. Then he looks all around, care-

fully. This requires two or three minutes. Next, by a series of cautious wiggles, he scoots up in his bag until his tousled head and skinny neck are completely uncovered. He props himself up on his elbows and looks around some more.

His boots are lying on the ground beside his sleeping bag. On top of them, his pants are carefully wadded down. His socks are on them. His shirt is over all of this and on it is his hat. On top of his hat, always, is a neat, brown ball, only slightly smaller than a black walnut. This is his last evening's chew.

Still in his propped-up position, Alvin extends one skinny arm and plops the chew into his mouth. The same hand seats the hat firmly on his head.

Now, he squirms into a sitting position and puts his shirt on. One leg at a time comes out of the bag and each foot is properly socked in turn. Finally, with a soulful groan, he staggers to his feet, pulls on his pants, tucks in his shirttail, sticks his feet into his boots, readjusts his hat and strides manfully from the tent. Then I can get up.

Once we are out of bed, we don't waste

any time. We're in poor shape, and we need food. Alvin starts the fire. I fill the coffee pot and put it on.

Speaking of coffee, there are two schools of thought on making it in camp. One school brings the water to a boil first, then pours in the coffee, lets it boil a minute or so and sets it off. I go along with the other school which prefers to put coffee in the bottom of the pot, pour in cold water, let it come to a boil and then remove it from the fire. Suit yourself on this. I use a heaping teaspoonful of coffee for each cup of water, with one extra for the pot.

While I fumble with the coffee, Alvin mixes his pancake batter. He uses prepared flour and, to a heaping cupful, adds an egg, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and a cup of canned milk. Then he begins to stir, gradually adding cold water until the batter reaches proper consistency. The correct degree of stiffness here depends on what you like. Thick batter makes thick pancakes that will be raw in the middle unless they cook a long time. Batter too thin makes flat cakes that are, in my opinion, at least, singularly uninspiring.

Alvin then heats his griddle and puts a little grease on it, spreading it around with the end of the turner. When the fat runs in little stringers as the griddle is tipped up, it is hot enough.

For the first cooking, he puts on only enough batter to make a pancake about two inches across. "That's a dog pancake," he says. "I can see by it if the batter's too thick or too thin or if the fire's too hot. I taste it. If it's no good, I can always give it to the dog."

Thereafter, he pours three on the griddle each time. He turns them when bubbles show all over and he can tell when they're ready to take up by testing with the corner of his turner. He pushes a little spot down. If it stays, the middle of the cake is still raw. If it springs back up, the cake is done.

Meanwhile, I'm cooking the bacon and eggs. We wind up with coffee, bacon, eggs and hotcakes, all done at the same time and all piping hot. That's one of the secrets of successful camp cooking—to time the meal so that everything is ready at once. Food chills quickly outdoors.

My share of breakfast is simple to prepare, although good pancakes are not. Alvin's are delicious and the extras that he adds are what make them so good. Many prepared flours contain some powdered milk and eggs, but the additional that he puts in, in his words, "richen the batter".

"I always figure," Alvin once said, "that my old stomach has been laying there all night waiting for something good, like a fried egg or a hotcake. I wouldn't insult it by pouring down a slug of cold juice. Maybe I'll drink the juice later, but first I want something cheerful to let it mulch on."

I imagine that most great inventions

were conceived by lazy people. Certainly, no bounding athlete who enjoyed running up and down stairs would have thought of the escalator. Being lazy or, as he puts it, "always saving my strength", Alvin thinks of easy ways to do things. Take beans. Year around, there is no better camp dish than a pot of beans simmering on the back of the stove or at the edge of the fire. Yet beans take so long to cook at high altitudes that most campers in the mountains forego them.

Before we start on a trip, Alvin puts several pounds of dried beans in his wife's pressure cooker. He cooks them for an hour at 15 pounds pressure, without any seasoning. When he takes them out, they are done, but not falling apart. Then he spreads them out on cookie tins and dries them in the oven. Once thoroughly dry, they'll keep forever.

In camp, we put a big cupful of these pre-cooked beans in a pot; add salt, pepper, a tablespoonful of sugar, some cubes of bacon and some tomato sauce, or half a can of tomatoes if we have them, and pour in three cups of water. We hang the pot over the fire where it will simmer steadily. The beans will be ready to eat in 45 minutes at elevations up to nearly 10,000 feet. Without pre-cooking, it virtually is impossible to cook beans at high altitudes, and even at lower elevations the pre-cooked kind are ready to eat much sooner.

OCCASIONALLY, Alvin really outdoes himself to prepare a fine meal in camp, but last summer he was, I fear, permanently cured. We pulled into a Forest Service campground beside a high mountain lake one evening only a few minutes ahead of a storm. A big, black cloud was rolling up in the West and we could hear the thunder steadily drawing closer. We barely managed to get the tent and stove up and find a night's supply of dry wood before the rain struck. Then the bottom fell out of the sky. It came down in sheets and bucketfuls, and the lightning crashed all around, so close that we could feel it.

We had barely carried our groceries into the tent and started the fire when another car drove up. It stopped 50 yards away and the occupants, two young couples, began attempting to put up a tent and start a fire. Alvin and I could see at once that they were tenderfeet. Finally they got the tent erected—after a fashion—and their bedrolls carried into it. They had no stove, however, and the open fire that they built was nothing more than a great smoking pile of wet logs and brush.

We watched them prepare to attempt cooking over it and finally Alvin said, "Shucks. You tell 'em to come over. I'll cook up a mess and we'll feed 'em."

I hurried through the pouring rain and invited them to our camp. They accepted like a starving dog snatching a steak, and they sat around in the back of our warm, dry tent while Alvin strutted his

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stuff with the pots and pans and camp stove.

He cooked a wonderful omelet with bits of bacon and cheese and a little tomato sauce whipped up with eggs. He fried some crisp, golden potatoes and big slices of ham and he heated up a couple of cans of whole-kernel corn in a skillet with a little bacon grease. He made a cole slaw out of part of the head of cabbage that we'd brought for stew and, somehow, even found time to bake a couple of pans of biscuits in the little oven at the back of the stove. He served the whole meal piping hot. We had coffee, too, and a big can of peaches with some cookies for dessert.

All in all, it was one of the finest meals that I ever ate in camp, and we all sat

around the tent with our plates in our laps and licked it up to the last crumb. Then, under the light of the gas lantern, we enjoyed the final cup of coffee while we watched the rain come down and the darkness gather outside.

Our guests were most appreciative—at least, three of them were—and one of the fellows, especially, was impressed by Alvin's cooking. "Boy," he said, "you're some cook. I never ate a finer meal!"

Alvin, of course, almost purred with pleasure.

"Why," the enthusiast went on, "that omelet was out of this world. And those biscuits. Man!"

That was too much for his wife. "Isn't it funny," she piped up, "how any old thing tastes good in the mountains?"

Last Assault
 (Continued from page 7)

spoke, rather, as a man speaks of a woman he has loved greatly—and respected even more. Before he left, Cameron had asked Burke to go along on the next climb.

On a mountain Burke was superb. He had the courage and the caution, the brilliance and the steadiness. He had the big and little skills so long learned they were no longer part of conscious thought. The other men liked him. He fit in. He belonged. And observing it Cameron had felt a kind of excitement, knowing that wherever this boy had put down his mountain roots someone had seen to it that they were laid deep and honestly.

leading to the northeast shoulder and ridge, with Camp 6, the last, placed farther along this time beneath the First Step at 27,800 feet, and from it two, possibly three, summit assaults.

Cameron knew that in the hard and tedious days of establishing the base and the glacier camps, there would be times of much talk to ease the discomfort and the waiting for the real battle to begin, and he felt sure Burke would speak.

Walking into the Rongbuk Valley this first day, his mind reached ahead to the moment with an eagerness, an expectancy he felt, but could not explain.

Then had come another chance at Everest, the money from unexpected private subscription, the necessary permissions granted with no prolonged diplomatic maneuvering, and the equipment—much improved as a result of war developments—representing an international cooperation and interest. The old barriers had seemed less important this time, and the Everest Committee had picked Burke, on merit, as one of the expedition.

I SUPPOSE it's the home mountains one remembers first," Burke said, "and mine were Temple, Fairview and the Three Sisters, and especially Shuksan, Baker and Little Church. My father died when I was very small. Mother and I went on living in British Columbia, but every June we crossed the line to visit her parents in the States. Grandad had a big old house overlooking the Sound, and every morning before he started to his law office, he went out on the porch for a look, and sometimes he'd come in with a kind of glow on his face and he'd say, 'You can see the mountain. It's going to be a good day,' as if that alone was all it took.

Cameron had proffered the invitation and Burke had answered slowly, "I've always felt an Englishman deserved to climb it first, but if I can help—"

Yet between them there had been no moment of close confidence. Burke spoke freely of everything but himself. His roots still lay hidden in his past. All the way from Darjeeling, Cameron had waited with a curious urgency. It was not mere curiosity, he'd told himself; it was a man's desire to understand the companion who was to share his life's greatest adventure. It was his need to know the spirit by which one man succeeds on a mountain where another, equally equipped and skilled, fails.

Whatever the need, the confidence would come soon now. The plan of attack was the old plan, a string of camps up the eastern flank of the Rongbuk glacier, up the North Col, a high snow-saddle

"Grandad had never been content just to look at mountains. He went to them. He'd been going for years, 'way back when there were no roads, when it meant slashing trails, packing in for days, and little-known glaciers and peaks, and grouse and ptarmigan that had never seen a man.

"When we arrived in June it was usually drizzling, and Mother would shoo me and Laird Dearborn, the little girl who lived next door, up to the attic to play. It was full of Grandad's gear, and we'd clump around in his nailed boots, with packs on our backs, and alpenstocks twice as long as we were. If it was too chilly up there we'd drape the dining-

room table with blankets and pretend it was a tent.

"One of the first things I can remember, complete and whole, is Grandad crawling under the table on his hands and knees and pretending we were marooned in a blizzard and telling us that Baker was a volcano and that intermittent puffs of sulphurous steam still came from its crater. The next day was clear, and Laird and I spent the entire afternoon watching Baker, waiting for it to blow its top, please. And that evening we met Grandad at the gate and told him, almost tearfully, that the mountain was dead. I remember how he laughed and said, Nonsense, it wasn't dead—not a particle—not a bit of it—it was asleep, it was just sleeping. And for a long time after that I thought of Baker as a kind of Rip Van Winkle lying stretched out on the horizon with his nose in the sky.

"Grandad had a cabin about eighteen miles from the mountain, and when I was older we spent part of every summer there. The Nooksack ran close by and beyond it rose Church Mountain, bare and jagged at the top with a deep furrow where the winter snows collected. In the summer sun they avalanched and I could hear the roar and see the gravel fly when they hit the dirt. Grandad came up weekends, and every summer he and his friends packed into the higher ranges to camp and climb. Mother used to wake me up before dawn so I could see them start out.

"I would pull on my clothes and run through the cool dark to the corral where the men were gathered, packing the horses. By the lantern light it was always mysterious and wonderful and unreal—the men talking softly and moving quickly, eager to start—the horses not yet resigned, and Pinto, the lead horse, filling his sides with all the air he could hold, and Grandad with his knee up against Pinto's hard side, tugging and muttering his impatience. Then at last they were off and I was running beside them to the place where the trail began, and Grandad gave me a pat on the shoulder, and the dark firs took them. I'd walk slowly back to the cabin alone, feeling what I was—a boy who wasn't big enough to go along. And when Mother saw my face, she'd say, 'It's beginning to get light, Kevin. We might as well stay up. What do you say to waffles for breakfast?'

"But when I was twelve it took more than a waffle to appease my soul's aching. Mother had asked Laird Dearborn to visit us for two weeks and there was Grandad off on some mysterious quest, and there was I, stuck with a girl who tagged me everywhere. I objected strenuously and Mother said mountains demanded men, and I'd have to wait until I was bigger. 'Look at Grandad,' she told me. 'He comes home thin and worn out for a month. Isn't that true?' And it was, and I knew it. I knew also that when Pinto led the pack ponies into the

dark, needled trail and Grandad said, 'Well—we're off,' there was an eagerness in his voice that told me this was the moment he'd awaited all the long year. I knew that when he came back he'd have the look of one who has found something that makes up for all the monotony, the boredom of everyday living. I had to find out what it was. I had to know. And there across the river was Church Mountain, just showing dimly in the early light, and that morning I sneaked off and climbed it.

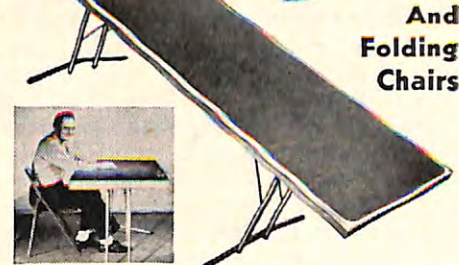
"It took me most of the day. I went the shortest way. I went up its side to the left of the furrow where the snows slid. When I pulled myself onto the summit, I could see the ranges beyond the ranges, and the houses like toys, and the roads like threads. There was no sound, and presently the silence was the loudest thing I'd ever heard. I began to talk to myself, and I was whispering, and I was appalled at what I'd done, and I didn't see how I was going to get down from there. Leaving that mountain I felt as one feels leaving some huge, empty cathedral. I sat down on the edge, and slithered and squirmed down, foot by foot, using my heels as brakes. I blistered both feet, scratched the skin from both elbows, wrecked my pants, burned my face, and when I reached timber line where I'd left my sweater on the way up, I found it chewed to bits by marmots. When I crossed the Nooksack, I found Laird waiting for me. She'd guessed what I'd done and she hadn't told. I didn't mind her tagging me home. I knew now. I'd found what I'd sought. I felt as if I had come back from another world—tired, yet refreshed, invigorated, and it lasted many days, wearing off slowly.

"Mother didn't scold. She said, 'You'll have to tell Grandad about this yourself, Kevin. He won't like it.' And he didn't. When he came back from his camping, tired as he was, he walked another mile around the cabin telling me just why I was a young fool and lucky not to have broken my neck. But the next morning at breakfast he told Mother that he and I were driving to the nearest town.

"I have to buy Kevin a pair of boots," he said. 'And when we get back he's going to grease them himself and put in the nails.'

"The next summer I went along on the early start up the trail. We camped three weeks in the meadow off Baker where the firs give way to hemlock, and the trees group themselves for self-protection against the heavy snows. The day before the pack ponies were due back for us. Grandad took me on the mountain. We didn't climb it. We followed a snow slope up quite high, and as we turned to start down we heard a thunderstorm far below us, and looking off the mountain I saw a white rainbow, a completely white half-circle and in the exact middle of it an immense misty shadow of myself. I waved and it waved back. I had never heard of the Spectre of

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Brocken, and Grandad had never seen it but he knew what it was. We both were so excited that when we reached the cabin two days later, Grandad sent me to the ranger's house to borrow the *BRO* book of the encyclopedia. I lay on the floor by the fire while he read aloud. I remember Mother caught us and said, 'For heaven's sake, don't you two know when you've had enough? Now I want you to go to bed this minute,' and Grandad said, 'Go away, Martha. We're privileged men. God has shown us His face.' And I can remember just what he read: 'It was first observed on the Brocken in Germany in 1790—an enormously magnified shadow of an observer against a cloud bank—'

"I climbed every summer after that, and during the holidays Laird and I skied. When Grandad had to turn his back on the glaciers, I climbed for both of us. He said it didn't matter because by that time he'd taught me everything he knew."

Burke stopped abruptly, and Cameron knew he had not heard it all and must wait. They were lying in their sleeping bags and they could hear now the first sound of the waking camp—the puffing of the Tibetan bellows starting the yak-dung fire. This was the sixth day, and they were at Camp 2 on the glacier below the slopes of the North Col.

From the expedition's entry into the Rongbuk Valley it took sixteen days to establish Camp 3 in full view of the North Col. It was bitterly cold and the wind blew without abating. At first it was all the men could do to stay warm and fed. There was illness among the porters whose morale deteriorated so badly they could not be aroused from their tents to make the carries. Portions of the glacier, hitherto encrusted with good snow, were icy and on them steps had to be cut laboriously. It looked as if the party would never reach the Col, but would be forced to retreat without setting a camp on the mountain itself.

Then Everest smiled upon them. The winds stopped. The weather warmed. Morale and hope lifted, and the porters rallied. Camp 3 was established and the expedition entrenched there, and on the sixteenth night there was much talk and celebration because for the first time conditions were favorable and the climbers were to meet a challenge worthy of their best.

The North Col is a steep broken glacier, rising fifteen hundred feet to its crest, a place of avalanches, crevasses and steep ice walls. The problem was to find a safe way up it by which the laden porters could be conducted to place the higher camps. It was Cameron, who had been here before, who directed this part of the attack, using the combined strength of the six climbers, in pairs of twenty-minute relays, cutting steps in the ice, hanging a rope ladder on the ice wall in the middle. But on the fourth day it was accomplished, safely and with great skill,

and on the fifth, Cameron, Burke, a third climber and eight Sherpas, established Camp 4, well-sheltered on a sound ledge just beneath the crest. The third man took the porters down that same day, and again the weather shifted. Cameron and Burke were marooned at Camp 4 for four days of continuing storm and wind.

They were comfortable enough. They lay in their sleeping bags in the tent, crawling out only to melt snow for water and to heat food they didn't want. This time science had provided concentrated fats the body needs and Cameron stoked them stubbornly. Any movement tired them and made them gasp. Neither slept well, and Cameron suffered from so severe an altitude throat that he could scarcely speak. For three days they waited it out. On the fourth day the storms stopped, and they ventured outside the tent to see that the winds had blown snow from the slabs so that much rock was showing. Their frayed nerves relaxed, knowing that far below them the shuttle was beginning again, that men were out exploring and repairing any damage to the North Col route, and that the next relay would ascend soon. They had an early supper and crawled into their sleeping bags, the tent filled with the fog of the cooking and their breathing.

Then Cameron said, "What happened after your Grandad stopped climbing?" For a while he thought Burke was not going to answer. And when Burke began to speak it was in a voice little above a whisper, and it took him a long time in the telling.

WHEN I was sixteen, I decided maybe girls were of some use in this world, after all, and Laird was mine. Her parents and my mother considered us nice children going through some adolescent phase, but when we were nineteen and neither of us had shown any interest in any other boy or girl, they spoke of us always as a unit—Laird and Kevin.

"When we were old enough we joined a mountaineering group and in the summers we went along on its long encampments. Laird did the lower slopes, and I tackled the stiffer climbs. I went to college in Canada and Laird in the States, but we wrote almost every day, and we planned our lives, and my work, and the house we'd build some day—with a view of the mountains, of course—and the camping trips we'd make together into the far meadows.

"One winter night when I was twenty-one and at school mother wired me to come home at once. I flew and she was waiting for me at the airport. She said Laird was very ill and they'd asked her to send for me. She knew no details. We flew across the line. Grandad was gone then, but Grandmother still had the big old house next to the Dearborns', and the doctor was waiting for us there.

"The minute I saw his face I had no hope. He talked to me a long time and very gently. It was one of those things

where medicine knows only its own helplessness. He said she didn't know it and wanted to see me. He said she was home next door and I was to go over and be very natural and hopeful and talk about our next summer's camping. He said it was better that way. And so I walked through the bare garden to the house next door. It was a fine clear day and the mountains were out, and that seventy feet was the longest climb I'd ever made. When I went in I tried very hard to be natural and hopeful, but it didn't matter because she knew—

"It was I who had to be comforted, and it was she who did it. And this is the part I don't understand. She—she seemed to have reached some place of courage, and she tried to tell me about it. She said she'd always wondered how people did the grim things they had to do. How did they make the last hundred feet? How did they die, knowing it? How did they go blind when the features go out of the faces, and the detail dims until nothing is the same except the clear blue sky which has no detail? How did they do it? She said she knew now. I remember her words. She said, 'You know the place on a mountain where you think you're done, Kevin, you can't take another step, and then you get your second wind, and after that it's easy? Well—it's like that, only it's 'way beyond the second wind. It's the last wind, and when you reach it, you're not alone, and you're all right. And that's all I know.'

"Afterwards—when it was done—I went to the mountains by myself—to the hemlock heavy with moss, and the fir and the white-barked pine and the peaks. During the next three years I did some really tough climbing. It was the only way I could find myself fully."

Then Burke was silent, and Cameron knew he had heard it all.

THE next day two men and ten porters started up from Camp 3 and were forced back by severe winds. The following day, the winds abating, four men and twenty porters started up from Camp 3 and succeeded in establishing Camp 5, one man and twelve porters descending. And the day after that in wind and bitter cold the three men and eight porters at Camp 5 succeeded by prodigious effort in setting Camp 6 at the desired spot beneath the First Step on the northeast ridge. In doing it one Sherpa injured his knee and the strength of the porters deteriorated so badly they could not be trusted to descend safely; one high climber, therefore, guided them down, knowing it meant his chance at the summit.

Now there were four men on the mountain, two at Camp 6 and Burke and Cameron who had moved up to Camp 5—all in fair shape and well-acclimatized. And now all the *ifs* resolved into one—if the weather gave them their chance in the next two or three days, because it was then or not at all. Everest had summoned

her old ally, Time, to help her. Darjeeling reported mid-June monsoon conditions forming two weeks early and moving north, and if the monsoon turned the North Col into an avalanche horror and they had not made their try and descended, the trap would snap shut behind them. But sometimes, just before the monsoons, there was a period of calm, and this was the hope.

The day broke without storm and little wind. Cameron and Burke waited at Camp 5, knowing that beyond and above them two men were making the first summit attack. This was one of the silent times on the mountain, neither man speaking, both going about the task of melting snow for water and preparing two thermos bottles of soup. They left one there and late in the morning they started for Camp 6, and about half way they saw the two advance climbers coming toward them. One had been ill all night—heart strain, possibly, from the effort of establishing Camp 6. The other had started out at dawn, finding conditions excellent to the great couloir which must be crossed to work up to the final pyramid. Just west of the couloir he had come upon a steep slope of hard snow and cut steps across it. Then he had returned to Camp 6 to descend with the sick man.

Cameron and Burke proceeded to Camp 6 and bivouacked there for the last assault.

They spent a wretched night in the tiny tent, any movement causing them to gasp for breath. They crawled out of their sleeping bags very early, forcing themselves to prepare and swallow food to sustain them. The day broke cold, but clear and windless, and they started hopefully for the summit, carrying their oxygen equipment but not yet using it. Every seven or eight steps they had to stop, and gasp and rest, and at first they thought their feet were freezing, but as the sun

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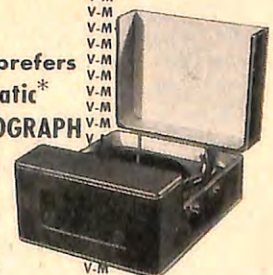
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rose, it grew warmer and they went on.

They followed the route pioneered by Norton. They made a slowly descending traverse across the yellow sandstone band toward the couloir, the long vertical gully or gash that marks Everest's face. They came to the steep snow slope and found the steps already cut for them. They moved slowly and with great skill on the overlapping slabs which slanted off the side. And turning the buttress at its base, they reached the couloir and crossed it, and began to work their way up. Now they stood where other men from other expeditions had stood long ago only to be turned back with the summit less than a thousand feet above them. Here was the invisible wall which guards Everest's top and beyond which no man has ever been able to force himself. Here was where Everest gathers her last defenses: the snow like fine sugar that hides the ledges, and slips beneath the foot, refusing to support it; the terrible lethargy that dulls the mind's will and exacts the body's last strength. And above the wall lay the margin, the very edge of life itself, where no man had ever reached.

But the day was still clear and windless. There was less snow on the slabs than any man had ever seen. And because other men had pushed Camp 6 farther along the ridge this time, these two had reached this spot earlier in the day than ever before achieved. So they went on and up—step by step—up the steep rocks on the side of the subsidiary couloir. And when there was less than three hundred feet above them to the breach in the black band and the less steep ground to the final pyramid, they stopped and consulted.

Then, using oxygen, they started up. It was Cameron who set the pitons and the long slender rope necessary for descent. Almost up this steepest part he was taken with such a paroxysm of gasping and choking that it brought blood to his mouth, and he knew he was done. When finally he could whisper, he said, "Can you go on?" and Burke nodded, and Cameron said, "I'll wait here."

It was eleven in the morning now, the air below freezing, the sun scorching. Burke eased Cameron onto a protected ledge and went on. And although Cameron was too tired to think it out, he knew the essence of it. He knew why he'd had the urgency to understand the other man. It was because somehow his mind had sensed that Burke was to be the one to do it—for him, for the others, and because of the others, for Mallory and Irvine who disappeared off the northeast ridge in 1924, for the seven porters lost in an avalanche on the Col in 1922, for Somervell, Norton and Odell, for Harris, Smythe, Shipton and Wager—for all the remembered and forgotten men who had given Everest its own immortality.

SO BURKE went on, slowly and painfully, one step, two steps and then a stop to brush the snow from a ledge. He did not think he could place the last piton, yet he managed it. The oxygen seemed to help him a little, but when he reached the breach in the black band with easier going above, knowing that any extra weight might stop him now, he left the oxygen equipment, and went on without it. He did not know how long he kept on. He knew only that he came to a point of utter hopelessness, leaning against a slab, done and spent and caring for nothing except to stop.

He waited, and something happened to him there. He thought suddenly he was not alone. He thought someone was with him. He thought another climber was above him with a rope, and he took another step up—and another.

If exhaustion had not dulled his mind he might have remembered that other mountaineers have experienced this. Muir wrote of the spirit outside a man that lifts him when his body's done. Somervell wrote of the companion who was of no earthly party, and Shackleton also, and Smythe, all telling it simply, offering no explanation of hallucination, altitude or fatigue. But Burke did not remember this. He knew only that he had come to the place Laird, the girl,

had reached in another way, and of which she had tried to tell him.

He went on. He thought he couldn't fail now. He pulled himself up another foot, and another, until there seemed to be no more, knowing nothing then for some few moments—not even that he had reached the summit.

Next he felt the snow cutting his goggled, bearded face in the wind, and he felt a tremendous sense of urgency. He dragged himself up to his knees, and knew he had succeeded and that he must hurry. He saw innumerable peaks—each a giant—but all curiously flattened below him, and the brown valley, the glaciers and the yellow plains stretching to the Gobi, and he was scarcely aware of the seeing. He was too spent to make any scientific observations, to do anything at all—except leave something, something that would remain bright and shining here where no snows melted and nothing rusted. Knowing Cameron had another, he wedged his compass in to a rock crevice, while the winds said, "Hurry," and then he started down, and he thought the other climber was above him now with a rope.

He went down carefully but less slowly than he had ascended. He reached the breach and picked up his oxygen equipment. He went down the steepest part with the aid of the rope, and rejoined Cameron.

Cameron made him rest a few moments, and he took out some sweetened chocolate and divided it into three parts. Seeing this, Burke knew Cameron had felt it also, but the other climber was gone now and they were alone, and they must hurry if they were to get off in time.

As they started, they looked back and up. The mists were gathering on the summit, obscuring Everest's white plume. Still the rock showed. It was the most desolate place on earth now, and there was nothing there, and no one, and as they turned they heard no sound but the hissing snow blown from the bleak slabs by the winds of the monsoons coming far away from the plains of India.

In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 15)

verbal courtesy on my part, a conversational flourish, nothing more.

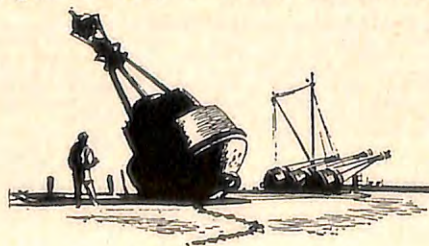
"Well, if you feel *that* way," said the bank man, "I guess we'll let you pay it."

I did.

But my one resolution for the year, and thereafter, is to curb my better instincts in such situations.

Other resolutions? They'd bore you—and me, too. But there are some that my cocky terrier friend has made—with the assistance of his owner and a bit of encouragement from me. He's not going to be so indiscriminantly sociable as heretofore. He's going to restrain his impulse to gossip around, to nose into other people's business and, with the help of

interested parties, he's going to avoid that cat. I explained to him just what might happen if he ever does corner that feline—that he'd probably end up having to go around carrying a tin cup, with another dog to lead him. More than one dog—some sightless now—has reason to regret meeting a cat's claws. What's



more, few dogs are as lightning-fast in a fight as is the average cat. A full-grown Tom has little reason to fear any dog near its size, and most of them know it, although many get a kick out of playing "chase me"; at heart they're not a bit afraid of Fido.

Another resolution we'll encourage is to curb that habit of jumping on people. Tex knows better—it's just that he's such a friendly little fellow. But some day he'll meet someone who'll misunderstand his attempts to make friends and he'll get a rude, if not painful, surprise. Not everyone likes dogs, and many who do don't relish paw-prints on their clothes.

Tex is going to stop panhandling, too.

He knows his neighbors' meal times and while he began by wheedling the hand-outs, he's reached a point where he demands them with an insistent back-door bark that is unmistakable. In fact, he became positively arrogant about it and, I'll add, something of a nuisance to certain long-suffering, patient neighbors.

His owner adds that he's made a resolution that Mr. Tex will be more closely chaperoned after this. Barring the Fausts, he's going to be resolved to stay away from other people's places. Last fall he all but ruined a nearby newly-seeded lawn, much to his owner's distress and quite a bit of expense. It's been explained to him that dog tracks on new-turned ground aren't exactly ornamental, especially if someone has spent time, money and stiffened a few back muscles in sowing seed. Tex has never been caught using a neighbor's grounds for his rest room, but he's been blamed for this, whether guilty or not. He did receive a few rocks on his caboose from an irate gardener whose shrubbery he tried to unearth, and unless he observes a non-digging resolution his boss says he'll give him the collar-and-bar treatment, and all dogs loathe this. Tex has a dog friend who suffered thus. The idea is to fasten a bar of wood about 12 or 14 inches long to the dog's collar to hang slightly below the chest. It discourages digging. The wood should be about 2"x3" for an average-size dog, heavier for a larger, and smaller for a smaller pooch.

Since these are about the only bad habits our little friend has to consider in his New Year resolves, we think he won't have much trouble keeping them. But there's reason to believe he'd like to advise a few good resolutions for some of his neighbor dogs, particularly that

black cocker previously mentioned. I think he'd claim that the cocker has projected him into many a spanking. The cocker has day-and-night insomnia. Barking is a contagious habit and our little terrier friend isn't immune. His master holds strong ideas about this—stronger when sleep-time comes and the barking continues. He can't do much about the other dog without stirring up a feud with its owner, but he's going to try to show Tex that continued needless yapping is a grave mistake. While this is being written, I'm diverting part of my effort to consigning two dogs that live in back of me to the recesses of Siberia, although I'm afraid my language may make the climate warmer than I'd want it for them. Maybe I'm oversensitive, but in a vague and unpleasant way, I also resent having a neighbor's dog bark at me every time I go out on my own grounds; there's something unwarrantedly insulting about it and confoundedly annoying. Nor is it easy to work at writing or other jobs requiring concentration to the accompaniment of continuous barking.

Of course, the owner of these purps should make a resolution to muzzle the animals. I have an idea she'll be the most surprised and hurt person in our village when she's summoned by John Law to account for and silence her dogs' unnecessary noise.

I don't know whether you can precisely call this a resolution, but it is a determined hope that I may make this a better page for you throughout 1951. (Hey, Faust, how do you know they'll put up with you that long?)

Anyway, here's for you and yours—a happy year ahead, one that will give you all the good things you want.

P. S. Your dog too, of course.

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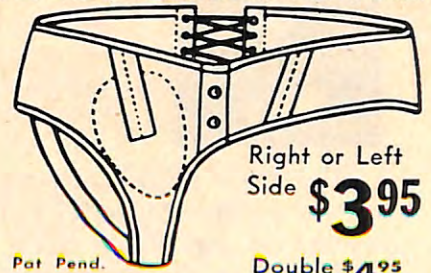
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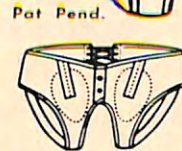
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editorial

THE FIRST HALF-YEAR



Since he was elected at Miami in July, our Grand Exalted Ruler has been going at such a pace and with such enthusiasm he probably has not taken time to note that his year of service is half completed.

If he should pause long enough to realize that fact, he will be justified in experiencing a considerable measure of gratification in his accomplishments.

It has been his plan to have a real working force under his direction responding to the inspiration of his leadership.

He has expected much of his major committees. We do not think that he has been or will be disappointed in that respect.

He appointed his Lodge Activities Committee members before he left Miami. A short time later he had a three-day session with them, explaining his plans, telling them his hopes and working out a worthwhile program. Immediately they went into action.

His Youth Activities Committee was early appointed and early was under way.

He had a definite program for his 151 District Deputies which he presented to them in detail at meetings held in August in Salt Lake City, Utah; Chicago, Illinois; and Bedford, Virginia.

At the same meetings he spoke with the presidents of the State Associations and told them how they could advance his program.

In personal contacts with the members of the Order at State Association and lodge meetings, and in messages through his District Deputies and *The Elks Magazine*, he has urged all of them to give a full measure of support to these outstanding programs:

- Community Service Program
- Elks National Foundation
- Fraternal Center and Veterans
- Service Campaigns of the National Service Commission

KEEP AWAKE, AMERICA YOUTH MOVEMENT

Following the line of his expressed conviction that "America is the sum of its communities," he has strongly urged every lodge of Elks to make its home community a better community.

He reported through *The Elks Magazine* of October that the first District Clinics had been held under the direction of his District Deputies and participated in by the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the 1,578 lodges of the Order. They were designed to make plans for greater Lodge community service.

In December the second clinics were held.

It was a great delight to the Grand Exalted Ruler in September to see his son, John, become a Brother Elk. We are certain it has been an even greater source of gratification to him to note the Order's wide

response to his expressed hope that there might be many, many Father-and-Son classes during his year. One of his strong convictions is that family ties are strengthened through the fraternal spirit of Elksdom.

Our Grand Exalted Ruler has carefully promoted every conceivable means of strengthening our Order.

He took action on the astounding fact that there are 960,000 former Elks in the country by planning a Stray Elks Roundup for November and December.

His vigorous talks, his assaults on Communism at home and abroad, his word-picture of life in a country under Kremlin rule—where human rights are scorned and human liberties destroyed in contrast with life in a democracy where individual freedom and opportunity thrive—have been most inspiring.

In the short space of half a year he already has performed outstanding service. He has brought home to the members of the Order the power they hold and the duty that is theirs to assist in meeting the real dangers threatening America. The Order is better and stronger, and a more vital component of this great country, for his first six months of service.

TOURIST TIDE GROWS



Fears that the international crisis would cut heavily into the number of American tourists to Europe last year failed to materialize, for Americans visited Europe in record numbers in 1950. France reported an estimated 275,000 visitors from the U. S., 40 per cent above 1949, and other countries west of the Iron Curtain likewise enjoyed a thriving tourist custom.

It is encouraging to note that this heavy tide of tourists has continued right into the winter, with its "thrift season" transportation and room rates adding to the many attractions that await them at that time of the year. This year, what with the Festival of Britain and the elaborate celebration planned for the 2,000th anniversary of the founding of the City of Paris, should see an even greater expansion in the number of Americans visiting Europe.

America's tourist dollars have played an extremely important role in the economic recovery of Europe. Money spent by Americans in Europe was equal to one-third the value of all of Europe's exports last year. This fact underscores the value of tourism to economic stability, and a continuance of this industry at a high level is counted on both by our friends abroad and by the Economy Cooperation Administration to help restore Europe's self-sufficiency. Refusal of Americans to be deterred from their travel plans by Soviet Russia's saber-rattling tactics has thus contributed heavily to defeat of the Kremlin's plans to disrupt the European recovery program.

Our Government is encouraging Americans to visit foreign lands, and is doing everything possible to facilitate it. Should conditions arise that make travel dangerous, the State Department would warn our citizens. Until then, Americans should go right on with their travel plans.

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