

THE
Elks
MAGAZINE



lockhart



MARCH 1952

ARE WE CHEATING OUR CHILDREN?

BY STANLEY FRANK

WE DARE YOU TO WEAR HOLES IN THESE SOCKS IN SIX MONTHS—IF YOU DO YOU GET NEW ONES

FREE!

**AN AMAZING OFFER
—ACT QUICKLY!**

If these socks were to cost \$1.00 or \$1.50—INSTEAD OF ONLY 45c A PAIR—you couldn't possibly get a stronger guarantee than ours. Yes, give these socks the roughest kind of wear, under any kind of usage, at work or play, for 6 LONG MONTHS—and we dare you to wear holes in them! And if you do, WE'LL REPLACE THEM AT ABSOLUTELY NO COST WHATEVER! Let us prove it AT OUR RISK! We manufacture socks in our own spacious mills, under our own rigid controls. Every thread, every motion, every treatment must meet our own strict factory-tested standards. And we ship DIRECT TO YOU to eliminate middle-man costs—passing this saving on in our amazing low price. Order 5 pairs today. Learn for yourself why our unique knitting experience in the manufacture of millions of socks, saves you money, brings you pleasant foot comfort and long-wearing satisfaction.



**BEAT
RISING
COSTS**

Socks of comparable quality are selling everywhere at double and triple the price of these. See for yourself at no risk. Fill in coupon and mail at once while stock lasts!

NYLON REINFORCED!

These genuine NYLON reinforced heels and toes insure 75% LONGER wear. Handsome 6 x 1 mercerized durenne ribbed knit, with sturdy long-life elastic tops. Quality found only in socks costing three or four times the price of Pocono socks

DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO YOU

Pocono Guaranteed Socks are offered at our low price of 45c a pair because there are no "in between" profits to pay to wholesalers, to retailers, to salesmen. You deal only direct with our mill and receive our unqualified guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Learn at once how you can enjoy big savings. Mail the coupon now!

Pocono Mills, Inc., East Stroudsburg, Pa.

45c PR.
5 FOR \$1.95

SEND NO MONEY

Pocono socks come in popular shades to suit every taste. Each pair in your choice of ankle or regular length, is made of handsome fast-dye colors, guaranteed not to run or fade no matter how many times they are washed. Knit in half sizes for full comfort, 9 1/2 to 13. Amazing value—but act quickly before this introductory offer may be withdrawn! SEND NO MONEY! We trust you! Mail Coupon TODAY!

POCONO HOSIERY MILLS, Dept. 243, East Stroudsburg, Pa.



Ankle Regular
Choose Your Color Assortment
 DARK LIGHT ALL WHITE

Name _____ Size _____
(Please Print)
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City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Please send me 5 pairs of Guaranteed Pocono socks with 6 months' free replacement written guarantee included in the package. I will pay the postman only \$1.95 plus postage. After examination I may return them for full refund if not delighted.

check here if you are enclosing only \$1.95 thus saving postage and C.O.D. charge. Same refund and replacement guarantee applies.

POCONO'S SWEEPING GUARANTEE!

To our knowledge, this is the most sweeping, unqualified guarantee ever placed on men's socks! It is backed in writing included with each shipment by Pocono Hosiery Mills, Inc., one of the best known mills in the country—and one of the largest manufacturers of men's socks. Simply wear these socks to your heart's content, under any and all conditions. And within 6 months, if you can wear holes in them, return for full replacement—at no cost whatever!

**In Choice of 3 Assortments—
5 Pairs Only \$1.95**

DARK—1 maroon, 1 brown, 1 green, 1 navy, 1 grey
LIGHT—2 tan, 1 maize, 1 light blue, 1 white
WHITE—5 pairs, all white

What Our Readers

Have to Say



Congratulations on the February issue, especially the amusing cover and the fast-moving basketball article. Arthur Daley's "Basketball Will Bounce Back" was a short but complete history of the cage sport. It presented a true picture of the evils which have hampered this truly American game. Keep up the good work and let's have other Robert Moore covers and sports articles by Arthur Daley.

James E. Smith

Lynchburg, Va.

One of the reasons I enjoy being an Elk is that I find the "Rod and Gun" stories written by Ted Trueblood of *The Elks Magazine* so interesting. I am looking forward to his next article.

Noel LaCombe

Crescent City, Cal.

Last November you sent me a list of film services for use at our meetings. I took advantage of these listings and started getting lined up for future meetings.

We had so much success with your list that I thought I would write you and thank you for this information. We tried most of them, and all whom we wrote gave us immediate service.

These films were a big factor in attracting the largest attendance we have ever had, and a great deal of thanks is due to you.

We appreciate your taking time out to send us the listings, and I thought that I would send along a big "Thank you" to a person who really deserves it.

James F. Durr,

Secretary, Varsity "O" Club
Ogdensburg, New York

Once again *The Elks Magazine* has come through with one of those appealing pictures on its cover so dear to a parent's heart. It certainly is "tops" with me. More power to your fine magazine, which is always interesting right up to the last page.

Mrs. John S. Hofmeister, Sr.
Baltimore, Md.

Whether or not your articles have interest and appeal for me, your editorial and Tom Wrigley's page are choice reading. Keep publishing Americanism articles often. I am sure you reach many readers who skip the daily papers.

Mrs. W. J. Wark

Elgin, Ill.

(Continued on page 3)

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THE ELKS

VOL. 30

MAGAZINE

No. 10

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

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What Our Readers



Have to Say

With reference to your February *Elks Magazine* may I, as chairman of the Oroville, Cal., Blood Bank and Civil Defense Coordinator for Butte County, express my gratitude for the splendid article entitled "They Have Given". This article, so excellently illustrated, together with your story on the Elks' nationwide backing of blood donations programs in a recent issue, has served to bring the vital importance of this matter to the attention of Elks everywhere.

At our last blood bank "party" held in the Oroville Elks club early in December I noted that many more men than usual turned out and made donations and that a large percentage of these male donors were Elks. Hitherto one would have thought these "parties" were largely for women, with the good ladies far outnumbering the men in attendance. I feel sure that the Elks blood donor program, together with the publicity policy of our magazine, is largely responsible for the great success of our last "party", when we had to turn away more than half a hundred men.

Lt. Col. Lloyd L. Wardell, USA (Ret)
Chairman, Oroville Blood Bank
Oroville, Cal.

As a member of Kearney, Nebraska, Lodge No. 984, B.P.O.E., I want to take this means of telling you how much I enjoy *The Elks Magazine*. A number of the fellows in our Lodge have remarked how well they like Tom Wrigley's column and the articles dealing with the economic status of the nation, such as Dr. Marcus Nadler's "Business Outlook—1952", which appears in the January issue. I have seen several fraternal and organizational magazines, but none are as well edited as yours.

Donald E. Prather
Kearney, Nebraska

I don't know who is responsible for all those wonderful front covers that are on *The Elks Magazine*, but I felt I would like to say I've sure got a laugh out of them. I like to keep them and look at them from time to time.

Mrs. Ike Olson
Price, Utah

My *Elks Magazine* is a source of inspiration to me each month. You handle the contents remarkably well, and may I say that the editorials are in the top-ranking bracket of the nation.

Robert B. Collins
Charlotte, Mich.

Take Your Choice! Send Only \$1 DOWN

Amazing New Gem Discovery!
More Brilliant Than a Diamond!

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1 carat, \$49 tax included
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\$1 Down, \$6 per mo. for 16 mos.



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These dazzling Titania Gems look exactly like diamonds. Only an expert can tell the difference. They are permanently sparkling and brilliant.



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2 carat, \$127 tax included
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PAY ONLY \$1 DOWN
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Modern science has created a great new miracle! Here is a beautiful, dazzling new gem that looks just like a diamond. You have read about it in the Reader's Digest, Time Magazine and the Saturday Evening Post. You may have seen these amazing Titanium rutile gems without knowing it... even your best friends cannot tell the difference. COMPARE! Titanium rutile has a refraction of 2.62 to 2.90 compared to 2.42 for a diamond. That is the secret of Titania's marvelous brilliance, and our gems are expertly cut with 58 facets like a diamond.

Wear a Full Carat Dazzling Ring and Pay Far Less Than For a Diamond!

Titania Gems cost far, far less than a diamond, even though they look the same and are more brilliant. You can buy one of these full carat or 2 carat Titania Gem rings from Titania Jewelers, Inc., and still pay less than you would for a small 1/8 carat diamond ring. Choose the style you like from the rings shown here, and PAY ONLY ONE DOLLAR DOWN. Prices and easy terms are shown under each picture.

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These superbly beautiful Titania Gem rings are fully guaranteed. This means if you are not completely satisfied after you have seen and examined your ring, simply return it in 10 days, and the \$1 down payment will be promptly refunded to you.

Buy Direct and Save! Only \$1 Down!

Fill out and mail today the handy Order Blank below. Send only One Dollar, and pay the balance in easy monthly payments while you wear your ring. We will send it to you by insured registered mail.

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IF YOU DO NOT KNOW RING SIZE
Cut cardboard 5" long as shown at right. Slip ring that fits over narrow end and mark with pencil at both sides of ring where it stops... OR wrap ring size guide at bottom of coupon around finger. Mark with pencil or cut off where arrow meets on paper. SEND WITH ORDER.



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Please send me the Titania ring I have checked below, full price \$..... Enclosed find \$1 down payment, and I promise to pay the balance at the rate of \$..... per month for months (as stated under picture.) I have indicated my choice of white or yellow gold and ring size desired. I am giving you below the names of two credit references for your files. I understand that I can return the ring within 10 days for full refund if I am not satisfied.

Ladies' Style A
Man's Style C
1 Carat

Ladies' Style B
Man's Style D
2 Carat

White Gold
Yellow Gold
Ring Size.....

YOUR NAME.....

Name.....

ADDRESS.....

Address.....

CITY..... STATE.....

Name.....

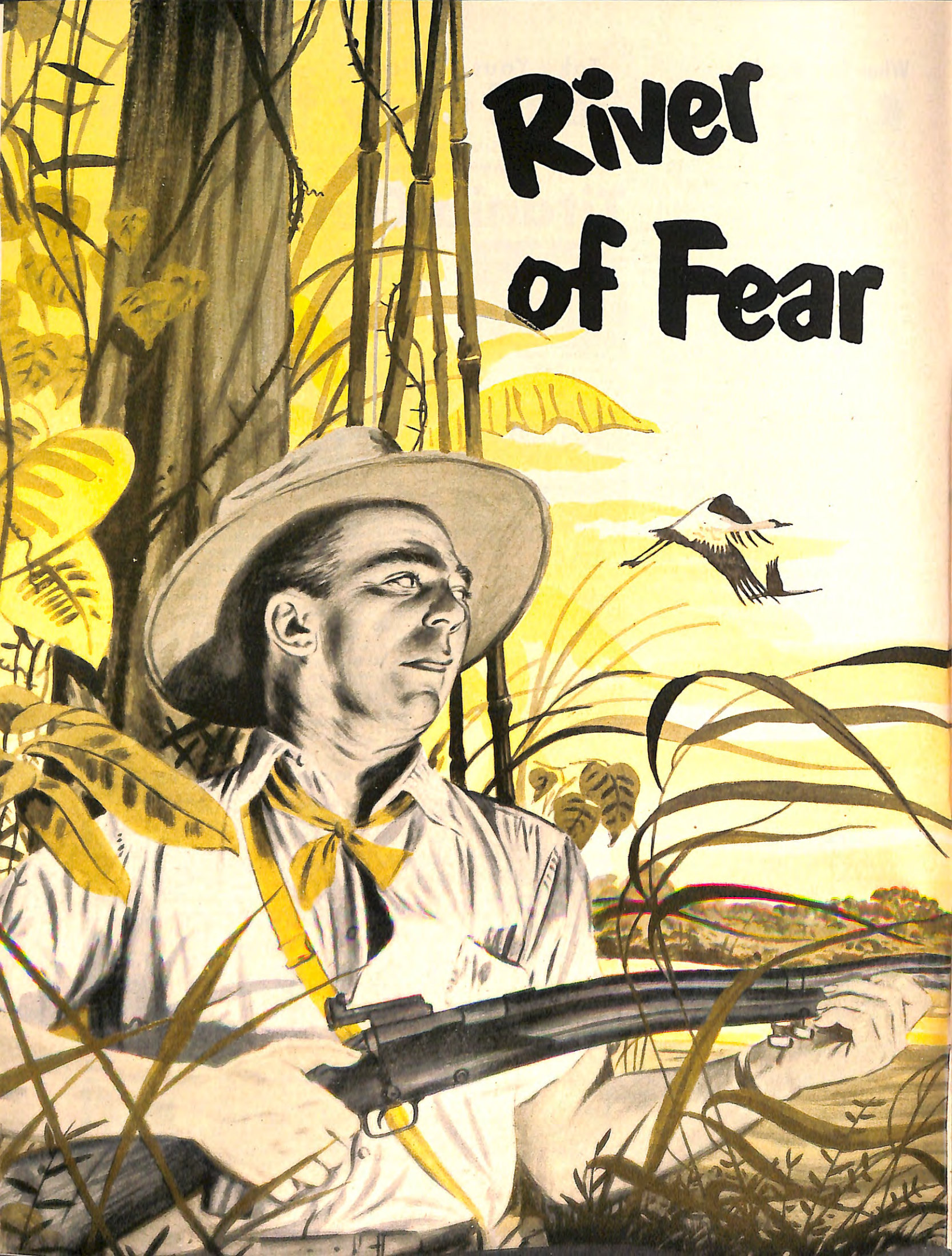
Address.....

CREDIT REFERENCES

If you do not know your ring size and you do not use cardboard method shown above—then cut out ring measuring strip to right—wrap around your ring finger—cut off or mark with pencil where it meets. SEND WITH ORDER.

RING MEASURING STRIP—CUT OUT

River of Fear



BY HUGH B. CAVE

**Kirimani Station was world's end—but for
Tom Norton it was the beginning of danger.**

THEY LEFT the jungle outpost soon after breakfast, traveling upstream in one of the long canoes. The native New Guinea police boys carried rifles. Tom Norton wore his revolver. Laura Jessup, whose husband watched them from the landing stage, had only her courage.

For a time Norton gazed in silence at the tangled shores. Then he said, "Laura, listen to me."

The resident magistrate's young wife turned her head.

"I don't believe he will do anything until we're on our way back," Norton said. "He'll follow us and lie in wait somewhere near Mosoru's village. You see, don't you? He must make it look as though we did something there to anger the natives."

She nodded, her small face pale but calm.

"I have a plan," Norton said.

He did not tell her what the plan was. So much depended on whether the police boys had been given specific orders by the magistrate. If they had, they would simply ignore the commands of a mere assistant and the plan would collapse. Then he would have to think of something else or accept a direct showdown with Laura Jessup's husband, and devil take the consequences.

Norton almost wished for such a showdown. A court of justice was too good for Victor Jessup. But of course it was not that simple. There were the natives and Corporal Ruwa. And—facing up to it—there was an excellent chance that in

any combat with Jessup he would come out second best, in which case Laura would be worse off than she was now.

He blamed the government people in Port Moresby. If they had believed him when he showed them Jeff Overton's letter, this would not have happened.

THEY hadn't believed him. Calling his attitude "unreasonable", they had even been reluctant to send him to Kirimani Station as Jeff's replacement—an assignment he had requested immediately after reading of Jeff's death. Murder? Ridiculous! "My dear fellow, Victor Jessup is one of the ablest men in the service. Your chum Overton was simply imagining things."

"Jeff wasn't given to imagining things," Norton had retorted. "His letter is straight to the point. He calls Jessup a heartless brute and suspects him of being up to something shady in his dealings with the natives."

"What nonsense!"

Mr. Willoughby, at the Kirimani mission, was not so sure it was nonsense when Norton showed him the letter two weeks later, en route to the station. Frowning over it, he said with a shake of his head, "I knew Jeff Overton, of course. Always liked him. He was a friendly young fellow who used to enjoy

(Continued on page 38)

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES LOCKHART

**Victor Jessup stepped from the bushes and
with a rifle in his hands stood waiting.**



Are We

BY STANLEY FRANK



YOUR COMMUNITY is in trouble, serious trouble. Every community in the United States is heading for the gravest crisis that can confront the country, short of actual war, unless measures are taken immediately to cope with the situation. Everyone has a personal stake in the on-rushing emergency which affects vitally the nation's most precious resource—its children. The structure of public education, already sagging dangerously under the impact of record-breaking enrollments, is threatening to collapse completely for want of adequate facilities.

Sure, we know. You're fed up with warnings of new calamities that make fresh raids on your wallet and peace of mind every other Thursday. You're sick and tired of the tensions created by forces over which you have no control—the Kremlin, the physics laboratory, political power plays on the other side of the world. But this complication is entirely the result of our own apathy and lack of foresight. It can be solved only by direct local action—and it is not a false alarm.

The worsening crisis in our public schools can be predicted as accurately as an astronomer charts the courses of the stars. There were 3,900,000 children born in the United States in 1951, the biggest baby crop in our history. We know for sure that those kids will be read for school in 1957. We also know a decade of soaring birth rates already has brought intolerable overcrowding in elementary schools and shortly, in the natural course of events, will cause sim-

Stan
Frankman

Cheating Our Children?

—by giving them educational tools inferior to those we enjoyed.

ilar traffic jams in secondary schools.

These successive waves of war and postwar children are deluging public school systems lagging at least two decades behind needed construction. Few new schools were built during the depression-ridden 1930's. In the early 1940's, wartime priorities on materials halted practically all school construction. In the late 1940's, skyrocketing costs threw huge monkey wrenches into building programs. Costs are more staggering than ever, but the classroom shortage is so desperate that financial considerations no longer can impede construction. The money simply must be found. There are 800,000 more youngsters in the public schools this year than there were in 1951. Next September there will be 1,700,000 more pupils. By 1960, the school population will have increased by seven million.

The bald facts in the case are as obvious as a punch in the nose. We are producing children about three times faster than we are providing educational facilities for them.

It must come as a shock to learn that hundreds of thousands of kids are attending classes in tents, sheds, basements, stores, churches, garages, trailers, Quonset huts, storerooms and apartments. The richest nation on the face of the earth must realize, with a deepening sense of shame, that four million children between the ages of five and seventeen are not attending school because there is no room for them.

"We'll have to build 600,000 classrooms in the next seven years to main-

tain adequate accommodations and to meet rising enrollments," says Dr. Ray L. Hamon, chief of the school housing section of the U. S. Office of Education. "At the present time we're erecting only about 40,000 classrooms a year, less than half enough to meet current needs. Instead of correcting the situation, we're getting deeper into the hole all the time."

Dr. Hamon points out that his estimate of 600,000 classrooms barely covers mini-

mum requirements. Even if that figure is achieved—and the odds are all against it at the present rate—conditions will be far from satisfactory. Some 54 per cent of the country's schoolhouses were put up between 1900 and 1925, and schools have a nasty habit of becoming obsolete much faster than residential and office buildings. Few classrooms in old elementary schools are large enough to

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ILLUSTRATED BY STAN EKMAN

Successive waves of war and postwar children are deluging public school systems which are lagging at least two decades behind needed—and neglected—construction.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits



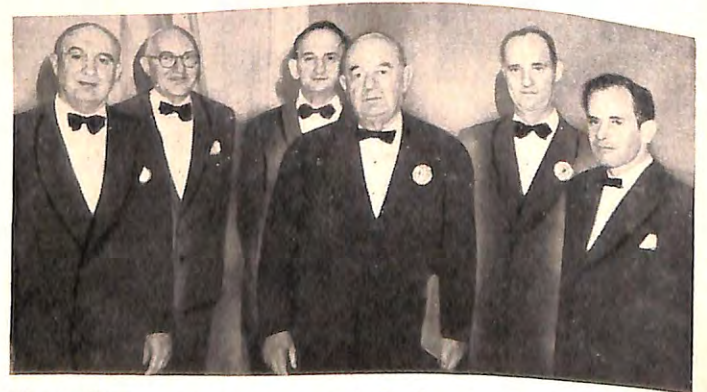
The Grand Exalted Ruler at Shoshone Falls, during his visit to Twin Falls, Ida., Lodge. Left to right: Treas. G. R. Wilkison; Secy. L. H. Basler; State Pres. E. G. Yates; D.D. L. J. Peterson; P.E.R.'s Jesse Carlton, Cecil Pfost, P.D.D.; Mr. Davis; P.D.D. O. P. Duvall; E.R. W. E. Garnett.



Grand Treasurer William J. Jernick, who is Mayor of Nutley, N. J., presents the Key to the City to Grand Exalted Ruler Howard R. Davis in the presence of officers and members of Nutley Lodge.

AFTER spending the Christmas Holidays at his home and office in Williamsport, Pa., Grand Exalted Ruler Howard R. Davis resumed his travels on Jan. 7th when he was guest of honor at a dinner attended by 250 Elks given by **JERSEY SHORE, PA., LODGE, NO. 1057**. Later Mr. Davis addressed a large number of members at a lodge session, following his introduction by E.R. La Rue M. Brown. Other dignitaries on hand included D.D. George Ellenberger of the host lodge, and State Assn. Pres. H. Earl Pitzer.

SAYRE, PA., LODGE, NO. 1148, led by E.R. Jay T. Scanlin, welcomed the Order's leader the following evening. A cocktail party in the afternoon at the home of Dr. Donald Guthrie, head of the well-known Sayre Hospital, was followed by a dinner and lodge session attended by 300 Elks, among them D.D. John P. Dennebaum. The evening of the 9th found Mr. Davis, Mr. Pitzer and Mr. Dennebaum as



Above: Photographed at Mamaroneck, N. Y., Lodge, left to right: D.D. David F. Condon, P.D.D. William J. Kuhn, P.E.R. Leo H. Heithaus, Grand Exalted Ruler Davis, P.D.D. James A. Gunn and E.R. Philip Kuritzky.

Left: While visiting Bremerton, Wash., Lodge, Mr. Davis toured the Naval Base there. Left to right: E.R. Dick Harpole; Edwin J. Alexander of the Grand Lodge State Assns. Committee; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson; Rear Admiral H. E. Haven, Cmdr., Puget Sound Naval Shipyard; Capt. C. O. Humphreys, Chief of Staff of the Base, and Mr. Davis.



The Order's leader visits a young patient at the clinic for visually handicapped children maintained by the Oregon State Elks Assn. With them are Dr. Robert Marr, second from left, and Dr. Thomas Talbot, right.



At the first visit of a Grand Exalted Ruler to Ellensburg, Wash., Lodge, left to right: State Pres. Les Barrett, D.D. Justin Maloney, Mr. Davis, E.R. Stanley Thomson, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson.



Dignitaries from his home State of Pennsylvania welcome Grand Exalted Ruler Davis at Pottsville Lodge. Left to right: State Secy. William S. Gould, D.D. John P. Dennebaum, Past Pres. Dr. C. V. Hogan, E.R. C. J. Wachter, Mr. Davis, Toastmaster Malcolm D. Reeves, P.E.R., State Membership Committee Chairman Barney Wentz and State Pres. H. Earl Pitzer.



Mr. Davis and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan look over the check in the amount of \$500 which Astoria, Ore., Lodge presented to the Elks National Foundation, bringing the lodge's total investment in the Foundation to \$1500. Looking on are D.D. Albert M. Hodler, E.R. George E. Clark and Frank Hise of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee.



At the banquet held by Rahway, N. J., Lodge, left to right: D.D. Edward J. Hannon, E.R. William Flanagan, Grand Exalted Ruler Davis, Mayor James Egolf, Grand Treas. William J. Jernick and Hon. John E. Barger.



At Cortland, N. Y., Lodge's 50th Anniversary, left to right: D.D. E. M. Odell, Charter Member C. J. Maltby, the Grand Exalted Ruler, E.R. Charles G. Owens, P.D.D. Louis R. Dowd, State Pres. Frank D. O'Connor.

special guests of **POTTSVILLE, PA., LODGE NO. 207**, at a banquet at which P.E.R. Malcolm D. Reeves was Master of Ceremonies. Past State Pres. Charles V. Hogan was in charge of arrangements for the dinner to which E.R. Cyril J. Wachter welcomed representatives of half a dozen nearby lodges, including long-time State Assn. Secy. William S. Gould and Past Pres. Wilbur G. Warner.

Leaving his home State for New Jersey, Grand Exalted Ruler Davis, accompanied by Grand Treasurer William J. Jernick, paid a visit to the Elks of **MADISON LODGE NO. 1465** on Jan. 14th, the first day of his four-day tour through the northern part of that State. At a dinner

attended by 200 Elks, the leader of this Fraternity was introduced by D.D. William V. F. Evans. P.E.R. J. R. Mitchell, Jr., took the place of E.R. Joseph P. Finnegan whose illness prevented his attendance. Hon. Howard F. Barrett was Master of Ceremonies, and among the guests from nearly all the N. J. N.W. lodges were State Assn. Pres. Joseph O'Toole, Vice-Presidents Joseph Pagano, Charles Marosi, Jr., and Garrett Nyland, Russell L. Binder of the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee and D.D.'s Donald L. Woolley and Edward J. Hannon.

At noon on the 15th, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party were guests of **NEWARK LODGE NO. 21** at a luncheon held in

the Essex Hotel. E.R. Daniel V. Crosta had charge of the program, and the city's welcome was extended by Mayor Ralph A. Villani.

That evening, Mr. Davis, his Deputies, Grand Treas. Jernick and State Pres. O'Toole paid a brief call at the home of Mayor Jernick's lodge, **NUTLEY NO. 1290**, prior to attending a dinner given by **ELIZABETH LODGE NO. 289** at which E.R. George F. Love was Toastmaster, with Past State Pres. George L. Hirtzel in charge of arrangements. At the lodge session which followed, Grand Exalted Ruler Davis delivered one of his most impressive addresses to a huge crowd of

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ROD AND GUN

BY TED TRUEBLOOD



LIKE EVERYTHING else with which we all have to contend—from keeping out of trouble with the government to answering the kids' questions—the boat and motor situation has become considerably more involved during the past few years. It's not that there aren't enough; there are too blamed many.

I can remember when, so far as I knew, there was only one kind of boat. You made it yourself out of one-inch boards, and nobody thought he needed a better one to get a few ducks or a mess of fish. Now look at them! Wooden boats, metal boats, plywood and plastic boats, and enough different models of each to bewilder a Quiz Kid.

It's the same with motors. You can get an outboard small enough to whip cream in a pint jar or big enough to push a ferryboat. You can get one that pivots all around, like the head of an owl, or another that backs up, goes ahead or idles in neutral at the flip of a lever.

How is a man going to know which combination of boat and motor will do the best job for him? Well, consider my own case, for example. I happen to be well satisfied with a seventeen-foot canoe

and a 2½-horsepower motor. I'm not going to twist your arm and tell you to get the same, however, because it might be completely wrong for you. I chose it for the following reasons:

First, I fish and hunt quite a lot alone, or with only my wife along, and this outfit is light and easy to handle. The canoe weighs less than seventy pounds, the motor less than thirty. I can put them into the water anywhere alone, no matter how steep the bank may be or how far away I have to park the car. When I'm ready to leave, it's no trick for me to put the canoe on the car and the motor in the trunk by myself. It simply would be impossible for me to fish and hunt many of the spots that I do if I had a big, heavy outfit.

Second, I often make long trips or trips over extremely rough roads. In either case a boat trailer would be a nuisance. The canoe, being perfectly streamlined, rides on top of the car, as though it weren't there, up to speeds of sixty-five or seventy. This is a real consideration when you drive a thousand miles on a fishing trip.

Third, the canoe is perfectly suited to two of the most important uses to which I put it. One of these is trout fishing in mossy, weedy streams and the other is duck hunting among flooded willows, trees and brush.

Glen Wooldridge, of Grants Pass, Oregon, running upstream through a rapids in the Rogue River. For this kind of work a boat must have a high bow and the motor a lot of punch.



Ted offers some advice on finding the motor and boat to fill the bill.

Of course, I also use it where a larger boat would be better—fishing in open water, on big lakes where more speed would be a great asset, and occasionally when I would like to take along two or three guests. All in all, however, I feel that the canoe and little motor fit my needs better than anything else I could get.

It is perfectly obvious, however, that another sportsman's requirements might be different from mine. That is the reason why there are so many different boats and motors. Each is best for some particular job or set of conditions. The trick is to find the outfit that best fills the bill for you. The water that the boat will be used on and the transportation problems involved largely determine this. Of the two factors, the first probably is more important, although it would do you no good to have a yacht if you couldn't get it to the water.

RECALL that I got quite a surprise when I first fished some of the TVA lakes with friends who live in northern Alabama. Previously, I always had thought of fishing motors as small ones—little kickers of 2½, three or five horsepower, that would keep a skiff barely crawling along as a couple of casters worked the shoreline.

Here, I discovered, the preferred motors were of twenty-two or thirty-three horsepower, and the boats were designed to give plenty of speed, even with fairly heavy loads. It didn't take long to learn the reason. These lakes are big. The best fishing spots at any particular time may be five or ten miles apart. A couple of anglers may travel forty miles up and down the lake in the course of a day's fishing, and a man with a five-horse motor simply couldn't do that. It would mean spending all of his time running and he'd have none left in which to fish.

I later found the same condition on Lake Mead and other big reservoirs. Most of the anglers who fish them prefer fast boats that are big enough to be safe in rough water. Such an outfit would be completely out of place on the typical bass pond or for duck hunting, but it is perfect on a lake where a man may run twenty miles before he starts to fish.

Here, of course, the transportation and handling of the boat and motor have to be secondary. It would be nice if you could toss such a boat on top of the car and put the motor into the trunk as easily

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Elks National Service Commission ACTIVITIES



A participant in one of the monthly Bingo Parties put on by Vancouver, Wash., Lodge receives his winnings from Elk Charley Kolars as E.R. William Craine looks on. About 550 veterans take part, with 375 bed patients playing via speakers in their rooms. These parties are under direction of Committee Chairman Vern Anderson, aided by about 30 Elks.



Above: On behalf of the Elks National Service Commission, P.E.R. W. Seymour Hall of Washington, D. C., Lodge accepts a Veterans Administration Certificate, reproduced here, from Asst. Mgr. A. B. Dillinger of the Mt. Alto Veterans Hospital. The lodge received one, too.

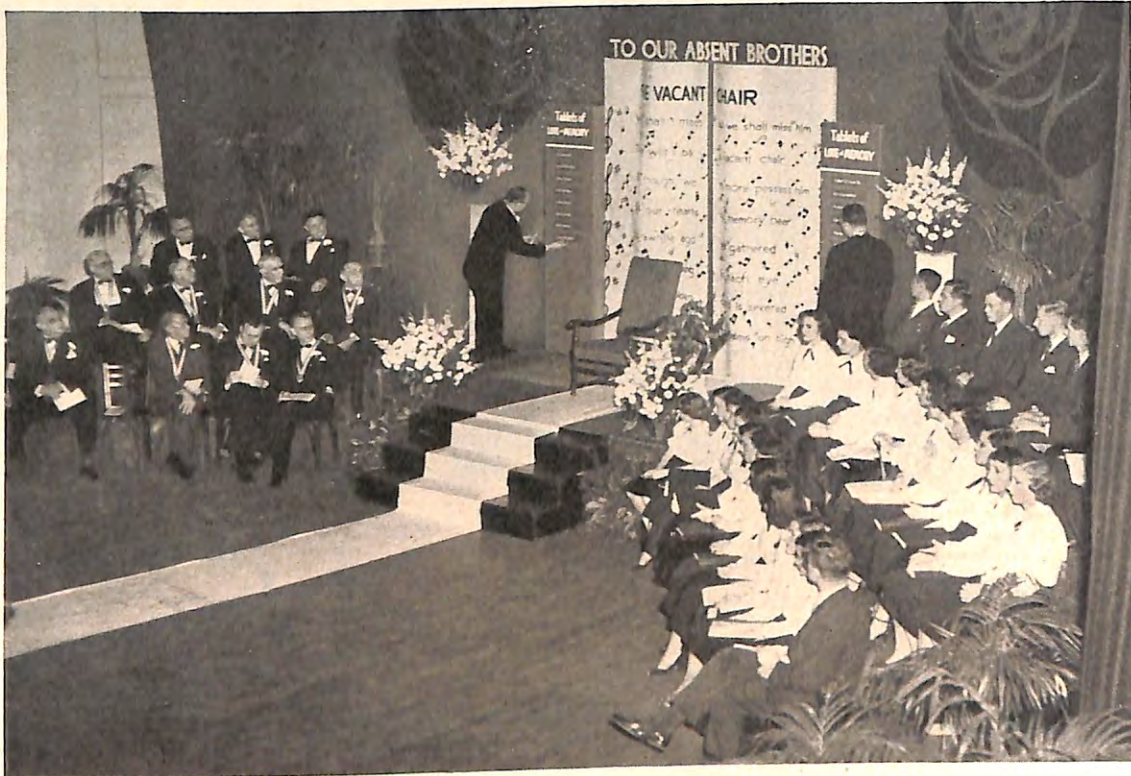


Above: Night club entertainers, whose talents were donated through Hospital Committeeman, A. C. Goldberg, night club agent, go through their paces for VA patients at the Christmas party given by the Elks of Shreveport, La. All 180 patients received individual gifts.



Right: Photographed with patients at the Naval Hospital in Chelsea are P.D.D. Andrew A. Biggio, E.R. Francis M. Cloran and other officials of Winthrop Lodge which sponsored the event as part of the Mass. Elks Assn. program.

"TO OUR ABSENT BROTHERS"



The name of one of Nashville, Tenn., Lodge's "Absent Brothers" is inscribed on the Tablet of Loving Memory during the 1951 observance of Elk Memorial Sunday. At left are the lodge officers; at right, the St. Gregory Chorus.

FOR THE past four years, on invitation of the Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, the lodges have been submitting to the Committee reports and photographs covering their Memorial Services, held each year on the first Sunday in December. The Committee, after separating these reports into three categories—Group I, for lodges over 1,000 members; II, for lodges of between 500 and 1,000 members, and III, lodges of under 500 members—considers each report carefully and selects the three most outstanding Services for each group, a more difficult task each year, since the quality of the observances improves annually, and the number of reports submitted to the Grand Lodge Committee is increasing steadily.

GROUP I

For the fourth consecutive year, top honors in Group I go to Nashville, Tenn., Lodge, an accomplishment which speaks well for the consistency of purpose of the Nashville Elks, and their abiding interest in making this traditional Elk observance a really worthy tribute to the memory of their departed Brothers.

Once again the magnificent voices of the St. Gregory Chorus were a fitting musical background to the Nashville Services at which U.S. Congressman J. Percy Priest, after his introduction by Edward W. McCabe, former member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee, delivered the Memorial address. The officers of the lodge gave a splendid performance of the Order's inspiring Memorial Ritual in a setting highlighting "The Vacant Chair". The words to this poem, with musical symbols, were imprinted on a specially constructed backdrop on the stage of the War Memorial Building, scene of the Services. Very early, the officers in charge began to publicize the program, inviting the public to attend. Newspapers carried advance stories and photographs, and the result was an extremely well-attended and well-arranged Service for which Chairman Earl F. Broden and his committee deserve great credit.

Second in this Group, in the opinion of the Committee, was the observance held by Tacoma, Wash., Lodge, under the direction of Art Emery. Speaker on this occasion was the Rt. Rev. Stephen

Bayne, Jr., Bishop of the Olympia Episcopal Diocese. Deeply religious in theme, the Services had the voices of the Little Church of the Prairie Quartet to augment the effective tableau arranged around a central design of a cross, with a young lady, fittingly attired, and posed as the traditional "Recording Angel" to one side of the stage.

The third award in this group went to Portland, Ore., Lodge whose Services attracted more than 400 persons, the result of strong, well-planned publicity which included radio spot announcements and newspaper notices inviting the public. The speaker on this occasion was Rabbi Julius J. Nodel whose moving address was delivered in a lovely floral setting in the lodge room. The traditional Candlelight Service was most impressively performed.

GROUP II

The Services conducted by Cumberland, Md., Lodge won first place in Group II in 1949 and 1950. Obviously none of their award-winning qualities were lost in 1951, since the Activities Committee found them the most laudable

in this Group again. Erle Cocke, Jr., immediate Past National Commander of the American Legion, delivered the Memorial Address to an audience of over 1,100 persons in the Fort Hill High School Auditorium. French Sensabaugh eulogized the six members in whose memory the rites were held. These Services, at which E.R. George A. Caswell presided, were under the General Chairmanship of John H. Mosner, who has headed the Memorial Services Committee for Cumberland Lodge for the past twelve years.

The Services conducted by Berwick, Pa., Lodge, which were awarded second place in Group II, were a departure from those of previous years, with the ceremony done by narration and music, without a special speaker. The Moose Male Chorus, the Trumpeteers, an organist and pianist provided the musical background in a tasteful setting, solemnly religious in atmosphere.

The third-place honors in this Group went to Dillon, Mont., Lodge whose handsome new lodge room was filled to capacity by Elks, and the families and friends of the departed members. P.D.D. Frank R. Venable was the speaker on this program in which the talented Girls Chorus of Beaverhead High School and several soloists participated. E.R. E. R. Hilger and his officers gave a splendid exemplification of the Elks' Memorial Ritual.

GROUP III

The most commendable Services conducted by lodges of less than 500 members were those put on by Reidsville, N. C., Lodge whose membership is only 160. These ceremonies honored the memory of the one member who passed away since the lodge's institution in 1947. He was W. S. Goodson, a Charter Member, and his lodge's first Esteemed Loyal Knight. In his memory, his wife unveiled an oil portrait of her husband. This painting, with a plaque, will be placed in the lodge room over the Loyal Knight's chair. Well attended by the public, the Services had Rev. Donald G. Myers, pastor of the First Baptist Church of which Mr. Goodson was a member, as the principal speaker.

Second honors went to Delta, Colo., Lodge whose Exalted Ruler, F. W. Schmidt, reports the largest audience ever to attend these particular Services. Several fitting musical numbers framed the Memorial Address given by Rev. Rollin V. Wildin.

Third honors in this group go to Elwood, Ind., Lodge whose program took place in the Presbyterian Church which was well-filled with friends and members of the families of the eight Elwood Elks who passed away during 1951. The principal speaker at these ceremonies was State Representative Philip H. Willkie whose father, the late Wendell L. Willkie, was an Elwood Elk.



Above: Miss Beverly Price portrays an angel in the tableau presented by Cumberland, Md., Lodge.

Below: Mrs. W. S. Goodson unveils her husband's portrait as part of the Reidsville, N. C., ceremony.



News of the Lodges



Lewistown, Pa., Elks give Dr. F. W. Black a \$750 check as part of their \$50,000 pledge to the United Hospital Fund, in which the F. W. Black Community Hospital and Lewistown Hospital share.

Milwaukee, Wis., Elks Hold Citizenship Day Program

About 500 Milwaukeeans, including 76 recently naturalized citizens, enjoyed the flavor of American Freedom at the Citizenship Day Program held at Milwaukee Lodge No. 46 in conjunction with Freedom Week.

Francis X. Swietlik, Dean of Marquette University Law School, addressed the new Americans, warning them of the many subversive organizations which threaten our Way of Life under various innocent-appearing disguises. Richard S. Falk, local industrialist, representing the Americanization League of America, presented Pledge of Allegiance Certificates to the 76 guests of honor, assisted by the Elks Plugs, the lodge's well-known Drill Team. During the program at which Hon. William I. O'Neill, former Grand Lodge Committeeman, presided, the Elks Male Chorus led the audience in the singing of patriotic airs. The Elks military band, and the Eagles' and Elk color guards also participated in this program which highlighted Freedom Week's Monday, designated as Freedom of Choice Day.



Alex Crossan, left, receives a scroll commemorating his 25th year as Editor of "Number Six", the outstanding Sacramento, Calif., Lodge bulletin, from P.E.R. Howard I. Lidster. Center is E.R. Jack A. Kincaid. A banquet and initiation ceremony were held in Mr. Crossan's honor.



Trustee Chairman Robert G. Pruitt, left, accepts Atlanta, Ga., Lodge's \$10,000 check for "Aidmore", the Georgia Elks Hospital for Crippled Children, from Exalted Ruler G. W. Brubaker, right. F. Lee Evans, Chairman of the lodge's Social and Community Welfare Committee, looks on.



Left: Participants in the Milwaukee, Wis., Freedom Week Observance included, left to right, standing: Freedom Week Chairman Robert W. Hansen, Past State Pres. Wm. I. O'Neill, Co-Chairman E. W. Groth of the Citizenship Day Program, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Kyle. Seated: E.R. Frank Hoffman and Dean F. X. Swietlik of Marquette University Law School, Citizenship Day Program's principal speaker.



Right: El Centro, Calif., P.E.R. B. T. Blakely, left, presents a \$400 Elks National Foundation Scholarship to J. H. Lare. Right, E.R. E. K. Hinson.

Grand Tiler Irvine J. Unger Honored by Detroit, Mich., Lodge

A near capacity crowd filled the newly enlarged and redecorated "Green Room" of the handsome home of Detroit Lodge No. 34 when representatives of the Grand Lodge, the State Assn., Elks National and State Bowling Assns. and many surrounding lodges paid tribute to Grand Tiler Irvine J. Unger, a P.D.D. and former Grand Lodge Committeeman.

After the crowd was welcomed by E.R. Lynn Streit, Toastmaster Frank G. Mitzel, P.E.R., introduced D.D. James O. Kelly, State Pres. Jay H. Payne, Past Grand Treas. John K. Burch and Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, all of whom had much to say in praise of the Grand Tiler's leadership and interest in Elksdom.

On behalf of Detroit Lodge, Toastmaster Mitzel presented a handsome, inscribed scroll to Mr. Unger commem-

orating the day and recording his accomplishments.

Among the many other dignitaries in attendance at this well-planned program for which P.E.R. Russell F. Christie was Chairman, were Past State Presidents Benjamin F. Watson, former member of the Grand Forum, Hugh L. Hartley of the Grand Lodge State Assns. Committee, and Owen Gavigan, and State Trustee Ed. P. Breen.

Sycamore, Ill., Elks Make Patriotic Gift to Schools

Sycamore Lodge No. 1392 has completed a community project which received much favorable comment. Realizing how vital it is that tomorrow's citizens have all patriotic and civic information available, these Elks presented a booklet containing the U.S. Constitution, Declaration of Independence and similar data, to all local students from the 7th grade

up. The presentation took place at the Chamber of Commerce offices, with lodge E.R. L. E. Brink and Secy. H. L. Boynton, City School Supt. R. A. Lease, County School Supt. Mrs. Marjorie Leinauer, Chamber Mgr. Mrs. Gladys Vaughan and Rev. C. W. Caine participating.

Previous to this, the Elks had observed a very successful season of the high school football team by entertaining the 70-man squad at the pro game between the Chicago Bears and Los Angeles Rams. The boys were treated to dinner later at the lodge home.

An impressive view of the 357-man class initiated into Kansas City, Mo., lodge by a special Degree Team of officers from several Missouri lodges. Visitors included Grand Lodge Credentials Committeeman H. H. Russell, Kans. State Pres. Milton Stoffer, D.D.'s Francis Karr and Samuel Highleyman of Mo. and W. C. Hunsinger of Kansas, several P.D.D.'s and former State Presidents, including John M. Cosgrove, Sr., father of the lodge's current E.R.



OPERATION

GET-IN-SHAPE

BY HAROLD ROSENTHAL

The ball teams are South—hopes are high

—and it's only 154 games to the Series.

THIS IS the season when scenery—palm trees, the weird giant saguaro cactus of the Southwest and toothsome Florida or California bathing beauties—helps dress up the baseball pictures on the sporting pages. It's spring training time, and everything looks newly washed and appealing—including the ball players, who pose either grinning self-consciously or looking grim and determined. It's spring, and everyone shapes up as a Musial or a Williams at the plate; on the mound every bushier is another Feller, Reynolds, Spahn or Roe.

Just as everywhere else, spring in the baseball training camps is a time of hope. It is also a time of trial and error. Sometimes the trial is too brief and the error too costly—such as sending away a half-million dollar pitcher or deciding that some chubby kid's peculiar stance would

prevent him from hitting major league pitching.

Sometimes the errors are harmless and amusing. It is around these, for the most part, that the folklore of spring training has sprung up. It is a facet of life as completely and exclusively American as the thrilling sagas of the great West or the incredible tales of the Tennessee and Kentucky mountain folk.

Several seasons back, Branch Rickey—then president and resident genius of the Brooklyn Dodgers—made a mistake, and it was a honey. The Dodgers had taken over the sprawling ex-Naval air base at Vero Beach, Florida, for the purpose of training all twenty-six clubs in the far-flung Brooklyn organization. Plans were complex and detailed. There were to be morning whistles, bulletin-board announcements, daytime demonstrations and

lectures at night. With a little juggling even a bit of batting practice might be squeezed in.

Rickey was carried away by the enormity of the whole thing. He wanted everyone in the wide world to see it, or at least hear about it.

"Invite every newspaperman, every cameraman, every magazine writer," he ordered. "Tell them they can all come to Vero Beach. And tell them to bring their families, too. This is going to be tremendous."

Rickey was right. Brooklyn won the National League pennant that year, or perhaps it would be more proper to say that the 1949 Cardinals lost it on the last day of the season. Vero Beach spring training undoubtedly had a lot to do with it. Don Newcombe, the big right-handed pitcher who was to win rookie-of-the-year

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED IRVIN



honors leading the Dodgers to the flag, certainly enjoyed sitting around in the sun. Preacher Roe, the Dodgers' other big winner, said the black bass fishing in Blue Cypress Lake was fine—but that's getting a bit ahead of the story.

THE newspapermen came. So did the cameramen, the movie men, the magazine writers. They brought their families just as Mr. Rickey had suggested.

Inside of a week the situation was completely out of hand. There were perambulators parked behind the batting cages, bottles of baby formula nestled in the big refrigerators alongside the hundreds and hundreds of pounds of steak bought to restore the tissues of the tottering athletes.

In the press room, if a writer would so much as leave his typewriter unguarded for ten minutes, chances were he'd find some precocious six-year-old writing his life story when he got back. On the newspaperman's own portable, too.

The kids drove the waiters nutty. They'd send the steak back because it was medium rare instead of medium. They wanted their chocolate ice cream served with the shrimp cocktail. When they weren't eating, which was practically constantly, they were underfoot elsewhere. They'd honk the horns on the big busses, they'd play tag in the lobby of the big barracks that housed several hundred

Dodgers, varsity members and farmhands; they'd try to drown each other in the nearby swimming tank.

Rickey, in the midst of pontificating about the vast potentialities of a player who was slated to finish the season with Pueblo, would suddenly find himself rudely interrupted by the caterwauling of a brat who resented his mother's attempts to prevent his dismembering one of the potted palm trees in the lounge.

It was against this background that what is regarded as the greatest bulletin-board announcement in the history of spring training was posted. There was a billiard room boasting two tables just off the lobby. The tables and equipment had been left there when the Navy pulled out, and the baseball players spent some of their spare time there knocking the balls about.

One afternoon, a short, terse announcement blossomed on the wall alongside the door to this recreation room. "In the interest of maintaining harmony in camp," it stated, "it is requested that all children be kept out of the pool-room."

There was another announcement posted during that same hectic season, this one having to do with another class of visitors. The late John L. Smith, then treasurer of the Dodgers, had chartered a large motor yacht. A grand fellow, he wanted everyone to have as much fun as he was having; and he invited all the writers and their wives to spend a day

on the boat while it cruised up and down the Indian River.

The day before the trip there were so many writers anxious to get away from the rigors of watching the athletes work out that the bulletin board carried an announcement which, unfortunately, must be quoted here from memory:

"Due to the heavy acceptance of invitations for the boat ride tomorrow it will have to be restricted to writers and cameramen only. Another date will be set for wives, at which time there will be some male attention."

Vero Beach later shook down to a business-like operation; and last spring, with Rickey gone, they separated the men from the boys, brought the varsity in early and then turned it over to the farmhands after the Dodgers had left for their exhibition campaign in Miami. The Dodger players gave up standing in line for chow and eating off trays. They got a little sleep for a change instead of lying awake half the night listening to the guitar playing of some homesick kid who was slated to do big things with the Valdosta club in the Georgia-Florida League that coming year.

Winning pennants, or at least finishing ahead of the other fellow is, of course, the principal idea behind spring training. The athlete in condition is a better one than the one who isn't, all other factors being equal.

(Continued on page 52)

It's spring, and everyone shapes up as a Musial—a Williams—or a Reynolds.



NEWS OF THE LODGES



Above: This Wishing Well for the March of Dimes was sponsored by the Youth Activity Committee of Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge, and "manned" by the Girl Scouts, one of whom, Mary Lou Reis, lifts little Denise Kelly to a position where she can make her donation.

Right: This large group of former Deputies for Pa. N.E. Dist. were on hand for the homecoming of D.D. John P. Dennebaum of Scranton Lodge. Seated are three P.D.D.'s of the host lodge, and the guest of honor. Left to right: P.D.D. Max L. Silverman, D.D. Dennebaum, P.D.D.'s J. F. Conrad and W. S. Gould, Secy.

Below: Petersburg, Alaska, Elks play host to visiting dignitaries. Seated left to right are three new Elks, Arne Espeseth, James McBride and Joseph McCarty, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson, E.R. Ed. N. Hagerman, Grand Lodge Committeemen William S. Hawkins and Edwin J. Alexander, and District Deputy Wilfred C. Stump of Alaska East.



Two Santa Rosa, Calif., students receive \$300 Elks National Foundation Scholarships. Pictured here, left to right, are Exalted Ruler John V. Cleek, P.D.D. Earl J. Williams, Miss Patricia Lieftrink and R. B. Sawyer.



Atlantic City, N. J., Fire-Fighters Honored by Elks

Fire-fighters of Atlantic City, nearly all of whom were called to duty during the disastrous fire early in January which destroyed portions of three city blocks, received citations for heroism from Atlantic City Lodge No. 276 at ceremonies following a recent lodge session.

The award, a hand-tooled scroll, was presented to veteran Fire Chief Rudolph Farley by P.E.R. Edward Feinberg, Chairman of the lodge's Trustees. Fire Marshal Lester Jackson, as spokesman for the honored guests, gave a preliminary report on the fire to the assembled Elks. Director of Public Safety William S. Cuthbert was another speaker.



Left: Ashland, Ky., Elks present a \$1,206.31 check to the Ramey Home for Orphans. Left to right: P.E.R. Dr. Bernard Lipsitz, Secy. L. E. Fitch, P.E.R. William White, Jerry Carroll, Est. Lead. Knight D. E. Cooksey, P.E.R. J. P. Ratcliffe, R. B. McCullough, and Miss Gertrude Ramey. The same amount went to the Kentucky Elks Assn. for anti-tuberculosis work.

Below: Sisters of the Good Shepherd at St. Dorothy's School accept a 16mm. motion picture projector from the Exalted Ruler's Class of Freehold, N. J., Lodge. E.R. Leon Francis, who made the presentation, right, foreground.



Baton Rouge, La., Elks Burn Mortgage

P.E.R. William H. Wright, a leader in the lodge's financial struggle, had the pleasure of destroying the mortgage paper on the home of Baton Rouge Lodge No. 490 in the presence of 500 Elks. Master of Ceremonies at the program, for which Clarence LaCroix was Chairman, was H. P. Breazeale, P.E.R.

P.E.R. Hermann Moyse, P.D.D., was a speaker at the banquet, and P.E.R. L. J. Ricaud, Secy. of the lodge for 46 years, received a standing ovation from the membership.

Special guests introduced to the diners included Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor, former Grand Tiler Sidney J. Freudenstein, Past State Presidents Willis C. McDonald and Roy Yerby, D.D.'s Charles B. Emery and Charles S. Parker, and U. S. Sen. Russell B. Long, a member of the lodge.

Portsmouth, Ohio, Elks Dedicate Lodge Room

Portsmouth Lodge No. 154 dedicated its handsome new \$75,000 lodge room with a gala two-day program ably handled by D.D. E. Sheldon Powell. The first day's events included a reception and inspection for Elks and their families, and a dance. The official dedicatory program took place the next day, with the principal address delivered by State Pres. Gerald C. Nau.

Iowa Elks Meet

Waterloo was the scene of a recent seasonal meeting of the Iowa Elks Assn. when 150 delegates representing 35 lodges turned out. Pres. Harry L. Michael presided at the session, during which he delivered his report, as did D.D.'s C. H. Kemler, Kenneth L. Buehler and Z. Z. White. Committee Chairman A. W. Spratt urged greater participation in Ritualistic work, and Youth Activities, high in the Assn's favor, received a prod from John McKeever who presented a plan whereby each lodge will send an outstanding boy to the Boys Council Camp of America near Milwaukee each summer.



The team Ticonderoga, N. Y., Lodge sponsored in the Junior Baseball League.



Cut Bank, Mont., youngsters enjoy the \$65,000 pool built by the local Elks as a War Memorial.



Left: At Rock Island, Ill., Lodge's Annual Football Banquet honoring coaches and teams of two local high schools were, left to right: Est. Lect. Knight Donald Mason; E.R. F. H. Potter; Mayor Melvin L. McKay, Committeeman; Harold "Red" Grange, speaker; P.E.R. Monte Hance; Loyal Knight Gerald Green, General Chairman.

Loveland, Colo., Elks Dedicate Hospital

When the city's magnificent new \$647,500 Memorial Hospital was dedicated recently, Loveland Lodge No. 1051 played a leading role in the ceremonies. This was particularly fitting, since the Elks had donated the first \$50,000 of the Hospital Fund.

A crowd of nearly 5,000 was on hand for the program at which E.R. Lovere Schelling and the Elks Dedicatory Team unveiled the cornerstone in a moving exemplification of the Ritual. D.D. Raymond O. Peterson delivered the principal address.

Following this part of the ceremony, the Loveland Council of Churches took over the religious side of the dedication.



Below: Oklahoma City, Okla., Elks and movie actors who manned the March of Dimes Booth sponsored by the lodge. Those pictured include Chairman Earl E. James, Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, the Hollywood contingent, Susan Cabot, Yvette Dugay and Bucky Harris in town for the opening of "Cimarron Kid".



Above: Six of the ten living Charter Members of Owosso, Mich., receive 50-year pins at the lodge's 50th Anniversary Banquet. Left to right: J. H. Copas, W. L. Frisbie, G. U. Wright, E. H. Stanard, Past Pres. Hugh L. Hartley of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee who made the presentation, D. H. Day and Charles Ellis.



Left: P.E.R.'s Assn. members of Rochester, Minn., Lodge present three stainless-steel folding wheelchairs to St. Mary's Hospital, Colonial Hospital and Worrall Hospital. Shown here are P.E.R.'s, Hospital officials and E.R. L. R. Benson.



Secy. Leo C. Gavagan of Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge, a member of the Executive Committee of the Co. Chapter of the Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, presents a gift to four-year-old Linda Dunham, a patient in the iron lung the lodge presented to the polio ward of Memorial Hospital.



Portland, Me., Lodge, which gives generous assistance to various hospitals, here presents a check to the Holy Innocents Home for a sterilizer and bottle-warmer. Left to right: Mrs. N. C. Neilson, wife of P.E.R., Lead. Knight S. D. MacDonald, E.R. R. K. Maddocks, Mrs. J. G. Oakes.

A Message from the Grand Exalted Ruler



THIS month of March has become one of the most important in the administrative year of a subordinate lodge. It is the month when Exalted Rulers write the final chapter of their year's record, and it is also the time when the lodges of our Order select their leaders for the twelve-month period beginning in April.

From reports at hand it is evident that our Order has continued to prosper. And as the Grand Lodge is merely the sum of its subordinate lodges, it follows that the great majority of our individual units have had successful years.

Our congratulations go to the Exalted Rulers of these lodges. Let us record the fact that they have provided the essential leadership, with the assistance of your other officers, that has resulted in a year's record of which they and your lodge can feel proud. As the head of our Order I commend them for their accomplishments. And we know that it will be with a keen sense of satisfaction that they will soon give an account of their stewardship and be able to point to a record for which they can take a great part of the credit.

We cannot honor too greatly the successful leaders of our lodge as they lay aside the cares and burdens of office. We should not be afraid to pay the tribute justly due them. The tender of a single rose now is worth far more than a whole bouquet given at some later and less fortunate date.

But with subordinate lodges it is ever the case of "off with the old and on with the new." This is the month in which every lodge in our Order chooses those who will guide the destinies of the lodge in the new administrative year beginning in April.

The members of each Lodge must exercise the greatest care in the selection of such leaders. The position of Exalted Ruler is an exacting one. Real leadership means the ability to think, to plan, to inspire others to give that cooperation which is so necessary for success. It requires time, a lot of it, and a knowledge both of Grand Lodge procedures and the problems of a subordinate lodge. Make certain that the new leader you choose has these qualifications before you commit to his

charge the fate of your lodge during the next twelve months.

Be equally careful in the selection of your other chair officers. Ours generally is the rule of progression; hence your lodge leaders in future years are usually chosen as you fill the chairs today. A good Secretary is also a necessity for any subordinate lodge. We have been blessed with many of these in the past. Make certain they are continued, or, if you decide on a change, be sure that it is for the better.

To the membership of subordinate lodges may we say this: When your votes have selected your new leaders, you have virtually committed yourselves to the support of that leadership. Your new Exalted Ruler has the right to expect from you the support you indirectly promised when you elected him. Don't be a piker. Give to him the full measure of your service. A real Elk is a working Elk, one who builds with his brain and his hands, not one who tries to tear down by inactivity or outright opposition.



The Elks have become a great Order because we have mastered the problem of working together. We have set for ourselves definite goals, and our combined efforts have been pointed in the direction of those objectives.

This is the reason why in the short space of the last fifteen years we have grown from a membership of fewer than 450,000 until today we boast of more than 1,050,000 Elks. For us the days of fraternalism are not ending; they are just beginning. Nothing can stay our growth and our progress if we remember that in unity there is strength, if we continue to plan together and work together as we have in the past.

We part with old leaders with reluctance, even as we honor them for the fine records they have written as Exalted Rulers. May wisdom and common sense guide us as we select their successors in the coming weeks. And may we as individual members realize the importance of our membership and be willing to accept the challenge to service that is ours.

SERVE YOUR ORDER TODAY FOR A BETTER AMERICA TOMORROW.

Fraternally yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Howard R. Davis". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the printed name.

HOWARD R. DAVIS,
GRAND EXALTED RULER

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Elks

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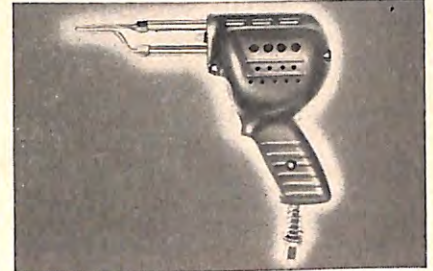
TWENTY MINUTES a day is what the publishers of this book claim it will take to train your dog if you follow their formula. Lessons are those used to teach movie, circus and war dogs and include "The Three Sits", "The Heel Leash", "Breaking Bad Habits" and others. \$1.98 ppd. Radak Publishing Co., Dept. EFS, 505—5th Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



OUT OF SIGHT, but in reach—that's the Hidden Jar Opener which opens all types and sizes of jars, glasses, bottles and pry-off tops. It also seals jars tightly for canning, and the bottle opener leaves caps unbent for resealing. Attaches to underside of shelf. \$1. ppd. Wilco Products, Dept. EFS, 15126 Rayneta Drive, Sherman Oaks, California.



DALMATIAN lounging slippers for dad, mom and the kids. Handknitted, wool uppers in multi-colored designs stitched to hand-sewn leather soles. Heels and toes in red, blue or green. Sizes 3 through 13, \$2.50 ppd. Children's sizes \$2. State size and whether for man, woman or child. Also second color choice. The Little Shop, Dept. EFS, Box 32, Flagstaff, Ariz.



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AN OLD-FASHIONED Panorama Egg is a delightful Easter novelty to the modern child. Gaily colored, 3-dimensional scene is in full view through the plastic eye-hole when you hold the egg to the light. Decorated with sugar-like coating. 6" end to end. \$2.40 ea. or 3 for \$6.00 ppd. Q-T Novelty Co., Dept. EFS, P.O. Box 54, Murray Hill Sta., New York 16, N.Y.

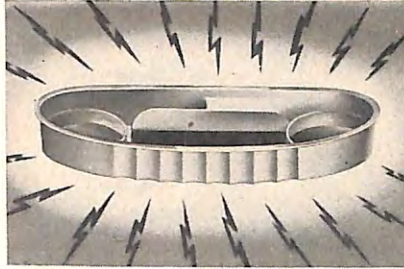
Merchandise shown on these pages can be ordered direct from the companies listed. Enclose a check or money order.

Elks

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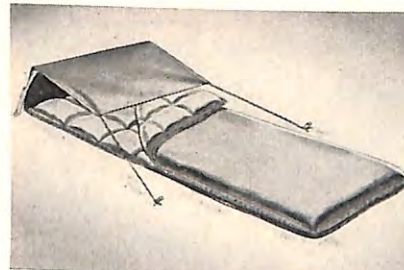
KANGAROO BRUSH is a really clever gadget to save you time and bother in painting woodwork, chairs, etc. A tiny brush in the handle of the 2" brush pops out, filled with paint, when you slide the button. Concealed gasket keeps paint from leaking through the handle. China Hog bristles. Rock Maple handle. \$1.95 ppd. Kangaroo Brush Co., Dept. EFS, 3856 Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia 4, Pa.



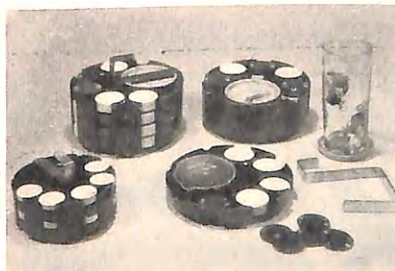
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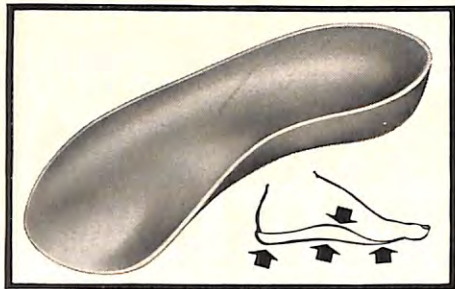


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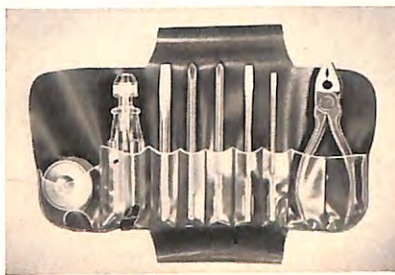
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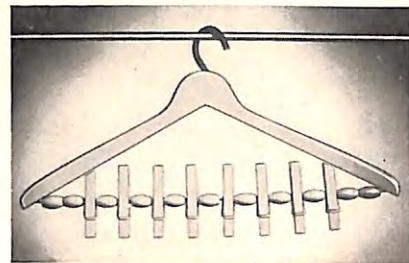
Elks FAMILY SHOPPER



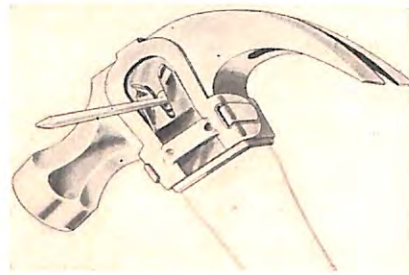
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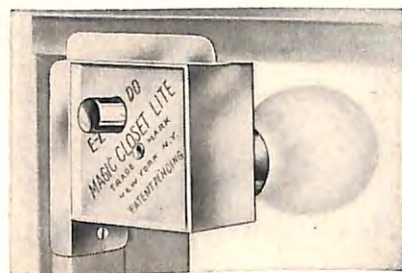
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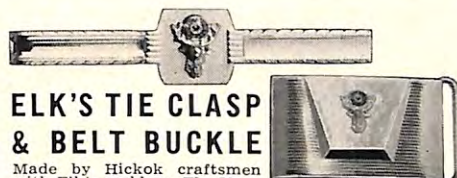
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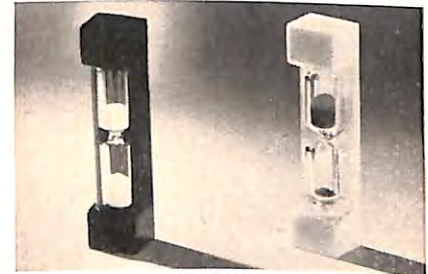
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Watch these pages for Mother's Day gift suggestions next month.

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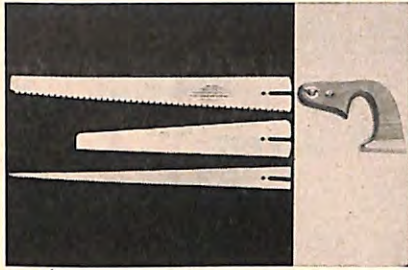
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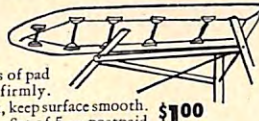


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From 1 to 60 min.



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One or two cups of delicious fresh coffee in a jiffy!
One or two cups of delicious fresh coffee in a jiffy! This fast-heating electric percolator saves coffee. Lustrous polished aluminum. One year guarantee. **\$3.95** postpaid



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Sensational New Vinyl Plastic Inflated Horse, decorated with Hopalong Cassidy's Picture and made to look just like his famous horse, "Topper," actually ROCKS—BOUNCES—NEIGHS! Kids can sit on him and bounce right across the room. "Topper" neighs with every bounce. Straddle "Topper's" broad back—he neighs with delight. Pull his reins, he whinnies, impatient to be off! He's TOUGH—Safe—Clean—Strong enough to support a 200-lb. man. "Topper" is made of 12 gauge Vinylite scuff-proof plastic, electronically sealed. Suitable for all kids from 1 year to 10 years old because each child rides "Topper" his own way—and "Topper" can take it! Fully Guaranteed, C.O.D. Orders Accepted.

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The Davis Birthday Classes

Our membership increased

many classes

Grand

HERE IS another selection of Davis Classes, many appearing with the officers who initiated them. The Grand Exalted Ruler himself was on hand for the Lock Haven, Pa., ceremony, while many of his Deputies were present for others—Loris A. Winn at Coeur d'Alene, Ida.; James P. Ebersberger at Mount

Pleasant, Pa.; John W. Kelly at Manistique, Mich.; Oscar P. Benn at Milinocket, Me., J. S. Fevold at Minot, N. D., and R. Roger Orr at Ogdensburg, Saranac Lake and Ticonderoga, N. Y.

Other initiations not pictured occurred at Indianapolis, Ind., Miami, Fla., Sweetwater, Tex., and Watseka, Ill., Lodges.



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COMFORT and CONVENIENCE mark our seven-story Elks club-house hotel. One of the handsome buildings in Omaha. Downtown location convenient to business and amusements. Fireproof. Well-appointed rooms with private baths. Two dining rooms—grill and coffee shop. Gymnasium, Ample recreational opportunities.

	Single from	Double from
Rooms without bath	\$2.50	\$ 3.50
Rooms with bath	\$3.00	\$ 4.50
Parlor Suites	\$9.00	\$12.00

KENOSHA, WIS., No. 750, B.P.O. Elks

30 rooms. One of Wisconsin's handsomest Elks club buildings. For Elks, but recommended guests welcomed. Single rooms and double; twin beds in the latter. Splendid accommodations at reasonable rates.



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

Room limitations make advance notice for reservations advisable.



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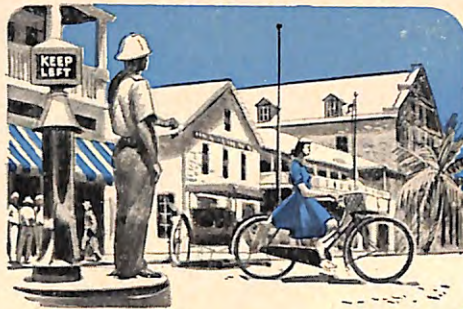
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Restful dining room and comfortable grill where finest food is served as you want it.* Bar service—bowling alleys—television.

* Meals served members in clubroom also.



For ELKS who TRAVEL

In winter it's warmer in Old Arizona, a great vacation spot of the Southwest.

BY HORACE SUTTON

THEY'RE HAVING civilized weather in Arizona this time of year, and if you can't say the same for your neck of the nation, it's high time to make tracks for the Southwest. The monthly mean temperature in the Valley of the Sun, a broad area around Phoenix, is 70.3. The number of clear days a year in Wickenburg, the self-styled Dude Ranch Capital of the World, add up to 292; Phoenix has 270. The statistics, compiled by the U. S. Weather Bureau, a non-partisan agency, were supplied by Arizona interests.

Even if some city demands a recount, Arizona can still point to its fields of winter cotton, the groves of grapefruit and oranges that line the roads, some of the largest date groves in the country, its rows of lettuce fields, the alfalfa crops which a farmer may cut six or seven times a year and its desert lands studded with cactus that blooms in the spring. Arizona is also the winter home of tourists, cowboys and north land baseball teams who come to the Southwest for spring training.

Among the United States, Arizona is the youngest and fifth largest in area. After serving under four flags—Spanish, Mexican, Confederate and finally the U. S.—Arizona was admitted to the union in 1912. Local citizens like to remind Easterners that the state was first explored by Marco de Niza in 1539, many years before Jamestown or Plymouth Rock.

Arizona is so large that it offers good ski conditions in the northern part of the state around Flagstaff, and magnificent sun and citrus country in the southerly sections. In land area it can encompass all of New England plus New York State.

Maricopa County, the agricultural section of which Phoenix is the heart and county seat, is as large as Rhode Island, Connecticut and Delaware, with 1,000 square miles left over. The founding fathers cut bigger slices as the country grew older.

The Valley of the Sun area wasn't settled until 1864, and Phoenix was named by an Englishman, Lord Darrel Duppa. The city had been the site of a settlement of Hohokam Indians, and Duppa saw in its rebirth a parallel with the legend of the mythical bird which was consumed by fire every 500 years and arose each time from its ashes.

BOOM TOWN OF 225,000

Phoenix today is a low, clean, booming town of 225,000. Gunther has called it "the cleanest city I saw in the United States". The fashionable resorts of Phoenix are in its northern and eastern suburbs. Mostly they are elegant retreats charging upwards of \$20 to \$25 a day per person for a room and meals. Virtually all are equipped with swimming pools, most maintain their own stables and hardly any could qualify as ranches, either working or dude.

In a quiet suburban area, for example, is the Arizona Ambassador, which has a barbecue patio for upholstered Western barbecues, a swimming pool, lawn games and a playground for children. It can take seventy-five guests, attracts many Hollywood people, charges \$28 to \$36 a day double, American plan (slightly higher between January 20 and March 31).

Many of the other Phoenix resorts are clustered around Camelback Mountain, a brown hump in the desert that turns



purple in the southwestern sunset. Among them is the famous Camelback Inn at 1,270 feet above sea level—which likes to remind potential guests that it has a winter temperature eight degrees warmer than Phoenix and is as “dry as Sahara.” It also has an albino jackass named Snowball, a 1,000-acre tract and a rate that begins at \$24 a day single and \$36 a day double, with meals.

Should you have your own plane you might like Casa Blanca, which has its own air strip and even a ready room for pilots. It is owned by George Borg of Borg-Warner, who had the place built like a miniature North African village surrounded by white Moorish walls. Standing out above the desert is a gleaming white minaret which at night is bathed in lights. A pool, gardens and a putting green are in the center court at Casa Blanca, with the rooms built in an encircling ring. George Lindholm, once manager of the Waldorf Astoria, is in charge, and the rates run from \$16 to \$24 a day per person, two in a room.

MOTELS FOR ECONOMY

Anyone with a yen for the Southwest, but without the mazuma to match the luxury resorts, ought to have a look at the motels. In Arizona they build them with swimming pools, patios and woodburning fireplaces. Many motels have housekeeping apartments, take tenants on a comparatively long-term basis. Over a dozen motels are located on East Van Buren in Phoenix. Desert Star, for example, offers a bedroom and kitchen at \$12 a day for the room. Stagecoach Motel has room and bath, stall shower and kitchenette at \$11 a day, overnight sleeping rooms at \$8 a night (\$4 in summer). One of the fanciest is Western Village, which has woodburning fireplaces in every cabin, a swimming pool, bar service in the patio and a daily broadcast from its dining room. It gets \$9 a day for two, \$10 for three, and business is so good it is adding forty units to the fifty-four it already has.

For those who like the idea of the big, comfortable hotel, there is the San Marcos at Chandler, Arizona, twenty-one miles south of Phoenix. The San Marcos is famed in the Southwest for its fantastic collection of oil paintings—one alleged to be a Rembrandt—which hang all over the lobby walls. Aside from that oddity, the hotel consists of a main building with

thirty guest rooms and twenty-eight bungalows. Every room is outside, steam-heated and equipped with private bath. The San Marcos occupies a 250-acre tract. Its lovely Orange Vista, a promenade of orange trees, leads to the hotel's own 6,600 yard, 18-hole golf course. In dry Arizona it takes some fifteen miles of underground pipes to keep the greens green. Rates at the San Marcos: \$36 to \$40 a day for two, American plan.

INFORMALITY RULES

The life at Wickenburg, fifty-four miles north and west of Phoenix, is less formal. The tiny town of 2,000 has half a dozen dude ranches and a score of motels. The ranches keep some cattle, maintain a rustic air, charge considerably less than the fancier Phoenix resorts. Except for the new Rancho de los Caballeros, which leans to the Phoenix line in its elegance, Wickenburg ranches are earthy and lived-in. In deference to the dudes, a swimming pool, usually heated, is a standard piece of ranch equipment. Most spreads have rodeo fields and take turns putting on a Sunday show. Rates range from a minimum of \$12.50 a day at Slash Bar K to \$15 a day at Remuda Ranch, single, American.

Any of these warm corners—Phoenix, Chandler, Wickenburg and points in between—can be the target for anybody's Quickie Vacation, a term originated by TWA which flies from both coasts to the sunshine country every day. The Santa Fe chugs right through Phoenix for anyone who has more time, and the Southern Railway takes you to Chandler.

Farther to the south in Tucson the twenty-seventh annual Fiesta de los Vaqueros was held last month—complete with a street parade, calf-roping and bull-dogging with a polo game played by local Indians as a finale.

Tucson's Indians provide an excursion of interest to those winter visitors who are not fond of the stable. Both the Papagos and the Yaquis are in residence nearby, not to mention the Cleveland Indians, a nomadic tribe now in the Southwest for spring training. There is a wide choice of guest ranches outside town at rates that compare with the Wickenburg price range. Dozens and dozens of motels fan out from town at prices that average about \$8 a night for sleeping quarters. Courts that don't have swimming pools, and there are some, cost even less.

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PARIS
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Dine at world-famous *cafés*, in international rendez-vous on the Champs Elysées.



Malmaison, the home of Napoleon and Josephine—ablaze with roses in the spring.

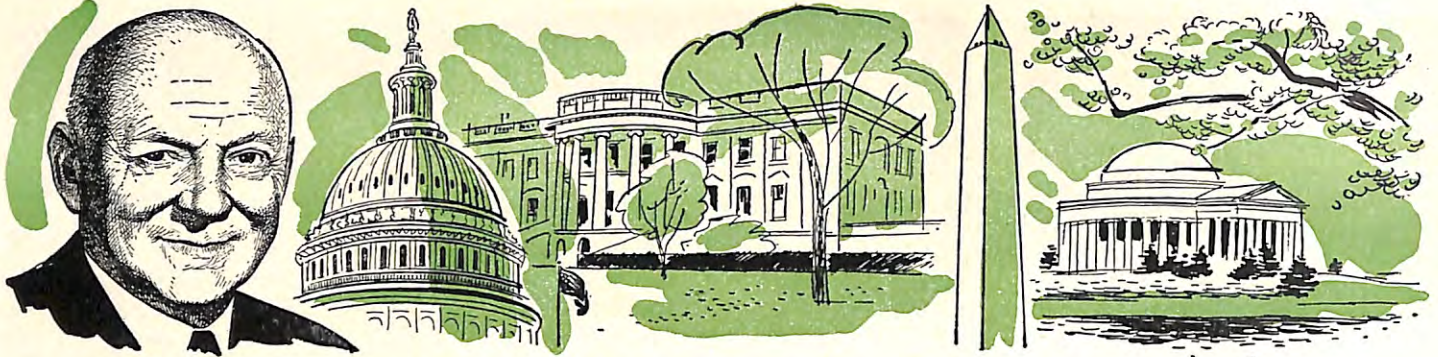


Popular Pastime—browsing through Montmartre in the romantic artists' quarter.

Paris is never lovelier than in spring—the perfect time for your long-dreamed-of trip. If you go now, you can get thrift-season steamship and air fares . . . and on May 1st, new air-tourist rates start. See your travel agent today—and for booklets, etc., write to: Dept. P-1, Box 221, New York 10, New York.

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TOM WRIGLEY WRITES FROM WASHINGTON

REFORM MEASURES have made a brave start in the present session of Congress, but chances are they won't get very far. It's a presidential year, and most reform proposals will eventually wind up as prominent planks in the platforms of the two major parties. Four principal cleanup proposals are: President Truman's executive reorganization of the Internal Revenue Bureau, cutting regional offices down to 25 and putting all collectors' jobs under civil service; Senator Kefauver's bill—backed by 21 other senators—to prohibit Internal Revenue employes from holding outside jobs; the proposal by Senators Mike Monroney, Blair Moody, George Smather and Margaret Smith to revamp the Internal Revenue Bureau, Reconstruction Finance Corporation and other government agencies so as to do away with favoritism and influence; tightening of Federal election laws as result of the Senate elections investigating subcommittee headed by Senator Gillette. These proposals are really good; but to members of Congress, especially those up for re-election this November, they will sound better in party platforms. And it's a safe bet Congress will get appropriation bills out of the way and quit shortly before July 7, the date the Republican National Convention opens in Chicago.

BEER LEADS COFFEE

Mrs. Truman's tealess teas for servicemen at Blair House have been the most popular social functions of the season. "Will you have coffee—or beer?" the veterans from Walter Reed Army Medical Center or the Navy Medical Center at Bethesda are asked. "Beer" is the answer 9 out of 10 times. The men also are served what the President regards as "man-sized" sandwiches, big ones with lots of meat and cheese. The "teas" have taken the place of the annual Spring garden party for servicemen.

HOT FOOT FOR BIRDS

For years the Nation's Capital has been getting nowhere in its cold war against thousands of starlings. The starlings have a sanctuary in the nooks and ridges of downtown buildings, and due to a ban against shooting, bombing or gassing, they have remained protected,

flying forth every day on their forays around Washington parks. Now a "master bird proofing" company has come along, and the starlings are getting the hot foot. Buildings are strung with parallel electric wires wherever starlings roost. The wires carry enough juice to shock but not seriously injure. Humane societies have okayed the idea.

JUNK AUTOS WANTED

Beginning March 1, auto wreckers are prohibited from accepting delivery of junk cars unless, within a specified time, they dispose of an equal number of cars for steel scrap. The order, by the National Production Authority, is designed to prevent car wreckers from hoarding junk in the expectation of price increases. A terrific campaign is now on to move scrap to steel mills.

BEAN SOUP TRAGEDY

Ever since the Capitol was built, bean soup has been the famous dish in both Senate and House restaurants. It cost a dime a bowl. When high prices came the charge was raised to 15 cents. Now Congressional bean soup costs 25 cents; and to add insult to injury, a smaller bowl at that. Howls of protest persist. Michigan bean raisers sent a ton of choice beans free to get the price back to normal. Now comes the bad news. The expensive part of Congressional bean soup is not beans, but ham hocks. The soup is made with plenty of ham hocks—a long, slow simmering of beans and hocks. There have been small contributions of ham hocks but, in case you visit the Capitol and eat at one of the restaurants, your bean soup will cost 25 cents. An outrage, say Congressmen, but they agree the soup still has its old time flavor. Mmmmm.

ELUSIVE SNIFFLES

The common cold still has medical science buffaloed. Back in 1947 the Public Health Service isolated a "cold" virus and it seemed that the invisible bug was about to be trapped. For two years the virus was nursed along in chickens. Then to the surprise of the scientists it suddenly disappeared. They can't find it, and it is now officially dead. Says Dr. Victor Haas, PHS cold scientist: "The thing we call the common cold may be

viruses or allergies or diseases caused by bacteria." When the answer to the common cold is found it may also be the answer to other mystery diseases, including flu and infantile paralysis.

SURPRISE ECONOMY

There is much talk about the cryptic announcement that certain construction work on the vast underground "second Pentagon" has been suspended. This labyrinth in the Blue Ridge Hills near Camp Ritchie along the Maryland-Pennsylvania line is a secret undertaking. Already some 17 millions have been expended in tunneling and building installations in Raven Rock Mountain. Another 10 millions were to be used on a huge housing project. The retreat has been jokingly referred to by newspapermen as the Army's "Berchtesgaden," after the mountain hideout of Hitler. Essential parts of the center will be completed, but outside housing and other facilities will not be built under the surprise orders. The installation is designed to provide a defense center with all necessary communication facilities in event the Pentagon should be destroyed.

WOMEN OUTNUMBER MEN

Women could dominate the coming presidential election. Census figures show they outnumber men of voting age by one and a half million. In the last 10 years women accounted for three-fifths of the population increase of 16 per cent. In the presidential election of 1948, however, only 52 per cent of men and women eligible to vote went to the polls.

CAPITAL CORN

Steel production is now 108,587,670 tons yearly. Increase in capacity in five years is 17.3 million tons. Nothing like it ever happened before. . . . Cigarette production in the last year rose 6.1 per cent, due perhaps to "mild" competition. . . . Food and Drug Administration lists 704 chemicals which are used in food supplies. . . . DDT has lost the battle against the common house fly. Agriculture Department says flies have developed a resistance to the poison and scientists have raised some flies which even hatch their eggs in DDT powder. They simply love the stuff.



Dixon, Ill., Lodge's girls' tennis team which lost only one game last year.



E.R. W. H. Reid, fourth from right, presents Bend, Ore., Lodge's \$5,000 check for St. Charles Hospital to Carl Johnson, representing the Cent. Ore. Hospital Foundation, as lodge officers look on.



Some of the boys pictured outside the handsome building which houses "Boys City", a community project largely sponsored by San Jose, Calif., Lodge as part of its Youth Activities program.



Here are the winners of the Junior Baseball League sponsored by Hillside, N. J., Lodge. Trophies were presented to each member by Phil Rizutto at special ceremonies, and trophies were given the winners in the playoff series, the most valuable player and the batting champion. E.R. A. W. Renner, Youth Activities Chairman Wm. N. Kobin and Secy. George McClatchey also appear.

LODGE NOTES

The officers of **TULSA, OKLA.**, Lodge get around quite a bit. Not long ago they visited **MUSKOGEE LODGE** where they initiated a class of 18 candidates for their hosts, then later, a chartered bus took the officers and a large group of other members to **INDEPENDENCE, KANS.**, Lodge where the Tulsa officials initiated 15 candidates. Incidentally, one of the officers, Watt W. Smith, now serving his fifth year as Treas., has been a member over 16 years and has never missed a meeting . . . E.R. James H. McClain of **GENEVA, N. Y.**, Lodge informs us that he and his fellow officers initiated a class of 116 men for the new **CANANDAIGUA LODGE**, sponsored by the Geneva branch of the Order . . . A homecoming visit and reception for D.D. J. Russell Bradley took place at the home of **QUINCY, MASS.**, Lodge recently. A class of 16 was initiated in the presence of over 600 members . . . When the December air tragedy hit **ELIZABETH, N. J.**, killing 56 people, the Elks lost no time in assisting in the rescue work. The lodge home, a block away, was thrown open to hundreds of police, firemen and others engaged in battling the flames and removing bodies from the wreckage in the bitter cold. The rescuers went back and forth to the lodge home in relays where the restaurant, with a volunteer crew working tirelessly, was kept open through the entire night . . . The Order came to the front promptly in another tragedy, **JERSEYVILLE, PONTIAC, LINCOLN and TAYLORVILLE, Ill.** Lodges were among the first reported sending substantial amounts to aid widows and children of victims in the West Frankfort mine disaster. Taylorville Lodge's \$200 check was supplemented by a \$500 gift from Joe Orenberg, a member formerly affiliated with West Frankfort Lodge. Pontiac, Jerseyville and Lincoln Lodges forwarded checks for \$100 each to West Frankfort Lodge's E.R. L. H. Pickering . . . Two **SAN JOSE, CALIF.**, Elks received Honorary Life Memberships in recognition of their outstanding work for the lodge. One was Wm. Gibson Jones, Editor of the lodge bulletin, "Hot Stuff", and correspondent to this Magazine for the past six years. The other San Jose Elk to be so honored was Edward L. Brown, who has been the lodge's Night Steward for the past ten years.



Monessen, Pa., Lodge's \$1,500 check for the Monessen-Charleroi Hospital Building Fund is held by the Committee in charge. Left to right: Treas. O. F. Pannabaker, Bank Cashier Michael Kiseda, E.R. Anthony Strauss, P.E.R. E. Ben Sobczak and Drive Chairman Harold B. Cramer.



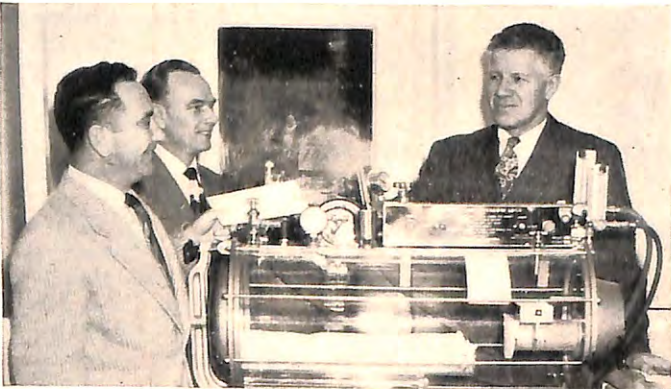
The members of the Robert's Watts Bowling Team of Reading, Pa., Lodge present a \$50 check to retiring lodge Secy. Daniel J. Miller as his last official action. The money is an initial payment on a third Participating Membership Subscription in the Elks National Foundation.



E.R. Edward F. Turchin of Middletown, N. Y., Lodge, second from right, receives a plaque in appreciation for his efforts on behalf of Elkdom. Left to right: Mayor Stanley Meduski of the Village of Florida, where the affair took place, Chairman John Miller, Mr. Turchin and Joseph Wanczyk.



State Pres. Frank D. O'Connor with dignitaries who attended his homecoming at Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge. Left to right: Pa. State Pres. H. Earl Pitzer, Past Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall, Sen. O'Connor and N. Y. State Public Service Commissioner B. F. Feinberg, a P.E.R.



Exalted Ruler Frank Masse and Est. Lead. Knight Irwin Logan of San Pedro, Calif., Lodge present to Dr. Andrew MacCormick of the Community Hospital a pressure air-lock for the use of new-born babies of the area.



D.D. William O'Connell receives an Honorary Life Membership in Albion, N. Y., Lodge at his homecoming visit. Left to right are E.R. James A. Brodie, P.D.D. Leon H. Gilbert, Mr. O'Connell and P.D.D. Daniel Welton.

Ga. Elks Assn. Executive Committee Meets

The new home of Gainesville Lodge No. 1126 was the scene of the Fall meeting of the Executive Committee of the Ga. Elks Assn., at which Pres. Owen B. Leverett presided. A smorgasbord dinner was served, and a dinner-dance held in honor of visiting Elks and their ladies. Twenty-four of the State's 35 lodges were represented.

The winter meeting of the Committee

had Tifton Lodge No. 1114 as host in its fine new home, with 23 lodges represented. "Aidmore," the Crippled Children's Convalescent Hospital maintained by the Elks of Ga., received a \$1,069.66 check from Tifton Lodge, \$1,000 from Dublin Lodge and \$771 from Buckhead Lodge, bringing that lodge's contribution to \$3,598.73.

It was decided that the Ritualistic contest work for the year would begin May 15th at the Convention in Brunswick,

and that the silver loving cup will be presented by P.E.R. J. Bush. The winning team will participate in the National Contest at the Grand Lodge Convention in New York City for which the Georgia Elks are making great plans. Convention Chairman Harry E. Tice, on a recent visit to New York, completed arrangements for the Georgia headquarters at the Edison Hotel where, of course, all delegates and guests of the Convention will be welcome visitors.



Left: Officers of Canon City, Colo., Lodge, led by E.R. F. A. Riede, center of the middle row with D.D. Andrew C. Schafer, Jr., on his right and State Pres. C. J. Williams on his left, and the class this capable Ritualistic Team initiated to commemorate the dignitaries' visit.

Below: The officers of Port Jervis, N. Y., Lodge with State Vice-Pres. Paul J. Johansen and several P.D.D.'s, including James A. Gunn, at the homecoming visit of D.D. F. Vincent Hauber.



San Jose, Calif., Boys City Youth Center Dedicated

After many years of planning, the community youth project in which the members of San Jose Lodge No. 522 played such a large part, was realized. Supported financially by the Elks, Boys City clubhouse is a well-planned building housing a science and industry room, publishing room, library and recreation hall, a court room and administration offices. A gymnasium will be added next.

The clubhouse was dedicated at appropriate ceremonies recently for which P.E.R. Roy Emerson was Chairman. The city was represented by former Mayor Fred Watson, the county by Supervisor William Pfeifle and the State by Assemblyman Charles Gubser, with many other civic organizations participating.

P.E.R. Dr. John King presented the keys of Boys City to E.R. Eddie Duino, Pres. of the project where 60 boys are at present being trained in the American way of life under the supervision of Harry Slonaker, founder of Boys City and now its Director. It is expected that this project, whose aims are to provide supervised activities for young men in helping to solve the juvenile delinquency problem, will eventually handle 100 boys.

Miss Norma J. Downey, winner of Lawrenceville, Ill., Lodge's annual patriotic essay contest, receives a \$100 Bond from E.R. G. W. Carter.



During his visit to High Point, N. C., Lodge, D.D. J. Bailey Maynard, seated center, was pictured with members of the class initiated in his honor by the officers of High Point Lodge.



These ladies are the wives of officers and committeemen of Sweetwater, Tex., Lodge who had charge of the Open House program at the lodge's remodeled home on which \$23,000 was spent.



At San Francisco, Calif., Lodge are officers and players of the Bay Cities Elks Billiard League.

The Order Mourns James L. McGovern

AN INDEFATIGABLE worker for Elkdom, James L. McGovern passed away February 3rd at his home in Bridgeport, Conn., at the age of 82. A fifty-year member, Mr. McGovern was Senior Past Exalted Ruler of Bridgeport Lodge No. 36, having been nominated to this office from the floor of his lodge in 1909, without having filled any of the subordinate chairs. From 1942 to 1944 he was a member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, becoming its Chairman the following year.

Vitaly and actively interested in the welfare of young people, Mr. McGovern was a director of the Newington Home and Hospital for Crippled Children, and Chairman of the Elks Newington Crippled Children's Fund.

In 1917, at the Convention in Boston, Mass., Mr. McGovern was the first member of the Grand Lodge to offer a resolution to send a wire to President Wilson pledging the



Order's support during World War I. This resolution was adopted, and was followed by the appointment of the Elks War Relief Commission and the appropriation of \$1,000,000 for its work.

Born and educated in Bridgeport, he worked in several local factories, during which time he wrote brief items for the Catholic diocesan news-

paper. After seeing them in print, he decided to write news stories, slipping them under the door of the *Bridgeport Morning Union*; as a result, he was hired as one of its reporters in 1892. From then on, he was a newspaperman, finally becoming Associate Editor of the *Bridgeport Post and Telegram* in 1941, a position he held until his death.

Mr. McGovern was a staunch Democrat and, in 1914, under Woodrow Wilson, was named Collector of Customs for Connecticut. In 1917 he became the first Customs Collector to seize a German ship.

An ardent Catholic, he was a Knight of St. Gregory and was organizer and President of the Bridgeport Catholic Charities.

Mr. McGovern, whose wife died in 1937, was the father of nine children, five of whom survive, as do nine grandchildren. To them, and his countless friends throughout the Nation, the staff of this Magazine offers sincerest sympathy.

Photo by Haley

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 9)

900 members from lodges in the Central District of N. J., including the State officials mentioned earlier, and State Treas. August Greiner.

On Jan. 16th, the official party traveled to Passaic where, during the afternoon, they inspected the Passaic County Elks Cerebral Palsy Treatment Center, erected and maintained by Passaic, Clifton and Paterson Lodges. J. Leo Slater is General Chairman of the Committee in charge of the Center's operation, which handles up to 40 patients daily. John A. Celentano is Chairman of the Board for this important institution of which Helen Danchestér, R.N., has actual charge.

Following a dinner that evening Grand Exalted Ruler Davis addressed 400 Elks at a meeting of **PASSAIC LODGE NO. 387** at which E.R. Eugene J. Riggio, Jr., presided. D.D. Arthur Snyder was among the officials present on this occasion.

The distinguished Pennsylvania Elk and Grand Treas. Jernick and State Pres. O'Toole were the dinner guests of **CAMDEN LODGE NO. 293** on Jan. 17th. Following the banquet at which P.E.R. Frank M. Travaline, Jr., who had been Secretary to the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch, was Master of Ceremonies, the national leader addressed the 300 members on hand from southern N. J. and Philadelphia.

Back once again in the Keystone State on Jan. 18th, the Grand Exalted Rul-

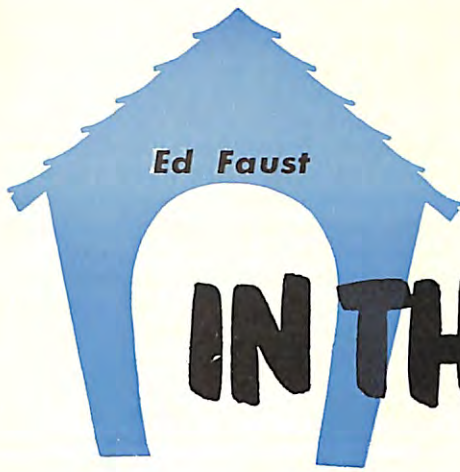
er was the guest of honor at the 50th Anniversary celebration of **WAYNESBURG LODGE NO. 757**. E.R. Albert Snyder had charge of the gala program, a highlight of which was the forceful address delivered by the Order's leader. Among the other distinguished guests were U. S. Senator Edward Martin, an Elk, Chairman Lee A. Donaldson of the Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, Pa. S.W.D.D. Frank Long and a delegation of 50 Elks from West Virginia, led by D.D. Fred J. Glover. Three days later, the Grand Exalted Ruler began his Southern tour.

Grand Exalted Ruler's Itinerary

MARCH	LODGE
4	Indiana, Pa.
7	Hanover, Pa.
11	Bellefonte, Pa.
12	Bedford, Pa.
15	South Bend, Ind.
19	York, Pa.
20	Carlisle, Pa.
21	Berwick, Pa.
26	Scranton, Pa.



At Madison, N. J., Lodge, seated left to right: P.E.R. J. R. Mitchell, Jr.; Judge H. F. Barrett, Mr. Davis, D.D. W. V. F. Evans. Standing: Rev. Wm. L. Nieman, Mayor Donald A. Morrison, P.E.R. W. A. MacDonald, Grand Treas. Wm. Jernick, Chairman N. J. Griffiths and Rev. James Fallon.



**Ed Faust explodes the popular myth
that the poodle is just a Fancy Dan.**

IN THE DOGHOUSE

WE were idling down the alleys where the dogs were benched when my friend, to whom a dog show was a new experience, suddenly exploded, "Holy Smoke! Is that a dog or a barber's nightmare?" With some choice words, and others not so choice, he pointed to a well-groomed, truly magnificent poodle. I listened; I had to, because when he starts talking nothing short of an earthquake can stop him. In several thousand words, more or less, he told me what he thought of poodles, and it was only when his talking machinery began to run down that I was able to insert a word or two on behalf of the breed. Liking dogs as I do—barring some few of the little poyeyed ones that snore—I was at first startled and mystified by my friend's overheated comments. Then I caught on: the apparently fantastic hair-do that custom dictates for the poodle made him regard this fine animal as a boudoir hound, an unreasoned opinion held by those who know little about dogs and less about poodles.

To those who know the poodle, it's anything but a canine cream-puff. True, he's very much a gentleman; but like

many human gentlemen—as more than one tough egg has discovered—he can be a very rugged citizen when necessary. Furthermore, he's one of the best gun dogs over bred, according to those who have used him that way; and there's no reason to doubt them. Why he isn't often used for hunting on this side of the Atlantic, I couldn't say; but he gets many a work-out under the guns in Europe where his talents are fully appreciated. At any rate, if you aren't acquainted with the breed, don't think the poodle is a sissy; he isn't.

The poodle is an ancient breed. When Roman legions were policing the known world prior to 30 A.D. the poodle existed, and is recognized today as one of the basic breeds.

While you'll sometimes hear people refer to it as the "French" poodle, and even find this term in print, it is never used among poodle breeders or in dog magazines. The poodle is no more French than a frankfurter, having reached the peak of its development in Germany. The name stems from the Low German word, "Pudlen", meaning "to splash in water"—which clearly indicates the utilitarian purpose of the breed as retrievers of water-fowl.

There are breeders who say that the poodle is a variety of spaniel; spaniel breeders will tell you that the spaniel originated in Spain, hence its name. Thus in the poodle we have a dog assumed to be French, wearing a German name and claimed to be of Spanish origin. If the UN ever adopted an official dog, this would be it.

NO, the poodle is far from being a softy; the powder-puff hair-cut he wears at the shows is misleading. But an un-groomed poodle in the show ring wouldn't even be considered by the judge. In fact, his owner or handler would be lucky if he weren't tossed out of the ring. The extravagant barbering that makes the poodle seem a Caspar Milquetoast is premised on sound sense that back-tracks into the sporting use of the dog. Among all dogs, this breed has one of the densest, perhaps the thickest, coats. Since the poodle is a water-retriever, it was long ago found necessary to keep its coat clipped, particularly around the vestibule. A book written some three hundred years ago by Gervase Markham, "The Use of the Water Dogge, and the Manner of Trayning Them", explains that "... because these water dogges naturally are ever most laden with haire on the hinder parts and because the hinder parts are ever deeper in the water . . . it is a heavy burthen to the dogge and makes him swimme less nimbly and slower. . . ."

Bearing in mind the density of the dog's coat, it is easy to see why, when the tides run swift and the going is tough, it is necessary to shear a good part of the hair from its caboose. An unbarbered dog with a water-logged coat would never be able to swim fast enough to reach the game in time to bring it back to the hunter before it disappeared.

Underneath the heavy outer coat is another coat affording protection which enables the dog to swim for long periods in the coldest water. So profuse is the poodle's coat that if neglected, and un-trimmed, it grows into long cords that reach the ground. If this is permitted, our friend becomes known as the corded poodle, for whose coat the standard demands it be very thick and hang in tight, even cords.

(Continued on page 50)

Photo by Ylla



The dogs in this lively trio of miniature poodles are decked out in a modified Continental clip suitable for impressing friends but not show judges.

River of Fear

(Continued from page 5)

collecting—flowers, shells, all sorts of things—when he'd the time for it. Mr. Jessup I don't care for, I'm sorry to say. An odd sort, not nearly good enough for that lovely young wife of his. But I dare say you'll find him out for yourself before long. Especially if you cross him."

On the last leg of his journey to the station, Tom Norton traveled sixteen miles up the Kirimani River in a supply-laden mission canoe, through swamps, mosquitoes, crocodiles and unceasing rain. The resident magistrate came down to the landing stage to shake his hand and bid him welcome.

"We'll have a warm bath for you in no time, and a good stiff drink," Jessup promised as he led his new assistant to the house. "You're getting a bad first impression of the place, I must say." He turned, smiling, to the young woman who stood waiting on the veranda. "Laura, this is Mr. Norton. He's had a time of it, getting here. You must cheer him up."

She gave Norton her hand and a look of understanding. "Welcome to world's end," she murmured.

WITHOUT Jeff Overton's letter Norton might have been fooled. Even with it he was bewildered. There was nothing of the brute in Jessup's appearance. A short man with muscular arms and legs, he had a round, shining face like that of a kewpie doll. His baldness and bright blue eyes bore out the impression of innocence. He plied Norton with questions about the journey from Port Moresby and chuckled over its little difficulties.

Next day he showed Norton about the station.

Halting before the storehouse, Jessup produced a key to fit the padlock on its door. "This is where Mr. Overton met with his accident," he said gravely. "I presume you know the details."

"I was shown your report."

"No doubt I was censured for keeping a python in the storehouse," Jessup observed with a sigh. "But it was not a new idea, you know. Traders have done it for years. There isn't a better way to keep the rats under control, believe me, and a small python is a quite harmless pet."

Not without a shiver, Norton stepped inside. This was where Overton had died—Jeff Overton, who had been Norton's best friend for years and was to have journeyed to Sydney on his next leave to marry Norton's younger sister, Clara.

The number of sacks and cases surprised him. He had had no idea that a small jungle station required so much in the way of supplies. As for the snake, it was true that Jessup had been censured. True indeed. But even those censuring him had refused to blame him for Overton's death.

Jeff Overton had entered the storehouse one evening without his flashlight and brushed against the snake in the dark. Tragically the snake he disturbed was not the tame guardian of the flour bags but a spine-tailed death adder which must have entered the building through some crevice. It struck at him from a packing case and bit him in the neck.

The R.M. gently jiggled his keys. "Since the accident, Mr. Norton, I keep the only key to this building and permit no one to enter except in my presence. I'm sure you understand."

Norton nodded.

"Mr. Overton was more than my assistant. He was my very dear friend."

Norton frowned. *That isn't the way Jeff put it*, he thought.

Still, there was no gainsaying Jessup's remarkable talents. Almost single-handed he had made Kirimani a modern government station in the midst of a wilderness as hostile as any in New Guinea. This was sorcerer's country, black with superstitions. According to Mr. Willoughby, at the mission, head-taking was still common. Yet the natives obeyed Jessup.

He had other qualities. His prowess with a rifle and his skill with a canoe were remarkable. He read Schopenhauer. He played the violin with distinction. He had a lovely young wife.

Small wonder the Moresby people refused to credit Jeff Overton's charges of brutality.

THEN came the affair of the crocodile.

There had been complaints against one Mosoru, head man of a village on the Kauri Branch. Jessup dispatched six of his constabulary with instructions to bring the culprit in for a talking to. They left at daybreak in a downpour. When they returned at midnight, bedraggled, bone weary and sick with shame, it was still raining and Mosoru was not with them.

Jessup stood at the veranda screen with an unwavering smile on his kewpie-doll face and heard their excuses. He looked toward the police barracks. "Corporal Ruwa!" he called.

Ruwa, a man surprisingly old to be on the government pay roll, heard the excuses too. Sadly he glanced at Jessup. Jessup nodded.

"So Mosoru made fools of you," Ruwa said to the police boys. "You let yourselves be outwitted by an ignorant bush native who wears a pig-bone in his nose. Now the magistrate and I must go and get him, to set you an example." His voice cracked about them like lightning in the rain's unceasing roar. "Stand at attention!"

They obeyed in silent misery as the R.M., turning his back, went into the house. When he came out he wore his boots and revolver. Without a word to

his wife or Norton he marched past the six police boys to the compound gate, followed by Ruwa.

Norton, unwilling to believe, turned to the woman who sat so unnaturally rigid by the lamp. "Surely he doesn't mean to go after Mosoru now, at night!"

"He does," she answered.

"But what about these boys? Am I to dismiss them?"

Laura Jessup looked at him pityingly, as if she found it hard to forgive his blindness. "He left them standing at attention, Mr. Norton. When he wants them dismissed, *he* will dismiss them."

"But they can't stand here in the rain all night after what they've been through. It would be inhuman."

She rose, oddly pale in the lamplight. "Yes, Mr. Norton. Inhuman." Before he could halt her she had gone inside.

Like village totems the exhausted police stood where Jessup had left them. Norton could not go to bed leaving them there. After his third cigarette he pulled the screen door open.

"Come up here on the porch, out of the rain. The magistrate needn't know."

They murmured among themselves. One stepped forward. "Corporal Ruwa would know, and we would be punished for disobeying."

"How the devil would Ruwa know? He's gone with the magistrate."

"Nevertheless, he would know."

Norton went inside, shaking his head. He found Laura in the sitting room. "Who is this Corporal Ruwa?" he demanded. "Why are they so afraid of him?"

"He is a sorcerer. The most feared sorcerer on the river."

"A sorcerer! In a corporal's uniform?"

"Through him my husband has a complete hold over the natives," she said quietly. "How Victor won him over I don't know. With legerdemain, I imagine. Legerdemain was once a hobby of his and he was very clever at it. If he wanted you killed tomorrow, Ruwa would see that his wishes were carried out."

Norton looked at her long and hard. Then, shaking his head again, he went to bed.

At ten the next morning the magistrate returned, soaked through, layered with mud, but with a half-hostile Mosoru in custody. He summoned his assistant.

"Do you know how to catch a crocodile, Mr. Norton?"

"I've shot them, if that's what you mean."

"Not quite. The natives at Sawai Creek have been after me to destroy one that's been annoying them. Take some police and bring the brute back alive. The boys know how. You needn't worry about procedure."

Capturing crocs alive was new to Norton, and his visit to Sawai Creek was an

experience. Filled with admiration for the courage of the police boys, he stood on the bank amid a crowd of hysterical natives while the boys encircled the brute and with sharpened ten-foot poles drove it into a shallow pool. When they had secured it with ropes and bound it to a carrying pole, the natives triumphantly bore it off to the station alive.

"Good work," said Jessup, his kewpie face beaming.

With a sharpened stick holding its awesome jaws open, the croc was made fast to stakes in the station compound. Then at Jessup's command the unruly head man, Mosoru, was led from the barracks.

"Observe," Jessup said. "This crocodile, Mosoru, has caused trouble in my district and is to be punished. Take note of the method."

He stepped forward, carrying a five-gallon gasoline tin. Approaching the beast cautiously, he held the tin above its jaws until the last trickle had run from the spout. Moisture shone on Jessup's face. No doubt the hot sun was to blame, and the strain of holding the heavy tin out at arm's length for so long.

Now Jessup tossed the tin aside. From his pocket he drew a box of matches. Striking one, he tossed it into the croc's mouth.

But Norton had turned his back and begun walking. He did not stop until he reached his room at the residency. There he sank onto his cot, his face clammy, his hands fiercely clenched.

"The beast!" he whispered.

TWO weeks later he discovered the cigarette lighter.

At Jessup's command he had gone to one of the downstream villages to settle a dispute over some fish traps. The lighter hung on a loop of wire about the neck of a sly-eyed village native: an expensive lighter engraved with Victor Jessup's initials. Norton was mystified.

"Where'd you get this?" he demanded. "Did you steal it?"

The Papuan shook his head.

"If you didn't steal it, you must have found it. Why didn't you return it?"

"It is mine to keep," the native insisted. "The magistrate gave it to me."

"Why?"

"In payment for a snake."

Norton took in a slow breath. "What sort of snake?"

"A live one. The poison kind with the spine on its tail. I captured it near the station and when Mr. Jessup saw it he bought it from me."

Norton committed the man's face to memory, thinking he might need the fellow later for a witness. "Tell me one thing more," he said. "Was Mr. Overton alive when the magistrate bought this snake from you?"

"He was alive then. He died a week later."

"I see," Norton said softly. And so he did.

For three days he wondered what to

do about Laura. In his weeks at Kirimani Station he had come to know her well—well enough to wish she were not married to Victor Jessup. Now she presented a problem. If he told her what he had discovered, would she believe him?

He told her. Her reaction surprised him.

"I've suspected all along that Jeff Overton did not die by accident, Tom," she said calmly.

"But *why* was he murdered?"

"I don't know."

"Was he attentive to you? Was your husband jealous?"

She shook her head. "Jeff had only one interest other than his work. He spent all his spare time collecting things." She put a hand on his, and her fingers were cold as ice. "Tom, what are we to do?"

"Nothing. You can't accuse a high government official of murder on the strength of a cigarette lighter and a native's tale of snake-selling. We can do nothing but sit tight, watch him, and try to find out why Jeff was killed."

Two weeks later one of Mr. Willoughby's mission canoes came up river, laden with supplies for the station. Norton went down to the landing stage just at dusk to supervise the unloading. The resident magistrate was away hunting.

One by one the sacks were handed up to the dock and arranged in a pile. Norton gave the boat a last glance and saw something small, round and white lying amid the left-over litter. He picked it up. It was a pearl.

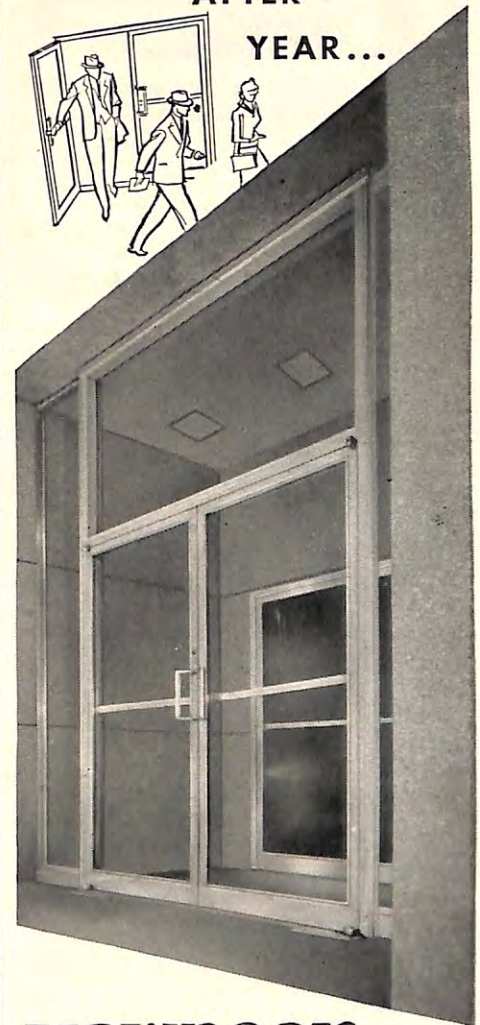
The debris, he noticed, consisted of broken bits of shell.

He went up to the house without comment but returned to the pier an hour later when darkness would hide his movements. The cases of government supplies he did not bother with; the sacks he untied and investigated. They contained shell. He carefully tied them up again. The magistrate, returning soon afterward, ordered the cargo transferred to the storehouse.

That night Norton wrote a letter to the governor, addressing it to a friend in Moresby with a request that it be delivered with all possible haste. He dared not address it to anyone in government service. Jessup would see the envelope before it left the station and might be suspicious.

He wrote of his conviction that Jessup had brought about the death of the former assistant magistrate by planting a poisonous snake in the storehouse and contriving to have Overton enter the building without a flashlight. "I believe I also know the motive," he wrote. "Mr. Jessup has secretly been obtaining, in some illegal manner, pearls and shell which are delivered to him here in the guise of supplies by the mission natives who regularly serve us. I am convinced that Jeff Overton, an ardent collector of shells among other things, noticed some broken bits of this excellent pearl shell

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in the mission canoe one day, just as I did, and thus learned the magistrate's secret.

"I beg you to send someone at once to investigate," Norton continued. "Mrs. Jessup and I are safe here only so long as the magistrate remains ignorant of our knowing the truth. We cannot attempt the long journey to the mission. He would suspect and have us halted, perhaps killed, by his police or the natives. The need for prompt action on your part is imperative."

With the letter in his hand Norton went into the sitting room to deposit it in the box by the door. Jessup would empty that box before retiring and hand the mail to the mission natives to take down river in the morning. He might look at the letters; he might not.

But Jessup was seated there at the table, writing. The kewpie face swung toward Norton and the letter in Norton's hand seemed suddenly as large as a wall.

"Hello," Jessup said. "You writing to the home folks too? I thought I was the only one who put it off till the last. Here—never mind the box. I'll be emptying it when I'm done here. Put your mail with mine."

The letter changed hands. Jessup tossed it onto the table.

"You've got the shakes tonight. Fever?"

"I hope not."

"You should take better care of yourself," the R.M. murmured, returning to his writing.

Norton had to know. Before daybreak he crossed the compound and hurried downstream along a path used by the natives. When the mission canoe came gliding like a phantom through the mist, he halted it.

"Let me have a look at the mail," he ordered.

They handed him the packet and he broke it open, hunting for the letter. No doubt the natives were bewildered by his air of apprehension. He had reason to be apprehensive. If he were seen, there would be talk.

"Is this all the mail Mr. Jessup gave you?"

"Yes, *taubada*."

The letter was not there. Norton went back to the house for breakfast.

"Mr. Norton," Jessup leaned over the breakfast table. "Mr. Norton, if you've nothing to do today. I wish you'd take some police and call on Mosoru. He's been up to his mischief again. Don't bother to bring him back. Just tell him he's got to behave, and remind him of the croc."

"Today?" Norton hoped his voice was

steady. There had been no complaints, he knew, about Mosoru.

"Better start at once. Take Laura with you. She's never been across to the Kauri and there's not a jot of danger."

On the lips of Laura Jessup's husband lay an executioner's smile.

IN THE BOW of the long canoe Corporal Ruwa pointed with his paddle to the shore. Here the jungle fell straight into the river, and an axe blaze on a towering eucalyptus marked the trail to Mosoru's village. The canoe swung shoreward and poked its carved nose among the cascading roots.

It was a difficult trail. Under Norton's feet the ground quivered like jelly and he had the feeling he was walking on a thin skin stretched above bottomless mud. Streams of slow-flowing water barred the way.

He marveled at the fortitude of the girl who walked ahead of him. Time and again she accepted without hesitation the challenge of crumbling logs where a slip could have meant disaster. She had courage. Norton wondered if he had as much.

He looked at his watch and spoke to the native corporal. "There is danger on this journey. Ruwa. Mosoru is no fool. I fear an ambush."

The sorcerer, not a talkative man, only frowned.

"I want you and Setadi to range ahead," Norton said. "The other two must fall back to guard against a surprise attack from the rear."

"You and the *cinabada* would be unprotected," Ruwa argued.

"I have my revolver. Do as I say."

It was a crucial moment. If Ruwa refused—and he would refuse if Jessup had given other orders—a new and entirely different plan must be adopted. But the corporal's answer was only a shrug.

"Mrs. Jessup and I will give you and Setadi time to range ahead," Norton went on, hiding his relief. "When we follow, the other two must give us time to do the same. You're to shoot without hesitation at anything suspicious."

Ruwa nodded, turning away.

"What are you up to?" Laura asked quietly.

"There's a small chance that our rear guard may take a pot shot at your husband before they recognize him. It's dark enough here for mistakes."

"Are you counting on it?"

"No, but we must make the most of every chance we have. I can't ambush him myself. Ruwa would avenge him. I can't shoot Ruwa; the natives would

FOR ELK FISHERMEN—Next month in the April issue, *The Elks Magazine* will run its fourth annual Spring Fishing Section. In addition to interesting fishing articles by our regular "Rod and Gun" column writers—Ted Trueblood and Dan Holland—there will be articles by leading anglers, as well as some unusual illustrations, not the least of which will be the front cover.

tear us to pieces." Again he looked at his watch. "Now for the only hope we have. Are you familiar with the map in your husband's office?"

"I've looked at it."

"Then you know the Kauri River, which runs into the Kirimani, is only a mile west of us. With the police boys out of sight we can leave this path presently and make for it without being missed for some time."

"And when we get there?"

"Perhaps we can find an unguarded canoe."

For a little distance the path was wide enough for them to walk side by side. Norton caught the girl's hand and held it. Then the trail narrowed again and in single file they trudged on through green twilight. Soon afterward they left the path, as planned.

This, Norton knew, was the gamble—that the mile of jungle between them and the river could be traversed. Jessup's map had revealed the distance but not the nature of the terrain. Swamp would halt them. Bamboo thickets, common to the region, would ensnare them like flies in a web, delaying them for hours. A faulty sense of direction would be fatal.

The mosquitoes gave them no peace. But the mud did not deepen and after a time the tall trees drew apart and the green haze took on a yellow brightness. One last obstacle barred the way: a wall of thorns bleeding with the scarlet blossoms of d'Albertis creeper. Then they stood in sunshine on a belt of grassland bordering the river.

The boat they found was a sorry thing, a hollow log lying bottom-up at the stream's edge. It would do, Norton insisted. On the way down river they might find a better one. He turned it over and discovered a paddle beneath it. But when he slid the craft down the muddy bank, a crocodile's armored head rose from the depths, ten feet from shore, and a baleful eye focused on him.

Impatiently he waited. When the brute did not depart, he struck the water sharply with the paddle. The eye still stared.

Drawing his revolver, Norton took careful aim and fired. Then he examined the weapon to see why it had not gone off properly. The primer alone had exploded, driving the bullet partly through the barrel. He inspected the cylinder and turned grimly to Laura.

"Your husband has removed the powder from my cartridges—last night, I suppose, while I slept. Can you help me carry the boat downstream a little way?"

She helped him launch it, though its weight staggered her. He tried paddling from a standing position as the natives did, but with every movement the clumsy log rolled beneath him. On his knees he did better.

They faced each other, exhausted but momentarily triumphant, as the marshy grasslands fell behind and the jungle closed about them. "What will you do

when we are safe in Moresby?" Norton asked.

"We aren't safe yet. I don't want to think about it."

"Will you divorce him?"

"If I can," she said. "It may not be possible. Remember, everyone thinks him a saint."

"When did you learn the truth about him?"

"I married him in Moresby, just before he was given the Kirimani Station. A month after we moved here I knew him for what he was and hated him."

Norton nodded. How soon, he wondered, would Jessup discover what they were up too? If all went well, the man would follow along the trail to Mosoru's village, halting before he got there to prepare his ambush. He would wait patiently, thinking them busy with Mosoru. But of course the police boys, dismayed by their disappearance, would start back along the path and Jessup would learn the truth.

There was nothing they could do about it. He stopped thinking and gave the river his attention again.

IT WAS an unpleasant stream, sluggish, turbid, a muddy yellow color. Not a solitary native village had they seen along its banks, not a sign of habitation except an occasional path leading out of the tangled forest to muddy bars where canoes were drawn up.

Norton had abandoned his thought of transferring to another boat. He had mastered the whims of the one they were in. But he kept an uneasy eye on those they passed. Canoes meant people.

Soon, however, if his calculations were correct, he and Laura would reach the Kirimani, only a short distance above the mission. The mission meant safety.

"Do you hear something?" Laura asked.

He stopped paddling. "Hear what?"

"Something on shore. It may have been an animal."

He let the boat glide twenty feet before dipping his paddle. Then almost instantly the girl raised a hand in warning and spoke again.

"I think we're being followed."

"Lie down in the boat!"

She shook her head. "I want to see."

"They may throw spears at us. Lie down!"

She would not obey. Half turning, she gazed at the nearer tangle of vines and creepers as the canoe slid past. Presently she said quietly, "Look where that dead tree hangs over the water. One of them is behind it."


He followed her directions and for an instant seemed to look straight into a pair of watching eyes.

"They're on both sides of the river," Laura said. "We'd better ignore them, don't you think? Perhaps they're only curious."

"We can't do much else."

"They may not attack us. They have

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no boats." She seemed perfectly calm. Norton nodded, seeing no point in reminding her that the Kauris were known throughout Papua for their ferocity and undoubtedly had boats somewhere. He plied his paddle again. But now his nerves, so long taut, were at the breaking point. He found himself straining to follow the movements of the shadows.

It was an impossible task. He could be certain of one thing only—the shadows were numerous. No fewer than a dozen natives occupied each side of the stream, easily keeping abreast of the boat on its uneasy journey. He looked ahead for the appearance of the larger river and when he saw it, drew a breath of relief.

HIS TRIUMPH was premature. There where the two streams came together, a sand spit pointed downstream. On it grew a tangle of thorny shrubs. At the edge of it a canoe lay half in the water.

It was a canoe from the station. Norton stopped paddling. As he did so, Victor Jessup stepped from the bushes and with a rifle in his hands stood waiting.

The magistrate's wife, alarmed by Norton's expression, turned swiftly to see what he stared at, then slowly swung back again. Her face was deathly pale.

"What can we do?" she asked.
"Nothing. He must have overtaken the two police boys we sent back to guard the path. After talking to them he turned around and came down the main river." Norton suddenly felt helpless. "The man knows what I think before I think it," he said bitterly.

On the sand spit Jessup raised his rifle. "Come ashore, Mr. Norton," he ordered. His voice was just loud enough.

Norton looked at the girl. Slowly, with difficulty, he rose from his knees. "I'm going through," he told her.

"He will shoot you."
"Will he dare? We're being watched by natives. He knows it. If anything happens there will be an investigation and the natives will tell what they saw. Your husband would prefer something more subtle than a witnessed murder, I should think."

"He will shoot," she insisted. "You leave him no choice."

"We have no choice ourselves. Keep low in the boat. Take the paddle if I'm hit."

He did not look again at the figure on the spit. Balancing the canoe required all his attention. He saw the girl shrink, trembling, between the flimsy gunwales. The sweat grew clammy on his hands.

There was a chance, he thought. A chance for her, at least. Even if Jessup fired, the boat's momentum would carry it into the swifter flow of the main stream, and in a matter of seconds the gloom of the jungle would shelter it. Laura, if quick to seize the paddle, would reach the mission before her husband could launch his boat and overtake her.

The man on shore moved a step nearer the water's edge. "Unless you obey, Mr. Norton, I shall shoot!" This time the voice was loud, echoing in the stillness.

Norton's taut body shrank from the expected bullet. His paddle rose and fell without faltering.

Jessup knelt beside the canoe on shore. He took aim. His wife watched him, wordless. When the rifle spoke she shuddered as though the bullet had struck her.

It struck the blade of Norton's paddle instead, and the shattered paddle flew from his grasp. Stunned, he looked down at his empty hands, then turned his head to gaze at the sand spit.

He saw Jessup lay the rifle in the boat and push the craft into the river. There were no wasted motions. The magistrate paddled standing up, but when the two canoes were but a few yards apart he went to his knees, from which position he reached for his rifle without stooping.

"You've put me to a good deal of trouble, Mr. Norton," he said. "But now you will be sensible." His tone was brittle with annoyance. "I'm going to toss my spare paddle into your boat. When I tell you to, you will pick it up. Then you will paddle up to the station ahead of me. Do I make myself perfectly understood?"

Norton nodded.
"If I am forced to shoot again, I shall shoot to kill, Mr. Norton. You think I fear an investigation? Remember, these natives will say only what Ruwa the Sorcerer tells them to say—and that will be my version of what happened."

Norton turned his head to look at Laura. She had not moved. Her hands gripped the gunwales and her gaze was fixed on him. He said nothing, but returned his gaze to the approaching canoe, now only a few feet away.

The magistrate leaned forward to put down his gun and pick up his spare paddle. At that instant Norton leaped.

The gap he had to cross was not great, even from so unstable a take-off. He was concerned more about the dread possibility of overturning his own canoe. It very nearly did overturn. Lurching, it boiled through the water as if shot from a cannon. But Laura, her hands already firm on the gunwales, managed to keep it right side up.

The magistrate, bent forward in the act of reaching, had no such advantage. Norton landed all in a heap across the bow, driving the craft deep under water and upsetting it at the same time. It spun like a bottle. Neither man uttered a sound as the river took them, Norton silent from choice, the magistrate because he had no time to cry out.

Norton bobbed to the surface again in a matter of seconds. He looked first at his own canoe, downstream now a hundred feet, and felt an odd bewilderment at the extent of his success. He looked for Jessup and saw the magistrate come sputtering up to the surface of the

water close by the overturned boat.

Norton was puzzled by the man's face. He had expected rage. He saw instead only terror. Mouth open, Jessup cried hoarsely for help while clinging with both hands to the canoe.

"Norton! There are crocs here!"

True, there were crocodiles. Treading water, Norton scanned the river, expecting at any moment to see a tell-tale ripple reach out from shore. But the nearer wall of jungle was not forty feet away and Jessup was an accomplished swimmer.

"You can reach shore easily enough," Norton retorted. Then he turned and made for the bank himself, arriving at the tangle of roots a moment later without mishap.

Downstream, Laura had managed to maneuver their canoe to the river's edge and was waiting for him. With a bewildered glance at the man in the stream, Norton pushed into the jungle.

He saw Jessup twice more on his way to the point where Laura waited. Each time, when his conflict with the jungle carried him out to the water's edge and he looked back, the sight of the magistrate clinging desperately to the drifting canoe only added to his perplexity.

This was the man who had staked out a captive croc and put a match to gasoline poured down the brute's throat. No psychologist, Norton could not reconcile the memory of that brutality with Jessup's present terror.

The fool, he thought. If he stays in the river long enough, trying to get up nerve . . .

A scream interrupted the thought. Entangled in a thorn thicket some distance from the river, Norton could not see why the magistrate screamed. He could only halt and listen. There was no second cry, only an ominous silence filled with the humming and buzzing of insects. He struggled on again.

When he came to the river and the boat, Laura was on her feet gazing at the drifting canoe, her eyes wide in a face still and white. Norton looked at the canoe too. It floated with the current, unhindered now by any clinging hands. He stepped forward. "Laura," he said.

She cried a little in his arms then, but not much, not for more than a moment. She was a very brave girl; Norton had known that from the beginning. The miracle now was that she seemed to find comfort in his awkward murmurings.

THE REVEREND Mr. Willoughby had retreated from the heat to the shade of his mission house veranda. Sipping from a glass of cold water, he sat in his most comfortable chair and gazed out at the river. When he caught sight of the little boat as it turned the bend of the river, he frowned at the white man in it. He had not expected a visit from the magistrate. He was, however, not displeased. There were some questions he wished to ask Mr. Jessup.

Then he saw that Jessup was not in the boat. The woman was Jessup's wife, but the man erect in the stern was young Norton. Nice chap, Norton. A determined sort of fellow but straightforward and sound. It was a shame young Mrs. Jessup couldn't have someone like him for a husband, instead of the man she had.

Sauntering down to the landing stage, Mr. Willoughby shook their hands. "Hello—you've been in the water," he said, looking in surprise at Norton's wet clothes. "Have an upset, did you?"

"Of a sort," Norton replied evasively. His gaze swept the landing stage, a large one, for a whaleboat among the native canoes. "How soon do you expect a boat from Moresby, Mr. Willoughby?"

"Soon, I hope," said Mr. Willoughby. "I've a complaint to make." He turned to Mrs. Jessup to have it out then and there, but checked himself when he saw how white and tired she looked. Wondering at the reason for her fatigue, Mr. Willoughby led the way to the house where he seated his guests and ordered the house boy to bring tea.

He said then, "Do you notice anything odd here?"

"It's very quiet," Norton remarked.

"Precisely. Too quiet. Every blessed native in the district is away at Nugi Island. And that's why I've a bone to pick with your husband, Mrs. Jessup."

"My husband?" Laura said quietly.

"I've known for some time that something queer was going on. It began when Mr. Overton was alive. Last week I turned detective and followed a group of natives out to the island. Your husband, Mrs. Jessup, has been secretly paying my people to obtain pearls and shell for him. Valuable pearls and shell, which neither I nor the government knew existed."

Norton and Laura were silent.

"Highly irregular," Mr. Willoughby went on, frowning. "The natives have always obtained shellfish for food in the mud banks around Nugi, but never realized the shell itself had any worth. Mr. Jessup learned of this. I would venture to guess that your husband now has enough to make him wealthy—dishonestly come by, of course, because Nugi is included in the Gordon Company's concession."

Mr. Willoughby stopped talking, aware that in his indignation he had spoken rather bluntly and must have caused young Mrs. Jessup a good deal of distress. He tried to think of something to say that would soften the blow. But her behavior and that of Mr. Norton puzzled him.

It seemed they were more relieved than disturbed by the very serious charge he had directed against the resident magistrate. There was, obviously, something they knew that Mr. Willoughby didn't.

He frowned at them. If he had not known it was impossible, he would have said they were in love with each other.

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Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 10)

as a five-horse job, but that's out. You have to "put in" at a regular landing. You can't hoist this kind of boat to your shoulders and walk down through the woods with it, as you can a canoe, but on big water the reward is more than worth the penalty.

In other cases the transportation is the first consideration. Suppose, for example, that you wanted to fish a high, mountain lake, somewhere in the West. The only way to reach it is by horse. There is just one boat you can take—a rubber one. Rubber boats have been used a great deal in the West during the past few years, and this is one of the main reasons. It would be next to impossible to carry any other kind into some of the spots where they go.

MOST OF us have more leeway in the selection of a boat and motor. By using a little compromise and common sense, we can make one outfit serve quite well for a variety of jobs. Ordinarily, speed is not essential in a fishing boat. In fact, if a man likes to troll it is more important to have a motor that will crawl along at low speed than it is to have one that will skim up the lake at thirty miles an hour.

Safety, however, always is a first consideration. You can't state flatly that this boat or that one is safe, either, unless you specify the conditions under which it will be used—and allow for the ability and common sense of the man who will be using it, as well.

Consider the broad, flat-bottomed wooden skiff that is at home on a ten-acre bass pond. It is a perfectly safe boat there, but if you launched it on one of the brawling West-Coast steelhead rivers you would be lucky to keep it afloat for a hundred yards.

Men who run these rivers regularly, like Glen Wooldridge of Grants Pass, Oregon, and Ken Curtis of Waldport, are white-water wizards. They run rapids every day that would scare the pants off most of us, and they are very particular about their boats. Most of them make their own in order to get the highly specialized jobs they want.

I have fished from some of these boats and run rapids in others and, believe me, they have what it takes. Most of them have a semi-V bottom, nearly flat, with a high bow—for the big waves in the rapids—high sides and a lot of rake and flare. The most popular material is marine plywood, with Port Orford cedar ribs. A man can stand up to fish safely in rough water in one of these boats, yet it responds readily to the pressure of oars or a motor.

One day last summer on a lake near the Continental Divide I set out from camp alone in the canoe. The wind was rolling pretty fair waves, although they

were not high enough to be dangerous. I ran across the lake and began fishing among some willows that were sticking up through five feet of water near the mouth of a creek on the other side of the lake.

I caught five trout, keeping only one, since I had nobody to help me eat more, and several hours slipped by. As time passed, the wind blew harder and harder. Eventually the waves became so big that they made fishing uncomfortable, even in the shelter of the willows. I pushed the canoe through a hundred yards of them and went to shore.

Once there, I drank the last of the coffee from my vacuum bottle and sat down to wait. By the middle of the afternoon the wind showed no signs of abating and I was getting hungry. I made a fire, cut a fillet off one side of my trout, broiled and ate it.

About six o'clock, I pulled the canoe well up on the bank and started to walk to camp. It was about four miles but, fortunately, I had not gone far when I met a couple of fishermen who gave me a ride in their car. The next morning, when I went back to get my canoe, the wind had died down and the lake was as smooth as a mirror.

Now here, perhaps, was a case of being over-cautious. A canoe properly handled is a seaworthy boat, and I still believe I could have made the run to camp. As I sat there thinking about it that afternoon, however, I realized that the odds were not worth it. I would have been betting a four-mile walk against a pretty high stake. I can't imagine anybody's getting drowned because he was too cautious.

A friend of mine was drowned later last year on this lake. He was using a boat that should have been perfectly safe and he had plenty of power. A storm came up, however, and somehow the boat filled with water. Even then, he and his two companions should have been able to hang onto the sides until help came—except for one thing. The boat submerged until it was about five feet beneath the surface.

One man stayed with it, hanging onto the painter and floating in his life jacket, and he survived. The other two attempted to swim to shore and drowned, even though they were wearing life vests.

It is my firm conviction that no boat is a safe boat unless it will float and support several people when it is full of water. I don't care how or where it is used. Accidents can happen, and a sinking boat might leave a man in a pretty bad situation. I don't place too much reliance on life jackets, either, because I know of too many men who were drowned while wearing them.

Even among boats of the same size, there are many different designs. Each

has certain advantages, and a man should ferret out the good points of each in relation to his requirements. He can have speed, seaworthiness or light weight, but he is not likely to find the maximum of all three qualities built into the same boat.

THE CHOICE of a motor is closely coupled to the selection of a boat. You want to avoid being either under- or over-powered. Either can be dangerous under certain conditions, and after the maximum power for efficient operation is reached it takes a great deal more to gain only a little extra speed. Most boat manufacturers recommend the correct motor size for each model they make.

To the best of my knowledge there are no poor motors. Some may be better than others, but they are all good. Stand around the dock some morning when a lot of fishermen are pulling away, however, and observe the difference in the way they get going. Some of them turn on the gas, make their adjustments, give the starting rope a pull and away they go. Others pull and pull and pull. They change the gas mixture again and readjust the spark. They work some more. Eventually, they may get started.

What makes the difference? I know what it is because a fellow I was fishing with in Florida one time told me. He had the sweetest-running motor I had ever seen. It always started on the first pull, and we could fish along the shoreline for hour after hour with the motor just barely ticking over. Putt . . . putt . . . putt—it ran so slowly I was always thinking it had stopped, but it never did.

One day I said to him, "Roy, you really keep that motor tuned up. What do you do to it to make it run so well?"

He laughed. "That's just it," he said, "I don't do anything to it—except change the spark plugs once in a while."

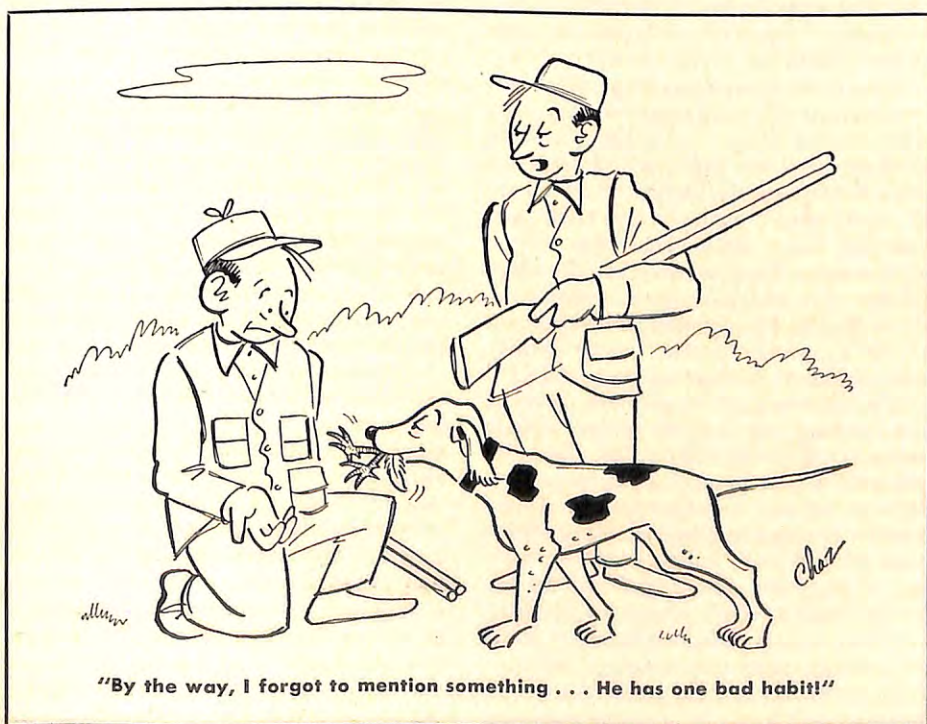
You know, he was right. I now have a motor that runs as well as his did, and I never have done anything to it except to change the plugs and clean the accumulated dirt out of the fuel line occasionally. Once I learned how to adjust the gas mixture properly, both for starting on a cold morning and for slow running, there was nothing else to worry about.

I have observed while fishing or hunting in different parts of the country that each section has its favorite boats. There is a good reason for this. The local hunters and fishermen, through long experience, have discovered what best meets their requirements. This may be poling through a southern swamp, running a West-Coast river, jump-shooting ducks along a narrow creek or fishing a quiet pond.

This doesn't mean that you should buy a boat just like your neighbor's, but it is a pointer in the right direction. There is a good reason for the use of canoes in the canoe country and an equally good one for having a fast boat to use on Lake Mead.

The same thing applies to motors. For some work, you need a lot of power. In other places a big motor would be absurd.

The great variety of boats and motors that is now available, then, while it might seem confusing at first, is really a wonderful break for present-day sportsmen. All it takes to get an outfit that is perfect for your needs is a little common sense. And cash. But I shouldn't have to tell a man of your age that. It takes cash to do anything!



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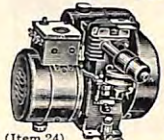
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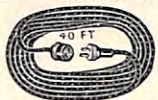
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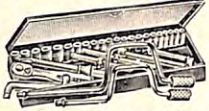
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Are We Cheating Our Children?

(Continued from page 7)

practise progressive, and extremely valuable, methods of education. (Years ago classrooms averaged 750 square feet. Today, the recommended minimum is 1000 square feet.) Few of the older high schools are properly equipped for social studies and science courses that are practically mandatory in this technical and electronic age.

Worse yet, "one out of every five schoolhouses now in use throughout the country" is outmoded or unsafe, according to the U. S. Office of Education. But structures two or three generations behind the times will continue in operation for years to come because a dilapidated school plant is better than no school at all.

THESE statistics must be awfully discouraging to citizens who have just shelled out large tax assessments for schools in thousands of communities. More schools were built in 1950 than any other year in our history. A total of 4,520 public schools were constructed at a cost of \$1,251,478,000 in 1950. In addition, 166 private schools costing \$22,333,259 were erected. We had so far to go, however, that the convulsive effort did nothing to relieve congestion. We are in worse shape today than we were two years ago due, in large measure, to the cutbacks in materials earmarked for military purposes. There were 5,124 new schools planned for 1951, but Dr. Walter D. Cocking, editor of *The School Executive*, a journal dealing with administrative problems, estimates that work was begun on fewer than one-third of them. The necessary steel was not available—and we'll discuss presently the Defense Production Administration's indefensible policy at a time when 3,500,000 children are getting impaired educations because of poor facilities.

Forget, for the moment, the shortages in materials caused by our military commitments in Korea and Europe. Let's go back to 1950, the year of unprecedented school construction unhampered by restrictions. There were 4,520 new schools built, each averaging twelve classrooms. That means 54,240 classrooms were added to the national pool. According to Dr. Hamon, however, about 85,000 a year are needed. In other words, our best effort was not good enough.

The evidence is inescapable that we are cheating our children by giving them educational tools inferior to those we enjoyed. We are renegeing on our obligations as parents and citizens. Since there can be no argument with the proposition that an educated, enlightened electorate is the backbone of a democracy, we are sabotaging, in effect, the nation's future.

There are many educational problems demanding attention—teachers' salaries, the courses to be included in the curriculum and how they should be taught.

Putting first things first, though, school buildings are so basic that the point hardly needs elaboration. The best teacher using the most modern techniques will be defeated by physical conditions that deny a child a desk in a warm, quiet, well-lighted classroom.

In a sense, we have been sweeping this drastic school shortage under the carpet, conveniently out of sight and mind, entirely too long. We have been avoiding the issue on borrowed time—specifically, the low birth rates of the 1930's. If not for that circumstance, public school systems everywhere would have been reduced to utter chaos several years ago. In 1933, the depths of the depression, the birth rate was 16.6 (per thousand population), an all-time low. The depression babies of 1933 were graduated from high school last June, and secondary schools still are carrying comparatively light loads from that period. You don't have to be an Einstein to understand the enormous difference between a birth rate of 16.6 and 25.8, the figure for 1947. The difference is more than 1,600,000 children. The statistics, translated into those terms, produce weird contrasts on the community level. In one Long Island suburb of New York City, there are 61 pupils in four high school classes—and 1,300 youngsters in the kindergarten.

For fifteen years we found all sorts of easy excuses to condone our neglect of school building programs. Money was so tight during the 1930's that budgets could not stand the strain of expanded services. Besides, the experts assured us that the birth rate would continue to decline. Then, when the war and full employment brought, as always, a violent upswing in the birth rate, building materials could not be diverted from the military effort, and that provided another out for disregarding clear-cut danger signals. After the war, inflation jacked up costs so alarmingly that local boards decided to wait awhile until they could build more economically. So they waited and waited, and costs continued to climb until communities in particularly desperate plights had to build their schools at the peak of the market.

New schools are, admittedly, expensive propositions. In 1939, a classroom cost \$13,000, including equipment and supplementary facilities. Today, the same classroom will run anywhere from \$30,000 to \$35,000, depending on local conditions. It is extremely unfortunate, and all that sort of thing, but public education means exactly what it says. The public must pay for it. Since it is unthinkable to ignore the situation much longer, the federal government will have to step in eventually if communities continue to default on their obligations. No responsible citizen wants to see education controlled by one source—a springboard to fascism or communism—but there will

be no alternative if the job is not done on the local level.

There is one bright spot in an otherwise bleak picture. Parents throughout the country are realizing there is no quick, easy cure-all for sick school systems. The only remedy is to lick them by spending money. There still are parents so short-sighted that they refuse to vote for bond issues for schools their own kids will attend because it will cost them a few dollars more a year in taxes. There are older people so lacking in civic-mindedness that they oppose new schools on the grounds that their children already are educated, and let George provide for the new generation. Such people, however, are in the minority.

"The most encouraging trend in public education today is an awareness that it is a community responsibility," Dr. Hamon declares. "As soon as a local committee starts the ball rolling and explains the urgent need for schools, action usually follows. It is significant that citizens' committees usually authorize the spending of more money than school boards, made up of professional educators, dare to recommend. The battle is won when people become interested in the problem.

"Community action is the decisive factor in getting schools, which is the way it should be. Representative participation in local affairs always produces the best results. The people get the facts, deliberate, then decide. That's democracy at work. That's how the public school system was founded and it's the only way it will survive."

There are countless case histories demonstrating that organized action will effect startling results. In Hyde Park, N. Y., for example, a small group agitated for a new elementary school costing \$700,000 in Central School District No. 1 two years ago. At the outset, the prospects for raising the money were dimmer than a Republican candidate's chances in Mississippi. Opponents of the measure argued that the district already had three buildings less than ten years old. District No. 1 was bounded on two sides by districts that had rejected similar proposals. In one district, the people had voted against three bond issues despite the fact that a school had burned down several years before and children were being farmed out to church halls, commercial establishments and other makeshift arrangements. The District No. 1 committee, realizing that apathy was the biggest obstacle to the new school, put on a concerted drive to get out the vote by explaining the need and importance of the project.

"Without the twin blessings of lay participation and a predetermined plan for the study of our building needs," comments Edwin A. Juckett, supervising principal, "it is entirely possible that the vote for the bond issue would have been ten-to-one in the negative."

On election day the vote was 565 for,

52 against, the new school. The campaign, brought forcefully to the public's attention, turned a one-to-ten dark horse into a ten-to-one sure shot.

Perhaps the most heartening evidence of the mounting recognition of the school problem is found in the South, traditionally the section with the poorest educational facilities. The South built 30 per cent of the country's new schools in 1950, leading all other regions in that respect. In fairness to other sections, several factors peculiar to the South should be noted. First of all, labor, sites and construction costs are cheaper. The South's building bill for 1950, 20 per cent of the national total, bought 30 per cent of the schools. Then, the Supreme Court decision banning segregation in public schools unless equal facilities are provided for Negro children has stimulated appropriations for Negro schools in communities that want to retain segregation—and this is not the place to debate the pros and cons of that attitude. Whatever the reasons, the South now has some 3,000 bright, shiny schools built within the last three years.

THE SECTION spending the most proportionately for new schools, according to Dr. Hamon, is the West—where the need is the greatest. The last U. S. Census revealed that the largest population gains of the last decade have been made in the West, a walloping increase of 40 per cent. In California alone, the school population has shot up 53 per cent in ten years. Natural growth and population shifts have combined to pose nightmarish situations in virtually every Western state, but California, Washington and Arizona have outstanding records. A surprise, however, is hidden in the statistics.

New England, once the seat of our culture, is lagging behind all other sections. In 1950, New England accounted for only 8 per cent of the total bill for new schools. Again, there are certain extenuating circumstances. Most of the section's old schoolhouses were well constructed and, although obsolescent, have been maintained in good condition. The population has increased only 10.4 per cent in the last decade. Giving due consideration to both factors, however, New England—with the conspicuous exceptions of Maine and Connecticut—is dragging its feet.

The most severe setback to school construction has come from the least expected source—the federal government. On July 1, 1951, the Defense Production Administration cut the steel allocated for schools during the next two quarters to little more than half the minimum quota recommended by the U. S. Office of Education. The D.P.A. gave heavy military demands for steel as the reason for its action, adding somewhat peevishly that everyone wanted critical materials at the expense of the defense effort. The crack was entirely unwarranted. Ever since the

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outbreak in Korea, schools have been built with substitutes for steel, copper and aluminum, wherever consistent with safety standards, to save the consumption of metals. The D.P.A.'s ruling raised such howls of outrage that the reverberation was heard in Washington, and Congress, always sensitive to public agitation, conducted a hearing on October 16-19 to study the matter. The D.P.A. earmarked 10,000 more tons of steel for schools, but the allotment for the first quarter of 1952 is only 38 per cent of the estimated requirement.

AN ISSUE as vital to the public interest as education cannot be settled with cold, unemotional statistics. Three areas have a direct bearing on every American's welfare—national defense, public health and public education. Let's grant that the rearmament program is, in view of the international climate, the most important at this time. It is open to serious debate, however, whether rearmament is so overwhelmingly important that education should be virtually hamstrung. A century ago, Horace Mann called schoolhouses our first line of defense. That maxim is even truer today when wars are won by technological battles and the objectives are men's minds rather than real estate or spheres of economic influence.

Dr. Earl J. McGrath, U. S. Commissioner of Education, has raised another pertinent point: "We can't put our youngsters in educational cold storage for the duration. Education must be obtained on a year-by-year basis. If a child is given second- or third-class education, or no education during his formative years, the handicap will remain for his entire lifetime. The education of our young people must remain squarely in the forefront of any long-term program for the defense of democracy. Otherwise, we run the risk of losing one of the goals for which we are fighting."

WARM TRIBUTE FOR MARSHFIELD LODGE

In recognition of the 50th Anniversary celebration of Marshfield, Wis., Lodge No. 665, the "News-Herald" of that city ran this editorial tribute to the lodge's leadership:

MARSHFIELD ELKS are preparing to celebrate the Golden Anniversary of their local organization and we join with the entire city in extending congratulations. Marshfield was a young community, less than 30 years old, when the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks took root here and began a growth that was to make it a great and beneficial force in the city. The local Elks lodge has contributed more than its share to the leadership of the state organizations, including two state presidents, but its principal impact has been upon the local scene.

Through the years it has numbered

Business men holler blue murder when cutbacks reduce consumer goods by 20 or 30 per cent. Everyone is entitled to scream indignantly when materials for education are slashed 62 per cent, the current situation. One man who did scream, and made himself heard across the continent, was Melville J. Homfeld, district superintendent of schools in Menlo Park, Cal., a suburb of San Francisco. Homfeld testified at the Congressional hearings in Washington in October, and it was a grim story he told.

Three weeks previously, Homfeld received a letter from the Federal Security Agency informing him that metals were not available for school construction. On the same day, the local paper carried a big headline reporting that more building permits had been issued in Menlo Park during September than for any month in the town's history. Among the new buildings authorized were a hotel, a gas station and a number of commercial establishments. The school population of Menlo Park had trebled in four years. Plans for the school urgently needed called for frame construction, with no steel above the ground. Steel was needed in the foundation because Menlo Park is in an earthquake area. The school couldn't get the steel, but private people in the town apparently didn't find it difficult to obtain their requests.

The facts Homfeld hurled at the Congressional committee were familiar to school administrators. There are 1,600 children in his district. At the time he testified, there were 109 children in four sessions in one classroom; 86 in three sessions in one classroom; 72 in two sessions in one classroom; 30 in a gymnasium on folding chairs; 50 in a library; 106 in three basements; 29 in an attic over a lavatory; 49 in a Presbyterian church; 40 in a Baptist church.

"Unless we can give to our school children the ideals, the facts they need to make them realize that a democratic

most of the community's leadership in its membership and it has often provided them with a forum where they could discuss the needs of the city and devise means of meeting those needs. In addition, it has carried on a program of charitable works that have truly made Marshfield a more pleasant place for the many who have been beneficiaries of the Elks' joy in giving, as well as for those who take pleasure in seeing a good job well done.

The hundreds of men who have been members of the local lodge during its half-century of existence have done much for Marshfield, and they have had a wonderful time while doing it. We hope they realize, as they celebrate their "birthday", that 50 years is but a short period in the affairs of mankind and that their organization is only beginning its career of community service.

system of government will work," Homfeld concluded, "all the airplanes, all the trucks, all the jeeps, all the atomic weapons in the world, if they do not have that realization, will not save us for any length of time."

WT. WOODSON, division superintendent of schools in Fairfax County, Va., just across the river from Washington, brought the problem painfully close to home for the Congressmen. In the twenty-year period ending last September, school enrollment in Fairfax County shot up from 5,095 to 18,787. To accommodate the overflow, all school principals have been moved to storage rooms, corners and corridors so their offices can be used for teaching. Classes are held in partitioned cafeterias, corridors, storage rooms, clinics, athletic locker rooms, auditoriums and gymnasiums.

"All of the people coming into Fairfax County come either directly or indirectly as a result of the activities of the federal government," Woodson said. "There can be no other reason for their coming since there are no industries. These people often complain about the inadequate school facilities, not recognizing that they and their employer, the federal government, are the causes. . . . The federal government itself doubtless will be seriously affected because of the lowered morale of its workers." The same observation can be made of workers in defense plants.

With no relief of congestion in sight, teachers are beginning to worry about the effects of overcrowding on youngsters' learning processes. Children grow at different rates, intellectually as well as physically. A teacher burdened with more kids than she can handle cannot begin to give attention to individual pupils. The best she can hope to do is to set some sort of pace that will suit the majority of the class. Slow—not necessarily stupid—children are lost in the shuffle. Bright kids ready for more advanced work must be retarded. In either event a good deal of potential frustration is built up. The recommended number of pupils in a class is 27. Not one elementary class in ten anywhere in the country conforms to the standard; the average is closer to 40. The indoor American record—a dubious distinction—is held by a New York State school with 70 children in one class.

Under such conditions, discipline rather than instruction must consume most of the teacher's energies. You know how it is when a bunch of kids are confined in one room on a rainy day. There are more grievances, irritations and conflicts. They get along perfectly well in small groups, but the moment conditions restrict their flexibility hell breaks loose. Such difficulties are compounded in the classroom, where teachers have trouble enough getting youngsters to concentrate even in ideal surroundings.

Attempts to reduce overcrowding by splitting sessions is hardly a happy solution. "The 'swing-shift' has unsettling ef-

fects on all members of the family," Dr. Harold J. McNally, of Columbia Teachers College, reports. "The kid who has the afternoon session really gets it in the neck. Somehow, it's easier to get up and go to school than it is to go after playing in the open all morning. Most young children tire in the afternoon, a poor time for learning. Kids who draw the morning session have to get up before daylight, particularly in rural areas, if they take a bus to school.

"The normal school day is six hours, with an hour break for lunch. In a split session, the day is jammed into four hours, piling pressures on kids and depriving them of cultural aspects of education such as art and music. Young kids need security, and the swing-shift tends to deprive them of it by disrupting family and friend relationships. Older high school kids also suffer because extra-curricular activities, so important for developing personality and leadership, are eliminated for lack of time and space."

One by-product of the creeping paralysis infecting school systems has forced many parents to take a step they oppose strenuously in principle. They are sending their children to private schools, paying heavy tuition fees—on top of local school taxes—they can ill afford. A certain number of children always have gone to private elementary and high schools for religious or social reasons, but perhaps a half-million are attending non-sectarian private institutions today for no other reason than that conditions in neighborhood public schools are intolerable. This has been a distinct postwar trend in many large cities, particularly New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Philadelphia and Detroit.

To repeat, education is expensive. In most communities it is the largest single item on the budget. We are spending six billion dollars annually for public schools, including salaries, construction, maintenance, equipment and supplies. It is an impressive figure, to be sure, but it suffers violent shrinkage when compared with past expenditures.

The figures prove that we are short-changing our children in shabby fashion. In 1934, we spent 4.32 per cent of the national income on our public schools. In 1950, only 2.57 per cent was earmarked for the same purpose. And don't forget that 1950 witnessed record-breaking expenditures for construction. In any other recent year, we'd look worse by comparison with our outlay for education during the depression. We can, and we must, do more for our children's education. Do you know of any investment that pays better dividends?

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In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 37)

Because the poodle has plenty of style and is a quick-witted dog of high intelligence, the French, astute people that they are, long ago trade-marked the breed as their own. So well did they like the poodle, in fact, that they extended the utility clipping to the point where today this dog, properly groomed for the show ring, resembles a canine clown, with fantastic puffs of hair on a partly shaved body. This sort of clip is known as the "Continental". Another style of clipping acceptable in the show ring is the "English Saddle". For the Continental, pom-poms of hair are left on the dog's hips, although this is optional. The English Saddle clip specifies a short growth of hair on the rear quarters. For both, the body is left in full coat, while the face, feet, legs and tail are shaved and bracelets left on all four legs with a pom-pom at the end of the tail. A topknot of hair is left on the head. The standard further states that a poodle clipped in any other style should be disqualified from the show ring.

There are other styles of clipping permissible for field work and obedience tests; but for the poodle that's just a plain house-pet, the clipping is limited only by his master's imagination. For obedience tests, the coat is clipped to about an inch in length over the entire body, with face, feet and tail closely trimmed. The field clip is pretty much the same, but the coat on the face, feet and tail remains long for protection against briars and brushwood.

In both field and obedience work, the poodle gives striking proof of his unusual intelligence, having come through these tests with the highest scores time and again. Here again, the comely hair-cut plays a part that does the poodle no good, by helping to disguise the fact that underneath his coat there's a powerful, rugged, well-boned body which is as it should be for the work he was developed for as a water-retriever. His hind quarters are particularly powerful, while his front is on the narrow side. These combined enable him to bore through water with unusual speed.

The most prevalent colors for this chap are solid black or solid white. It has been said by one of America's leading authorities on dogs that the black poodle is usually found in Russia and eastern Germany, while the white is more common to France, England and America. Other colors are silver, brown, gray, blue and apricot. Incidentally, the blue poodle is one of the very few dogs wearing a coat of this color.

In the matter of size, he's an adaptable purp. You'll find him in three different sizes—toy, miniature and standard. The toy stands ten inches or less at the shoulder, a convenient size for a small home or apartment. These pigmies of the poodle world are colored the same as

their larger cousins, but the history of this variety does not go back through the years as far as that of the miniature and standard varieties. In the 18th Century in England, we begin to find some account of them, and Queen Anne of England is known to have had several romping around the palace. It is written that these little fellows were a mixture of small white poodles of France and still smaller dogs of Malta. For show purposes, toy poodles do not compete with their larger relatives for championship points. Of course, while endowed with the same degree of intelligence as poodles of other sizes, because of his lack of heft this little fellow is unsuited for field work, although his breeders claim that he has the same hunting instincts.

The miniature ranges up to 15 inches at the shoulder, and the requirements for the miniature in everything but size are the same as for the standard variety. The standard poodle, largest of all and frequently referred to as the giant poodle, should be 15 inches or more at the shoulder. Among the three, he's the Nimrod, the one pre-eminent in retrieving, his size giving him the edge over the others.

At the dog shows, the standard and miniature varieties compete with each other in the lower classes for Best of Variety; still later, they can compete with each other for best in the non-sporting group.

While it is understandable that the toy poodle would not logically be classified among hunting dogs, I can't for the life of me see why either the miniature or standard is relegated, like the bull dog, to that nondescript group bearing that ambiguous label, "non-sporting". Actually, the poodles and bull dogs are sporting dogs, and the non-sporting label is a mystery to me and to a lot of other dog fanciers.

Photo by Ylla



Standard Poodle with a Continental clip.

Elks Blood Campaign Hits One Fifth Of Million-Pint Goal

THE Elks Armed Forces Blood Campaign yielded an estimated 200,000 pints of blood, it was indicated by a tabulation of progress reports from lodges covering the first four months of the drive. This was one fifth of the Campaign's million-pint goal.

At the request of Grand Exalted Ruler Howard R. Davis, state-by-state check up on results of the Campaign was begun in January. Exalted Rulers were called on to report to their State Associations the amount of blood their lodges had procured as of January 31, and also the number of pledges on hand at that date.

After examining the preliminary estimates based on scattered reports, Grand Exalted Ruler Davis said that they showed clearly that the Order was capable of reaching the goal of a million pints, but declared emphatically that a much stronger effort must be exerted during the remaining five months of the Campaign.

NUMBER ONE OBJECTIVE

"Results to date show what can be done when we really put our shoulders to the wheel," the Grand Exalted Ruler said. "I congratulate every lodge that has joined in this Campaign, and every Elk who has responded to this emergency appeal for life saving blood. I congratulate, also, State Elks Associations which have got behind this drive. Now I am asking all of you to take off the wraps. Make this blood Campaign your Number 1 objective. We can get that million pints of blood, and we are going to get it. It means more hard work, enthusiasm, initiative and imagination. Some of our lodges have done a magnificent job, frequently in the face of staggering handicaps. But they overcame those obstacles, and any lodge located where it is possible to collect blood can do the same thing. Let's quit talking and do it."

Calling for lodge reports at the midpoint of the Campaign, Chairman Chase of the State Associations Committee said, "We know we have done a good job, but we've still got a long way to go. This check-up will tell us just how many more pints of blood we must collect to make good our pledge of a million pints for the Armed Forces. Blood is still desperately needed, not only for current needs of our fighting men but also to build up reserves against any emergency."

If the final tabulation of state totals bears out the preliminary estimate of collections, they would represent a monthly average below what will be needed to reach the July goal. Chairman Chase pointed out, however, that the Campaign didn't get well under way until November, and was slowed up by the Christmas and New Year holidays. Furthermore, he said, some lodges waited to launch their drives

until they finished other projects. He expressed confidence that the Campaign was just hitting its stride.

This belief was strengthened by advices from Exalted Rulers that they were just getting their lodges' drives moving. One of these late entries was Miami, Fla., Lodge No. 948, which late in January launched a smashing campaign that other lodges might well emulate. The drive, to be climaxed by a Greater Miami Blood Donor Day on Washington's Birthday, was opened with a luncheon for representatives of the press, radio and television stations and Blood Bank officials, at which Exalted Ruler Daniel G. Satin outlined the campaign. Brother Walter Headley, Miami's Police Chief, and Mrs. Headley, dressed as George and Martha Washington, donated the first pints of blood for the benefit of news reel, television and press photographers. Brother Chelsie J. Senerchia, Miami's mayor, issued a proclamation designating February 22 as Blood Donor Day. The Yellow Cab Co. offered donors free transportation to and from the lodge home, where the bloodmobile was to be set up.

Other lodges reporting the start of their drives included Jamestown, N. Y., Indio, Calif., Nogales, Ariz., Lynn, Mass., Norfolk, Va., Apollo, Pa., Moundsville, W. Va., Newark, N. J., Carnegie, Pa., and Rocky Mount, N. C.

AMPUTEE SETS EXAMPLE

Meanwhile, reports of successful donor days poured in from all over the country. Under the direction of PER Ickey C. Greenburg, Atlantic City Elks secured 180 pints of blood when a Red Cross mobile unit set up shop in the lodge home. It was a record turn-out of donors for Atlantic County; 50 volunteers who couldn't be taken in the time available were signed up for later visits. Among the donors was Cpl. Lester Kiger, an amputee on leave from Camp Campbell.

Despite a severe ice storm, Washington, Mo., Elks donated 117 pints of blood on January 3. That's a fourth of the lodge's quota of 500 pints, and Chairman Anthony J. Beckmann of the Blood Committee predicted the quota would be met.

The Red Cross mobile unit that visited Beaver Falls, Pa., January 2, under the auspices of Elks Lodge No. 348 collected 164 pints. PER Paul A. Baird, Chairman of the Blood Bank Committee, reported.

Pascagoula, Miss., Lodge No. 1120, compelled to advance the date of a bloodmobile visit from January 26 to the 24th, nevertheless collected 98 pints.

Secretary James E. Harlin reported that Altoona, Pa., Lodge No. 102, donated 254 pints of blood in December and January, and would contribute 200 more pints in March.

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Operation Get-in-Shape

(Continued from page 17)

Every once in a while there will be a story about some holdout demanding an extra \$5,000 or so and who refuses to come to camp unless his demands are met.

"Don't worry about me," he advises the newspapermen in Coked Hat, Iowa. "I'm getting in shape by myself. I'll win twenty games for those guys this summer."

Well, the newspapermen won't worry very much but the club owner and the manager will. Along about August that bat gets fearfully heavy, or that ball starts to feel as though someone has injected twenty pounds of lead into it. The fellow with six weeks of spring training and sweating under the hot sun is going to be in better shape to survive this.

RIGHT NOW, for training purposes, the major-league clubs divide their business between three sections of the country: Florida, Arizona and Southern California. Various other areas have enjoyed popularity at one time or another, and once there seemed to be a contest among ball clubs to see how far away from the United States they could take the athletes. (The Yankees once got to Venezuela, the Giants to Hawaii and the Athletics to Mexico City.) The three currently-favored sections, however, promise to become the clubs' permanent choices.

Florida boasts a two-to-one popularity over the other two. Ten clubs train in that one state, and they serve as a powerful tourist attraction. Three clubs are stationed in Arizona, where they vie with the desert scenery and the open-handed hospitality of the natives for the visitor's favor. The remaining three clubs are stationed in California.

There are two reasons for a club's go-

WHERE MAJOR LEAGUE CLUBS WILL TRAIN IN 1952

Florida

New York Yankees—St. Petersburg.
Brooklyn Dodgers—Vero Beach and Miami.

Boston Red Sox—Sarasota.

St. Louis Cardinals—St. Petersburg.

Detroit Tigers—Lakeland.

Boston Braves—Bradenton.

Washington Senators—Orlando.

Philadelphia Phillies—Clearwater.

Philadelphia Athletics—West Palm Beach.

Cincinnati Reds—Tampa.

Arizona

New York Giants—Phoenix.

Cleveland Indians—Tucson.

Chicago Cubs—Mesa.

California

Chicago White Sox—Pasadena.

Pittsburgh Pirates—San Bernardino.

St. Louis Browns—Burbank.

ing to spring training, three for going to a particular site. The motives which cause ball players to collect from all over the United States two months before the regular season starts are:

(a) Necessity for getting into shape.

(b) Publicity.

For taking the club to a particular spot the reasons are:

(a) Necessity for getting into shape.

(b) Publicity.

(c) Cooperation from an eager Chamber of Commerce or other civic group.

The last consideration is mighty important. Take Vero Beach, Florida. It is a somnolent little town of perhaps 5,000

souls. Wonderful fishing, several good seaside hotels, and then what? In most cases the people on the Florida Special or on the Champion, en route to Miami, used to look out the train window passing through, and yawn.

It's different now. They look out the window and exclaim, "Isn't this where the Dodgers train?" Some of them get off for a better look, and stay.

When there was a hint a couple of years ago by Branch Rickey that he would be taking the Dodgers out to the West Coast, the Vero Beach people became frantic. In their efforts to please him they called in an artist who drew several larger-than-life portraits of Rickey. Each was inscribed, "Hail to the Chief," and they were hung up above the traffic lights at the city's main traffic intersection. The Dodgers stayed, although—ironically enough—Rickey left to take over the Pittsburgh Pirates, who train three thousand miles away in San Bernardino, California.

SPRING training is more than a half-century old, although it has changed drastically since that brisk afternoon in the winter of 1886 when, according to Hy Turkin's "Encyclopedia of Baseball", Harry Wright put his Philadelphia players on a Southbound train and took off for Charleston, South Carolina. Just about the same time, half-way across the country, Cap Anson and a dozen of his Chicago regulars were entraining for Hot Springs, Arkansas. Anson's idea wasn't so much to get to play baseball as to have his boys sweat in the baths and walk twenty or so miles every day.

From this modest beginning the idea grew, although its progress wasn't an easy one. In light of the subsequent spectacle of governors, industrialists and celebrities falling over each other today to welcome ball clubs and their players to the various garden spots it's difficult to see how the idea of spring training met with any sort of initial resistance. They do relate, however, that the old-time ball player was a pretty rough character.

Connie Mack, the grand old man of baseball, tells of his trip south with Washington in 1888. "It took us three nights and two days just to reach Jacksonville," recalled the man who was later to manage the Philadelphia Athletics for fifty years. "At night we would travel Pullman, with two players sleeping in each berth, and by day we'd switch to coach. The first hotel we tried wouldn't even register us. We later got a hotel with the stipulation we weren't to mix with the other guests or eat in the same dining room."

Contrast this brief description with 1952. Today 300-mile an hour planes whisk the ball players to their destination in a matter of hours. Beautiful girls,

Wide World photo



Typical training camp scene as a rookie makes an all-out flying leap into the sliding pit during spring training at the Dodgers' Vero Beach, Florida, camp. Waiting to tag him is Gene Hermanski. In the background are Scouts Red Corriden (left) and Andy High, former major league stars.

Important Events Scheduled for Convention in New York

COLORFUL competitions for band, drill teams, glee clubs and quartets will highlight the 1952 Grand Lodge Convention, according to PGER James T. Hallinan, General Chairman of the Convention Committee. Winners of the national championships in the various contests will receive awards and prizes, details of which will be announced later. Another event, of special interest to the ladies, will be a spectacular fashion show of the latest American and Paris creations. In the absence of a parade, the contests will be held in Rockefeller Plaza and on the Fifth Avenue Promenade of the New York Public Library. In addition, arrangements are being made for the competing groups to entertain patients in Veterans Hospitals in the city.

Victors in the contests will take part in the ceremonies preceding the ball game between the Yankees and the Cleveland Indians at the Stadium. Radio and television audiences throughout the country will see and hear this pre-game pageantry staged for the benefit of an estimated 50,000 Elks and their ladies.

Lodges planning to enter a musical organization or drill team in the Convention contests are requested to notify Convention Director Byran J. McKeogh, 292 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Hotel reservations for these groups should be made through the Chairmen of State Association Grand Lodge Convention Committees to insure their being housed with their state delegation.

B. Altman & Co., one of the world's great stores, will stage the fashion show, which will be one of the chief attractions for the ladies. The Convention Committee has arranged, also, for planned shopping tours and a staff of experts to assist and advise the ladies on their shopping requirements. Additional Convention plans for wives of Elks are being made.

Tickets to major radio and television shows will be available to Convention guests at a ticket desk in the lobby of the Headquarters Hotel, served by personnel from the networks. Special guided tours through the broadcast studios will be available.

Future issues of the Magazine will announce additional Convention features as they are arranged. For details about hotel arrangements and similar matters, the Convention Committee urges individual Elks to consult their Association's Grand Lodge Committee Chairman.

newspapermen, radio announcers, news-reel cameramen, cowboy bands and beaming city fathers are on hand to greet them. "Welcome to our beautiful city," they proclaim, meaning every word of it.

Perhaps that's why old-timers say that baseball players of thirty or forty years ago were a tougher lot. They probably had to be to survive bad food, crummy accommodations and social cuts that would have knifed through a rhino's hide.

THE LATE John J. McGraw, for many years manager of the New York Giants and one of the greatest figures the game has known, had a lot to do with changing this. He had a colorful and forceful personality and his club had a lot of money, thanks to its being at that time the biggest draw in baseball.

The combination of the two proved an open sesame to a lot of formerly barred portals. Soon baseball players were being treated as well as everyone else. And a good many ladies, wintering in the South, Texas and the Far West, suddenly discovered that they enjoyed the slightly salty atmosphere these tough young men brought with them.

Not that these tough young men didn't always manage to have fun whether they were accepted or not. The history of spring training is crammed with all sorts of stories about the pranks and hi-jinks associated with getting into condition. They range all the way from tricks played upon hayseed rookies to practical jokes perpetrated upon urbane managers.

The most famous manager story concerns itself with the time Uncle Wilbert Robinson took the Dodgers to Daytona Beach one spring thirty years ago. Casey Stengel was then a member of the Brooklyn outfield, and he had the same zest for life, the same insatiable demand for laughs and chuckles, on himself or anyone else, that he displayed later as the eminently successful leader of the world-champion New York Yankees.

There was a lot of discussion in the Dodger camp that year about Gabby Street's then recent feat of catching a ball dropped from the top of the Washington Monument. The Dodgers thought and thought and finally came up with a stunt they thought would top this one.

Ruth Law, the nation's No. 1 aviatrix of that era, was making her headquarters

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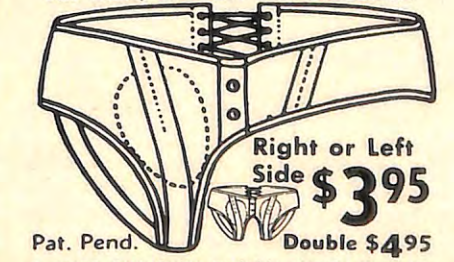
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close by. She had given a number of ball players a wind-blown ride.

"Some ride," recalled Casey. "I remember I sat on a kitchen chair holding onto some wires."

Let Casey tell it from here. "You know Uncle Robby had been a catcher with the old Baltimore Orioles, and he wasn't afraid of anything. We got to work on him and told him that he would make Gabby Street look like a bum if he could catch a ball dropped from the airplane by Miss Law.

"Uncle Robby said 'okay,' and we planned to have the airplane come over the field a couple hundred feet up to drop one to him. Uncle Robby figured that if the ball got anywhere near his glove he'd hold onto it. He would have, too, because he had been a pretty good catcher.

"Only we didn't use a ball. We substituted a grapefruit. The plane came over and there was Uncle Robby down there waiting. Down comes the grapefruit, and Uncle Robby tries for it and misses it. The grapefruit hits him in the chest, flattens him and meanwhile busts into a million pieces.

"Uncle Robby lays there a couple of seconds. He feels wet all over and thinks it's blood, his own blood. He keeps his eyes closed and starts yelling, 'Get a doctor, get a doctor. They killed me.'"

Uncle Robby also figured in the best baseball hayseed story of all time. The Dodgers were in Clearwater one spring, and a fellow turned up who looked like such a rube that he might well have been sent over from Central Casting. He wasn't a bad pitcher, either. After several days in camp he approached Al Lopez, now the Cleveland Indians manager but then a catcher for the Dodgers.

"Hey bub," he asked, "what town we in?"

Lopez didn't think he had heard him quite right.

"What did you say?" he countered.

"I sez, 'What town we in?'"

Lopez's jaw sagged slightly. "How long you been here?" he answered.

"Not quite a week," replied the hayseed.

"You're here a week and you don't know the name of this town?" marvelled Lopez. "Better not let Uncle Robby know."

"Who's Uncle Robby?" asked the young man.

The ball player of today, of course, is a vastly different young man. He's a business man and a great number of them dress as though they worked in a bank. A good department of the bank, too. Apart from the fact that most of them have healthy, chiselled good looks, it would be difficult to separate them from the other male vacationers and tourists in a spring training city.

They all wear ties and they tip better than most people. The ball clubs try to drum that into their heads right at the start. If there's any shouting in the



Never one to overlook novelties, Branch Rickey used this automatic pitching machine at the Dodgers' training camp in Vero Beach, Florida, two seasons ago. Smacking away at the balls is Rex Barney, former Dodger pitcher, who had everything but Rickey's robot pitcher's control.

dining rooms or lobbies it usually comes from some over-enthused and lubricated fan who is simply overwhelmed by the idea of eating at a table next to Stan Musial, Ralph Kiner, Jim Hearn or Gil Hodges.

"We can do it," the fan will shout while the ball players get a little nervous indigestion. "We can do it this year and don't forget I'll be there behind third base. Didn't you ever hear me last season behind third base, with all the noise I made?"

JUST AS spring training has become increasingly important in the baseball scheme of things, so the expenses incidental to it have increased. Today a ball club must figure that its pre-season conditioning program will cost about \$40,000.

Once in a while a club, after a championship season, will enjoy a big spring-training tour. The 1951 Yankees, the World Series winner, toured the West Coast last Spring, and left such places as Hollywood, Los Angeles and San Francisco with stuffed money belts. The fact that the home folks were seeing Joe DiMaggio as a major leaguer for the first—and last—time helped a lot. The other clubs coming through after the Yankees, however, had slim pickings.

There have been occasions when vacation spots outside the United States have made enticing gestures with fat guarantees. The Yankees left the country under Larry MacPhail a half-dozen seasons ago and toured all through the Caribbean, going as far as Panama and Venezuela to chase the jingling dollar and its Latin-American equivalent. To them it didn't make much difference whether there were ten or ten thousand people in the stands. The box office was already in.

The Dodgers went to the Dominican Republic under similar circumstances in 1948. A number of people say they left the 1948 National League pennant behind when they left Ciudad Trujillo, but the junket enabled several accompanying journalists to return to Brooklyn armed with enough material to write a book on post-midnight life in the West Indies. Some of them took Spanish courses, too. Nothing like a bi-lingual job to sell extra copies!

Sometimes clubs have attempted junkets on their own (without guarantees) and have taken brutal financial beatings. The Giants, during one of the first years they trained in Arizona, went out to the West Coast and then flew over to Hawaii for a series with some Hawaiian all-star teams. They returned to the mainland \$32,000 poorer. That's about the take on a near sell-out at the Polo Grounds during the regular season. You can't absorb too many hammerings like that one.

The Giants were also involved in what is probably the funniest newspaper story in spring training history. They were training on the West Coast in 1933 and wound up smack in the middle of an earthquake in Los Angeles shortly after they had played an afternoon exhibition game.

It was really a rough time, as the newspaper headlines of that era will attest. A lot of people were killed and the damages ran into hundreds of millions. The ground opened beneath people's feet and buildings toppled on their heads.

It was dusk when John Drebing of the "New York Times" and a confrère, Garry Schumacher of the "New York Journal," cowered in an unlit hotel room with nothing between them and absolute disaster but two scotches and soda, with-

out ice. All lines of communication had been shattered. There was no way of knowing what was happening in the outside world, or even if there was an outside world any more.

Forgotten completely was that afternoon's game in which the Giants had beaten somebody or other, with Roy Parmelee doing the pitching for New York.

Suddenly a dusty Western Union boy broke into view. In his hand he clutched a wrinkled telegram. He was obviously the first courier to get through. "Mr. Drebinger?" he panted.

"Right here, boy," declared Drebinger, switching gears on the scotch and soda.

Hurriedly he tore open the envelope, scanned the message. His brow wrinkled, then he smiled, then he guffawed helplessly.

"What's up?" demanded Schumacher.

Drebinger could do nothing but point at the wire, shaking meanwhile with mirth.

It was from Drebinger's paper, the New York Times.

"Your story," it read, "has Parmelee spelled with two 'e's'. The Associated Press story spells it with one 'e'. Which is correct?"

NEWSPAPER coverage and more lately radio broadcasts play a tremendous role in spring training. A baseball club in the early season may be compared to a new girl friend, something fraught with mystery and promise. It would hardly be to the owners' advantage to let the fans have a look before the season starts, so that the further away from home base they get, the better.

It is in places such as Florida, Arizona and California that hope springs eternal each March and early April. It is then that the blasé journalists, forgetting the disappointments of the previous year, unlimber the old portables and start slinging adjectives around.

"Greatest" is one of the mildest words used. Every writer is anxious to be able to say, "I saw him first," and there is an I-saw-him-first aura created about every rookie they describe. Every short-stop fields like a Rizzuto, left-handed hitting outfielders are all potential Musials, every fast young pitcher is the greatest since Feller and if he's got a curve, watch out Eddie Lopat! It's super-optimism, but it's comparatively harmless.

It does, however, whet the fan's imagination so that when the team gets back home he can hardly wait to get out to see this new collection of super-stars, brilliant young men and revived veterans. If they're in sixth place along about August 1st, so what? They were great in spring training, weren't they, and they certainly furnished a conversational topic to counter-balance the bitter talk about the weather and the high cost of heating the place.

Meanwhile, in spring training, the athletes will be going through two-a-day

practice routines in most camps ("a fellow who trains twice a day doesn't think too much about wandering around at night"—John J. McGraw). They'll pose for countless pictures, make hundreds of tape recordings, give out dozens of interviews, and all say the same thing. "We'll have a great year," they proclaim. "We should win by ten games." After a while everyone in camp, from the owner of the club down to the fellow who burns the club steaks, starts to believe it.

And then every once in a while a super-star will show up in camp, to make the newspapermen, victims of hundreds of wrong spring-time selections, announce, "See, didn't I tell you?" They wrote about Gil McDougald, the Yankee outfielder, when he came up from the Texas League a year ago and said he couldn't miss. There were a lot of popped vest buttons that World Series afternoon in the Polo Grounds last October when Gil belted a grand-slam homer.

Fifteen years ago the same thing happened when Joe DiMaggio came into the Yankee camp. The writers took one look and ran for their typewriters. Class stuck out all over him.

It has never been difficult to spot a real star in spring training. Anyone can do it, including a fan who doesn't even know how to keep a score card. You can take Branch Rickey's word for it, and he's probably the greatest evaluator of talent the game has ever known.

"Anyone can pick out the super-star," declared Rickey. "A child can recognize that kind of ability. But you don't make your money in baseball that way. You make it in that 'twilight territory' in which you have to gamble whether a particular player is going to make a major-leaguer or not. If you pick them wrong enough times you'll soon be out of business."

Rickey has always been a great believer in using spring training as a means of bringing out leadership in players. He has always insisted his managers and coaches take a seat on the sidelines and let a playing-regular run a team in intra-camp exhibition games.

Sometimes this can have a hilarious result. Take the time Pee Wee Reese's team was playing Billy Cox's one afternoon. There were several newspapermen watching from Pee Wee's bench. It was a time that most newspapermen usually start to feel they can run the club better than the manager can, and what in heaven's name are they paying that guy all that kind of money for, anyway?

Said one of the "experts" to Reese: "You've got a running club, Pee Wee. It's the eighth inning, the score is tied, there's only one out and you've got a man on second. Why don't you let him steal third so that he could come home on an outfield fly?"

Pee Wee looked at him and smiled. "I've got news for you, young fellow," he said. "There are two outs—and that's my club out there in the field!"

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EDITORIAL

INTEGRITY



The recent scandals that rocked amateur sports, the revelation of operations of racketeers in business, the exposures of graft and corruption in high places present a disturbing picture. These dreary developments are hardly enough to justify the conclusion that, as a people, we have cut ourselves adrift from the moral and ethical standards which have shaped our character. But they are, at least, unhealthy symptoms that call for some critical soul searching if we are to preserve the integrity of our nation.

Public reaction to these exposures was reassuring. It showed that we still possess a large capacity for indignation at wrong doing. While our conscience may have become dulled, it hasn't atrophied. The fast buck philosophy hasn't yet corrupted the national character to the extent that we are ready to accept such conduct as normal and shrug it off.

But before we allow our indignation to cool, it would be a good idea for each of us to undergo a little self-examination, to determine whether his own conscience is working all right, whether his own ideals of conduct are just as bright as they once were. Public morals merely reflect the standards of the individuals making up the nation.

Despite the beating it has taken in too many places lately, honesty is still generally regarded as the best policy. Few people will give you an argument on that. But the question is, how scrupulously do we, as individuals who believe it, observe that policy in our daily conduct? Do we insist upon it for ourselves as well as others? Do we regard our pledged word as a stronger warranty than a written agreement? Do we give an honest day's work for a day's pay? Do we take personal pride in turning out the best work of which we are capable? Do we as business men insist upon giving value for value in goods and services?

Our answers to these questions, and others assessing our attitudes towards the virtues that comprise decency, will tell us whether and how much our standards have slipped. The sum of the answers will tell us, also, to just what extent the nation's integrity is threatened. History tells us in no uncertain fashion that nations are headed for trouble when there is a general slackening of moral standards, and are destroyed when corruption becomes widespread.

America's moral fabric is still sound, but there are ominous signs of weakening here and there under the stress and strain of social pressures. All of us need to reexamine our attitudes to make sure that in our daily lives we are doing nothing to encourage the decay of our social institutions, but are, on the contrary, by our strict adherence to the highest standards of conduct, helping to strengthen our institutions and maintain unimpaired the integrity of our nation.

IMPACT IN REUNION



One of the special "nights" devoted to different groups within our Lodges holds great promise if it becomes a regular event on Lodge calendars.

It is not so widely scheduled as the more familiar evenings of special recognition, such as Past Exalted Rulers' Night, Father-and-Son Night, Old Timers' Night and others—evenings which have proved so popular with the membership over the years. Yet it appears to offer much, both as a fraternal event and an evening on which to draw newer members close to their Lodge home and to their Order.

We refer to a "Class Reunion Night", a particular evening at the end of the current Lodge year on which all members newly-initiated during the year are brought together through special invitation. Such a night means much to the new members, in our opinion, because it puts them in virtual possession of the Lodge at a significant moment in their affiliation. After a few months of getting acquainted, they come naturally to a point of adopting their future course in the Lodge. Whether they will become active workers for the good of the Lodge and the Order depends on how solidly they are welded into the Lodge unit and how thoroughly they understand the importance of their membership.

A Class Reunion Night provides the leaders with an unusual opportunity to bring home to the new members a thorough knowledge of the high position which the Elks Lodge holds in the community as a result of the good work done over the year. It offers an ideal moment in which to increase appreciation, too, of what their Order accomplishes nationally through the continuing efforts of the Grand Lodge and our State Associations.

All of our special-nights make highlights on the fraternal calendar, both the ones regularly scheduled and those held as a timely feature, such as the "Korean Heroes Night" held not long ago by Los Angeles Lodge No. 99. We hope we are not oversold on the idea when we express the opinion that a new member reunion night offers so much to the member and the Lodge that it should vie for the attention of our Lodge leaders as a desirable feature to revitalize the membership at the new blood level.

“. . . TO CALL YOU 'BROTHER'."

Some folks are drawn naturally to fraternalism; others, just as naturally, shy away from it. One man will go out of his way to interest himself in the affairs of his town, while another will make as concentrated an effort to live apart from his neighbors and remain oblivious of the needs and welfare of his community.

Fraternalism is something which one does or does not embrace, and its desirability in the design of living cannot be conveyed easily to anyone not imbued with it.

Occasionally, though, in the correspondence crossing our desk, a phrase appears which tempts us to try to sell the riches of fraternalism to an ever wider circle. One phrase, in a recent letter from a Lodge Secretary to a member of Grand Lodge, is an expression in point. As a closing sentence, its warm thought spoke volumes. It said: "It has certainly been my pleasure to call you 'brother'."

Be Protected ^{in case of} SICKNESS ^{or} ACCIDENT

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