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A Message from the office of Grand Exalted Ruler



My Brothers:

PERHAPS the most controversial issue to come before our Order in its recent history is the proposal to eliminate the racially restrictive membership requirement from our Grand Lodge Constitution.

LET US EMPHASIZE that this matter is not new; it has been under discussion and consideration for quite a few years. This constitutional change has been called for by various of our Lodges during at least three National Conventions in very recent years. Each time it failed to achieve the required twothirds majority but the last vote was much closer than ever before.

THIS OFFICE of the Grand Exalted Ruler has been called upon more and more with requests from Lodges and members seeking guidance in this most important matter.

AT A RECENT MEETING of the Advisory Committee, composed of all Past Grand Exalted Rulers, a recommendation that Grand Lodge Members and delegates to the National Convention be urged to delete the word "white" from membership requirements of our Order was passed. A news story to this effect was then released by the Advisory Committee Chairman.

MY BROTHERS, the issue involved is most important to our Order. We, therefore, urge that careful, conscientious consideration be given this recommendation, which we endorse. All delegates and other qualified Grand Lodge Members attending our National Convention in Atlantic City are urged to be prepared to vote their conscience, bearing in mind always what they feel will be to the best interests and future welfare of our Order.

Jouriace

E. Gene Fournace Grand Exalted Ruler

nuld Whilunn

Ronald J. Dunn, P.G.E.R. Chairman, Advisory Committee

"Build Pride Of Elkdom"

THE ELKS MAGAZINE JUNE 1972



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VOL. 51, NO. 1/ JUNE 1972

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. THE ELKS NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION WADE H. KEPNER/Chairman R. LEONARD BUSH/Vice-Chairman RAYMOND C. DOBSON/Secretary EDWARD W. McCABE/Treasurer ROBERT E. BONEY/Asst. Secretary and Asst. Treasurer

WILLIAM H. MAGRATH/General Manager D. J. HERDA/Articles Editor LINDA KENYON/Fraternal News Editor MALCOLM B. CROFFORD/Circulation Manager EDITORIAL OFFICES, 425 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, III. 60614

8 THOSE HAIRY-CHESTED, SPIKE-BOOTED, SAWDUST-EATING BRUSH RATS From the northwoods forests of Paul Bunyan fame to a giant, growling industry.

Frank L. Remington

12 GREAT MOMENTS IN SPEED It all started with that Oldfield fellow . . . now a bunch of Johnny-Come-Latelys are stealing the show.

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It was all too good to be true, all too easy, until . . .

Jack Ritchie

Ross R. Olney

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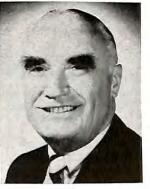
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Atonic City

Brother Elks and their Families

n behalf of the Elks of the State of New Jersey it is a delightful privilege to extend a cordial and hearty welcome to world-famous Atlantic City. . . . the celebrated birthplace of all convention meetings.

It has been said that a convention delegate strolling along the cool ocean-breezy boardwalk will have the rare opportunity to meet and greet everyone attending the Convention. Your leisure time can be occupied by an endless variety of unusual activity-amusements, interesting shops, exciting restaurants, the delightful



and nostalgic old world elegance of the historic boardwalk hotels and the freshness of the modern motels. To those from the inland sections of our nation a visit to Atlantic City gets one away from the July heat, dust and pollution. It is hoped it will be a new lease on life and a return home rested and refreshed. It should be a pleasureable experience because all this past year has been one of wearing activity in business, at home, and in Elkdom. The rejuvenating experience of the soothing caress of a mild salt water wave of the mighty Atlantic Ocean over tired shoulders and troubled brows, followed by the warm embrace of the soft beach sands while communing with the sun, will be a rare elixir, indeed.

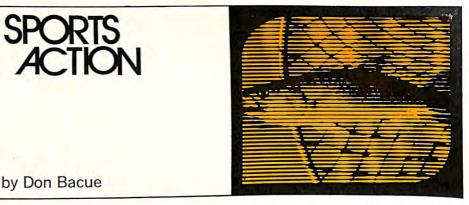
Our New Jersey Elks join you in the belief that doing good is better than merely being good; that it is nobler to serve than being served; that laughter is better than tears. They eagerly await sharing this concept with you.

On this joyous return of Grand Lodge to Atlantic City after an interim of 34 years we will receive you with warm fraternal affection. Our arms are outstretched to you in kind and cordial greeting. We know you will have a wonderful visit to the famed "City by the Sea."

Theeing

William J. Jernick, Past Grand Exalted Ruler





STRIKING EXPERTIPS

YOU KNOW, as long as there are fish, there'll be fishermen. And as long as there are fishermen, there'll be "experts." Exactly what constitutes a fishing "expert" is another matter. Some feel he's the fellow in the neighborhood who's fished the longest-or who never fails to bring home a stringerful from a trip to the wilds. Others think he's the fellow who manages to sneak away every weekend. Well, to me, a fishing expert is something more. He's the fellow who's spent years learning about his sport so today he can read the water like the jacket from a bestselling novel. He knows his tackle, as well, and what it'll net him on any given day of the year.

Sure, experts get skunked, just like us ordinary folk. But they keep coming back; and their perseverance often lands them more than their limit . . . it often means a trophy catch.

I talked to several award-winning anglers recently on the subject of bass fishing. Largemouth and small, scattered across the country so that today they can be found in every state of the union. We exchangd thoughts on where, how, and when to catch bass; and, everything considered, I came up with some interesting information I'd like to pass along now to you. It could help you fill your stringer the next time you take to the lake.

*Bass, if I may pun, are "suckers" for plastic worms. There's something about all that wiggling action that drives them mad. But knowing what to use is only half the battle. Knowing how to use it is what really counts. Once you cast into a likely looking spot, let the rod, never the reel, retrieve the worm for you by lifting it, slacking off, and reeling. When using a fly rod, of course, you'll strip the lure in via short, irregular tugs. The resulting "stop-go' action is far more tantalizing to the fish than the steady retrieve you'd get otherwise. Rigged on a single hook with sliding bullet sinker, the plastic worm can be devastating. Stock different lengths (from five to eight inches) and

colors. You'll likely find purple, black. orange, natural brown, and green most effective, in that order . . . and much more so on largemouth than on smallmouth.

*On a strike, set the hook immediately. Never mind all that talk about counting off or waiting till the fish swallows it. Bass invariably hit the head of any moving object. If you wait too long, vour potential trophy winner may just have second thoughts about what's for lunch and split.

*If your fish fouls your line on an underwater stump or limb, pull the line taut and twang it several times like a bass fiddle. This sometimes startles the fish into surfacing, which, if he chooses the right route, could unravel the line. It's not always effective, but it doesn't cost anything to try. And it could save you the time and expense of re-rigging.

*In cool weather, when the bass are near the surface, "skip" or "blade" fishing may produce surprisingly good results. Toss out a lightly weighted single spinner and retrieve rapidly. It should ride just beneath the surface of the water, never actually breaking water or skimming the surface. Good, too, for trout in shallow springs or creeks.

*In hot weather, bass often go several days without feeding; but if you fish deep, you'll have a chance at goading a lunker into striking. Cast your lure out, wait several seconds as it plummets to the bottom . . . then slowly, easily sweep the rod four or five feet and pause. Repeat until the lure is in . . . or you feel that sharp, unmistakable slam at the end of your line.

*In overfished rivers and streams, do yourself a favor by working the hard-to-reach side. Most anglers settle for the easy-access spots . . . and never do get any of the action awaiting them off the opposite shore.

*If you know you're fishing a good bass spot but still not getting much action, attach a split-tail pork rind strip so it flutters off behind the last lure

(Continued on page 29)

LETTERS

Letters for this department must be signed and may be edited. Address to: Letter Editor, The Elks Magazine, 425 West Diversey, Chicago, Illinois, 60614.

Then Again. . .

 Edward J. Blotzer's remark on hunting and hunters in the April "Letters" column indicates that his emotions dominate his commonsense.

Isn't it better to harvest the crop of game rather than let it multiply to the extent that population exceeds food supply and most of the animals starve to death?

When he, and the people who think like he does, quit eating meat except from animals they find dead of starvation, and their wives quit wearing garments made of animal skins and furs, he might have a case.

Until then I will stick with the hunters. W. R. Caine McCook, Neb.

Painter's Aid

 In the "Letters" section of the March issue Mr. James G. Tupper of Cleveland, Ohio, wanted pictures from which to paint. He was especially interested in the South Pacific. Quite possibly the books published by the National Geographic Society might furnish him with some material. Particularly The Isles of the South Pa-cific; The Isles of the Caribbean; and Hawaii.

The address is: National Geographic Special Publications, Washington, D.C. 20036.

I hope this is of some help.

Mrs. Jack E. Hewes Lancaster, Calif.

Applause, Applause

Just a word or two of appreciation to you and your staff for your excellent magazine. In fact, I would like very much to point out that I've been an ardent fan of your magazine for many more years than I care to admit. It certainly has been both a source of pleasure and relaxation for me to leaf through the pages and have an opportunity to read the many excellently written articles you publish in each issue. Many thanks to you for the variety of reading material you make available.

Incidentally, I am sure that I am one of many that would like to see your magazine published every week instead of every month.

Every good wish for your continued success.

Rowena H. "Rusty" Shaw Perth Amboy, N. J.



Streamlined Ritual

 The editorial, "Elks Lodge...Not Club," in the April issue has firmed my conviction that the Club aspects of the Elks predominates in the minds of the members.

In my opinion the ritual needs to be revised and several sections rewritten. So very often older members avoid lodge meetings because they are bored with the length of the ritual. They often ask the Exalted Ruler to cut it short. Only to a few is the ritualistic dialogue of such keen interest as to cause them to return month after month to Lodge meetings. To most it is something you must go through to be eligible to use the Club facilities.

Why can't something be done? Perhaps a streamlining to meet the requirements of the more modern impatient people.

Don W. Colburn Menasha, Wis.

There are those who will agree about the length and content of the ritual; but those who listen carefully would not desire it to be streamlined to the point where it would lose significance to those about to join us as Lodge Brothers.

We are forwarding your letter to the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee for consideration and study.

Warranted Response

• The article, "Warrants: Big Money or Big Risk?" by Paul Mixson in the March issue was excellent.

How can I obtain a list of warrants to study?

Robert L. Hamman Long Beach, Calif.

Partial lists can be found in occasional issues of financial magazines (such as March 15, Forbes) or you can subscribe to a warrant rating service. The most popular is RHM Associates, 220 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y., 10001. Others can be found in ads in the Wall Street Journal and Barrons. P.M.

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AROUND WASHINGTON

DOGS AND PRESIDENTS. Traphes Bryant, whose White House assignment until he retired was taking care of the presidential dogs, is writing a book. He plans to call it "Presidents Are Only Human."



GIANT DOGS such as Great Danes, St. Bernards, Irish wolfhounds, Great Pyrenees and Newfoundlands have become increasingly popular despite the fact that they sometimes weigh more than 200 pounds and cost anywhere from \$150 to \$650. Veterinarians here speculate that people may be buying them as a status symbol to advertise how much money they have to blow.

WOMEN can be drafted for military duty if there is still a draft when 38 states have ratified the women's equal rights amendment. This was one reason why Senator Sam J. Ervin Jr. of North Carolina opposed Senate approval of the amendment. Senator Birch Bayh of Indiana said it was unlikely women would be thrown into combat since they would be barred by prohibitive requirements of physical strength. Women's groups said they did not mind the draft since the amendment would give women absolute equality with men and end discrimination against them in jobs and pay.

AMERICA'S HIGHWAYS may benefit from America's space program. The California Division of Highways is testing a new rubber-like material which NASA developed originally as a binder for solid rocket propellants. It may prove to be an improved material for patching concrete roads, according to NASA.

THE ELKS MAGAZINE JUNE 1972

COLOR PRINTS of 10 sports fish ready to frame can be obtained by sending \$2.50 to the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D.C. 20402 and asking for "Wildlife Portrait Series No. 2." The prints, which measure 14 by 17 inches with a white border, are reproductions of original paintings done by Bob Hines, an artist on the staff of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service.

12-YEAR LIMIT on service in Congress would be imposed by a constitutional amendment introduced by Rep. Durward Hall of Missouri. He was a doctor before he came to Congress and he thinks something should be done to force retirement of members who are suffering from the "normal physiological processes of deterioration." Practicing what he preaches, he plans to retire at the end of this year. He is 61 and will have been in the House for 12 years.



VIOLENCE in children's television shows has come under attack from the Federal Communications Commission. Chairman Dean Burch says there is "needless and gratuitous violence." FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson says the FCC has the power and duty to force changes. Vincent T. Wasilewski, president of the National Association of Broadcasters, says all in the industry agree that elimination of unnecessary violence on television is its responsibility. There is a causal relationship between television violence and aggressive behavior by some children, according to a report by the U.S. Surgeon General.

Send for

FREE BOOK

BICYCLE BOOM may result in the sale of more bikes than cars this year, marketing authorities estimate. In addition to selling millions of bikes, the bicycle dealers are doing a brisk business in such accessories as lights, speedometers, baby seats, locks and chains, and even chamois-lined trousers and gloves.

WEST FRONT STORY. Congress is battling over what kind of repair job should be carried out on the crumbling West Front of the Capitol. This is the last piece of the original exterior wall and is so important historically it should be left where it is and restored, says one group. Opponents argue that a new wall should be built 88 feet farther out which would not only improve the appearance of the Capitol but would give Congress nearly 300 badlyneeded new office rooms. This plan, favored by congressional leaders, would cost an estimated \$60 million compared to an estimated \$15 to \$20 million for the other.



SERVING SERVICEMEN. The Veterans Administration reports that its representatives provide bedside counseling on benefits for servicemen at 184 military hospitals and orientation for returnees at 300 separation points.

INGRID BERGMAN shares the taste of many of her fans. She considers "Casablanca," the 1942 classic she made with Humphrey Bogart and Claude Rains, to be one of her best films. She confided this at the American Film Institute Theater here when the lights went up and it was discovered that she had been in the audience watching herself in the picture. Her other two favorites: "Grand Illusion," and "Kind Hearts and Coronets."

MODERN ADAPTATION of the old row house has become increasingly popular here and in numerous other cities. It has a common wall with its neighbors and a tiny backyard. Only it is built on circles and curving roads instead of in a row. It has a new name—townhouse —but is going up in the suburbs and open country. It is the "in" thing with newlyweds looking for a house they can afford as well as wealthy retired couples. Prices range from \$16,000 to \$100,000.

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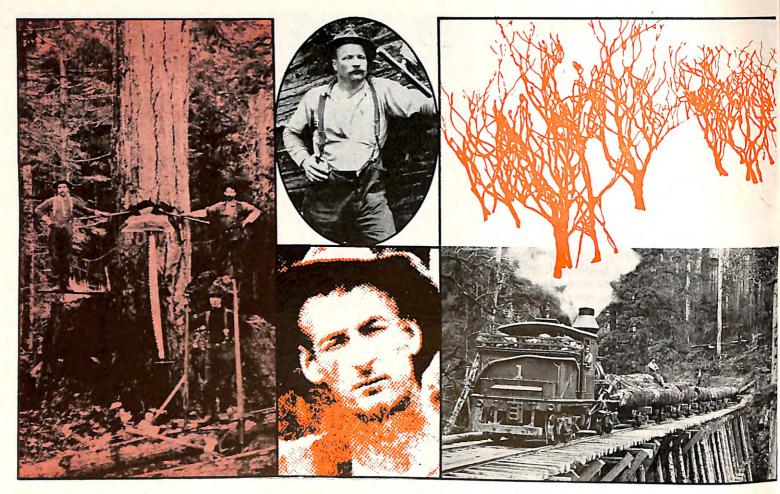
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Those hairy-chested, spike-booted, sawdust-eating brush rats

by Earl Clark

THE ELKS MAGAZINE JUNE 1972

THEIR KEEN axes first scattered chips through the snow-covered forests of Maine. Their calk (spiked) boots wore paths over the Alleghenies to New York and Pennsylvania, then for half a century they swept through the woods of the Great Lakes country. From there they leapfrogged across the Great Plains to the towering forests of the Pacific Coast. And they're there yet.

They were, and are, the loggers-or "lumberjacks," as easterners called them -the most dramatic workers in all American industry.

Logging has always been a tough, challenging way of life. It takes a special kind of he-man to clamber through the brush and fell a tree in zero weather, to ride logs down a raging river, to scamper up a 200-foot tree and lop off its crown. And on or off the job, loggers have always been that special breed, men who can fight harder, drink deeper, and cuss heartier than anyone else around.

There was, of course, that master logger Paul Bunyan, who was conceived on long winter nights in the north woods as the loggers smoked their pipes around the bunkhouse stove and swapped yarns, and whose legend continued to grow as they moved west to the giant trees of the Pacific slopes. But Paul Bunyan is, after all, a fairy tale. There were real loggers out there even more incredible.



Jigger Jones, for example, never wore socks, and in fact had a yen for walking around barefoot on the snow in New England logging camps with the thermometer down around thirty-five below. He would make known his arrival in a new camp by roaring: "I can run faster, jump higher, squat lower, move sideways quicker, and spit further than anyone else in camp!" The late Stewart Holbrook noted that this benediction was always delivered with genial good humor, but also with enough good faith that it would cause grave consideration in the minds of those who might be inclined to think otherwise.

Saginaw, Michigan, still remembers Curt Emerson, a longtime boss logger who went into the sawmill business. They opened a new hotel there in 1859, and all the local aristocracy was invited to the inaugural banquet, spread along a splendid long table. All except Curt, that is. Curt slipped into the hall unnoticed, and just as the festivities were about to start, leaped up on one end of the table and strode all the way to the other end, his calk boots kicking off silver, dishes and candelabra as he went. A score or so guests were cut by flying silver and shards of china, and the next day Curt was handed a bill for two thousand dollars damages. He paid it gladly. It was more fun than a good fight.

A few years later, Silver Jack Dris-

coll was the talk of the Michigan logging camps. He could fell an ox with one blow, or bend a horseshoe in his powerful fists. He didn't much care for a show being put on in a Saginaw dance hall one night, so he and his partner, Pig-Iron Jack, stomped out on the polished floor in their calk boots and put on their own dance, quickly shredding the floor to splinters.

Bunkhouse yarn spinners regaled each other for years about his epic fight with a giant French Canadian, Joe Fournier, in the Red Keg saloon. Some say it went for forty minutes, some say an hour. But Silver Jack finally spiked down his opponent's foot with his calks, then felled him with a blow to the solar plexus, whereupon they arose and had drinks all around.

Fournier, whose skull reputedly resembled a sheet of boiler plate, until then had demolished his antagonists by simply butting them into extinction. He met his untimely end when one Blinky Robinson picked up a steel mallet and applied it to the top of the famous Fournier head hard enough to drive his feet six inches into the hard-packed sawdust, like a fence post. Farewell to Joe Fournier.

Out on Washington's Olympic Peninsula, it was Haywire Tom Newton, a high climber. Once when he was skinning up a tree, as usual without a safety belt, he slipped and fell 120 feet to the ground, landing on his feet in the mud. They called the ambulance, from which big Tom smiled and waved to his pals, and when the hospital could find nothing worse than a few black and blue marks, he returned to work. Tom's idea of fun was to trample barefoot through the blackberry vines, while for limbering up the old muscles, he liked to go hand-over-hand up a 125foot guy wire to a spar tree.

Of such stuff were loggers made.

And where did this wondrous craft begin? Most likely with one William Bingham, a Philadelphia capitalist who in the 1820's bought 2,107,396 acres of Maine woods in one fell swoop, paying all of twelve and one-half cents per acre. The Pilgrims, of course, had begun chopping down trees within hours after they got used to solid land beneath their feet at Plymouth Rock. But this was merely incidental to clearing away the pesky growth to clear the place for crops. Not until the Bingham Purchase did it occur to anyone to harvest trees for themselves.

Into this vast wilderness of white pine and spruce went the loggers and their axes. The railroad had yet to be invented, but there were rivers handy. So they logged the timber and used horses or gravity to drag it to the riverbank, then the spring freshets floated millions of logs downstream to the waiting mills. There were to be many of them across the land in the next century, and in Maine, Michigan or Oregon they had a common denominator—booze. It was hard, tough work out there in the silent woods for months on end, and the loggers stored up their meager pay and their bottomless energy for the two great escapes of the year—Fourth of July and Christmas. The saloon keepers were ready for them when they hit town. Ordinary folk prudently stayed indoors on these occasions.

For the next half century, rivers remained the chief means of getting logs to market. And that gave rise to the most daring of New England loggers the river runners. They were the men who poled the logs into the current, who had to break loose a log jam when the big sticks piled up, skipping nimbly over the great jumble until they found the key log that was blocking the mass, then leaping for safety before they were crushed. A Maine blacksmith, Joseph Peavey, gave his name to pos-

by the trainload. Here were forests to match these mighty men. For there is nothing else in the world to equal these trees that crowd down to the Pacific for about a thousand miles from California to Canada, in a narrow strip between the beaches and the crest of the mountain spine that parallels the ocean.

An acre of this country contained more timber than any five acres of Michigan or Maine. These fabled trees that Midwest loggers had dismissed as bunkhouse legend turned out to be real enough-sixteen feet through at the butt, towering two or three hundred feet into the sky, surrounded by dense undergrowth unlike anything back east.

It called for something new to get the logs out of there, so the westerners invented the skid road. That is, they cleared a path through the forest, laced it with logs sunk laterally into the mud, then hitched up a team of oxen to drag a yoke of logs down this crude pathway.

Which brought upon the scene another of the legendary men who worked

"When I hollers 'Go Ahead,' " bragged Highball Anderson, "the hemlocks bend double and the clams go down a foot."

terity when he invented the pole that boom men still use to maneuver waterborne logs.

But even as logging brought prosperity to New England, that new class of capitalists, the "timber barons," were looking toward the future. They found what they wanted in the white pine forests that covered the upper Midwest from the west end of Lake Erie to the western tip of Lake Superior. The government was happy to sell them all they wanted at \$1.25 per acre, and the New Englanders bought acreage by the thousands. By the 1850's, they were ensconced in the forests of the upper Mississippi drainage, shipping billions of feet of timber down the river in log rafts to St. Louis and New Orleans.

All this time, the logger's tool was simply the axe. Each logger treasured his own, and some would even take it to their bunks at night, keeping it under whatever served as a pillow. On a Sunday, they might hone the axe edge razor sharp, smear soapy water on their faces, and use the axe to shave off a week's growth of beard. Except, of course, the mustache. Then in the 1880's it occurred to someone to use a crosscut saw to fell trees as well as cut them up, which speeded up log production amazingly. Thereafter, the axe would be used only to chop off limbs, and notch the undercut for the faller.

By this time the New England forests had been stripped to stumps, and even the limitless forests of the Great Lakes country were playing out. But now a new land of opportunity beckoned—and so the loggers moved West, in the woods-the bullwhacker. He it was who directed this team of powerful animals snaking their burden down the skid road. He was paid three times as much as the fallers, and his opinions on any subject whatsoever consequently carried the ring of authority. His badge of office was the goadstick, a piece of wood about five feet long with a steel brad embedded in the end. He moved his team by a combination of goadstick and matchless profanity which at its finest was reputed to make the bark of adjoining fir trees sizzle into smoking wisps and fall to the ground. If all else failed, he might leap on the back of the animal in the hitch and walk the length of the team in his calk boots. velling like a banshee all the while.

The bullwhacker and his team reigned supreme in the western woods until John Dolbeer, a logger in Eureka, California, invented a steam-powered donkey engine which he mounted on a sled of timbers, with a cable running out from the drum to be wrapped around a log for "yarding it in." Stewart Holbrook remarked that this date in 1881 marked the exact start of converting logging bulls into steaks and hamburger.

So the bullwhacker was succeeded by the hooker as the Simon Legree of the woods. The hooker was the man who bossed the whistle punk, choker setters and others of the yarding crew, bellowing directions to start the huge sticks on their way to the loading platform. "When I hollers 'Go Ahead'," bragged Highball Anderson of Washington's Grays Harbor country, "the hemlocks bend double and the clams go down a foot."

But steam in the woods was not confined to donkey engines. Back in Michigan, a logger named Ephraim Shay took out a patent in 1881 for a geared locomotive that could haul a train up steep grades without slippage. Lima (Ohio) Locomotive Works soon was turning them out by the hundreds, and within a few more decades, the echoes of steam whistles were bouncing off trees from Maine to California along thousands of miles of logging railroads.

The advent of the railroad demanded a new method of bringing in logs to a landing. Thus developed the spar tree, and the most spectacular in the colorful gallery of loggers—the high climber. For now what was needed was a big tree that could be cleared of its limbs and used as a focal center from which cables could be hung to yard in the logs. The man who went up this tree to lop off the limbs, topple the crown, and rig the tree with cable blocks—usually weighing well over a ton—was the high climber.

He was the aristocrat of the woods, the most daring, the best paid, the most spectacular. His spurred boots propelling him to the uppermost heights of a 200-foot tree, he leaned back against his safety belt and sawed or chopped away at the top until it was severed. Then tree and man would whip back and forth in a blurry arc as the fallen top crashed onto the forest floor. It was an exhilarating moment for the daring high climbers, and they might commemorate it by waving as if they were riding a bucking bronco or, on occasion, relieving themselves onto the upturned faces of their comrades.

Yet even by this time, the old ways of logging were done for. A nation which believed with Joyce Kilmer that only God can make a tree began to look askance at the men who so blithely felled it. Leaders of government, who once had danced to the tune of the timber barons, now were locking up vast tracts of timber in parks and forest reserves. The word "conservation" came into the lexicon, and those who advocated it took aim at the loggers who for a century had been converting trees to stumps.

And there was ferment in the woods, too. The "Wobblies" invaded the logging camps, demanding such unheardof amenities as the eight-hour day. bedding on the bunks, and palatable food. There were strikes in the woods, gunfire in Washington cities like Everett and Centralia. The Wobblies eventually faded away, but they had taught the loggers to strike against their masters, and inevitably were succeeded by the labor unions. The days of cheap labor in the woods were over. These twin pressures—the rising cost of labor, and the conservation movement—combined to change the face of the logging industry, a change that is proceeding with amazing speed today.

It was spurred on by a newcomer in the woods—the college-trained forester. The mere thought of a college graduate in a logging camp would have doubled up Silver Jack Driscoll or Jigger Jones in helpless laughter. But they're a major component of logging today, not just in the U.S. Forest Service, but on the payrolls of the onetime timber barons whose companies now produce most of the timber consumed in these United States.

Take Weyerhaeuser, for example.

Frederick Weyerhaeuser came to the Mississippi valley from his native Germany in 1856 and went to work in a sawmill. Working northward up the river, he formed a company to collect logs coming downriver and distribute them to the mills. This soon led to establishing a logging company of his own and buying up Wisconsin and Minnesota timber land. In 1900 he came west with railroad builder Jim Hill, and bought 900,000 acres of Northern Pacific timber land, setting up an office in Tacoma with two men and a secretary. Today The Weyerhaeuser Company is the largest forest products industry in the world, with 42,000 employes and net sales of a billion and a quarter dollars. It owns 5,600,000 acres of timberland and has cutting rights on seven million more. And it exemplifies the new look in the logging industry that has supplanted the old "cut and burn" philosophy.

In 1941 Weyerhaeuser set aside the first tract of land to be called a "tree farm," a term that aroused hoots of derision from the conservationists. But by now most of the privately owned timberland in the West's great forest zone is in tree farms, a strictly defined concept under which trees are nurtured, protected and harvested just like any other agricultural crop. And the results have been astounding. At the time that first tree farm was established thirty years ago, the growth cycle of Douglas fir forests was a hundred years; that is, it took a century for the forest to replace itself after it was logged. Today that growth cycle has been cut exactly in half!

For this you can thank those collegetrained foresters. The oldtime timber barons could care less about the future—all they thought of was to cut down the forest in front of them, then head on west to cut again. But sooner or later the forests had to come to an end. So arose the new concept of treating trees as a renewable resource, rather than as an expendable onetime investment.

This means replanting, and even fertilization. The oldtimers wouldn't have believed it, but now great nurseries turn out millions of seedlings annually. Helicopters fly over logged-off lands and drop tiny seeds; crews of men climb the slopes to plant larger seedlings. Then other choppers fly over the forests and drop clouds of fertilizer down on the growing trees. As the forests age, the trees are thinned, just as a gardener thins out radishes. And the results are similar—the trees that remain grow taller, straighter, and faster.

The consequence has been a dramatic turnaround in American forest resources. When Columbus landed, there were an estimated billion acres of forest in the forty-eight contiguous states. Today, five hundred years and two hundred million people later, there are still 758 million acres of forest. In fact, there are thirteen million *more* acres of forest now than there were a generation ago! The conservationists made their point. They still cry alarm at our "vanishing" forest resources. But the fact is that these resources have stabilized, and

(Continued on page 29)



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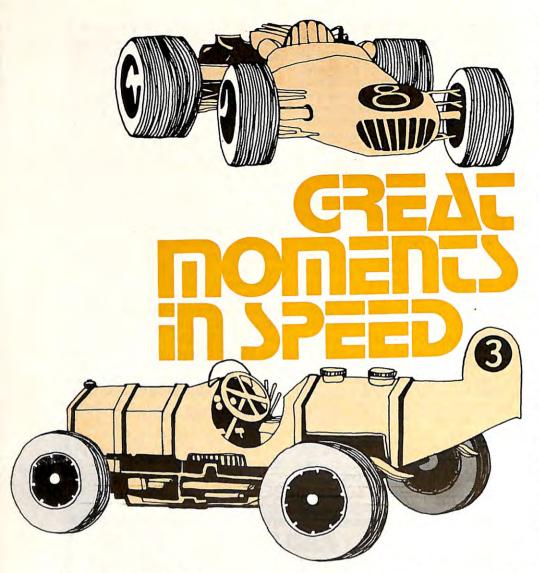
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by Ross R. Olney

RALPH DePALMA, who had lost the 1912 Indy 500 even though he had pushed his heavy car over the finish line, was a shrewd racing driver. He believed in strategy as well as speed, in planning a race and then running according to plan. He was as careful as possible. He attempted to protect his racer as much as he could, so that it would have what it needed to finish.

Cigar-chewing Barney Oldfield was just the opposite. He was a hard driving, heavy-handed charger who drove by the motto "let the devil take the hindmost." Oldfield would race anything with his car...other cars, airplanes, animals...anything. He believed that the way to win a race was to step down hard on the gas and bull your way to the checkered flag.

Both men were crowd favorites. They were the two best drivers of the day, most fans felt. They had met each other on the race track, several times in fact, but it seemed as though nothing was ever really proven. One would break, or the other would spin out, or something. It was never clear which one was the better man.

Oldfield always laughed at DePalma's careful driving, and DePalma, who was not given to laughing at other drivers, still felt that Oldfield broke too many race cars for what he won.

The race to decide once and for all which man was best was scheduled. They would meet at the Santa Monica, California, Vanderbilt Cup Race for the showdown. The year was 1914. Immediately the Santa Monica race course became the OK Corral to racing fans.

It was a festive day, with brightly colored ribbons and speeches and ice cream. The crowd was happy and excited. Nearly everybody was interested in the race in this early day of the automobile. The sun was bright, and since this was long before the area became a monster city, people knew each other. Friends nodded greetings and enjoyed the fine day, and speculated on the big question. Was De-Palma best, with his way, or was harddriving Barney Oldfield a better racer?

The cars lined up on the grid. Other racers were entered, but everybody knew that no man had a chance but

Ralph DePalma...or Barney Oldfield ...depending on how you felt.

"I'm gonna run you right off the track, DePalma," Oldfield growled from his car as the time drew near.

DePalma just smiled. "We'll see," he finally said softly, "we'll see..." "You can't win," Oldfield boasted,

"You can't win," Oldfield boasted, "because I'm gonna win!"

Again, DePalma smiled.

Smoking, skidding, thundering oilstained laps later, it began to look as though Oldfield had been right. He had caught and passed DePalma, and though slim, his lead had lasted for many laps. Ralph DePalma just couldn't get around. He tried and tried, but Barney would block his way. Tires were by then worn to the point of folly, but neither driver would pit for new ones. The crowd, which had been screaming, was strangely silent. No other driver was near. It was Barney or Ralph, or a crash...which seemed most likely.

Suddenly, very near the end, De-Palma signaled his pit that he was coming in for oil. A surprised Oldfield, watching in his rear view mirror, considered this new development. He needed fresh tires desperately. De-Palma would no doubt get tires, but it took extra time to add oil. DePalma dropped back farther and farther.

He was going to pit. With that decision, Barney Oldfield roared into his own pit, motioning for new tires. Instantly his car was up, and mechanics began removing his wheels.

And at that same instant, DePalma the strategist stepped hard on the gas. His thin tires strained, but he rocketed ahead. He thundered past a stunned Oldfield, who was shouting insults around his clenched cigar so loudly they could be heard over the roar of the racers.

There was a time for care, DePalma said later, and a time for strategy... and a time for just plain racing as fast as the car would go, and "the devil take the hindmost."

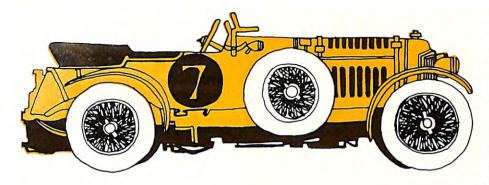
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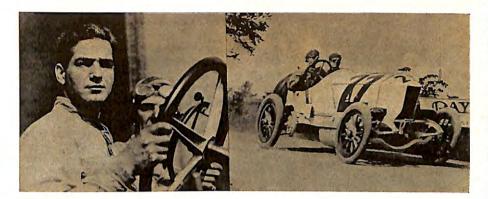
"Drafting" is a technique as modern as the new superspeedways. A brightly colored stock car will fall in behind another, and the force of the first creates a partial vacuum which helps to pull along the second. Three or four cars can form a dangerous parade and draft each other, almost bumper to bumper at very high speeds.

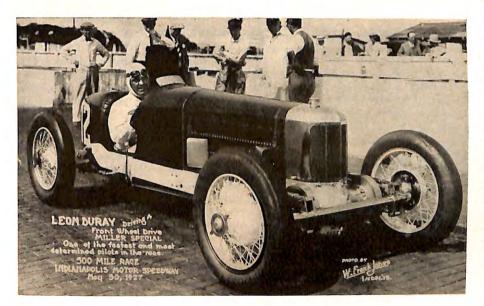
Back in the days when men knew what was happening, but not exactly why, this was called "getting on tow."

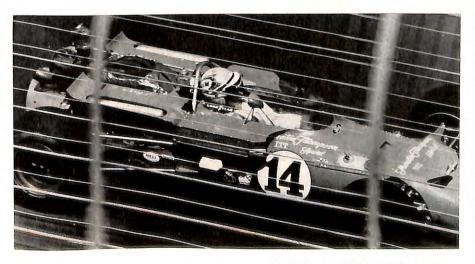
It worked once in such a zany manner that it is still hard to believe, even though witnessed by many racing fans.

Two of the great drivers of the year 1927 were Ray Keech and Leon Duray. Like the Oldfield DePalma feud









of a few years earlier, these two racing men were the best, but which one was better than the other wasn't known. How could this be worked out? Barney and Ralph had arranged a challenge race, so why not American Keech and Frenchman Duray?

It was done. The contest would be held at the Rockingham Speedway, a high banked board track. There would be three short races, so that every chance would be available to each driver.

The trouble was, racing tactician Duray just barely won the first four lap heat, and speed king Keech edged Duray for the second. So they were back where they started, with but one short race to go.

To a great groan of disappointment from the crowd, clouds of white smoke poured from the exhaust of Duray's speeding racer almost as the third and final race started. Duray was in serious trouble...and that would end any hope of real competition.

But the fans watched in stunned surprise as Duray whipped his car in behind Keech, and remained there. He was firmly "on tow," and in spite of Keech's weaving and bursts of speed, Duray stuck directly behind, within a few inches. But the real surprise was yet to come. To that point, so Duray said later, all he wanted to do was finish close.

On the very last of the four laps, approaching the flag, Duray cut to the outside, up the boards. Nobody knows to this day exactly what happened, nor certainly not why it happened. Perhaps a harried and nervous Keech slowed down, though he claimed later he had not.

Duray coasted ahead of Keech at the flag, and he had his nose in front by a few inches when the race ended. He had won with an engine which had been dead for two full laps.

Racing fans at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, were witness to an incredible double act of bravery in 1948 which is to this day memorialized by a plaque in the race track wall. Involved was one of the best and most popular drivers of the era. The race was a regular stop following the Indianapolis Speedway Race on the AAA Championship Trail, the series of races now under the sanction of the United States Auto Club (USAC).

The mood was happy that day as Mauri Rose, Bill Holland, Duke Nalon, Johnny Mantz, Ted Horn, and other driving stars lined up to start. The huge crowd from Milwaukee was thrilled to see Mantz roar into the lead at the green flag. Falling in directly behind was Duke Dinsmore, then Rex Mays, and finally Ted Horn. The remainder of the field quickly strung out behind. Snarling and skidding, the four leaders battled. Each wanted this post-Indy victory very much.

On the second lap it happened.

Dinsmore skidded a bit high coming out of the last turn. The racer turned slowly around and the back end slammed the wall at the beginning of the main stretch. Instantly the sleek racer vaulted into the air. End over end it tumbled, destroying itself. On the second flip, an unconscious Dinsmore was dumped onto the track. There he lay, directly in the "groove."

The bulk of the field bore down on him as dust from his own accident obscured the view.

What happened next happened almost as quickly, and it happened without any apparent thought, as an almost reflex action. Drivers, of course, have a strong code of their own. You would not run down a helpless fellow racer if you could possibly miss him. Bearing down on Dinsmore was the great Rex Mays. Without hesitation, Mays swerved his car and slammed into the hard wall.

Then, before the crowd had a chance to consider this first brave action, Mays fell out of his wrecked racer and staggered down the track toward the oncoming field. A high speed expressway, jammed with traffic, would have been a safer place to run. Race cars are on the ragged edge of control every second. A pack of them can be deadly to a pedestrian.

Yet Mays ran, directly into the roaring field, waving his arms to indicate a downed driver. Incredibly, he was



not struck. Astonished drivers skidded high or low, missing Mays...and Dinsmore. Only then did Mays turn back and help the injured Dinsmore off the track.

Duke Dinsmore survived this wreck, and other crashes too, and finally retired from racing. But not handsome, daring Rex Mays. This brave driver was killed the following year at a race track in California. During an AAA Championship Trail Race, Rex was thrown from his crashing racer, and run over by the following field.

*

They believe in nerve-wracking close finishes at the Ontario Motor Speedway in California, a new track which has already added to the list of great moments in speed. At the first Miller High Life 500 miler for NASCAR stock cars, A. J. Foyt beat Buddy Baker by only eight and one half seconds. Then, to show that lightning can strike twice, Foyt came back in the second annual Miller High Life race to beat Bobby Allison by only four seconds. Every single other major race at the track has been very close. The Questor Grand Prix for Formula One Racers was won by a mere second and a half. The 1971 Ontario Sportsman race for older stock cars was won by one foot after 250 miles of rugged racing. And in the inaugural Champion Spark Plug Motorcycle Classic, the winner beat the second place bike by an astonishing four inches.

At each of these races, the fans were left limp and breathless, and in many cases hoarse from cheering.

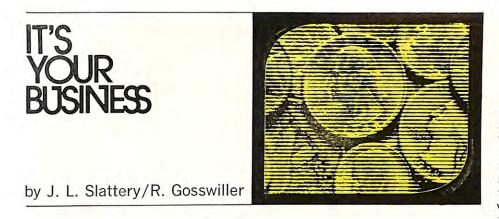
But perhaps the most exciting of all, and not just because it was a close finish, was the very first major race on the new track...the inaugral California 500 mile race for Indy-type racers. Added to the very close finish was the fact that so many different champions had a good chance to win very close to the end.

Al Unser, who was winning everything in sight that year anyhow, was ahead and seemed to have the victory locked up. His car was running smoothly, and where there was a battle going on for second place, no other driver seemed within striking distance of the baby-faced leader.

The picture in big league auto racing can change with startling suddenness, and it did at the first Cal 500. By the time the flag finally fell, fans were glassy-eyed and shaking from the series of leaders and the great roaring battle through the final stretch to the finish line.

At first nobody noticed because of the other track action, but Al Unser was pulling slowly down onto the grass in the first turn. His engine had failed.

(Continued on page 24)



WE FORGET how long ago it was that we saw our first "Mickey Mouse" cartoon. But we laughed at it and at all the other creations that came forth from Walt Disney's fertile imagination. And if, in those days, we'd heard the name "University of Disneyland," we'd have laughed at it too.

But we're not laughing at it now. Last year Walt Disney Productions earned \$2.07 a share and may earn more than \$2.50 a share this year. And one of the establishments owned by that company does indeed have the name "University of Disneyland." Just a gag? Far from it. The operations of that "university" have a lot to do with the great success record the Disney enterprises have chalked up. So does the other of the two "universities" the Disney people run.

Who attends those institutions? And what do they learn there? The two "universities"-one at Disneyland, the other at Disney World, in Florida-are training-and-motivation centers for Disney employes. And the real stress here should be on the word "motivation." A girl who's been hired to be a guide to people who visit Disney World doesn't need a great deal of "training"-the job just isn't that complicated. What's important is that she radiate the attitude that will make visitors to Disney World enjoy their visit there and want to return. And the visitors come-in droves. It's estimated that Disney World will have more than ten million of them this year.

The big Disney entertainment centers form a part of what an economist would call "the hospitality-services industry." Not all companies in that industry are genuinely hospitable. And many that are not aren't profitable either.

But in every industry there are plenty of companies that aren't doing well. In some instances—probably in quite a few—part of the explanation lies in neglect of employe training and motivational communication. As one Disney vice president has pointed out, all too few companies in any industry make any real effort to communicate effectively with their own employes. It Can Cost You!

There are no accounting-statement reminders about the importance of training and other communication activities in your company. Your incomeand-expense statement won't have an entry for "Quality and Profit-Related Value of Training and Other Communications." But there will be entries for "Income" and "Expense" and "Profits." We suggest that you let them remind you—quite forcefully—about the importance of training and motivational communication.

You can lose financially in many ways by giving inadequate attention to those needs. Last April a Gallup Poll survey reported that 52 percent of the employes it queried said that they themselves felt that they could be working at higher levels of productivity. We certainly don't say that management neglect of training and motivational communication is the whole explanation for below-capability worker performance. But it's definitely part of the explanation in many instances.

Why The Neglect?

Some years ago a certain insurance company was dismayed at the rate at which it was losing court cases that it felt it should have won. It discovered that the real problem was that its claims adjusters didn't know how to investigate their cases properly. We were called upon to develop what the company said should be "a really effective training program." The program we proposed was guite elaborate and pretty expensive. But it wasn't the direct expense-the cost of the films and manuals and so on-that disturbed the insurance company. What upset them terribly was that we wanted them to give the adjusters enough time to become adequately trained. Apparently the company had cherished the hope that by spending enough money on "training aids" they could somehow get the adjusters adequately trained in just a few days-as if they were to be given a massive injection of some "wonder drug." But we stood our groundand won our case. And the company was later very glad that we did so.

The unfortunate fact is that all too many businessmen take the view sometimes unconsciously—that any time that's spent on training or motivational communication is being robbed from "productive effort." It's of course a heartwarming sight to see employes working busily—but the financial results at the end of the year sometimes aren't heartwarming at all. There's all the difference in the world between simply keeping employes busy, and keeping them busy in a genuinely profitable way.

There's yet another reason, we'd say, why training and motivational communication are too much neglected in companies. Many businessmen do not yet realize the extent to which the American economy has become "services oriented." In such an economy the very terms "productivity" and "efficiency" have meanings that are far less simple than those they have in the context of manufacturing.

What To Do?

The main requirement for achieving an adequate quality of training and motivational communication is a genuine desire on the part of management to achieve it. This desire is more often declared in words than evidenced in action. Also, there are some businessmen who take refuge in the "we-don't-knowhow-to-do-it" excuse, as if such projects as new-employe orientation, job training, company-facts informational programs, job-performance evaluation interviews, and so on, were enterprises as sophisticated and difficult as a space-journey to Mars.

Employes will often respond simply to some indication that their company's management is really trying to communicate effectively to them and is genuinely interested in hearing their views too. We've seen some company communication efforts that by the standards of "professional communicators" were pretty bad indeed but were nevertheless very effective! Why? Because the employes very sensibly took the intention for the deed. The fact that some of the slides, speeches, and handout pieces weren't very expertly prepared didn't seriously disturb them. They knew that their company's management was sincerely trying to help them make their jobs more productive and more meaningful.

And that's what really counted.





A TEXAS HAT was a gift from Laredo Lodge for GER E. Gene Fournace when he arrived at McAllen for a recent meeting of the Board of Grand Trustees. (From left) Harlingen Secy. W. M. Dempsey and Laredo ER James Hensley were among those who greeted the Grand Lodge party, including Grand Secy. Homer Huhn Jr. (background).



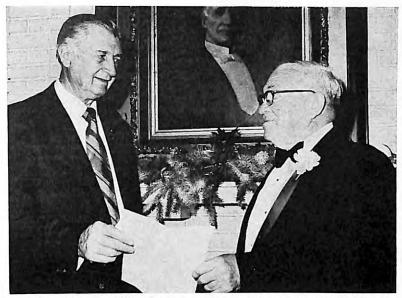
THE "WHEELCHAIR-A-MONTH" PROGRAM of North Little Rock, Ark., Lodge has provided six wheelchairs so far for physically disabled children at Arkansas Children's Colony Alexander. (From left) ER Murry E. Hodge and Committeemen Tom Jones and Russell Paulus made the most recent presentation to the center and visited with one of the recipients.

GRAND CHAPLIN Francis A. White (second from left) was honored at a testimonial dinner recently at Ticonderoga, N. Y., Lodge. Joining him were (from left) VP Donald Carter; GL State Association Chairman Leonard Bristol, Saranac Lake; PVP Percy Thompson, and ER John Mero.

MONICA EDSALL IS 18, and she has leukemia. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Edsall, had nearly exhausted their savings and insurance policy paying for her medical expenses when Kendallville, Ind., Lodge came to their aid. The Elks established the Monica Edsall Fund, and in about one month —with donations from the lodge, the Elks' ladies, and various other local sources—the fund grew to almost \$4,000. Every penny was presented to

the Edsall family, according to ER John Evers, who said that all clerical and mailing expenses accumulated in collecting the funds would be absorbed by the lodge. The lodge's efforts have received much publicity.

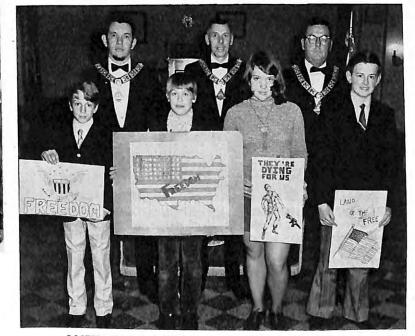
THE ELKS MAGAZINE JUNE 1972



BROTHER RUDOLPH JILKA (left), a member of Denver, Colo., Lodge, received his \$100 certificate for the Elks National Foundation recently. Foundation Chairman John Aho made the presentation.



THE LADIES of Holiday Isles, Fla., Lodge presented a check for \$1,500 to George Carver, administrator of the Harry Anna Crippled Children's Hospital, the state major project. In charge of the presentation were Henrietta Sally (left), president, and Marie Lou Cameron, first president.





PORTSMOUTH, Ohio, Elks were the first to respond to the local Red Cross appeal for funds to continue its water safety, first aid, and blood drive programs. ER Victor Morgan (left) and Trustees Chairman H. H. Stoops (right) join in presenting a \$200 check to Red Cross Executive Richard Flowers, who is also the lodge's Esteemed Lecturing Knight.

POSTER CONTEST WINNERS in the competition sponsored by Attleboro, Mass., Lodge each received a \$25 savings bond. (First row, from left) Peter Souza, Robert Leroux, Rita Davidson and Albert Upham were congratulated by committeemen Phil Bell, John Padgett, and William Leddy.

NEW JERSEY GOVERNOR William T. Cahill (second from left) admired the trophy that was presented to the winner of the 1972 Governor's Basketball Classic sponsored by Lawrence, N. J., Lodge. The winner this year was Monmouth College. Looking on were tournament committee members (from left) Joe Russo, Reginald Bentivogli, and Bruce Davis.





MAYOR WALTER ROSENBAUM (second from right) was welcomed into Bergenfield, N. J., Lodge by PGER William Jernick. The mayor was one of 24 men initiated in honor of Brother Jernick. Adding their congratulations were DDGER Louis Gattuso (left) and ER Fred Dannenfelser.





HIGH SCHOOL SENIORS from five area schools took part in the fourth annual "Legislature in Action" trip to the state capital sponsored by Great Neck, N.Y., Lodge. The trip has been so successful that SP George Olsen (left) was scheduled to propose it as a state-wide project in Americanism and youth activities during the annual state association convention. Others escorting the group were (from left) ER James Mattei; Brother Frank Aleck; Majority Leader John Kingston; Brother Fred Williams; Brother James Stanley; DDGER Joseph Annona, and VP Frank McCormick.

THE DEDICATION of Franklin, Mass., Lodge included a visit by the State President. Distinguished officers attending the ceremony included (from left) PDD George Woods Jr.; ER Peter Bokulic; SP Donald Podgurski; State Secy. Nicholas Mazzoni, and DDGER Roy McKillop.



MISS B.P.O.E. of Southern California is Lynette Anne Grage, 17. The contest was sponsored by El Centro Lodge and offered a \$500 scholarship as top prize. Congratulating Miss Grage, who was sponsored by Escondido Lodge, were (from left) Est. Lead. Kt. John Evangelist; ER Ron Pritchard; Est. Loyal Kt. C. L. Maness Jr., and Chap. Bill Cook.



DICK BUTKUS (fifth from left), middle linebacker for the Chicago Bears, was guest speaker at Springfield, Ill., Lodge's National Foundation banquet. The lodge has secured 138 new members in the Foundation this year. Officers attending the banquet included (from left) PER Lyle Fritsch; Chap. Roy Carmean; DDGER Richard Stropes; Trustees Chm. Sam Patton; ER William Livingstone; VP John Rehwald; Est. Lead. Kt. Lean Ryan; PDD Al Urene, and District Chm. Marc Chapman.



BRICK TOWNSHIP MAYOR Warren Wolf (right) was chosen as Citizen of the Year by Brick, N. J., Lodge. ER James J. Lennon presented the award on behalf of the lodge.

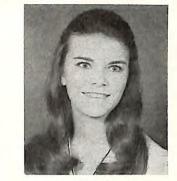


POSTER GIRL Colleen Cullen, sponsored by Manahawkin, N. J., Lodge, accepted some filled penny banks on behalf of the New Jersey state crippled children's committee. PER Martin Flag Jr. made the presentation.



LAW ENFORCEMENT NIGHT at Fresno, Calif., Lodge featured the presentation of a flag plaque to Police Chief Henry R. Morton (right) by ER W. Ray Horsley. More than 500 Elks and guests attended.

1972 YOUTH LEADERSHIP WINNERS



LaDawn Shaw



Thomas Camp





Janet Smith

Sally Steel

Robert Thomure

Keith Franz

An Ogden, Utah, girl and a Kearney, Nebr., boy have been named the top winners in the 23rd annual Youth Leadership contest.

Scholarships for \$2,000 will be presented to LaDawn Shaw and Thomas Randall Camp at the Grand Lodge convention in Atlantic City this July.

There were more than 40,000 entries from all 50 states in the nationwide contest sponsored by the Order to encourage young men and women to develop their talents for leadership. The winners from among 100 finalists were selected by U.S. Senators Robert Taft Jr. (R.-Ohio), chairman; John V. Tunney (D.-Calif.), and Harry F. Byrd Jr. (I-Va.). The contest was conducted by the GL Youth Activities Committee under the supervision of Committeeman Gerald L. Powell, Peru, Ind.

Second-place winners of \$1,750 scholarships are Sally Lou Steel of Barrackville, W. Va., and Robert Francis Thomure of Festus, Mo. The third-place winners—Janet Elizabeth Smith of Clinton, La., and Keith Spencer Franz of Baltimore, Md.—will each receive a \$1,500 scholarship.

In addition to their leadership ability the contestants are judged at local, state, and national levels on citizenship appreciation, perseverance, stability, resourcefulness, and sense of honor.

LaDawn has worked for such charitable campaigns as the March of Dimes, Heart Fund, and the Indian Christmas Campaign. During her senior year at Weber High School she was secretary of the student body and student council, chairman of the assembly committee and president of the Choralaires.

Thomas has held the office of president for the Nebraska Association of Student Councils; the Nebraska Federation of Teenage Republicans; the Youth Safety Council; the National Forensic League, and the student body and advisory board. He was first scholastically in his class of 274, and was named Outstanding Student.

Sally was chairman of the Barrackville UNICEF drive and a delegate to Girls' State. She was the winner of her school's American Legion Oratorical contest, vice-president of her senior class, and captain of girls' basketball.

Robert is president of both the student body and the athletic club. He was a delegate to the National Honor Society convention and holds the record in the 880-yard relay at his school.

Janet is a past president of her local 4-H chapter and has won the grand prize for three years on her science fair projects. She was business manager of her school annual and was sent as an ambassador of good will to seven European countries.

Keith was a page in U. S. Congress during 1969-1970 and is an editor of his school paper. He was a member of the planning committee for "Youth for Decency" rally held in Baltimore.



TWO EAGLE SCOUTS received American flags during a court of honor ceremony at Lake City (Seattle), Wash., Lodge. Taking part in the ceremony were (from left) Est. Lect. Kt. Otha Ownby; Americanism Chm. Francis Scott Key; Alvin Eng; Steven Johnson; Est. Loyal Kt. Ken McGuire, and Brother Chris Johnson.

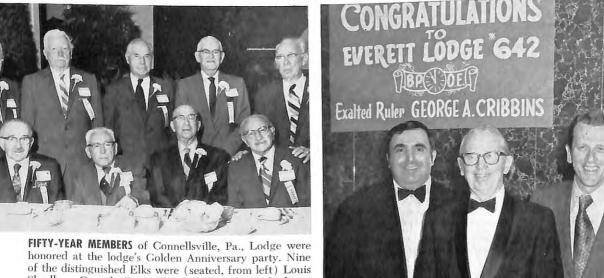


TENDERFOOT SCOUT Michael Farley (left) presented a framed copy of his troop's neckerchief to ER Henry J. Gaudet of Windsor, Conn., Lodge. The award was presented at a banquet honoring the lodge for its sponsorship of the troop, which recently won the Outstanding Troop of the Year award.



MISS AMERICA 1972, Laurie Lee Schaefer (center), was on hand to congratulate Albert A. Marks Jr. (second from right) when he was honored as Man of the Year by Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge. More than 300 persons attended the ceremony, including (from left) PER Harry Mc-Garrigel, PGER William J. Jernick, and ER Donald Phillips.

EVERETT, Massachusetts, Lodge celebrated its 50th anniversary recently. Among the guests attending the festivities were (from left) State Rep. George Keverian; ER George A. Cribbins; State Rep. David M. Bartley, and PGER John E. Fenton.



of the distinguished Elks were (seated, from left) Louis Shrallow; Gerardo Rossi; Henry Cohen; Patsy Gigliotti, and (standing) Dom Isola; Joseph Lakin; Louis Cole; Francis Brady, and Roy Vernon.

THE ELKS MAGAZINE JUNE 1972





POLICE CHIEF Lawrence Sullivan (second from right) and Colonel Weaver (second from left) of the Chamber of Commerce accepted a \$700 check from Plantation, Fla., Elks. The check will be added to a special fund to aid a local policeman in his fight against cancer. ER Tom Ryan (left) and Trustee Howard Rodgers made the presentation.



WINNERS of Summit, N. J., Lodge's crippled children poster contest were honored at a special banquet. The guests and their hosts included (from left) Brother William S. Lunsmann, state crippled children's committeeman; Mrs. Sambur, Chatham High School art director; Jennifer Brask, third-place winner; Crippled Children's Chm. Joseph Coviello; Carol Mapletof, first place; Kathy Helfrich, second place, and District Crippled Children's Chm. Stephen Cymbaluk.

(Continued on page 44)



A STROLLER for two-year-old Tommy Peterson was presented recently by members of Keeseville, N. Y., Lodge. Tommy has been crippled since birth. Taking part in the presentation were (from left) Brother James Finnegan, Mrs. William Peterson, and ER Leo E. Bergeron.

Let Freedom Ring

The Liberty Bell, an historic relic of the American Revo-

lution, is on display in Independence Hall. First hung in 1753, the bell was ordered from England by the Pennsylvania Assembly on the fiftieth anniversary of the Penn's Charter. It cracked during testing shortly after arrival, was recast at least once, and was finally installed in the State House tower.

The Continental Congress convened in the hall below the tower, and in July, 1776, the bell rang out, proclaiming adoption of the Declaration of Independence.

On July 4, 1972, let bells peal forth everywhere to proclaim to all that freedom, the birthright of America, will never perish from the earth.

The chorus of bells should be simultaneous and of four minutes' duration. Suggested starting times are:

2:00 P.M. Philadelphia and Eastern Time Zone
1:00 P.M. Central Time Zone
12:00 Noon Mountain Time Zone
11:00 A.M. Pacific Time Zone
9:00 A.M. Hawaii and Alaska Time

Cooperate with local celebrations and enter an Elks float, band, drill team, or scout troop if there is a local parade. Some cities may plan to sound horns and sirens at noon, local times, on this patriotic day.

Dan Davis, Chairman GL Americanism Committee

(Continued from page 14)

With his calm departure from the race, several other drivers suddenly smelled victory and over a hundred thousand dollars in prize money.

NASCAR ace LeeRoy Yarbrough, who happened at that moment to be holding a very narrow second place, swept into the lead past a stalled Unser. Almost at the same time, perhaps due to the quick demands being put on engines for extra speed, three other favorites dropped out in rapid succession. Two pulled into the pits, and a third crashed.

Smiling behind his fireproof mask and full head helmet, Yarbrough roared on. But remember, things can happen fast in racing. With a great burst of smoke and noise and oil and flying parts, Yarbrough's engine blew to pieces.

And again, with the end in sight, the race was up for grabs.

Two veteran drivers grabbed the lead at the same time, and Art Pollard found himself inches ahead of Jimmy McElreath. At the same moment A. J. Foyt, owner of McElreath's second place car, slammed into the wall. The yellow flag fluttered out, and yellow lights came on around the track, and that seemed to be that. Slow down, said the signals to the drivers, and hold your positions, for there has been a crash on the track.

Shrewd A. J. Foyt sized up the situation from alongside his wreck. His own team car was in second place, and locked there until the green light came back on. The green light would not come on until Foyt's own wreckage was cleared from the track. Was there time? Foyt almost lifted his smashed car from the track himself.

With but two laps to go, the green flag was waved, and the green lights came on, and the race was wide open once again.

Pollard and McElreath went at each other, switching positions back and forth down the long straightaways, and through the sweeping turns. On the next to last turn of the last lap, it appeared that Pollard had it, but on the last turn of the last lap Jimmy McElreath got a wheel ahead, and the race ended. Some say the distance between the first two cars, who had streaked past the broken wreckage of several other potential winners couldn't be measured. Others said a half a wheel length separated the first two. Many fans admitted that the separation was a good strong three quarters of a second. It was a blur.

And another great moment in speed. * * *

How do you see one of these great moments? Nobody knows. You go to (Continued on page 40)

THE ATLANTIC CITY CONVENTION OGRA

108th Session Grand Lodge, B.P.O. Elks Atlantic City, New Jersey — July 9-13, 1972 REGISTRATION

SATURDAY, JULY 8, 9:00 AM and continuing daily during the Convention. Representatives (Exalted Rulers), Grand Lodge members, visiting Elks and ladies—Atlantic City Convention Hall, Boardwalk at Mississippi Avenue, Atlantic City, N. J. This is the Information Center for delegates, their families and visitors. The first obligation is to register so that all concerned will be properly informed about the Convention and the facilities offered by Atlantic City, recommended restaurants-ladies information, sightseeing tours, etc.

REGISTRATION HOURS

Saturday—July 8	9:00 AM to 5:00 PM	
Sunday—July 9		
	18:00 PM to 10:00 PM	
Monday—July 10	8:00 AM to 5:00 PM	
Tuesday_luly 11		
Wodnosday_July 12	9:00 AM to 5:00 PM	
Thursday—July 13	9:00 AM to 10:00 AM	
GRAND LODGE SESS	IONS	

All held at the Atlantic City Convention Hall as follows: SUNDAY, JULY 9, 8:30 PM-Official Grand Lodge Opening Ceremonies. Addresses of welcome by State and City officials and Hon. William J. Jernick, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, who will preside. Principal address by Grand Exalted Ruler E. Gene Fournace.

MONDAY, JULY 10, 9:00 AM-Opening Grand Lodge Business Session. Election of Grand Lodge officers for 1972-73. Report of Americanism Committee.

MONDAY, JULY 10, 2:00 PM-District Deputies-designate-photos as per advance notification and schedule.

TUESDAY, JULY 11, 9:00 AM-Grand Lodge Business Session. Principal address- Art Linkletter. Following business session at 1:30 PM Grand Exalted Ruler elect's personal conference with Exalted Rulers and State Presidents in which the Grand Exalted Ruler elect will outline the Grand Lodge program for the coming year-Chalfonte-Haddon Hall Hotel, Boardwalk and North Carolina Avenue.

(Note: Arrangements have been made for a special (no host) luncheon at the Chalfonte-Haddon Hall Hotel for the convenience of all.)

WEDNESDAY, JULY 12, Open Session of Grand Lodge. Reports and awards by Elks National Foundation, Elks National Service Commission and Youth Activities Committee.

11:00 AM MEMORIAL SERVICE

(Ladies invited and expected to attend Wednesday morning Session and Memorial Service.)

WEDNESDAY, JULY 12, 9:00 PM-Grand Ball-Atlantic City Convention Hall honoring Grand Exalted Ruler E. Gene Fournace and Mrs. Fournace. All Elks and ladies invited. Admission by badge. Surprise entertainment. Refreshments available.

THURSDAY, JULY 13, Final Grand Lodge Business Session. Installation of newly elected Grand Lodge Officers (11:00 AM). Ladies invited.

FRIDAY, JULY 14, 9:00 AM to 5:00 PM-Induction of District Deputiesdesignate, followed by Conference with Grand Exalted Ruler, State Association Presidents invited. Chalfonte-Haddon Hall Hotel. This session will conclude at approximately 5:00 PM. Advance return reservations for those involved should be determined by this mandatory schedule.

RITUALISTIC CONTEST

SATURDAY, JULY 8, SUNDAY, JULY 9, MONDAY, JULY 10. Preliminary Contests-Chalfonte-Haddon Hall Hotel.

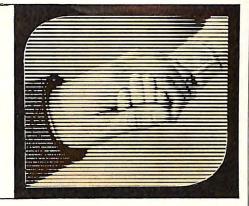
WEDNESDAY, JULY 12, Finals-Pennsylvania Room, Chalfonte-Haddon Hall Hotel. Details of schedules will be available in final printed program of the Convention upon registration.

EXHIBITS

Display of activities by Grand Lodge Committees and Commissions. in addition to State Associations and others-Registration area-Atlantic City Convention Hall.



Elks National Foundation 2750 Lakeview Avenue Chicago, Illinois 60614





Newport Harbor, Calif., Lodge recently surpassed the goal set by the Grand Lodge for contributions to the National Foundation. Contributors included (from left) Carl Arthofer; ER Stanley Panek; State Foundation Chm. Robert Robb; Lodge Chm. Bob Honadle; PER James Devine; Rene Mortalette; Ira Purdue, and PER John Palen.



Members of the Elks National Foundation at Kinston, N. C., Lodge received certificates and pins honoring their contributions during a special recognition ceremony at the lodge. Foundation Chairman J. Louis Rapier (left) posed with some of the 46 Brothers honored during the program.

New York VP Leland Smith (left) presented an honorary founders certificate to ER Charles Sorber of Endicott, N. Y., Lodge. Endicott Lodge approved an additional \$1,000 benefactors pledge to be paid off at \$100 per year.





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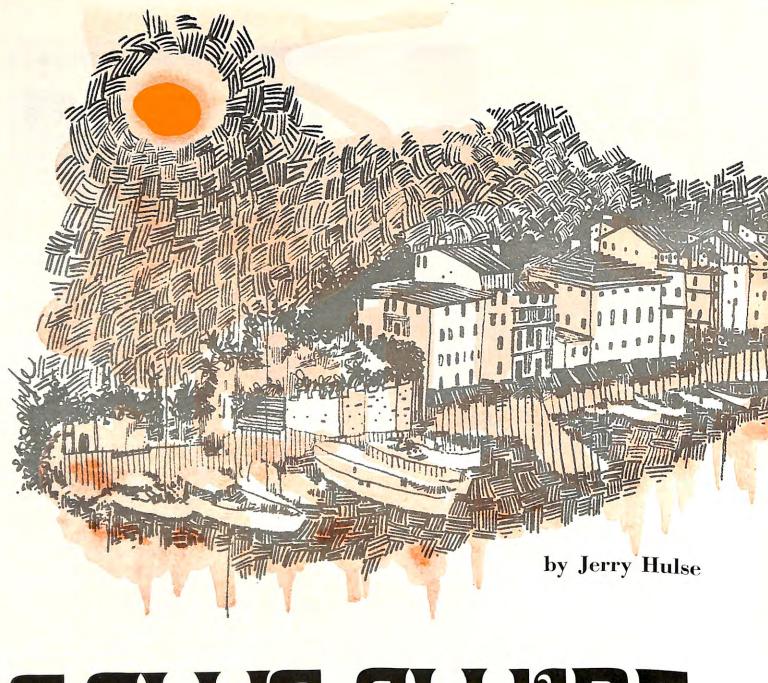
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GALLIC ALLURE

IT'S CALLED Chateau de Chaumontel, a magnificent 15th century inn, and it stands in a forest 18 miles north of Paris. I discovered it last spring during a motor trip through France—the 500-year-old former home of the Prince of Conde, a castle surrounded by a moat and acres and acres of incredibly green grass and paths which wind through the surrounding woods. What formerly was the library now serves as the wine cellar. Meals at Chateau de Chaumontel are an adventure in dining, what with vegetables fresh picked from the gar-

den. The grand salon has been converted into a snug dining room complete with fireplace and copper planters, and fresh cut flowers are placed at each table. When the weather is warm luncheon is served outside in the garden with the sweet, mossy smell of the woods.

Michel and Irene Bondon, formerly of Paris, are the proprietors. When you get to know them you'll learn to love France. Take auto route 16 out of Paris to Val de'Oise at Chantilly. Rates run around \$15 to \$22 a night, including a continental breakfast, and there is a weekend special which is slightly higher but includes luncheon as well as breakfast. A warning, though: Chateau de Chaumontel is closed during August.

If you are driving to Deauville, as I was, I have another suggestion: spend a night at Ferme St. Simeon, an 18th century inn near the ancient village of Honfleur and only about 30 minutes by car from Deauville. Blood-red geraniums grow in window boxes and the waters of Normandy stand as a backdrop. Ferme St. Simeon played host to several 19th century artists, among



them Carot who lived upstairs in a suite which to this day carries his name on the door.

Beyond the inn an old havloft has been converted into a room containing French country provincial furniture. In the springtime and summer the gardens are a huge bouquet of hydrangeas and other blooms. Besides the atmosphere, another excuse for visiting Ferme St. Simeon is its restaurant. Michelin has given it a star and it deserves more. Its specialties include an excellent fish soup, filet of sole Normandy and, of course, the famous French pepper steak. Rooms range from around \$30 to \$40 a night, and meals are likewise expensive. Should you feel the urge to splurge, though, it's well worth the hatful of francs.

As for Deauville, in the high season (July and August) more Jaguars, Mercedes and **Rolls-Royces** hum through its streets than you'll see at Palm Beach after the beautiful people return home again. Fortunes are won and lost with surprising frequency while grande dames promenade along the boardwalk in Dior gowns, poodles on the leash with pedigrees longer than a maharajah's limousine. A few summers back at Le Casino de Deauville one Italian noblewoman left \$250,000 on the gaming tables and returned afterward to lose yet another fortune. Luckier was French car manufacturer Andre

Citroen, who during a single summer collected for himself \$500,000 playing baccarat. French writer Francois Sagan panicked after losing a sizable fortune and demanded that casino operators declare her persona non grata. Reluctantly they complied, after which she reversed her request, returning to the tables to try her luck again. At the latest report she was still standing by the spinning wheel while the house grew all the richer.

During an earlier era Deauville was the playground of King Farouk, the Dolly Sisters, the Aga Khan and his Begum, Prince Ali Khan and actress Rita Hayworth. One wealthy Britisher had ice cream flown daily to one of the Dolly Sisters from London and later he bought her a chateau. Farouk arrived in the 50's with a retinue of nearly 20 attendants, moving among princesses, Persian sheiks and a variety of millionaires. Deauville was, and still is, France's most fashionable resort. Although Farouk and the Aga Khan have gone to their individual rewards, their roles are being assumed by a coterie of new high rollers: Liz and Dick Burton, Omar Sharif, the Baron and Baroness de Rothschild, millionaires by the Jagload and countless others. Several summers ago they tried to lure Brigitte Bardot away from Saint-Tropez, but Bardot, a sun worshiper, elected to remain on the Cote d'Azur.

In Deauville no one is likely, ever, to suffer the effects of a sunstroke. Set on the coast of Normandy near Le Havre, the channel resort enjoys cool breezes, the result being that during the long hot summer Frenchmen by the thousands flock to its shores to escape the temperatures and smog of Paris 125 miles away. They are delivered by train and by plane (France's domestic carrier Air Inter serves the resort) while Britishers on the other side of the channel join their French comrades at the gaming tables, arriving on the wings of Air France which carries Americans from U.S. points via Paris.

Deauville's glitter was ignited more than 100 years ago by Duke de Morny, the half brother of Napoleon III, when he chose the setting as a resort for the then-beautiful people. On recovered marshland the magnificence that was to become Deauville began its evolution. While Queen Victoria bathed on her side of the channel, Frenchmen took to the chilled waters on theirs. Before long Deauville assumed its position as one of Europe's leading resorts. Its activities were interrupted by World War I and again during World War II when the Normandy Hotel was transformed into an R&R center for German officers. Other troops took over the magnificent Hotel du Golf, as

well as the casino. After the war Deauville's renaissance was sparked both by European nobility and millionaires hungering to cast off their gloom and get back to the gaming tables. Major hotels-the Normandy, the Royal and the Golf-were refurbished, streets were repaved and flowers replanted.

Visitors wishing to be seen (as well as pampered) continue to autograph the register at the Normandy whose wastebaskets are lined to match the wallpaper. Others desiring privacy hasten to Hotel du Golf, high on a hilltop overlooking Deauville and the Normandy coastline. In all of Europe no other resort is so spotless, so meticulously manicured. Deauville's air is perfumed by flowers and construction continues in the Norman style of halftimbered walls, turrets and towers.

Deauville's pilgrims arrive not only to gamble but to relax at Bar de Soleil, to dawdle at tennis or to play golf, pool, attend horse races and dog shows and to sun-bathe, even though on certain days to do so would take a wet suit merely to keep from freezing to death. The faithful arrive with their maids, personal chefs and their thoroughbreds, remaining till the running of the Grand Prix de Deauville which,



Casino at Monaco

traditionally, signals the end of another season. Deauville's mayor, Count Michel D'Ornando (the blood of Napoleon runs in his veins) prefers to lure the wealthy rather than the hoi polloi. His village, he insists, is no Saint-Tropez; still the invasion by the masses grows with each year. During summertime the population swells from slightly more than 5,000 to as high as 75,000. Prices, if nothing else, should discourage the ordinary visitor. It takes a huge wad even to shop the smart boutiques, some of which rival Paris' most fashionable salons.

During the course of a summer devotees consume thousands of bottles of shockingly expensive champagnes as well as hundreds of pounds of caviar. They spend fortunes on the ponies at Clairefontaine and La Touques and afterward hurry off to the polo matches-unconcerned over whether they've won or lost. While bikini-clad sun worshipers appear en masse on the beaches during clear afternoons, others splash in an immense new indoor pool running full with warmed-over sea water. When the day is poor for sunbathing they descend on Deauville's 20 tennis courts, hiring ball boys to retrieve their wayward shots. Such is the snobbery of France's snootiest resort.

Deauville's day begins casually, the action getting under way by about 11 a.m. as promenaders appear on the boardwalk and Bar du Soleil. Likewise, luncheon is casual and so the afternoon goes. By nightfall the tempo increases as the Sequined Set makes its appearance at galas and private parties and, of course, the casino which stands out like a wedding cake wedged in between the Normandy and the Royal. Whether the vacationers are enrolled at one of the major hotels, a private villa, a pension or trailer park, everyone gathers for an evening to pay allegiance at le casino. Though high rollers must appear in evening attire in the grand private salon (why a man must dress in evening attire for his financial assassination is a question which has always perplexed me) others come as they are, often tieless, a late trend which saddens Henri Mazin. Mazin, who manages one of the gaming rooms, watched while Deauville rose to its haughtiest heights. He recalls those cameo years when the resort was the playground of the Dolly Sisters, Farouk, princes and potentates. It was a grand parade, he smiled sadly, a grand parade.

While thousands descend on Deauville there are others-both Europeans and Americans-who hurry off during the summertime to the French Riviera. While I am no fan either of Cannes or Nice-both are frightfully overcrowded during those warm months-I do have a favorite hideaway where one may escape the big crowds. It is St. Jean-Cap Ferrat. It's a snug and peaceful place about midway between Nice and Monte Carlo. From my window in Hotel Voile d'Or I looked down on the miniature harbor of Cap Ferrat with its small fishing boats and handsome yachts. It is loveliest at sunset, the hour when the sea is drained of its brilliance and water makes its soft musical noises. There is a melancholy born of sunset in Cap Ferrat-the time of twilight contentment when soon the bittersweet dream shall have its ending.

The village is a small crescent at the water's edge and my window frames the entire scene: the harbor, the buildings with their red tile rooftops and yellow shutters and geraniums flowing from window boxes. It takes only five minutes to walk from one end of the

Guest Speaker



THE BENEVOLENT and Protective Order of Elks is pleased to announce that Mr. Art Linkletter has accepted an invitation to be the principal speaker at the Grand Lodge Session held at Atlantic City, July 9-13, 1972.

MR. LINKLETTER will speak on Tuesday morning, July 11, on the topic of drug misuse and its growing perils to the youth of our nation. CURRENTLY, Mr. Linkletter is President of

the National Coordinating Council on Drug Abuse Education and Information, Washington, D. C., as well as a member of the President's Commission for the U. N. Since the death of his daughter two years ago, Mr. Linkletter has launched a massive crusade against drug abuse, appearing on television, radio, in motion pictures, and speaking before audiences of political, educational, and business leaders nationwide. The order is honored that he has agreed to appear before this year's Grand Lodge Session. village to the other, which is its charm. The smallness, I mean. Set serenely in the center of Cap Ferrat is a square with six oleander trees and benches for sitting and watching the sea. It is a scene which stirs the heart.

Each morning the citizens of Cap Ferrat are awakened by church bells. They ring incessantly. In Cap Ferrat a watch is unnecessary. The clock tower on the church tells you what time it is and the bells ring as a reminder—on the hour and the half hour. It goes on day and night. Otherwise the village is peaceful. Twenty-one steps lead from the sea to the church which looks down on the harbor. Near its entrance is a monument and below it appear the names of nearly two dozen villagers who died fighting for the glory of France in World War II.

I awoke early one morning with the first bells and went off to explore the streets. An old woman flower peddler smiled as I passed, red roses piled high around her. Someone bought an entire dozen and then hurried away. Nearby. a sidewalk cafe with red and yellow and blue chairs was already busy, as was the terrace restaurant of Pension Lou Mas de la Mer where the coffee is bitter black and rooms rent for \$8 single and \$16 double. It is cheaper at Hotel Pension de la Plage (\$3 single and \$5 double), but the finest shelter in all of Cap Ferrat is Hotel Voile d'Or with its candlelight dinners and marble baths. It is a place to be with someone special. Luncheon is served outdoors in the garden, and there is a swimming pool which overlooks the Mediterranean with a view all the way to Monte Carlo. Hanging precariously from the cliffs between here and Monte Carlo are wondrous villas. Unfortunately, Monte Carlo is going the way of the rest of the world-with high-rise hotels and skyscraper condominiums. Prince Rainier is after the fast buck.

We can't go on catering to the super rich," he said. The young crowd was spending too much time and money in St. Tropez and Juan-les-Pins. This was before the prince launched his new campaign. Now the streets are filled with VWs and Fords as well as Bentleys and Ferraris. Prince Rainier's principality involves barely more than 400 acres, a kingdom smaller than Central Park itself. Still, each day at noon the carillon announces the changing of the guard. A small platoon marches in. another marches out-the entire military establishment of Monte Carlo, a storybook kingdom in which po one is drafted and no one pays income taxes. It is famous, of course, for Princess Grace and its casino which faces gardens smothered with flowers; they bloom all the way from the entrance to (Continued on page 38)

Hairy-chested Brushrats (Continued from page 11)

forestry as it is practiced today assures the nation of a perpetual supply of timber in the boundless future.

This has come about not only because of forestry practices that have made woodlands more productive than the wildest imagination could have foreseen a century ago; it has also come about through dramatic new changes in logging itself, changes that have come with amazing speed in just the past few years.

The logging truck, which signalled the demise of the steam logging railroads, was a big instrument of this change. Truck roads and bridges were easier to build than railroads, and opened up timber stands that the railroads couldn't reach. Another innovation that came in at about the same time was the tracked tractor that could go anywhere. So the spar trees are long gone, and with them the spectacular high climber. In their stead is a portable steel derrick that can be moved wherever it is needed.

But even the ubiquitous "cat" is being downgraded now. For the emphasis today is to bring in the logs with minimum damage to the soil and to other standing trees. This has led to what the loggers call running skylines-cables running out to 2,500 feet that can swing logs across valleys or up mountain slopes without touching the ground. Experiments are now under way in Pacific Northwest forests using even more sophisticated devices-big helicopters in Washington's Wenatchee National Forest that lift logs out of canyons and carry them to a landing; blimps in Oregon that hover over a logging operation to do the same duty. So far, the expense involved has not led to any popular demand for them by loggers, but they could be commonplace by another generation.

Yet with all these technological innovations in the woods, it still takes loggers to fall the trees, cut them into lengths, and transport them to the mills. Loggers are a different type now than their primitive ancestors whose boots splintered the boardwalks of Bangor, Saginaw and Eureka. The old isolated logging camps deep in the woods have all but disappeared. Today's loggers are family men, living in towns, driving to their work or perhaps going out in a crew bus.

With all that, they're still a race apart. It still takes top physical conditioning to clamber over fallen trees and frozen brush, and brawny arms to handle the heavy equipment. They breathe deeply of fresh, unpolluted air, and routinely go to work in the most miserable weather that can be imagined.

Drop in at any of the West's little logging towns-Forks, Darrington, Morton, McCloud-and you can tell the loggers in an instant. They still wear "tin pants" tucked into calk boots, heavy galluses holding up the pants over a grey shirt open at the collar. And Saturday night in a logging town

Sports Action

(Continued from page 4)

hook. Then watch for action. Pork rind should be on your list of forget-me-nots whenever you get out into bass country. That's often all you need to change a slow day into a successful one.

Have a special trick that always seems to net you bass? Why not share it with your lodge brothers? You know, one of the really remarkable things I've found over the years is that fishermen never hesitate letting others in on a good thing. Imagine what bass fishing

LODGE AMERICANISM CHAIRMEN:

is still a busy evening for the local constabulary.

To be sure, they have tree farms these days, and seed nurseries, and helicopters, and split level houses. Still and all, when you recognize the unmistakable rolling gait of a logger coming toward you on the narrow sidewalk. you'd be wise to step aside and let him pass.

would be like today if the fellow who'd discovered plastic worms kept them a secret! Even when the highest stakes imaginable are involved, the camaraderie between fishermen is overwhelming. In one bass contest in which I participated recently, the local anglers eagerly exchanged thoughts about water conditions, bait, and good and bad spots they'd worked that day ... in spite of the fact they were vying for a \$10,000 first prize! That's the sort of attitude that sets fishermen apart in a class all their own.

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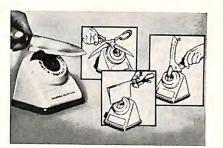




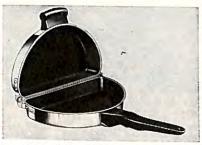
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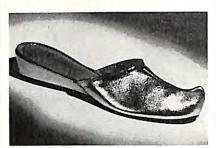


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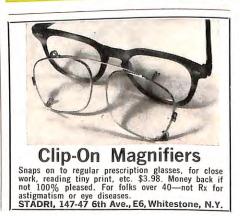
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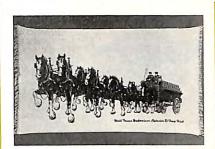
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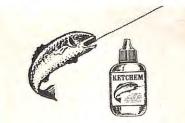
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Gallic Allure (Continued from page 28)

Avenue de la Costa and Boulevard des Moulins.

As for the casino, it is a sort of Wagnerian Las Vegas with crystal chandeliers, elaborate frescoes and red jacketed croupiers. Surrounding the croupiers are the same James Bond types seen in the flicks. It costs but five francs to wander at will in the American salon. For a few francs extra you may, if properly attired, join the jet setters in their upholstered inner sanctum. The ritual involves the purchase of a second ticket which must be prominently displayed while continuing the pilgrimage. Otherwise, an irritating and nasty little fellow swelling with importance stamps his foot petulantly and demands that vou do an immediate about-face. Rainier could strike a huge blow for tourism by banishing this moody little martinet from his kingdom altogether.

Back in Cap Ferrat vacationers move rext door to that other charming Riviera village, Villefranche, with its pastel buildings and waterfront restaurants, the most popular being La Mer Germaine, La Corsair, La Frigate and Chez Emma. Villefranche is chiseled from cliffs-a maze of cobbled stairways and shadowy alleys. At Les Moulins, a small club on the hillside, a drunken Frenchman danced one night with an ice bucket on his head. Cheering him on were a group of American sailors waving schooners of beer. The fleet was in and Villefranche was alive. Sailors were spilling from the Tiki Bar and the Fleet Locker Club. While they weaved along the waterfront the French smiled approvingly. It had been a wet night in Villefranche-a helluva wet, wet night. The following day it was anchors aweigh while the French waved sadly. They had good reason for their disenchantment. It isn't often that you sell that much beer in a single night.

Before mo'oring down to the Riviera, I drifted along the canals of Burgundy with Richard Parsons, a 35-year-old sailor who hails from the British midlands. With his barge, the Palinarus, he's been cruising the waterways of France since 1966, carrying tourists on odysseys through remote villages, verdant farmlands and the rich wine country of Burgundy. Days are spent watching the peaceful countryside pass like some simple tapestry woven of ancient farmhouses and grazing cattle. Later when the sun is no more the Chablis is poured and Camambert is served while guests salute yet another peaceful day. The landscape is a series of ancient villages, cobbled streets and stone houses. This year space is tight on the Palinarus, Parsons tells me. In order to accommodate extra passengers during '72 he has launched a second barge, the Water Wanderer, which will sail along the Mediterranean coastline. Rates begin at \$120 (spring-autumn)

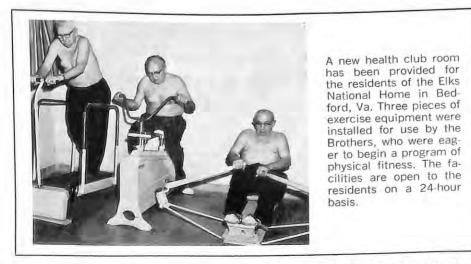
accumulated during those 35 years and the installation of six double cabins, six singles, a bar and a salon plus two showers, a bath and two WCs. From her exterior, the awkward riverboat appears to be nothing more than a French trading barge. A peek inside and the contrast is startling, what with red roses beside each bed and a well stocked library, including a book about the Palinarus written by a former passenger. Tipplers pour for themselves at a serveyourself bar and the dinner hour is a candlelight affair featuring foods of the region visited that particular day. Vegetables are bought fresh from the lockkeepers along the canals, and fishmongers come aboard to sell trout and sole. In Burgundy there are quenelles, cheeses, escargots, frogs' legs and dozens of other tempting reasons for going off your diet. The chef peddles away by bicycle to shop the country stores and buy the local produce fresh from the gardens of French farmers. "He al-

The Palinarus, says Capt. Parsons, "moves like a snail with a house on her back," which is exactly what attracts the tourists.

and \$130 (summertime). Write to Parsons c/o Continental Waterway Cruises, 22 Hans Place, London SWI, England.

Traveling at roughly 20 miles a day, it has taken the Palinarus more than six years to log 12,000 miles. At the same time, Capt. Parsons has played host to more than 1,500 passengers along the waterways of France. The Palinarus, says Capt. Parsons, moves "like a snail with her house on her back," which is exactly what attracts tourists weary of Europe's exhausting tours. The barge offers brief surcease from the world's mad, mad world.

After hauling coal for 35 years, the Palinarus was given its \$120,000 facelift and sent off once again to explore the old waterways. Her conversion involved the scrubbing away of coal dust

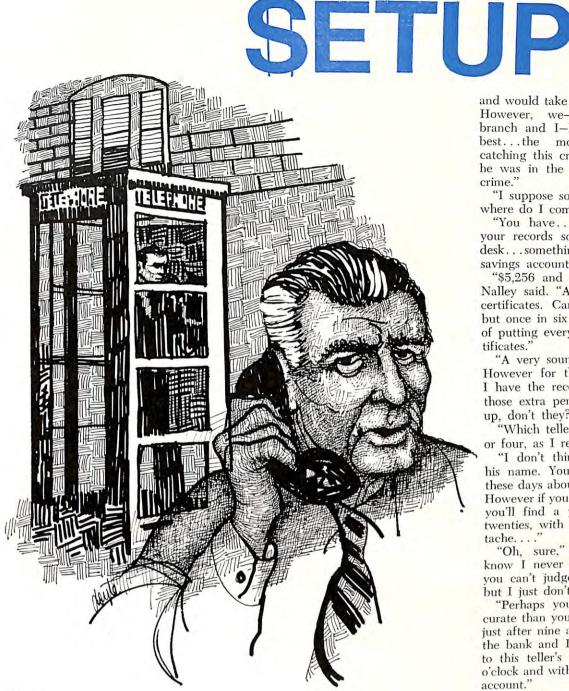


ways returns laden with the bounty of this glad land," says Capt. Parsons.

Every few miles the Palinarus is hoisted from one level to another by lockkeepers who live out their lives in cottages beside canals which have served the land more than 400 years. During each two-month voyage the Palinarus covers nine different itineraries, circling the Burgundy country via the Burgundy, Centre, Nivernais, Loing, Briare and the Loire canals as well as the Saone, Yonne and Seine rivers. Passengers may sign on for merely a week or stay aboard for the entire tour. Once a Texan, who owns three vachts and collects Bentleys and Rolls-Royces as a hobby, chartered the Palinarus for a week, which turned out to be an \$1,860 fling, the charter price for an off-season seven days.

Passengers are welcomed aboard each Saturday at a series of strange and wondrous landmarks beside the canals. My instructions for rendezvousing with the Palinarus involved seeking out the public swimming pool in Nevers, about 200 miles south of Paris. The Palinarus would be close by, said Capt. Parsons. Not in the pool, mird you, but not very far away, either. I looked for the pool and found the barge. It was tied up at a canal near the Loire. Another passenger was told to meet the barge at a place called Samois. She was told the Palinarus would be "moored on the river by the Cafe Farnand.'

Among our passengers was Mrs. Elizabeth Easton, a Book-of-the-Month Club editor who was making the tour (Continued on page 42)



by Jack Ritchie

A ^{mos} McNalley picked up the phone. "Hello?"

The voice was a man's. "Mr. Amos McNalley?"

"Yes."

"My name is Hamilton. James Hamilton. I am a vice-president at the First National branch bank in the Southview Shopping Center."

McNalley was tall and thin and in his middle seventies. He nodded. "That's my bank."

"Yes. Mr. McNalley, I've heard that you are a respected citizen in this community. A man who can be trusted."

"I guess so. Why?"

"I...we would like your help, Mr. McNalley. Your cooperation." "What's your trouble?"

"We have an employee-a teller-at our bank who...how shall I put it... of whom we are...suspicious."

"What's he been up to?"

"We think he's been doctoring his records. When a depositor withdraws one thousand dollars from his account, for instance, this teller marks the withdrawal as being eleven hundred, pocketing the extra one hundred himself."

"Sounds pretty simple-minded. Why isn't he behind bars?"

"He is very very clever, Mr. Mc-Nalley. Somehow he manages to coverup these shortages before we can check on his books at the end of the day. It's all very *technical*, Mr. McNalley and would take a long time to explain. However, we-the officers of the branch and I-have decided that the best...the most *direct*...way of catching this criminal would be while he was in the *act* of committing the crime."

"I suppose so," McNalley said. "But where do I come in?"

"You have...let me see...I have your records somewhere here on my desk...something like \$10,000 in your savings account?"

"\$5,256 and some odd cents," Mc-Nalley said. "And the rest in savings certificates. Can't touch any of that but once in six months. Been thinking of putting everything into savings certificates."

"A very sound idea, Mr. McNalley. However for the moment...Ah, yes. I have the records now. \$5,256. And those extra pennies. But they do add up, don't they?"

"Which teller is it? There are three or four, as I remember."

"I don't think I ought to mention his name. You know how courts are these days about the silliest little thing. However if you go to the window where you'll find a young man in his late twenties, with black hair, and a mustache...."

"Oh, sure," McNalley said. "You know I never did trust him. I know you can't judge a book by its cover, but I just don't like him."

"Perhaps your instinct is more accurate than you suspect. Now, sir, it is just after nine a.m. We-the officers of the bank and I-would like you to go to this teller's window at exactly ten o'clock and withdraw \$5.000 from your account."

"Five thousand dollars?"

"We are not asking you to go through all this trouble for *nothing*, Mr. Mc-Nalley. We will see that you receive two hundred dollars for your cooperation in apprehending this criminal." "Two hundred dollars?" McNalley

rubbed his jaw. There was a pause. "If I withdraw the \$5,000, then what?"

"You put the bills into an envelope and leave the bank. You walk to that little park in the shopping center." "Darrow Square?"

"Yes, that's the one. Anyway you go and sit down on one of the benches and wait for me. I should be there in five or ten minutes."

"Should I sit on any particular bench?"

"Anyone will do. I'll recognize you.

Hamilton, one block behind, found himself puffing when he entered the small foyer and very carefully studied the names on the glassed mail compartments.

When I join you, you give me the envelope.'

'Give you the envelope?"

"Yes, you see that is evidence and we will need it."

"But

"You have absolutely nothing to worry about, Mr. McNalley. Our bank is bonded to cover the entire amount. It's just a technicality to satisfy the law, but we need the money when the police make the arrest. I will return the money to you immediately after. The whole operation shouldn't take more than half an hour. And remember, we'll give you two hundred dollars for your cooperation. Not bad interest for the loan of \$5,000 for half an hour, now is it, Mr. McNallev?"

"You want me to stay in Darrow Square until you come back with the monev?'

"Exactly, Mr. McNalley. You stay there until I get back."

In the phone booth, the man who had identified himself as Hamilton waited exactly three minutes and then dialed McNalley's number again.

McNalley answered. "Hello?"

Hamilton had a talent for disguising his voice. "Is Bill there?"

"Bill? There's no Bill here."

"Isn't this 674-4778?"

"No. This is 674-4779."

"Sorry, I must have dialed the wrong number.

He waited another three minutes and then dialed McNalley's number once more. When he heard McNalley's phone ring, he hung up.

Good. The line hadn't been busy either time he dialed.

If the suckers didn't phone the police within the first five or six minutes, the chances were that they had been hooked.

Hamilton went back to the bar and ordered a whiskey and sweet soda.

Great Moments in Speed (Continued from page 24)

races. Sometimes you see a rather boring follow-the-leader affair where nothing very exciting happens and nobody gets very close to anybody. More often you see a good solid battle for the victory, and sometimes these battles even include the drama of a rookie against a veteran, or a popular driving star against a foreign intruder. Occasionally you might be lucky enough to see a really great race, a wheel-towheel battle which leaves the spectators and the participants physically and emotionally worn out.

Then, if you really love racing enough to go time after time, if you are very lucky, you might be present for one of the rare, "great," moments.



Ontario Motor Speedway at the first California 500.

Sitting on this particular stool, he could watch the front of McNalley's three story apartment building. He always liked the extra insurance of being able to do that. More than once he'd seen the squad car draw up when the pigeon got suspicious later and phoned the police.

Hamilton sipped his drink.

Why did they fall for it so often? Ignorance, stupidity, old age. Sometimes all three?

Yesterday Hamilton had spent the morning in the lobby of the First National branch in the Southview Shopping Center. He had kept an eye on the deposit window. It was the second day of the month and that was usually a busy time, what with pension and social security checks being deposited.

He had selected Amos McNalley.

McNalley fitted the pattern. In his seventies or more. Good clothes. Neatly groomed.

Hamilton had followed him when McNalley left the bank.

McNalley covered four blocks at a brisk pace before he turned into the three story apartment building.

Hamilton, one block behind, found himself puffing when he entered the small foyer and studied the names on the glassed mail compartments.

Evidently the mail had just been delivered. There was mail in all the slots except one. Amos McNalley had apparently picked up his before going up to his apartment.

Now Hamilton glanced at his watch as he saw Amos McNalley leave the apartment building and begin walking toward the shopping center.

Hamilton quickly downed his drink and followed. He was puffing again when McNalley entered the First National branch building.

After approximately ten minutes, Mc-Nalley came out of the building. He blinked for a moment at the green square and its park benches. He sat down on one of them.

Hamilton waited another five minutes and then approached. "Mr. Mc-Nalley?"

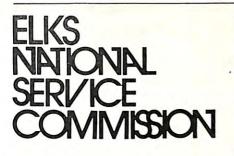
McNalley looked up. "Hamilton? The vice-president from the bank?" Hamilton nodded. "You have the

money?"

McNalley took an envelope from his inside coat pocket. "You said something about two hundred dollars?"

"Of course." Hamilton brought out his wallet and removed two one hundred dollar bills. "Here you are, sir. And the bank wishes to thank you for your assistance.'

Hamilton glanced into the envelope. The money was all there. "Now I'll go back to the bank and we'll get after (Continued on page 42)







Capt. D. W. Robinson (center), commanding officer of the naval hospital in Charleston, S. C., examines the leather hides donated by Charleston Lodge for use in rehabilitation programs. Looking on were (from left) Lt. Watkins, Brother L. Cavaliere, C. Johnson, and National Service Commission Chm. J. E. Lofton.



Tucson, Ariz., Elks donated a pool table to the psychiatric ward of the Tucson VA Hospital. Leading the group of Elks making the presentation was ER Lloyd E. Mendenhall (fifth from left).

Woods Veterans Hospital in Woods, Wis., received a \$1,700 check from the Wisconsin State Elks Association recently for lighting equipment in the auditorium facilities. Members of Waukesha Lodge, Brother John Birmingham (left), director of voluntary service, and Est. Lead. Kt. F. C. Dahlke (right), watched as PER John Pugh presented the check to Edwin Klag, center director.





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GRAND LODGE COMPTROLLER RETIRES



After 31 years of service to the Order, Frank A. Vossel retires June 30, 1972 as Comptroller of the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

Vossel at one time had been Grand Secretary. He accepted an interim appointment following the unexpected death of Grand Secy. Franklin J. Fitzpatrick in August, 1970 and served until January

Setup (Continued from page 40)

that scoundrel immediately. I should be back in half an hour."

He took a dozen steps before he felt a tap on his shoulder. He turned to face what instinct told him were plainclothesmen.

The taller of the two spoke. "You are under arrest. You have the right to remain silent. If you do not choose to"

Hamilton closed his eyes and listened to the bitter end.

15, 1971 when Homer Huhn, Jr., took over the duties of that office. While serving as Grand Secretary, Vossel continued to perform the duties of Comptroller.

Vossel is a Past Exalted Ruler of Evanston, III., Lodge No. 1316 where he has been a member for 31 years. He was born in Chicago and studied accounting at Northwestern University's School of Commerce. Vossel and his wife, Elsie, will be moving to Southern California.

GER E. Gene Fournace said, "I know I speak for all Elks when I extend to Frank our heartfelt thanks for his devotion to our Order for these 31 years. We wish for Frank and Elsie a long, happy retirement which they so richly deserve."

McNalley joined them and spoke for Hamilton's benefit. "I waited *fifteen* minutes before I used the phone." He grinned. "I spent forty years on the force before I retired and the last ten were as head of the Bunco Squad. I think I learned a few things about Pigeon drops in that time."

Hamilton sighed. Every five years or so he had a day like this. It made him wonder if it was really all worthwhile.

Gallic Allure (Continued from page 38)

in order to "get out of Paris and see something of the French countrysideleaving the driving up to somebody else." Five miles from our rendezvous point Capt. Parsons moored the Palinarus for the night, leading his flock off to join the locals and to taste of wines in a cozy pub at Chevnon. By day the passengers sun themselves on deck or else ride away on bicycles which the Palinarus provides. At Avril sur Loire I bicycled away, peddling beside fields yellow with buttercups, white with daisies and blood red with poppies, all of it framed by shocking green pastures and fields of wheat, waving in the cool afternoon breeze. En route I visited a supermarket which had on sale tape recorders, Frank Sinatra records and instant cake mix.

I rejoined the Palinarus at Decize. She'd crossed over to the Loire and was tied up alongside the riverbank several hundred yards downstream from the mainstream of town. Dinner was ready -and so was I.

Books:

COMPLAINTS, COMPLAINTS! You say the refrigerator you just bought won't hold ice? The washing machine growls, burps, and creeps across the basement floor each time you plug it in? The family bus uses half a tank of gas a day . . . just standing still? Never fear. CONSUMER COMPLAINT GUIDE is here (Macmillan Company; \$2.95). Billed as the "what to do when things won't work" book, this handy little action reference lists over 7,500 products and services and who to write when one of them goes berserk. Everything from garbage disposals to utility companies. Plus a section called "An Ounce of Protection," telling all about how not to get stung by common fraud outfits. (Did you know, too, that there's no difference between the terms "guarand "warantee"? According to antee"

author Joseph Rosenbloom, the terms are interchangable; what they say, not what they're called, is what's important!) Tired of being pushed around by uncaring salespeople? Maybe it's time you acted. Maybe it's time you went right to the top. Maybe then you'll start getting your money's worth. And, after all, isn't that the name of the game?

— Obituaries -

PAST DISTRICT DEPUTY Edward B. Pugh, a member of New Bern, N. C., Lodge, died April 6, 1972.

He served as Exalted Ruler of his lodge for two terms, and was appointed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of his state's East District for 1966-1967. Brother Pugh served as association Vice-president for the 1967-1968 lodge year.

LODGE VISITS

GRAND EXALTED RULER E. Gene Fournace



A distinguished group of Elks welcomed GER Fournace to Colonie, N. Y., Lodge during his recent visit. They included (from left) PDD Robert Kerr; PSP Robert Bender; ER Thomas Morrison; Grand Forum Justice John O'Brien; GL State Association Chairman Leonard Bristol; PSD Francis Hart, and PGER Ronald J. Dunn (seated).



A Certificate of Commendation from President Richard Nixon was awarded to PER Dominick A. Colangelo of Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge for his help in rescuing two persons who were drowning near the Palm Beach, Fla., inlet. Brother Colangelo showed his certificate and a letter from a special assistant to the President to GER Fournace while he was visiting North Palm Beach Lodge.



During the Illinois Elks' annual mid-winter roundup at Champaign, some of the Brothers from Des Plaines Lodge took advantage of the opportunity to chat with GER Fournace. They included (from left) PER John Minerick, PER Ed Probst, Secy. Ralph Halvorsen, Ray Shehan, PER Jerry Concidine, and Harry Richardson.





closed bridges was presented to GER E. Gene Fournace during his visit to Lancaster, Pa., Lodge. ER John F. Krallinger Jr. (left) made the presentation during the district workshop held at the lodge. This was only the second visit by a Grand Exalted Ruler to Lancaster Lodge since 1929.

Hilo, Hawaii, Elks greeted GER and Mrs. Fournace and other Grand Lodge members with lovely leis when they arrived at Hilo Airport. Accompanying the Grand Exalted Ruler were PGER and Mrs. R. Leonard Bush (left) and PGER and Mrs. Horace Wisely (right).

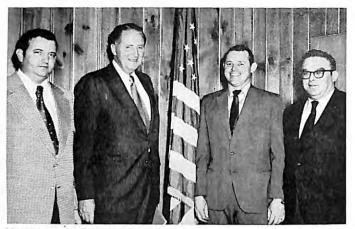
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NEWS OF THE LODGES

(Continued from page 23)



AMERICAN HERITAGE documents and an American flag were presented to Girl Scout Cadet Troop No. 131 of Scottville, Mich., by Ludington Lodge during Girl Scout week. ER David Reinoehl presented the gifts to his niece Cindy Newkirk. Also present were Mrs. O. J. Newkirk, troop leader, and several troop members.



JAMESTOWN, North Dakota, Lodge recently hosted an appreciation dinner for law enforcement officers. Among the guests were (from left) ER David E. Nething; Richard Held, FBI special agent; Dave Robertson, Americanism chairman, and Bill Kenna, trustees chairman.

BEMIDJI, Minnesota, Elks visited Duluth Lodge recently to compete in the International Elks Curling Bonspiel. Co-chairmen William Naylor and Lawrence Lindman made the trip arrangements.



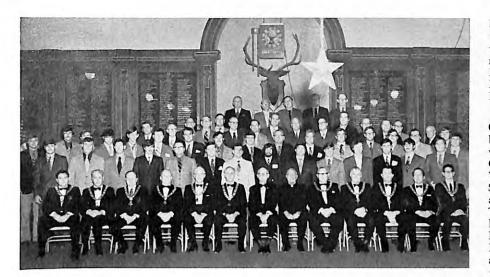


NINE CANDIDATES became members of Fostoria, Ohio, Lodge in a special ceremony honoring W. D. Kuhn, the lodge's oldest member. Brother Kuhn became an Elk in 1906. Present were (from left) PER Jack Edwards, PER John Burke, PER Leland Cribbs, Brother Kuhn, PER Dave Stein, and ER Lester Kreh. Also in attendance were Sam Fitzsimmons, state trustee and DDGER William Soldner, both of Van Wert.

BISMARCK, North Dakota, Lodge initiated the State President's Class of 23 candidates (second, third, and fourth rows) during the visit of SP Darwin Vander Vorst. Officers present were (first row, from left) In. Gd. William Sprynczynatyk; Est. Lect. Kt. Terry Dennis; Esq. Art Finck; PER Chet Syngarden; SP Vander Vorst; ER Edward Weimer; Est. Loyal Kt. Chuck White; Chap. Dr. F. Thomas Ellingston, and Secy. Franklin Roberts.



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DAVENPORT, Iowa, Lodge recently initiated a class of 31 candidates, all of whom are sons, sons-in-law, or brothers of members. Among the officers present were PSP C. E. Weber, ER Don Henry; SP Harry Carney Jr.; State Chap. the Rev. Kenneth Martin, and PSP Thomas Carroll.

CHAFFEE, Missouri, Lodge recently celebrated its mortgage-burning. Witnesses were (first row, from left) PER John N. Gosche; SP Galen Marr; PGER Edward W. McCabe; ER DeWayne Bryant; SDGER Ed Barisch; VP Stewart O'Brian, and (second row) In. Gd. Claud Curtis, Treas. Jack Limbaugh; Chap. Frank Miller; Est. Lect. Kt. Paul Obermann; Est. Lead. Kt. Raymond Stoval; Est. Loyal Kt. James May; Esq. DeWayne Welter, and Secy. G. M. Cohoon.



ER VIRGIL SEHL of St. Charles, Mo., Lodge received a certificate of appreciation from Girl Scout Troop No. 2691. Marguerite Bruere made the presentation during the father and daughter banquet on Girl Scout Sunday.





GEORGE LAWSON, former two-term mayor of Superior, Neb., received a plaque from Superior Lodge commending him for activating many community improvements. PER Arvon Marcotte (left) and ER Raymond Stauss made the presentation.

TWENTY-EIGHT CANDIDATES became Elks during Birmingham, Ala., Lodge's PER Night. The initiation officers were (first row, from left) PERs Lewis Whaley, Dan Bryans, Harry Dorman, Lonnie Counts, Lee Moore Jr., and (second row) H. Miles Wiggs, J. E. Hayes, Howard Pope, and Lawrence Tadrick.



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NEWARK, Ohio, Lodge bowlers arranged to play in the opening sessions of the Elks National Bowling Tournament because GER E. Gene Fournace (center) of Newark was present. About 7,000 Elks participated in the tourney.



NELSON E. W. STUART, executive director of the Elks National Foundation, presented the dedication address for the new Parma, Ohio, Lodge home. He delivered an outstanding speech to lodge and district Elks, and many guests.



WASHINGTON, Missouri, Lodge initiated a class in honor of GER E. Gene Fournace when he visited the lodge. Dignitaries present were DDGER Paul Sibley; SP Galen Marr; ER Arthur Wildschuetz; PGER Edward W. McCabe; and SDGER Elwin Barisch.

ANOTHER FAMILY became members of Rice Lake, Wis., Lodge recently. The new Elks are Terry, Dan, and Don Kohler. With them are ER Tom Walsh (left) and another brother, Esq. John Kohler. Their father became an Elk in 1935.



THIRTY-SIX CANDIDATES became members of Platteville, Wis., Lodge recently. This was the largest class ever to join the lodge. ER William Miller led the special ceremony.

PER EDWARD PROBST was honored during Des Plaines, Ill., Lodge's PER Night festivities for his outstanding service to the lodge. ER Donald Moser presented a gold watch to Brother Probst and a class was initiated in his honor.



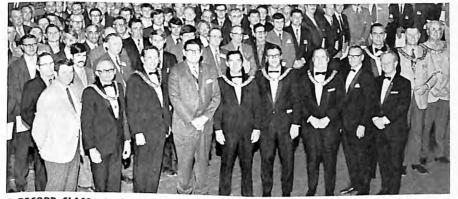


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GER E. GENE FOURNACE attended the Mississippi State Association's mid-year meeting at Greenville Lodge recently. Other officials present were SP Edgar Johnson; DDGER Edgar McAlexander; ER Elton Sease; Raphael Franco Sr., GL Credentials committeeman, and PGER Edward W. McCabe.



A RECORD CLASS of 162 candidates recently became members of Nebraska City, Neb., Lodge. Among the officers present were ER Ron Eiserman (first row, third from left) and SP Lowell Lewis (fourth from left).



CONGRESSMAN Gary Brown (left) recently visited Battle Creek, Mich., Lodge and presented an American flag which had flown over the Capitol in Washington, D.C., to ER Norman Tilbury (center) and Jim Ballard, lodge PER association president. The flag was put on display in the lodge's Heritage Corner.

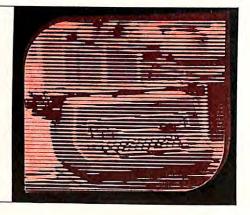
GROUNDBREAKING CEREMONIES were held recently at the site of the new Greenfield, Ind., Lodge home. Taking part were (from left) PER James Hewitt, building construction superintendent; Est. Loyal Kt. Robert Cummings; ER Robert Lautenslager; Trustee Loren I. Mes; Secy. Glendon Holt, and Charles Elsbury, building committee chairman.



HAMILTON, Ohio, Lodge initiated a large class during PER Night. With the candidates (first row) were (second row, from left) PERs Joseph Blevens, Marc Humpert, Robert Stitsinger, Martin Fox, Nick Cecere, Edwin Price, James Imfeld, Edward Willer, and (third row) PERs Bernard Emenaker, Earl Reece, Paul Hostler, Ben Strauss, Greg Holbrock, Fritz Fremgen, and Donald Mitchell.

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EDITORIALS



JOHN EDGAR HOOVER 1895-1972

The world's most respected law enforcement officer is dead at the age of 77. John Edgar Hoover passed away May 2, 1972, after serving as Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation since its founding in 1924. In those 48 years, Hoover put together a law enforcement agency second to none in the world . . . an agency with an unimpeachable reputation for efficiency and integrity. This is, of course, a direct reflection of Hoover and the people he selected to staff the FBI. Any man who wears its badge is looked upon with awe and respect

by the law abiding, with awe and fear by the lawless. John Edgar Hoover never married in the accepted sense of the term. . . . but he was definitely married to the agency he founded and so zealously supervised.

Whoever takes over his duties will be well trained and prepared, but we feel rather sorry for him. How does a man measure up to such a legendary figure as he follows in his footsteps?

Hoover's writings on law enforcement were used many times in *The Elks Magazine* as well as most other leading publications in the civilized world.

He had his critics . . . but what famous man didn't? They tried mighty hard to find his Achilles heel but never succeeded, thanks to an unimpeachable character.

Historians cannot help but chronicle the life of John Edgar Hoover as that of the world's most outstanding law enforcement man. We know of no other who can remotely approach him in reputation and accomplishments.

Elks And An Ordered Society-

WHEN A MAN becomes an Elk, he promises to be the kind of individual we must have if the United States of America is to continue in the paths pioneered by our forefathers.

He must pledge to support the U.S. Constitution as well as our own; he must promise not to permit political, sectarian or personal prejudice to influence him in the slightest degree as he casts his ballot; he says he will not bring reproach upon the Order; and he commits himself to the highest ideals of family life.

If he does these things he is not only a good Elk, he is a good American who will work to make our country and our world a better place.

There are over 1½ million men in our Order, the vast majority of whom would agree that we are faced with a great peril in the breakdown of many traditions of family life which made our country the strongest and most prosperous in the world. We think they would agree overwhelmingly that if we are to continue to prosper, we must reverse some of the trends now plaguing us... the drug traffic, the meteoric rise in the rate of crime, illegitimate births, venereal disease and the abandonment of moral values which have led to promiscuity, disdain for law and order and a cynicism which has permeated our entire society. The waning influence of the church is also a dire warning to us.

What can we as Elks do to help reverse these dangerous trends? Plenty!

We can set an example by being intelligent parents who realize we owe our children the obligation of rearing them in an atmosphere of love, respect for their elders, respect for the law and its representatives, respect for religion, respect for other people as well as themselves, and respect and love of their country, even though we may not agree with all its policies.

We like what Art Linkletter (and others) said about parents being "buddies" with their children: we have an obligation to be much more than that... we must be "loving dictators." We are convinced that most children not only *want* discipline... they resent it when they don't get it because they feel they aren't loved.

Parental discipline must start at a very early age. We cannot expect children to know right from wrong unless they are told! While it is true that the species homo sapiens is the most intelligent of all creatures, it does not follow that all children are smart enough to perceive right from wrong without guidance.

Football players, basketball players, bridge players...those who play any game...must abide by rules or there is disorder. It's the same with our everyday lives. We must have rules if we are to have an ordered society. And we must realize there are penalties if we violate those rules.

We must continue to manifest concern for people of all races, creeds and countries of origin by our deeds, not mere words.

We must continue to dispense our benevolences where needed with no concerns other than need and merit. Some will take violent exception to these statements. They will say we are not sociologists, psychologists or psychiatrists, so what right do we have to spout off about human behavior?

The same right as those who, even though they are not engineers or architects, can look at a poorly built structure and tell you it will collapse unless something is done to correct the faults. And that's what we're talking about... the structure of our very existence.

What Ham did for Virginia, Old Crow did for Bourbon.



OLD CROW

WHISKEY

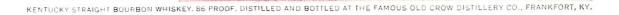
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