

THE

Elks

MAGAZINE



de Treville

MARCH 1946

*Headed for
Greatness*



**You'll agree
it's "Mellow as a
Sunny Morning"**

The rich, smooth flavor of SCHENLEY Reserve . . . Mellow as a Sunny Morning . . . is the result of quality ingredients skillfully blended. Those who appreciate the finest have made this America's most widely enjoyed whiskey. Try it! Blended whiskey 86 proof. 65% grain neutral spirits. Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.



A Message from the GRAND EXALTED RULER



MARCH is the month when lodges decide whether their leadership for the coming year will be good, fair, mediocre or poor. Upon this decision depends much of the success or failure of the year's accomplishments. Lodges that are successful give careful thought to the type of men that they put at the helm. Poor lodges are careless in their selection and are led by weak officers—men who have in many instances been nominated on the spur of the moment.

It behooves the men who really have the interest of their lodge at heart to seek the men for office who have ability, initiative and willingness to put in long hours of hard work. Past Exalted Rulers should assume their rightful share of this responsibility. They are the men of experience. They are the men who should have the future of their lodge at heart. They are the men whose judgment the members of the lodge will respect. Successful lodges encourage the continued interest of former leaders. Their advice is sought. They are not considered as a political clique.

In every lodge the office should seek the man as its steward and not the man seek the office for personal gain or glory. An effort should be made to interest good men who may have previously been lukewarm in their interest, due to lack of understanding of the opportunities for service in Elkdom. Good men, once interested, encourage other good men to follow in their footsteps. Weak leadership inspires nobody.

Opportunities should be given to as many men as possible to demonstrate ability and leadership in committee work and in minor offices. This should be their proving ground. If successful, they should be allowed to progress. If not, they should be removed from office or dropped at the end of their term. In no case should automatic progression in office become so customary that weak men are advanced through pity or because "it has always been that way". Careful progression will strengthen leadership. Automatic progression will always weaken it. In too many lodges no further thought is given to the ability of an officer after he has once started as Lecturing Knight.

A good Exalted Ruler does not consider his election as an ultimate goal but as the opening of a door to service. His success will be determined by his acts after he has walked through that door and not by his method of opening it. True judgment of his ultimate attainment can only be made when he lays down his cloak of office at the end of his year, when the door is reopened for his successor.

Fraternally yours,

A handwritten signature in dark ink that reads "Wade H. Kepner". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, prominent initial 'W'.

WADE H. KEPNER
GRAND EXALTED RULER

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FINE
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Interesting booklet for pipe smokers. Tells how to break in a pipe . . . shows how fine pipes are made. Address . . . Desk 35.

MARXMAN

29 W. 24TH STREET, NEW YORK 10, N.Y.

THE Elks MAGAZINE

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

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IN. THIS ISSUE

We Present—

MARCH and September are tough months for editors. You can't talk about the weather; there is no particular sports activity bracing our lives, and what is left but the Book of the Month Club? Well, we have dug up a few things. For instance, "The Awakening of Henry" by Richard Stern, our opening fiction piece, in which Henry is involved in the usual snafu. If you have ever had anything to do with inventing a grim-mick you may well believe Henry's difficulties were exactly as they are described.

The Bulls and the Bears are at one another's throats again down in Wall Street and it is once more a question who will come out on top. Whoever it is, it is certain it will not be the Little Man. Mr. Charles Lucey brings that point to our attention in his article on page 8—"They're At It Again". (It's our title—not Mr. Lucey's.)

Have you a little shark at the bottom of your garden? In the fish pond? If so, you can pay off the mortgage. The vitamins contained in soup-fish sharks' livers will provide an easy old age for the first man who catches one. See Mr. Ossi on page 10.

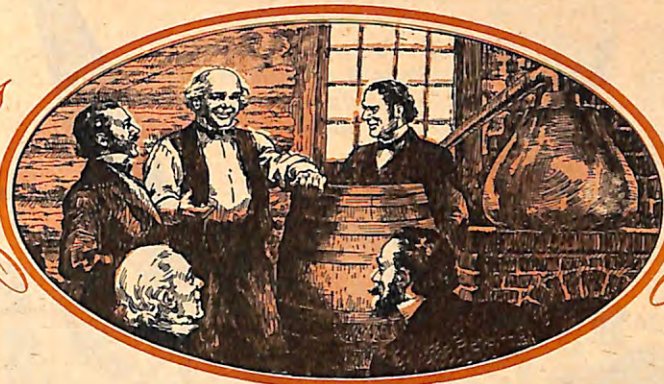
Once upon a time there was a young photographer who got himself fouled up for fair on page 12. It shouldn't happen to a photographer. De Treville, who wrote about it, is also the man who did our cover. Not only that, he was a combat artist and photographer in the Marines.

There's a lot of talk going around that the Golden Age of Sports have come upon us. It's more golden than after the last war, so maybe we'd better call it the Platinum Age. In tune with the times we've got ourselves a sports writer named Red Smith whose principal activity is doing a widely read and very popular column for the *New York Herald Tribune*. He opens this month with a short article on Spring training, which doesn't have much to do with Spring training

Professor Bateman who wrote "The Great Gamble" on page 14 is so distinguished and has such a long lot of Things after his name that we cannot find space for them here. If you wish to know further about him we have a form letter prepared, or you may look him up in *Who's Who*. Dr. Bateman knows what he's talking about and he talks with no uncertainty.

Through devious methods, we have found that there are numbers of lawyers and doctors among our circulation. They will no doubt be interested in the article presented by Mr. Philip Harkins entitled "Legal Medicine". If one is not a lawyer or a doctor one might just as well read the article since the information contained therein might sometime keep one from boiling (or hanging or the gas chamber—depending upon where one happens to live).

On this cheery note one goes out like a lion. It's March, isn't it? C. P.



He taught his neighbors to make fine whiskey...but James Crow kept one formula to himself



THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

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A TRULY GREAT NAME

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The Awakening of Henry

**Once Henry Willoughby awoke he
didn't need necessity
to mother his invention.**

Someone shouted, "Look!" There was a mouse, standing on his hind legs and shaking his head from side to side.



By Richard Stern

TO HENRY WILLOUGHBY the finding of Beulah's house never posed a problem despite the fact that all houses lining both sides of the street were identical. Beulah's house was the eighth from the corner on the right hand side and was 263 steps from the Encino Beach bus station. One wonders by what similar process Henry managed to dissociate Beulah herself from all of the other blondes in Southern California, but he did, and had for the past six years, devoting himself strictly and without deviation to worship at Beulah's shrine. Other suitors had come and gone, inevitably bored after the prettiness of Beulah's face and body had become familiar and the glamor of Beulah's title of MISS ENCINO BEACH of 1941 had worn thin. But Henry, lacking conclusive empirical evidence of the fickle fatuousness of Beulah, had remained constant.

There was a new suitor tonight. His car stood at the curb in solid mediocrity. Henry eyed the car and sighed and thought briefly of the magnificent shining vehicle in which he would one day call on Beulah—

when his research was done and the world had become aware that the Bachelor of Science degree Henry bore was no mere ornament.

Henry marched up the short walk and climbed the two cement steps and rang the bell of Beulah's house. He removed his hat and waited and presently the door opened and Beulah appeared. "Good evening, Beulah," Henry said warmly.

"Oh," said Beulah. "It's you." Behind her the radio played soft dance music and the lights in the living room were low. Beulah thought of these factors and also of the new suitor who sat on the sofa, and she eyed Henry without enthusiasm. But Henry was, after all, her anchor to windward; and someday he might, he just might, be worth knowing. "I suppose you might as well come in," she said, and she smiled briefly to show Henry that she did not really mean what the words implied.

"Thank you," Henry said, and he marched past her and deposited his hat on the hall table and looked fleetingly at his reflection in the hall mirror and flicked an imaginary bit of dust from the immaculate lapel of his neat blue suit. He turned and followed Beulah into the living room.

The new suitor was tall and handsome and his face was tanned and his hair curled crisply. "This is Mr. Rice," said Beulah. "I'd like to make you acquainted with Mr. Willoughby."

Henry's eyes were on a level with Rice's chest. He raised them reluctantly. "Mr. Rice," he said. "How do you do?" And he shook hands without enthusiasm.

"Mr. Willoughby is an old friend," Beulah said. "A very old friend. Mr. Willoughby is a scientist."

Rice was not overly impressed. "Oh?" he said.

"I am a chemist," said Henry.

"Mr. Willoughby is working on a formula," Beulah added. "A wonderful formula."

"What kind of a formula?" asked Rice.

Henry resented the tone and the question. "My compound will have many uses," he said stiffly. "Many uses. I have not yet discovered them all." As a matter of fact, Henry had discovered no use as yet for his compound, but this he did not feel it necessary to add.

There was silence. Beulah hurried into the breach. "Mr. Rice is an engineer," she said. "He designed the new Atlas transport airplane."

Henry's eyebrows lifted slightly. "I had a little help," said Rice modestly.

There was more silence. Beulah rose from her chair and tuned in another station on the radio and could think of nothing to say. She went out into the kitchen and got three bottles of beer and returned to the silence. Henry sat primly on his chair; Rice lounged on the sofa and blew smoke rings. Beulah passed the beer and returned the radio and sat down. "Mr. Rice and I took a nice drive this afternoon," she said. "We went in Mr. Rice's car."

Henry would not be drawn. In little ways like this Beulah sometimes nagged at him. But some day, when the research was done, and he drove up in the magnificent shining car which he would buy . . .

"Mr. Rice was telling me about the problems he has had to overcome in his designation of the new Atlas transport," Beulah said, trying again. "It has four motors," she added, irrelevantly.

"Not jet propulsion?" asked Henry.

Rice came alive. "Jet propulsion is not sufficiently developed yet for transport use," he said firmly. "We considered the possibility and abandoned it." He did not find it necessary to add that his thoughts on the matter, as on all matters of basic design, had not been asked by the

Atlas Aircraft Corporation.

Henry tasted his beer. "A pity," he said. "The advantages to jet propulsion are manifold. The saving in weight, I should think, would be a large factor."

Rice found himself forced to agree. This was, after all, the realm of science and engineering, and silence would only serve to indicate ignorance. He nodded sagely. "Weight is very important. If we could find a proper fuel tank sealing compound, for instance, we could save a thousand pounds in gross weight." He looked at Henry, who nodded without understanding. "We could carry six more passengers," Rice added.

This was conversation, and Beulah was not one to let it drop. "What is fuel tank sealing compound?" she asked, and Henry, who had not wanted to put the question and display his own ignorance, watched Rice for explanation.

Rice took a long pull of his beer. He settled himself on the sofa and smiled with condescension. "Well," he said, "it's like this. You carry your gasoline in tanks right in the wings of the airplane. Our ship carries five thousand gallons. During flight, the wings flex and so the tanks leak and that's dangerous. So we can put rubber bags in the tanks to hold the gas, or we can spray the metal with some sort of sealing compound that will prevent leakage. The rubber bags aren't good because they take up space we could use for gasoline and also because they're heavy."

"Then why don't you spray?" asked Henry.

Rice's smile spread. "Because high test gasoline dissolves every compound we've been able to find."

"Oh," said Henry.

Beulah leaned forward breathlessly. "Would it dissolve your compound, Henry?"

Henry, who had tried without success every solvent known to man to cleanse his compound from his beakers and test tubes and other volumetric apparatus, lifted his shoulders.

Rice smiled tolerantly. "The best chemists in the country have been working on the problem," he said. "It isn't likely."

Henry pressed his lips firmly together. "The best chemists in the country do not know the secret of my compound," he said.

He admitted to himself, however, on the way home in the bus that evening that it was not likely. The strange, grey, odiferous, rubbery substance he had found by accident had so far defied his attempts at finding an application. It bore no resemblance to any compound he had ever seen; its uniqueness, as a matter of fact, had first aroused his interest. Some day, he was confident, he would discover something for which it could be used, and then there would be the great, shining automobile and the jewels for Beulah and the other trappings of wealth. In the meantime, the patent office protected his discovery, and he could try to be toler-

ant of competitors like Rice. But the finding of the application would not come in a flash; it would be the result of painstaking work, and the story would go down in scientific history along with the saga of radium, a tribute to the patience and determination of the true scientific mind.

But the thought plagued him long after he was in bed, and he found himself picturing the inside of an airplane wing sprayed with his compound. Even the strange, cheeselike odor of the substance was clear in his mind. He tossed and turned, and the vision would not go away, and he saw himself standing before a gathering of aeronautical engineers, delivering his paper on the preparation and sealing of metal fuel tanks. He sat up in bed. "Why not?" he asked the darkness, and the echo returned to him, "Why not?"

And so it was that three days after the visit to Beulah, the Atlas Aircraft Corporation was assaulted by a small man in a neat blue suit, bearing a sealed can which aroused the suspicions of the guards, and demanding to be shown into the presence of Mr. Rice, "the man who designed your new transport airplane".

The engineering lists being complete, Mr. Rice was eventually found and summoned to the engineering lobby, where Henry forced him into a chair and deluged him with talk, holding the can tightly in both of his hands all the while.

In Henry's manner there was urgent sincerity. It showed in his eyes, in his voice, in the manner in which the words tumbled from his lips. "I got some gasoline," he said. "One hundred octane, aromatic gasoline. And I tried it. And the compound is impervious. . . ." He had also, it turned out, read everything available on aircraft fuels and their uses and makeup, and he had not been in his bed for forty-eight hours.

Rice advanced objections—no serious ones, for his knowledge of the subject was limited. Henry overran them roughshod, and ended by repeating as arguments Rice's statements at Beulah's house. "A thou-

sand pounds," Henry said. "Six paying passengers, or one thousand pounds of mail or freight or baggage."

Rice gave in. He would have been less than human had he not. He left Henry in the lobby and disappeared into the bowels of the Atlas engineering department, and so great was his excitement that he went directly to the transport project engineer, with whom he had never before held conversation.

The project engineer listened. "A crank?" he asked finally and then answered his own question. "I don't give a damn if he has three heads.



"My compound," he bab-
bled. And his strength
gave out and he fell flat
on his face through the
doorway and into the
front hall.

Illustrated by
HAROLD ELDRIDGE

If he has a sealing compound that will work, trot him in."

The two days that followed were a nightmare and a dream to Henry. He was equipped with a pass into the Atlas plant and into the inner sanctum of the Atlas Research unit and there, amongst the air-conditioned, hermetically-sealed, controlled-temperated rooms and laboratories, he labored hour after hour and night after day with the Atlas chemists who assaulted his compound with low test fuel and high test fuel, with water and with ice, with heat and

with cold, with vibration and with pressure, with solvents other than gasoline, all of which ran off the grey, smelly, rubbery substance as water runs off a duck's back.

And when it was done, when the reports of the tests were in the hands of the project engineer and discussed with the chief engineer and the decision to try the new compound in one airplane had been reached, Henry staggered from the Atlas Corporation, mumbling to himself and rubbing his whiskered face with his trembling hands, and made his way

to the bus station and thence to Encino Beach to lay his triumph at Beulah's feet.

She came to the door in response to his ring and she stared at him as she might have stared at a madman. "You're plastered," she snapped. "I always thought you were a gentleman, Henry, a gentleman who respected ladies." She meant, of course, herself. "But now—" She tried to close the door in Henry's face.

But he blocked her. "My com-
(Continued on page 43)





● At left is Wall Street, the heart of most of the world's finances.

● The big board in action on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange.

They're At It Again!

By Charles T. Lucey

Look out! We may be headed for another ticker-tape debacle.

Photos from Black Star



THE biggest bankroll in all history, burning a hole in the collective American pocket, is edging the "little guy" back into the stock market for the first time since the ticker-tape debacle of 1929.

For 16 years he let Wall Street go its way and he went his. But there's been a rising market now since 1942; the magnetism of frenzied, bustling stock trading is back again; hope springs eternal for an easy killing and quick profits; a renescent let's-take-a-flier spirit is felt in the land—heady stuff, all this, and doesn't a little extra dough look pretty good in the kitty?

The reasoning is so human, too—"This time I'll know when to unload and get out at a profit—yes, sir, that's the secret.

"Why, Jim Mullins picked up \$600 in an aviation stock not long ago without turning a hand—and I guess I'm as smart as Jim.

"Besides, I've got the mortgage paid off with those good wartime earnings, and that extra cash isn't working very hard now, anyway.

"And, say, I heard a good market tip just yesterday—sure to go up, someone said."

Maybe this little guy does clean up a few hundred and get out. Maybe he bought wisely or had good counsel—or maybe he was just lucky.

But a growing number of people have been buying into the market blindly—on tip, hunch, impulse, rumor—without adequate knowledge of the stock bought, and Securities and Exchange Commission and New York Stock Exchange officials are warning against it.

Some people have a vague notion that, since the stock market reforms of a decade ago and establishment of the SEC, it's a pretty safe bet to go into the market. Don't the laws protect you?

The answer, of course, is that they protect you about as far as they can, but it's asking a lot that laws be written so tightly that the gullible won't be taken in. Sometimes, say Government securities officials, they seem almost to be asking for it!

These officials cite instances where people have gone into the market and bought stock that couldn't possibly yield what they paid for it. It's a kind of happy-days-are-here-again astigmatism that can be costly to the careless speculator. SEC officials fear this type of stock buyer may get steamrollered if and when the market falters and tumbles downward.

Many factors have gone into the long stock price climb which has drawn many a little fellow into the market again. During the war this climb was a direct reflection of military progress; as General Eisenhower won in Europe and General MacArthur in the Pacific it was a steadily encouraging factor in national psychology. This psychology, in turn, rode prices higher in the stock markets. With war over, the prospects of a business boom nurtured this trend.

(Continued on page 45)

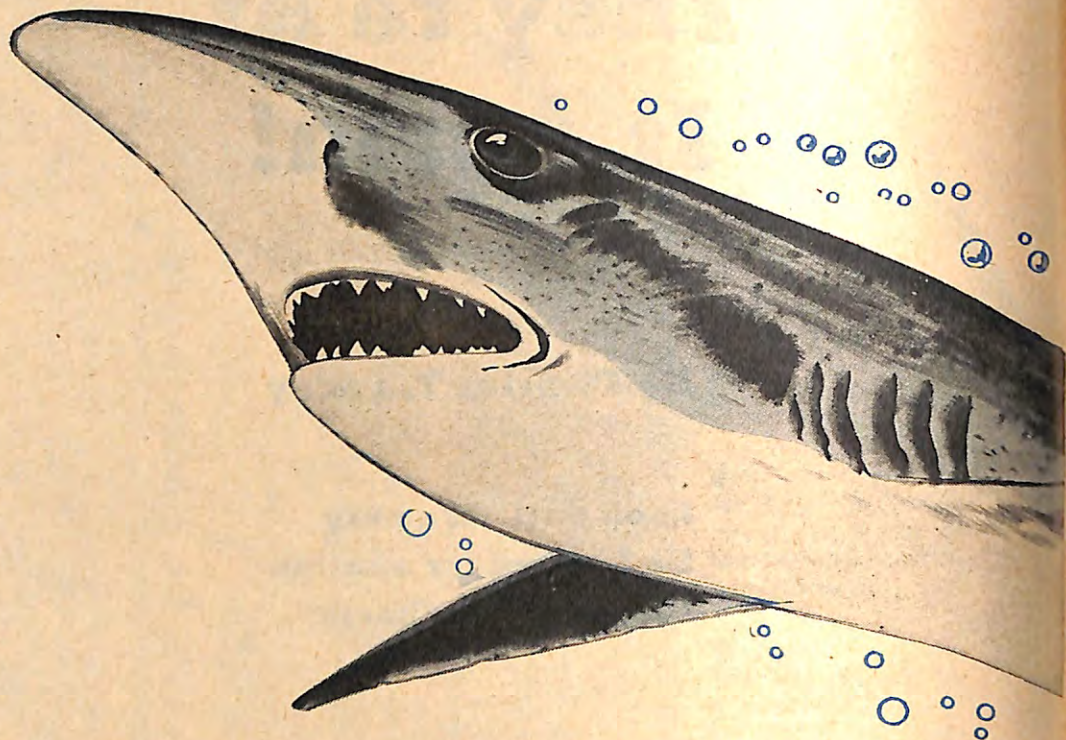
There is no longer a shark fishing "boom". It has grown into a multi-million-dollar industry

EARLY in 1939, a diamond-tipped bolt of lightning shot out of a gold-lined cloud and hit the commercial fishermen on the Pacific coast a financial wallop which has left it riding high on a crest of prosperity.

Even today, these men still shake their heads unbelievably when they receive the checks for their share of a catch. Before the lightning hit, fishermen considered themselves lucky when, at the end of a year, their books showed a profit. Today, during the season, they often make their expenses for a whole year and a handsome profit besides for just one, single catch.

Strangely, this good fortune is not due to higher prices or an abundance of halibut, salmon, mackerel or other food fish. Fishermen are getting big money for something they used to throw away. For a trip lasting barely a week, a crew of five received the record amount of \$31,000. As is the tradition with fishermen, the money is split into shares: 1½ share for the skipper, 1 share for the boat, 1 share for the gear and 1 share each for the crew. No wonder, then, to hear a fisherman add to his daily prayer, "And please, God, don't ever let the soup-fin leave our waters."

The soup-fin shark, which today is so highly regarded by fishermen, was up to this fateful day not only valueless, but a menace. At sight of this voracious scavenger of the sea, fishermen let out a string of curses which would have made even Captain Bligh blush. Caught in the valuable nets which were set out for food fish, the shark would snarl and tear gaping holes into them, allowing other fish to escape. The time wasted in killing the sharks by slitting their white bellies and throwing them back overboard, not to mention the time spent in repairing the nets, was so great, that George and Mario Castagnola, two enterprising young fishermen whose fleet sails out of Santa Barbara, Calif., employed what is probably the oddest piece of equipment on any fishing-boat, a baseball bat. They stationed a husky member of the crew at the rail and, as the nets came up, had him swing away in the best Babe Ruth manner and bat the shark's head in. As high as five to six tons of shark per catch were killed by this method, which



THE LIVER GETS THE BACON

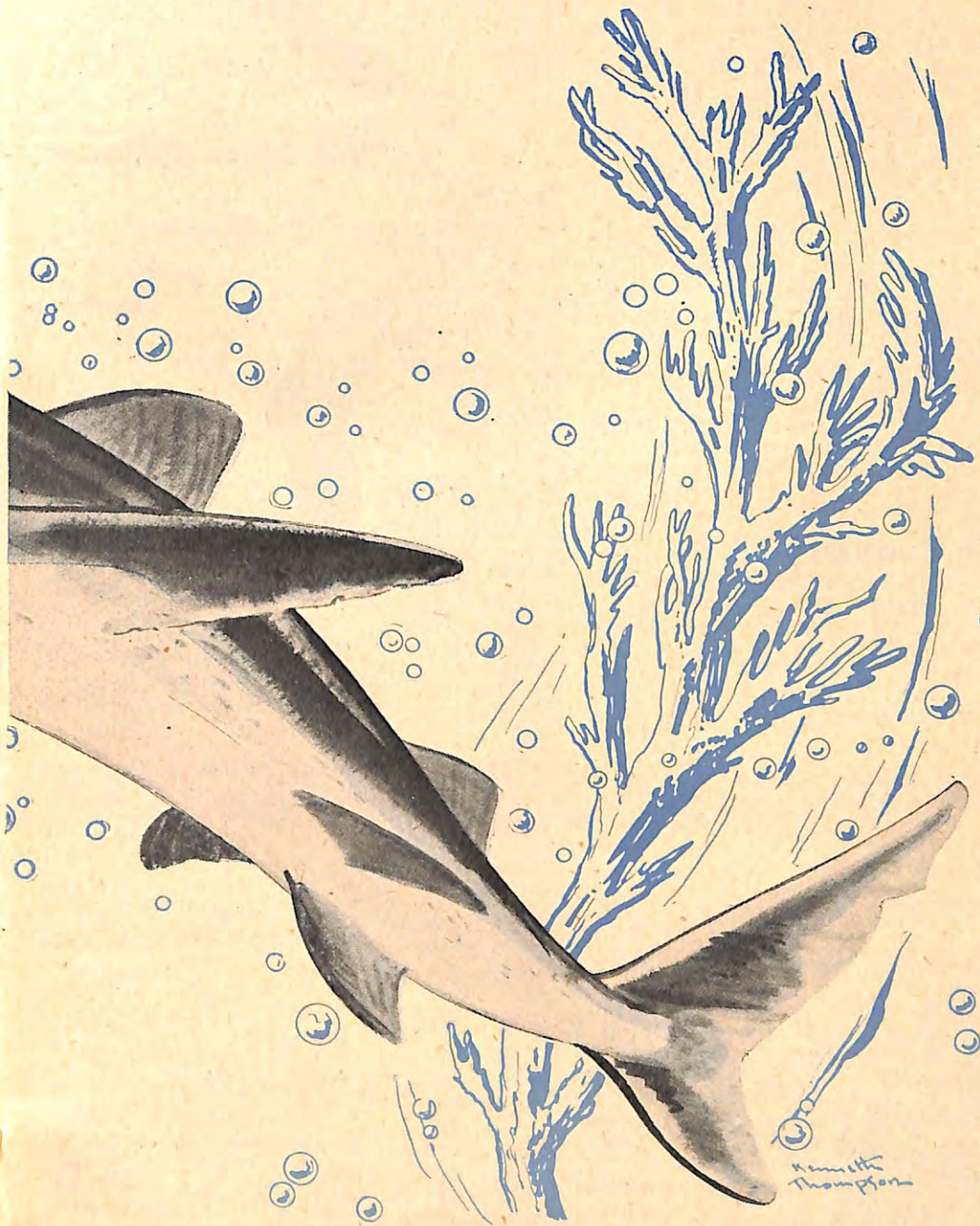
By Lewis Ossi

proved to be as effective as it was time-saving.

On this fateful day in 1939, however, George and Mario collected all the bats off their boats and presented them to a bunch of grateful youngsters, to be used for what they were originally intended.

The reason for this was a surprising and strange offer from a large Pacific Coast packing house in Monterey, Calif., which offered to buy for \$35 per ton all the soup-fin shark in the round (whole) which the Castagnola fleet could catch. Getting \$35 per ton for something which they had been throwing away, and for which there was no earthly use, caused the Castagnolas to regard the soup-fin in a new light. They knew the packing house had at last found something good in the soup-fin, but fear of losing this offer, which in Santa Barbara had been made to them exclusively, prevented them from being too inquisitive. In-

stead, they now ventured to the known banks and shark feeding-grounds which up to then they had so carefully avoided. By setting out long shark lines on the bottom of the ocean to which numerous baited hooks were attached, they were able to catch sharks in large quantities. However, when the demand for soup-fin shark increased, the Castagnolas began to wonder. Another offer from a packing house on the Atlantic seaboard, topped by one from a New York wholesaler, sparked them into an intense investigation. They dressed a soup-fin shark and studied its anatomy. Then the bolt of lightning struck and they too discovered the secret. The soup-fin had suddenly become valuable because of its oil and Vitamin A-rich liver, 25 to 35 times as rich as the liver of the old stand-by, the cod. This fact alone would have made the soup-fin precious. But, to make a good thing better, its liver grows to a freakish



size. The average liver runs from 10 to 20 per cent of the total weight of the shark. A tale is being told at the waterfront, of a Portuguese fisherman bringing ten five-gallon cans of liver to the dock (app. 400 lbs.). When asked for the carcasses, he pointed to a single, not particularly large one, and swore by his gold earrings that this one fish had yielded all the liver. It is of course only a tale, but it well illustrates the enormous size of the liver.

The Castagnolas recognized a good thing when they saw it. Not only did they keep their own catches, they offered other fishermen \$45 per ton. From then on they and their employees spent days and nights ex-

tracting the livers and storing them in five-gallon cans in their ice-house. They were gambling. And problems arose on all sides. Their money ran low. They went to their banker and, having a reputation as good businessmen, got enough money to tide them over.

Another problem, which today brings a grin to their faces but at that time was as serious as borrowing enough money, was the disposal of the shark carcass. For each five-gallon can containing about 40 pounds of liver there were 250 to 400 pounds of shark carcass to be disposed of.

One shark carcass smells bad, to put it mildly. One hundred just stink

to high heaven. They left them at the city dump and promptly had the Health Dept. on their neck. They tried successively to hide, bury and burn them, but the stench always gave them away. They dumped them into the bay only to have them wash ashore again. Finally they had to load them onto trucks and ship them North to a man who made fertilizer out of them and who gracefully consented to take the carcasses for a slight fee, providing they were delivered to his door. Even that didn't solve the problem to everybody's satisfaction.

"One day," recalls Mario, "the phone rang in my office. It was the Chief of Police of some little town on the way North."

"About an hour ago one of your trucks came through here," said the Chief.

Dark thoughts flashed through Mario's mind. Maybe the truck had hit somebody? Maybe something had hit the truck? "What happened?" asked Mario.

"What happened!" echoed the Chief. "Why, this whole town still smells. If you send one more truck through here we'll write tickets a mile long!"

Suddenly the secret about shark liver was out. The days of '49 had come back. Only this time the gold wasn't hidden in the earth. It lay on the bottom of the blue Pacific. The Pacific coast fishermen from San Diego to Alaska stampeded out to sea. Every commercial boat that was seaworthy and many that weren't went after soup-fin. In one day the price of shark doubled. In a week shark was selling for \$125 per ton. It doubled again, rose to \$500 per ton, soared up to \$1000. Then war broke out, cutting off all imports of cod-liver oil and Japan stopped shipping even the few cans of frozen soup-fin liver which it had been sending. The price kept on climbing to \$1200, \$1500 and reached \$2000 per ton.

The war cut heavily into the ranks of the fishermen, who were urgently needed by the Navy. The result was that fewer food fish reached the tables of millions of Americans. Somebody found that the meat of the shark was not only nutritive, but tasted good. Wholesalers paid from 10 to 10 cents per pound. Shark filets, dubbed "gray fish", appeared in retail fish markets all over the States and found ready customers.

The boom was on and rising. New problems arose. Fishermen were paid a pre-determined price per ton. The wholesalers cut the livers and found that often he was paying as much for livers containing only 180,000 units of Vitamin A as for livers containing as high as 320,000 units. It became necessary to establish new procedures. The most beneficial one, assuring a fair price to fishermen and wholesalers alike, ran into a snag. It was agreed to buy the liver separate from the carcass. The price of the liver to be established by

(Continued on page 46)

FOULED-UP FOR FAIR

By Stanley de Treville

**There must be someone
watching over
guys like Joe.**

Illustrated by KIRK STILES

JOE ZETTO is a little, mild-mannered, unimposing sort of a guy, with a large nose, a receding chin, and beautiful soft brown eyes with long lashes. They are dreamy eyes, the kind you'd expect to see on some sultry looking brunette. In fact they used to remind me of a little senorita that I knew back in the days when I was a civilian, covering the races at Caliente for the old *Tribune*. Only Joe is from Brooklyn, which is about as far from Agua Caliente as you can go and still stay in the U. S.

Joe loves Brooklyn and he loves people and he loves his wife and little girl. Before Joe became a Marine he spent his spare time going around snapping pictures all over Brooklyn: pushcart peddlers, cabbies, the loafers in the park, fat women leaning out of upstairs windows hollering at each other across a network of clotheslines, and the kids playing ball on the streets. Joe especially liked to take pictures of the kids. He had grown up there himself and had done all of the things that they did. And then of course he used to take pictures of his wife and little girl. He had reams of these and usually carried a stack of the latest ones in his pocket, just in case somebody was indiscreet enough to bring up the

subject of wives or babies in his presence.

Zetto wasn't a professional photographer. He was a spotter in a cleaning and pressing place over on West 49th Street, but as I said before, he spent most of his spare time and cash on photography. He seems to be pretty fair at it too. In fact it is one of Joe's candid shots that got him the chance to go to the combat photographers' school at Quantico. It was a picture of a little kid holding an empty ice cream cone and squalling at the top of her lungs, while a shaggy pooch licks a gob of melting goo off the sidewalk. Why the Captain would think a shot like that would qualify a guy to be a combat photographer always seemed sort of nonsensical to me, because Joe'd probably never get a chance to take a picture of a little kid eating ice cream out in combat. But then I'm just another photographer and don't have anything to do with who the brass-hats pick to go to school anyway.

Well, just as I figured, Joe doesn't do so good at school. He's all right when he's by himself, taking landscapes or a shot of Dunny Haggerty's little kid trying to make Sgt. Major Jiggs, the bulldog mascot, eat some "K" ration, but give him a regular



He put in the next two weeks
picking up cigarette butts . . .

. . . a gurgling shriek and Joe
comes dashing out . . .



assignment and put him under a little pressure and he'd go to pieces. He'd forget to pull his slide or cock his shutter, or he'd leave his flashbulbs back at the base, or if he didn't do any of these he would worry himself sick until his films were developed, for fear that he had pulled a boner.

Several times he is on the verge of being washed-out of the school for fouling up some detail, but for some reason the instructors never quite get around to doing it. I think that packet of pictures of his wife and baby that Joe carries might have something to do with their keeping him on: you can tell by the pictures that Joe's wife thinks he is about the most wonderful guy and the best photographer in all Brooklyn.

But as I was saying, there are times when Pvt. Joe Zetto is skating on pretty thin ice, and that Joe stayed in has always been a source of amazement to many of us.

Joe's instructors still shudder when they recall the time they sent him out to do a picture-story on a very high-ranking General. Joe had gotten permission to visit the General's farm and spent most of the day having the General do everything from milking cows to digging potatoes, which is very unusual for a

private to be having a General doing, to say the least. But then photographers are usually considered to be slightly nuts and somebody to be humored, so they can get away with anything short of murder, which is quite convenient at times.

Well, Joe isn't a very fast worker and it's getting late in the afternoon and he's still shooting pictures and he's worn the General down to a frazzle, but he says for his last picture he'd like to have the General working on a pump located at the far end of the field. The General has been very patient and obliging all day, but there is a war on and even Generals have other things to do besides running around posing for pictures, and besides the General's feet hurt, so he balks a bit. But Joe explains that he has heard that the General is a very excellent mechanic, which is a very rare quality in Generals, and he thinks the General's public should know about these hidden talents. So the General, in spite of his sore feet, trudges the half-mile down through the field to the pump-house, and Joe takes his picture, and then they trudge the half mile back through the field to the waiting car. The General wastes no time and climbs into the back seat and plumps himself down and pre-

pares to relax for the first time since morning.

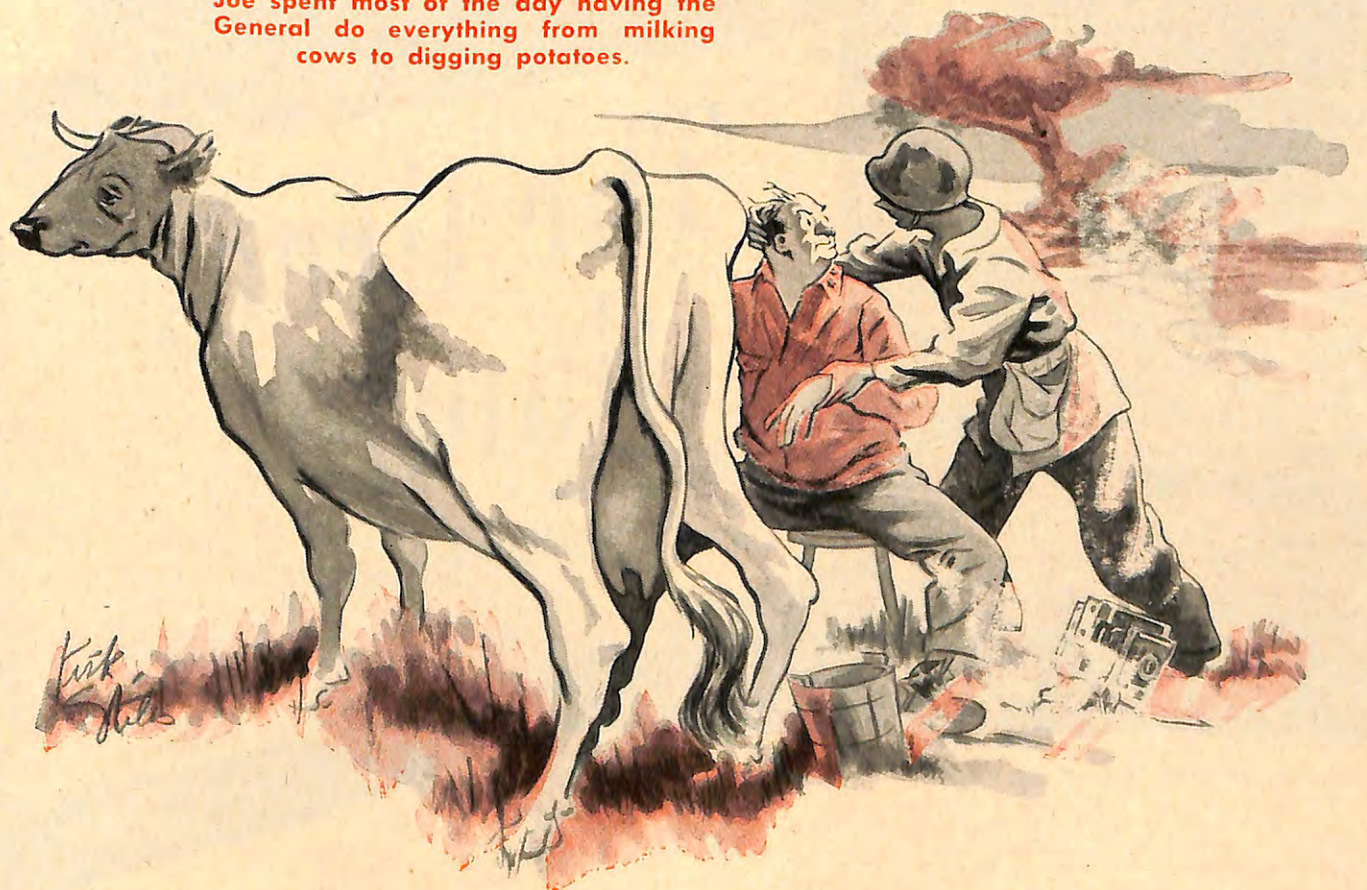
Well, Joe starts to stow his junk in the trunk of the car and it's then that Joe discovers he hasn't anything to stow: he's left it all back in the pump-house, which is very forgetful of him indeed. To make matters worse, the General has very carefully locked the pump-house door with one of those combination locks which only the General, and sometimes not even he, can open. This of course makes Pvt. Joe Zetto very popular with the General. So popular in fact that the General almost makes him a sergeant so that he can have the pleasure of busting him back to a private.

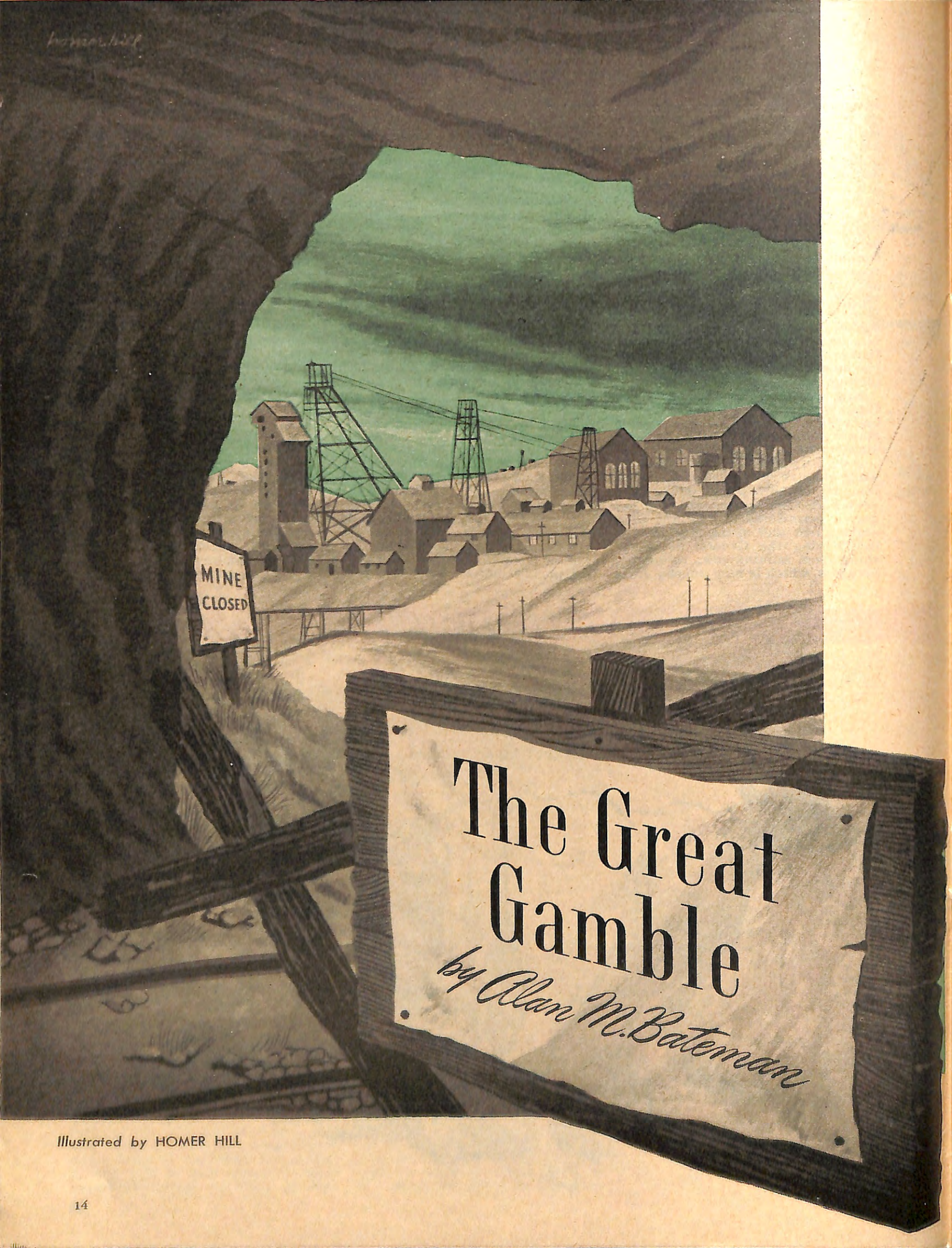
You'd have thought this experience would have taught Joe that it doesn't pay to forget things, but it doesn't leave any more impression than a fly walking on a block of cement. But somehow or other Joe finally manages to finish the course and I don't hear much of him until I run into him at the old 8th and Eye barracks in Washington.

In spite of Joe's usual mild manners, there are times when he gets involved in some of the damndest arguments, which according to a couple of umpires I know, is more or

(Continued on page 65)

Joe spent most of the day having the General do everything from milking cows to digging potatoes.





MINE
CLOSED

The Great Gamble

by Alan M. Bateman

Illustrated by HOMER HILL

WHEN the Japs hit Pearl Harbor and we began to prime our war machine in earnest, we got a sudden jolt. We hadn't enough war materials of our own, and we had to get them fast and in quantity, from wherever we could. These metals and minerals were the very basic ingredients of our ships and guns and tanks and planes and munitions. We just had to have them—or else!

At that time most people thought that our strategic minerals (those that we didn't have enough of) were only about a dozen in number. That was our second mistake—our first was forgetting the bitter lesson of the last war and not having enough in stockpiles to start with. Luckily we had some, of course, or we would have been in a jam. Take tin, for example. If we had not gotten in some supplies of tin ahead, even though we did not get in enough of it, we might have had to be opening silver-lined cans to get a meal of pork and beans, or our freight cars loaded with munitions might have been running hot boxes because of insufficient tin in the bearing metals. We soon realized we had to acquire vast quantities of those minerals of which we had smugly thought we were bountifully supplied. Our assumed domestic abundances really turned out to be woefully inadequate to meet the heavy war demands.

We had known we would have to import great quantities, running into the hundreds of thousands or millions of tons, of such strategic minerals as manganese, chrome, nickel, tin, mercury, antimony and tungsten. But no one fully realized that our industrial and military power would have to become so dependent upon foreign sources of minerals. Some three score minerals finally had to enter our revised strategic lists. Ores from entirely new sources had to be sought, examined, developed and transported to feed the hungry maw of our war industry. Sparse min-

erals such as tin, mercury, tungsten, cobalt, mica, and others had to be lured from their rock lairs in greatly increased quantities. We had to turn to the far corners of the accessible world to meet our war requirements in these materials, and it is rather striking that most of our strategic minerals do lie in the distant parts of the world. All of this involved a costly time lag in obtaining and moving the needed equipment to the far off places where these ores were being mined. The bulk minerals such as chrome, manganese, copper, zinc and lead had to be obtained in unbelievable tonnages that rose into the millions. Rare minerals such as tantalite, beryl and radio quartz crystals had to be found, developed, procured and transported in quantities never before dreamed of. Radar, radio and other uses created demands for many minerals that we used to think of only as museum specimens. These minerals were never before mined in large amounts. The quantities required were vastly in excess of the entire available world supply. It was not a case of simply offering to buy the metals and minerals that might be offered to us. New sources had to be found, tested, developed, mined, and the products shipped in to us to boost existing supplies or to replace sources lost to us through enemy action.

These steps involved a necessary lag of time. It meant recruiting and dispatching trained engineers and geologists to wild and inaccessible regions in South America, in Australia and in far off India, China, Madagascar and the wilds of Central Africa. It meant the obtaining of essential mining equipment from domestic factories that were sorely pressed to turn out other urgently needed war materials. We actually had to reopen a wheelbarrow factory in order to get fifteen thousand wheelbarrows for the hand mining of tin and industrial diamonds in

the Belgian Congo. Factory output had to be allocated because this mining equipment was a "must" in order to extract these main sinews of war—these fundamental raw products. It meant demands upon scarce manpower in competition with the building of ships and planes and the manufacture of guns and armed vehicles and ordnance. It meant overseas dispatch of this mining equipment in vessels too few in number, and which with their priceless cargoes were being sunk indiscriminately by submarines.

Those of us who sweated through those hectic periods in 1942 and 1943 when shipload after shipload of our precious mineral cargoes each week were finding a resting place in Davy Jones' locker, swore that it was almost criminal that the nation had not been sufficiently farsighted to have gotten in sufficient stocks of those strategics ahead of time. These represented the pungent thoughts that seared our brains while our memories were still vivid with our frantic efforts to obtain the needed foreign war minerals. We, with our coats off on the job, were then impressed with what a saving in money stockpiles would have meant—what a saving in factory capacity and of manpower that could have been diverted more directly into the war effort. For stockpiles mean a bit more than a mere accumulation of piles of indestructible raw materials standing by for an emergency. As one of our staff remarked, they also represent concentrated and "canned" manpower and transportation. A canned supply of manpower and of transportation with the canning done during periods of ease would have been rather handy during the height of our manpower shortages and transportation bottlenecks. If we could have just opened up some canned manpower energy at the proper time we wouldn't have had those production shortages that so plagued us just when we needed the output most. We might even have had an occasional servant or odd-jobs man, and Kansas Sam might have been able to ship some of his corn that rotted in the fields. It might have helped a lot in reconversion too.

Another thing! In the midst of the stress of war we had to plan to develop foreign sources of production as contingency reserves considerably in excess of what was actually required. This was done to make sure that if one source was interfered with another was under development, because shipping lanes might be cut off, or changing war fronts might alter the back-track of empty ship bottoms. We couldn't take chances in having all of our eggs in one basket. There was too much risk involved, so some alternate sources were necessary. To illustrate, when the Indian and African manganese shipments were imperiled by the Jap advances in the Pacific toward Madagascar, and by submarine sinkings

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**We have to learn
that mineral stockpiles
are more basic than
ships or bombers**



Legal Medicine

by Philip Harkins

THE girl's hands clenched the wheel of the car; her eyes squinted in tight concentration on the shadowy road ahead. It was raining hard. She could hear the tires singing on the wet macadam, the heavy rain drumming on the hood. Twice the nervous girl jerked the wheel, once at an imaginary object, the second time at a branch blown into the weakened glow of the headlights.

The girl didn't stop when she felt the bump on the side of the car. She slowed down; her heart raced violently; she looked back, saw nothing, drove on into the storm.

Next day's newspaper told the story. A man had been struck and killed by a car; a witness had seen the car slow down, had memorized the license number. Police had checked the number, found the car, noted a telltale dent and arrested a girl on a manslaughter charge.

The dice are loaded; the hand of fate is cocked to throw again; the result appears to be a foregone conclusion. The first headline has been written—"HIT AND RUN DRIVER ARRESTED"; the second is in the composing room—"HIT AND RUN DRIVER CONVICTED".

And then, to the girl's rescue

comes a fascinating subject that masquerades under a dry, scholarly heading—legal medicine.

For this accident has occurred within the jurisdiction of an official called a medical examiner. Watch now what happens:

Under the law that obtains in the county in which the accident took place, the dead man is claimed not by relatives, not by an undertaker but by a medical examiner. An autopsy is performed; a gentleman known as a serologist, a blood expert, is called in; his erudite examination of the victim's blood reveals a 4-plus concentration of alcohol. At the



Mr. Harkins probes a relatively unknown subject in the United States

Illustrated by HOMER HILL

same time a deep bruise is found on the victim's body, a bruise which the experienced medical examiner traces to the doorhandle of an automobile. As a result of these two discoveries the medical examiner's report is a bombshell in the police court for it says, "It is evident that the deceased, completely befuddled by alcohol, staggered into the side of the girl's car and was killed."

This is legal medicine. It's come a long way. It's going farther. And it is a comparatively unexplored subject in the United States.

Consider another example of its work:

An average citizen is plagued by a child in an average suburb. The badly behaved child throws stones at the average citizen's dog, ruins his carefully cultivated flowerbed. The average citizen complains but the complaint falls on deaf ears. One day the average citizen surprises the child in a misdemeanor and bawls him out. The child replies with insulting epithets, the average citizen loses his temper, cuffs the child's

ears. The child runs home screaming. Later he tells his mother that he feels dizzy. A doctor is called. The child becomes unconscious and dies. The horrified average citizen is arrested. The distress of the family, allied with neighborhood gossip, results in the average citizen's arraignment in Homicide Court. Pale and trembling he denies that he caused the boy's death. But he slapped the boy, didn't he? Well, protests the average citizen, the boy had pestered the life out of him, had thrown stones at a harmless dog, trampled on a flowerbed. But he cuffed the boy's ears, didn't he? The question is repeated again and again; it is inexorable, undeniable. And that unreasonable, often bullying force called "public opinion" has pinned the average citizen in a corner.

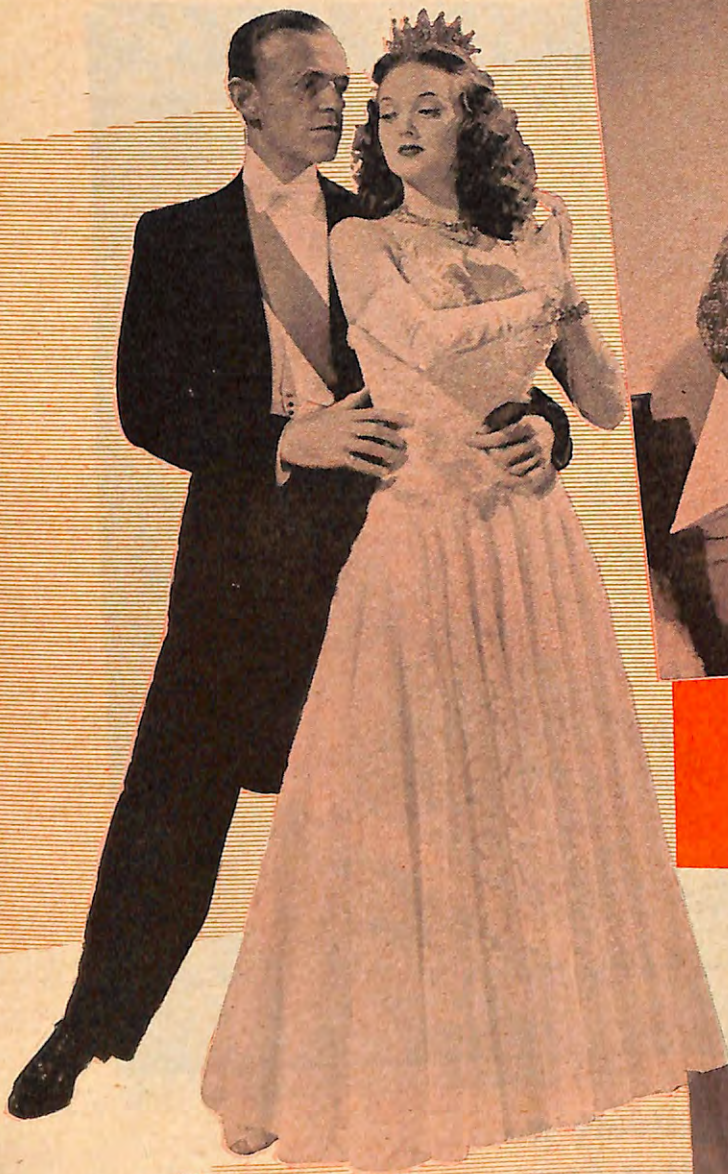
Up until the time of this frightful tragedy the average citizen's thoughts about legal medicine had been negligible if not negative. As far as the average citizen was concerned a medical examiner's work

seemed to be confined to crimes of passion and violence. In fact on one occasion the medical examiner's work had drawn a disapproving reaction from the average citizen. That was when some depressed and disillusioned public figure had been found dead and the medical examiner's investigation had revealed suicide with sleeping pills.

The average citizen had considered this an invasion by a public official of a private act, not pausing to think that the legal medical fact of suicide, once firmly and scientifically established, had saved the district attorney and a possible suspect a great deal of trouble.

Now by a single, fateful, shocking act, legal medicine has become the be-all and the end-all to the average citizen. Haggard and sleepless he watches the cold, neutral work of the medical examiner's office. When it is finished the resultant report turns the sick despair of the accused into quiet thankful reflection: "Examination of the boy's brain tissue re-

(Continued on page 63)



Above: June Allyson tells Robert Walker where to get off in "The Sailor Takes a Wife".

Left: Fred Astaire and Lucille Bremer dance their way through MGM's star-studded "Ziegfeld Follies".



What's



Above: Henry Daniell and Jessie Royce Landis give outstanding performances in the current production of Shakespeare's "The Winter's Tale".

Left: The latest Broadway revival of the perennial "Show Boat" has Carol Bruce playing a very attractive and capable Julie.



Left: Peter Lorre is his usual enigmatic self in Warner's tightly-woven murder mystery, "Three Strangers", which involves a sweepstakes ticket.

Below is one of the more unpleasant scenes from Paramount's new thriller, "Tokyo Rose".



Playing:

Right: Bobby Clark, prancing between Alex Fisher and Ruth Harrison, has New York howling in "The Would-Be Gentleman".



Out of the Fleabag

By Red Smith

Illustrated by WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



Spri'g trainig provides a mine of baseball anecdotes

CONNIE MACK loves to tell of the ancient Spring when he made his first Southern training trip with a baseball team and looked on as the manager strove to convince hotel keepers that ball players didn't necessarily walk on all fours.

The widely advertised Southern hospitality curdled at first sight of an athlete with a faceful of eating tobacco. First-class hotels in the

yam belt wouldn't let the critters through the door. Proprietors of second-rate establishments shuddered and turned them away. At length the seedy host in a fleabag reluctantly took them in—on condition that they promise not to fraternize with his other guests.

Times have changed since the courtliest gentleman of the dugouts was a skinny young catcher out of East Brookfield, Mass. This month the finest hotels in Florida and California are catering to the whims of lefthanded pitchers and hard-hitting refugees from the plow.

For perhaps two hours a day, the muscular native of Eau Claire, Wis., or Council Bluffs, Ia., works at his trade; that is, plays a game he loves under the tropical sun. The rest of

his time is his to use as his taste dictates, lounging in the lobby or on the palm-fringed portico, ogling the damsels on Miami's Biscayne Boulevard or sampling the romantic content of the Pasadena moonlight.

He trolls for sailfish in the Gulf Stream, hauls bass out of inland lakes, toasts his pelt on the sands of Palm Beach, consumes his hominy grits and pompano amandine, and leaves his 10-cent tip in Dixie's most elegant beaneries. And his employer picks up the check.

After three wartime Springs when travel restrictions forced them to take their exercises on the ski slopes of Bear Mountain and the flooded banks of the Ohio River, the ball clubs are once again basking in the

(Continued on page 54)



Compton-Collier

What America is Reading

Daphne du Maurier, famous author of "Rebecca", "Hungry Hill" and other novels, has written a new book, "The King's General." A Seventeenth Century story, "The King's General" has much of its setting in Menabilly House in Cornwall, where Miss du Maurier now lives and where this photograph was taken.

By Harry Hansen

A HUMAN trait that leads men to commit one folly after another is the ability to put the best possible construction on unfavorable events. It was this trait that brought Hitler and Mussolini to disaster. They were supposed to be realists, but actually they coddled their imaginations and their hopes. Count Ciano, Italy's foreign minister and son-in-law of Mussolini, saw them at close hand and wrote in his diary that they were often mistaken. This man, whom we dismissed as a playboy, has provided us with the first frank description of life behind the scenes in Italy during the years when Hitler was planning to go to war and Mussolini was abetting him. "The Ciano Diaries, 1939-1943", is an eye-opening book. Sumner Welles, who writes an introduction for it, says it is without doubt authentic; that Ciano did not change any parts of it in his final days in the Verona jail, when Mussolini was getting ready to have him shot as a traitor to fascism. Ciano's wife, Edda, took the diaries out of Italy; they were sewn in her skirts, and the guards at the Swiss frontier passed her as a pregnant woman.

For us the biggest news they contain is that the Japanese ambassador informed Mussolini on Dec. 3, 1941, that negotiations with the United States had broken down and that Italy would be expected to declare war on us as soon as the conflict opened. There is also evidence that neither Hitler nor Mussolini gave much thought to President Roosevelt's repeated warnings because they did not think he had power to enforce them. The military unpreparedness of the United States, however, made the war leaders bold, and made President Roosevelt's warnings useless. "It is clear that Roosevelt is barking because he cannot bite," said Mussolini in October, 1941, and this was the general impression throughout the Axis.

There are many passages in which the Italian contempt for the Germans is reflected. "We were treated

(Continued on page 48)



W. WIGGLESWORTH'S "MOST FAMED TOYSHOP," SECOND AND CHESTNUT STS., PHILADELPHIA—FROM AN OLD PRINT*

A HERITAGE TO REMEMBER

*"Billey—was the envy, as his shop was the wonder, of all in the city . . . from his magazine *Chrisknickle and Belsnickle* were supposed to provide themselves for Christmas Eve."*

— WATSON'S MSS ANNALS

Traditions which touch the heart live long.

Therefore, it is natural that Philadelphia should cherish memories of the solid hospitality set by its Colonial era. A time-honored way of life represented today by Philadelphia Blend, The Heritage Whisky . . . Friendly, rich, yet mild of manner. Truly, a special occasion whisky, yet you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia Blend . . . regularly and often.

*FROM A SERIES OF HISTORIC PRINTS DESIGNED FOR "PHILADELPHIA"—THE HERITAGE WHISKY—FAMOUS SINCE 1894

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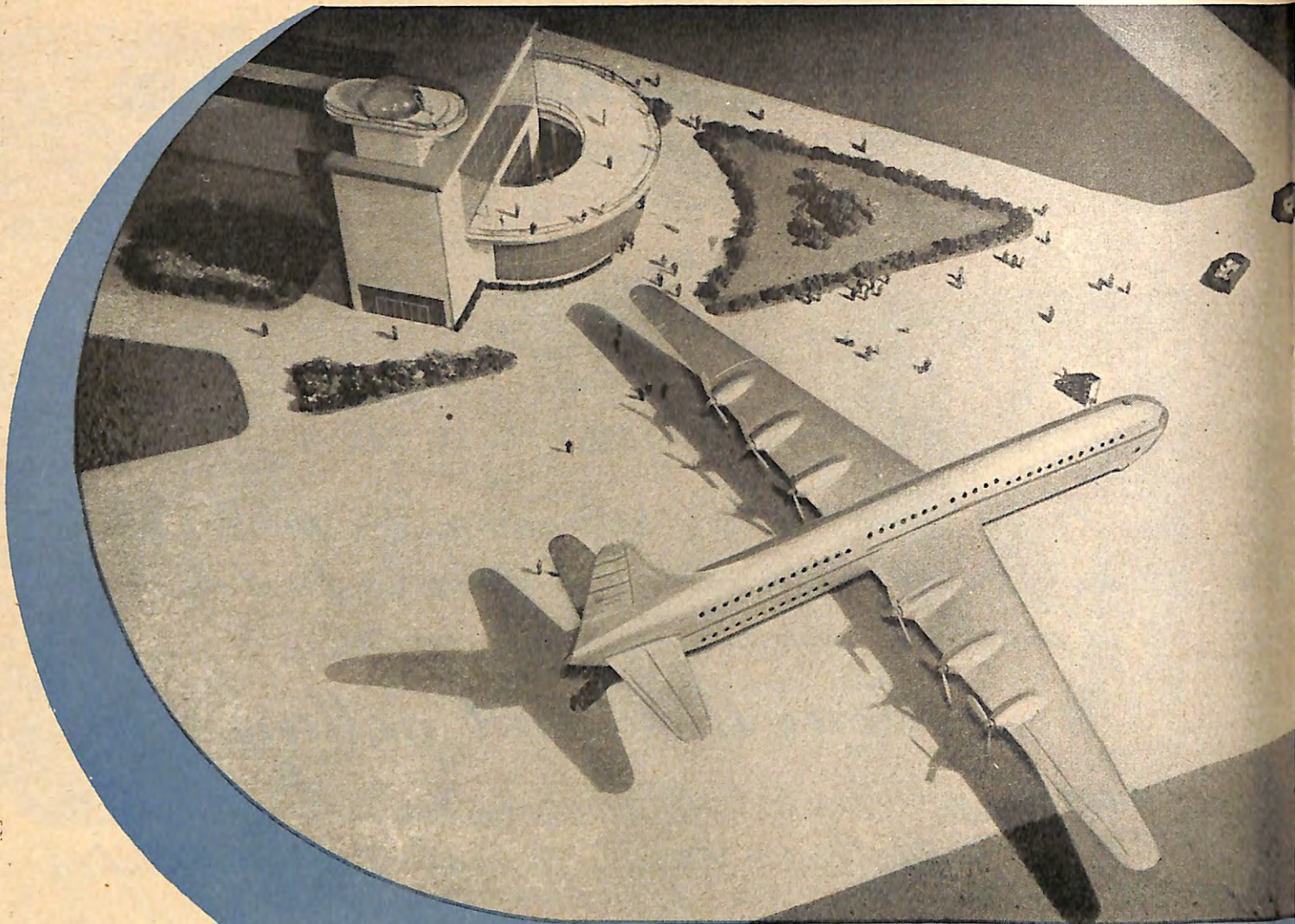
BY

J. B. Moseley
CHAIRMAN

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Pan American World Airways Photo

- A model of the new Consolidated Vultee-built Clipper, a flying hotel.

WHO Gets the Passengers?

By Al Frantz

How will travelers go, by liner or

plane? That's still a \$64

question for steamship operators

and airmen alike.

IN WARTIME days, when the airplane already had caused the world to shrink to the dimensions of an out-sized California orange, it was comforting indeed to visualize travel as promised us in the not-too-distant future.

Dinner and the latest Broadway hit one night and dinner and the latest London hit the next? It was not only probable but already possible. Circle the Norwegian fjords the following morning and reach Paris in time for the opera? Nothing at all!

Next, how about a quick gander at the Alps, a hop on to Cairo for the pyramids, the Taj Mahal by moonlight as one's plane zoomed on to Calcutta in time for lunch at Firpo's and a visit to the bazaars? Break the homeward trip in Australia and perhaps spend an afternoon on the beach at Waikiki? Why not? With no place on the globe farther away than 40 hours by air, all this and a

side trip to Bali too seemed suddenly possible within the confines of an ordinary vacation.

While these visions of a new day in travel bemused future pleasure seekers, the same visions by all rights should have brought nightmares to the steamship executives on New York's lower Broadway. These gentlemen might well have asked themselves whether the day of the luxury liner was gone forever. Was an ocean voyage to become as old-fashioned as a Queen Mary hat, and the famous passenger ships of the late '30's to be relegated to a naval museum?

Speed, these men knew, has always been king in America; ocean liners were no answer either to the business executive who had to be in London or Paris or Basle on two days' notice and who could reach there within 14 to 20 hours by plane. On the other hand, they also realized that only a small amount of ocean travel has ever been made for purely business reasons. It is the pleasure seeker, the couple holiday bound, the young man or woman looking forward to a few weeks abroad or starlit nights in the West Indies who have always made up the great bulk of travelers.

For these vacationists the steamship line operators have evolved a

formula, and a very effective one. Through their efforts ocean travel has become synonymous with relaxation and comfort. They have made the mere act of going up the gangplank an automatic divorce from the cares and anxieties of the everyday world. Once aboard ship the average passenger has been treated as a king, with hours to his own liking, good company, the very best of service and the opportunity for a wide range of mild activities.

If the ocean goer so chose, he could while away his time in a tiled swimming pool as fine as any in Hollywood; he could play shuffleboard or darts or take a short workout in the gym; he might enter a bridge competition, or, if he so preferred, he could merely relax in a deck chair, with the assurance that a solicitous steward would be around sooner or later with tea and cakes.

The steamship operators saw to it in the meantime that said passenger's wife had the chance gleefully to shed a few responsibilities of her own. If she had small children, she turned them over to the nursery or playroom, knowing that they would be competently cared for. Out came her travel wardrobe—the gay new bathing suit, the trim prints for afternoons on deck, the evening gowns for dances in the ballroom. Seldom,

even in a period of years, did she have such an opportunity for so many consecutive good times, such a chance to reveal herself in a setting carefully calculated to show her at her best. The ladies loved it—and who wouldn't?

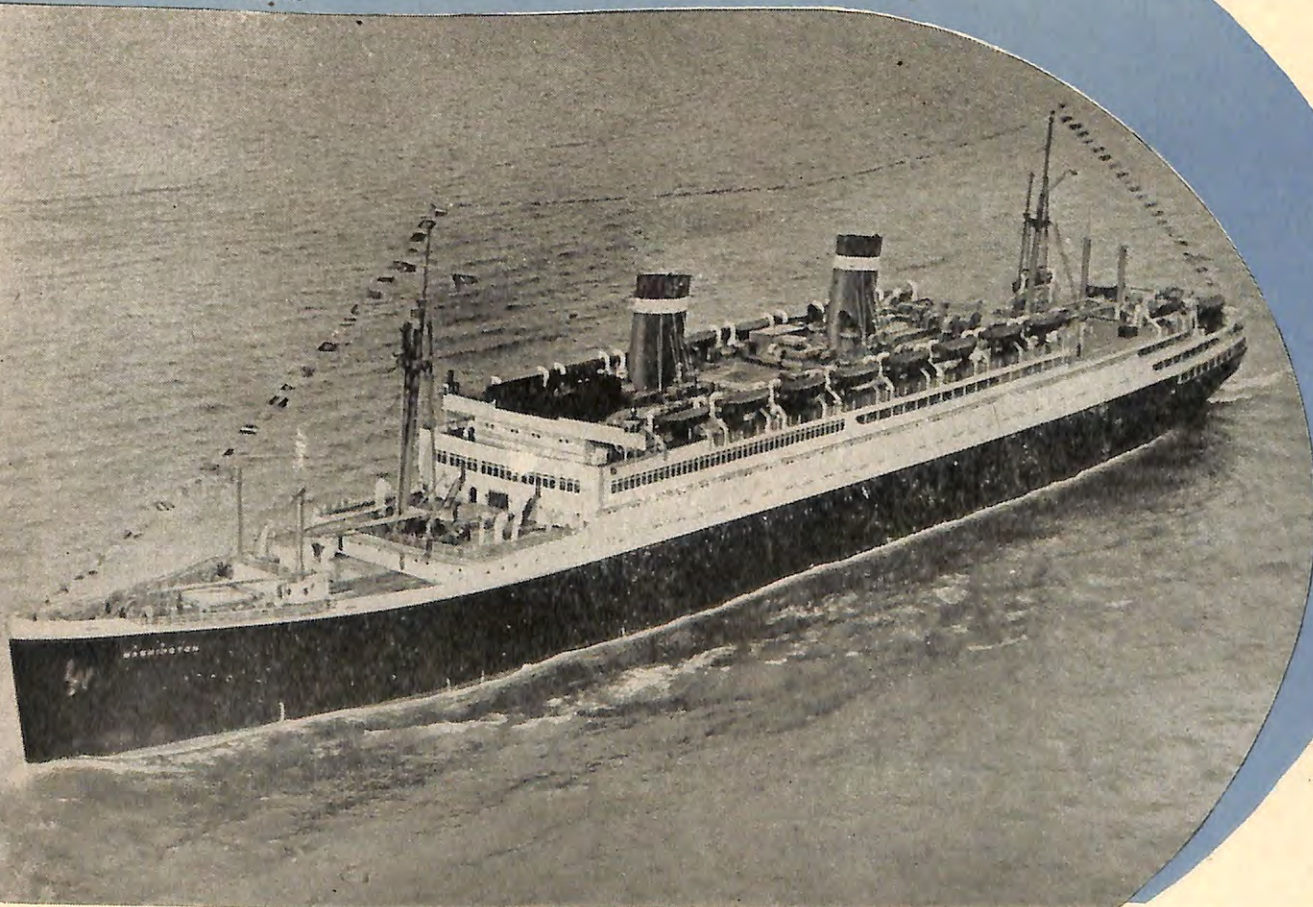
This is part of the luxury liner formula which in the past won the hearts—and the tourist dollars—of traveling Americans. But there was even more to it. Steamship owners prided themselves on serving the finest of foods. They constantly built ships with finer interiors, so that such liners as the *America*, the *Queen Mary*, the *Normandie*, the *New Amsterdam*, the *Oslofjord* and the *Rex* had public rooms and cabins which could scarcely be matched for charm and beauty. Furthermore, the foreign flag liners featured the atmosphere of their own lands; they were their nations afloat and as such a delightful introduction to and preparation for the pattern of life abroad.

Such were the appeals of steamship travel before the war, and there is every reason to believe that they will prove as effective in the days ahead. They are formidable selling points indeed for luxury liners and their operators.

The airmen, on the other hand,
(Continued on page 44)

The S S Washington, a luxury liner which will win many tourist dollars.

U. S. Maritime Commission Photo



Editorial

BURN IT



ONE of the former rituals of the Order, in use for many years but discarded so long ago that it is a confession of age to remember it, contained an inquiry put to the body of the lodge by the Exalted Ruler, the answer to which was "burn it".

During the past year "burn it" has again become familiar to the Order. This time instead of a reply to a ritualistic question it is a command to burn the mortgage. There have been more mortgages burned during the past two years than in any similar period in the history of the Order, which speaks volumes for the prosperity of many of our lodges. According to present indications many more mortgages will be burned during the ensuing year.

It gives the membership of a lodge a real thrill to watch a mortgage go up in smoke, leaving its home free and clear of all encumbrance, and once the members fully understand what this freedom means, they will hesitate long before assuming another obligation of its kind, and perhaps still the ambition for a new building so often born of prosperity. It is much better to burn than to build.



Charity

UNREST



THE price of war is "blood and sweat and tears". The price of victory is political, industrial and social unrest.

During the war years every resource of government was directed towards a single objective—Victory. When it came, the world was unprepared to meet it. The disruptions and dislocations of normal life, which are the inevitable results of world-wide conflict, cannot be restored in days, or weeks, or even years. In war our people made every sacrifice to win; in peace their sacrifice must continue until the suspicions and indecisions which have followed Victory are resolved into mutual understanding.

It is no easy task to remodel a world, but this must be done before the pattern of world peace begins to take shape and substance.

Tides of unrest are sweeping the world. They are bound to touch the shores of America, but our country is strong, her people are sound of heart, and right and reason will in the end prevail.

America has suffered, materially, less than any of the warring nations. Her cities are intact; her factories are convertible to the ways of peace, and industry is capable of producing those necessities the world so urgently needs.

America, by virtue of her might, has assumed a place of leadership in this troubled world, and must also accept the responsibilities that go with her position.

People of the old world wander over their devastated lands, cold and hungry, looking toward America for the help they so need. This is the help which may plant seeds of world brotherhood without which there can be no lasting peace.



Justice

DUES



ONE of the most important activities of the month of March is the collection of dues.

This is especially true this year when many newer members, due to industrial conditions brought about by the end of the war, are changing their residences. The progressive and substantial increase in membership during the past few years has been due in considerable measure to the affiliation of these members and every effort must be made to keep them in good standing.

It is well to emphasize that dues are due and payable on or before April 1; that the color of the membership card changes, and "good standing" means a paid-up card of the correct color.

March should always be a busy month for Lapsation Committees. It is the time for a final effort to salvage delinquents. No lodge should assume the burden of carrying those who will not pay beyond the end of the fiscal year, but a live Committee may, by vigorous solicitation, return some of these strays to the fold. Carelessness is a cause of delinquency which may be cured by mail, telephone or personal contact.

Inability to pay is also a factor in delinquency but one that has considerably lessened in the past few years. Often it is a temporary condition and if the member is worthy of being retained his case can be handled judiciously by an understanding Lapsation Committee.

There is also the delinquent who has no interest in the Order and no wish to continue his membership. Communications and bills sent him by the Secretary evidently find their place in the wastebasket for they are systematically ignored. The attitude of this type of delinquent towards the lodge proves there is no justification for keeping him on the roll.



Brotherly Love



VICTORY GRAND LODGE

THE first certificate of incorporation of the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks was signed by the Governor of the State of New York on March 10, 1871. From that time until the year 1889, with the exception of a Session held in Philadelphia in 1877, the Grand Lodge met in New York. The Grand Lodge will come back to the city of its birth for its 82nd Session, which will be held during the week of July 7. It will be a Victory Session celebrating the homecoming of those thousands of Elks who fought to achieve that Victory, and to pay the Order's meed of respect to those who gave the last full measure of devotion to the cause of world freedom.

The forthcoming Session of the Grand Lodge will probably be the largest ever held. The attendance promises to be doubled, with last year's Representatives and Grand Lodge Officers who were prevented from attending in 1945 by wartime restrictions meeting with this year's Representatives.

For the first 18 years New York City was the permanent meeting place of the Grand Lodge. At the Session of 1889 it was decided that a migratory Grand Lodge would stimulate the Order's growth and it voted to hold its 1890 Session in Cleveland, Ohio. Since that year, the Grand Lodge has met in many cities, and the wisdom of the migratory policy has been demonstrated by the rapid expansion of the Order.



Fidelity



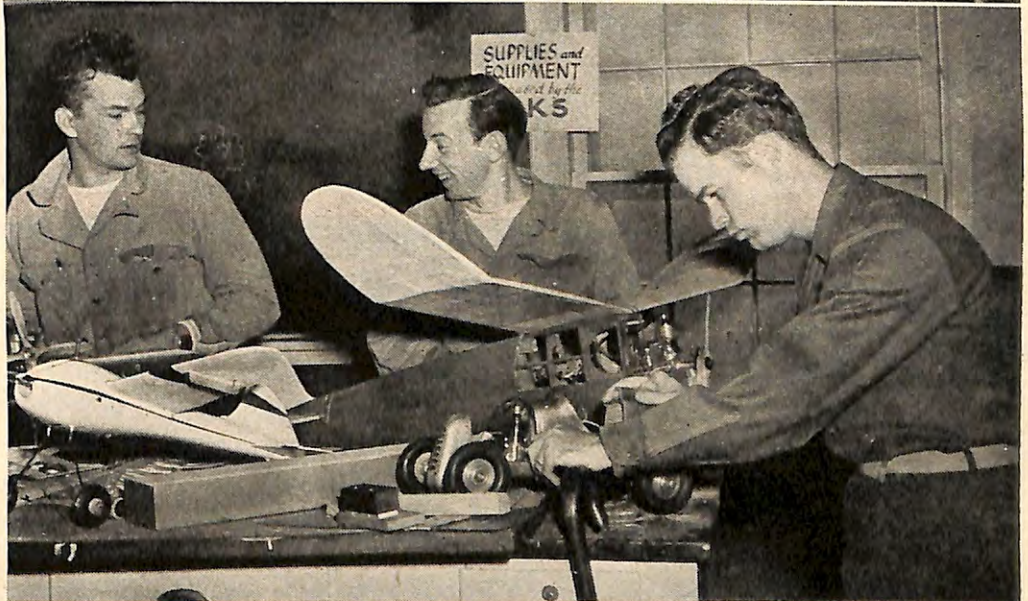
Above: Two notable members of the Order met recently in Washington, D. C.—President Harry S. Truman, Kansas City, Mo., Lodge, and Lt. Frank X. Burke, Jersey City, N. J., Lodge. The President is shown as he awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor to Lt. Burke who was nicknamed “the one-man army”, having killed or wounded forty of the enemy in Nuernberg, after serving in the African and Italian campaigns.

Under the
ANTLERS





Above: Christmas Day, 1945, at the Elks Fraternal Center in New York City, when more than 1,000 servicemen were entertained. The 110 who were housed overnight were given a party and a gift of \$2.00 apiece.



Right: In the O'Reilly General Hospital's model airplane shop, three wounded veterans work on their own productions, using tools and material furnished by Springfield, Mo., Lodge's \$200 monthly hospital fund.

Below: Convalescent servicemen are entertained during one of the Ohio State Elks Assn.'s Hospital Service Program's benefits; six hospitals are visited each month.



Right: At top is the group of Racine, Wis., Elkats as they left for Kelly Field, Tex., in 1942. Below are nine of the survivors of the group who held their first reunion in four years at the home of Racine Lodge. Each of them averaged about 2,000 flying hours in every theater of the war. They voted to form a "Last Man" club and collected money to purchase the traditional bottle for the last survivor. It will be kept at the lodge home.



Below is the poster which lists Logansport, Ind., Lodge's record in the eight Bond Drives. The final amount for the Victory Loan was \$261,450.

LOGANSPORT ELKS NO. 66
EXCEEDS QUOTA IN EVERY WAR BOND DRIVE
Here is the Record:

FIRST LOAN \$121,781 ⁰⁰	SEVENTH LOAN \$422,225
SECOND LOAN \$271,275	SIXTH LOAN \$238,579
THIRD LOAN \$841,912	FIFTH LOAN \$183,150
FOURTH LOAN \$523,825	VICTORY LOAN \$251,450
TOTAL SALES \$2,854,197⁰⁰ BONDS	

Below: Peabody, Mass., Lodge in a window display on Main Street publicly thanks manufacturer and merchants who donated materials to the Elks War Commission for the use of veterans in Massachusetts hospitals.





Above is a photograph taken at a recent meeting of the Elks Cheerio Committee, made up of members of Atlanta, Buckhead, Decatur and East Point, Ga., Lodges for the welfare of veterans at Lawson General Hospital. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland, seated fourth from right, has the late Col. James W. Duckworth, CO at Lawson General, beside him.



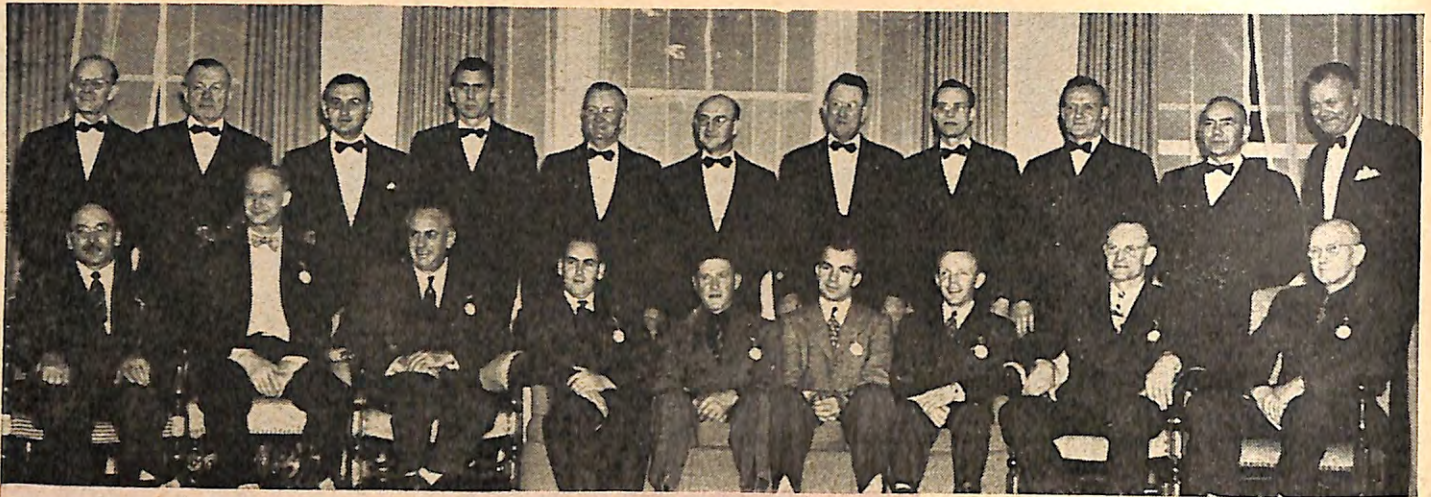
Right: The Elks Ladies Club of Price, Utah, Lodge wrap Christmas gifts provided by the lodge for veterans at Bushnell General Hospital.



Above are the officers of Jacksonville, Ill., Lodge with the men who made up the Lodge's Victory Class.

Below: De Kalk, Ill., Lodge's Victory Class, comprised entirely of servicemen and veterans, all in uniform.





Above: With the officers of Eugene, Ore., Lodge standing behind them are the men who made up a class recently initiated in honor of D.D. A. W. Wagner.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES THROUGHOUT THE NATION

FOUR GEORGIA LODGES—Atlanta No. 78, Buckhead No. 1635, Decatur No. 1602 and East Point No. 1617—have spared no time, effort or expense during the last four years in making life happier for the boys at Lawson General Hospital. As soon as the Hospital was completed, these lodges formed a Cheerio Committee, under Chairman Gus Guimarin, which busied itself filling the needs of the hospitalized veterans. Anything and everything from Braille cards to player pianos to candy machines was furnished by the Committee as soon as possible after the request was made.

The Elks and the men at Lawson recently lost one of their best supporters and friends when Col. James W. Duckworth, Commanding Officer at the Hospital, died Dec. 26th. The Colonel has always had the interest of his men at heart and was loud in his praises of the Georgia Elks, being largely responsible for the vast amount of newspaper publicity the Order's generosity has received down there. Early in December he had met with the Cheerio Committee and the heads of the American Red Cross staff in Atlanta.

Below are the men who made up Price, Utah, Lodge's Victory Class, shown with the lodge officers.

MINOT, N. D., Lodge, No. 1089, has chosen a perfect way to express its gratitude to members of our Armed Forces.

On Dec. 14th these generous Elks passed a resolution calling for an appropriation of a sum not to exceed \$35,000 for the purchase of a site for a Veterans Hospital in that city, which shall be called the John Moses Memorial Hospital in honor of the late ex-Governor, who was a member of the Order. It will be a 150-bed medical and surgical institution, costing approximately \$1,500,000, and will occupy about 20 acres.

Three trustees were authorized to supervise the expenditure for the site, for which negotiations have been under way for some time under the direction of an ex-servicemen's committee.

NEWPORT, KY., Lodge, No. 273, chose the occasion of its 52nd Anniversary to burn the mortgage on its home.

A banquet was held at which E.R. Anthony Salamack introduced P.E.R. Charles Patzold, a member of No. 273 for fifty years. Charles Rehling, another 50-year-member, was among the other Past Exalted Rulers who were introduced to the crowd.

HANNIBAL, MO., Lodge, No. 1198, added seventeen new names to its rolls on December 20th. About fifty Elks were there to witness the initiation, many of whom came from out of town, including District Deputy Clyde K. Moore of Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, who spoke briefly.





Above are the officers and Victory Class of Brattleboro, Vt., Lodge.

KINGMAN, ARIZ., Lodge, No. 468, has made possible an Iron Lung Room at the Mohave County General Hospital out there, and only the late delivery of proper flooring is delaying the formal opening. The room, donated by the Kingman Elks as their War Memorial through funds raised by the lodge, will be maintained by No. 468 for the free use of the citizens of Mohave County. The Lung itself is there, with complete furnishings and equipment, and a large Elks Emblem will be placed on the floor-covering in the center of the room.

GREELEY, COLO., Lodge, No. 809, recently entertained 300 local and visiting Elks at "Colorado Elks Association Night"—an innovation suggested by Past State Pres. Albert Fine which promises to be mighty popular.

Dinner was served by a committee of Past Exalted Rulers, and 25 men were initiated by the State Championship Ritualistic Team of the host lodge which that night received the John R. Coen plaque and \$40 prize money from State Pres. Chris Gehlbach of Canon City where the 1946 State Convention will take place.

Mr. Gehlbach outlined some of the Association's plans and other speakers were Mayor Chet Cook, Trustee of Canon City Lodge, and Many State Association officers. D.D. Isom Epperson of Fort Morgan, as Chairman of the Association's Scholarship Committee, spoke eloquently on the Elks National Foundation Scholarship Contest.

Below are some of the men who made up the Victory Class of Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge. The group, totaling 73, was one of the largest ever initiated into that lodge.

Moving Picture of Elks National Home, Bedford, Virginia

The West Virginia State Elks Association has donated to the Elks National Home a sixteen-millimeter film showing scenes in and around the Home. It is a silent film and the running time is about thirty minutes.

Any lodge or State Association may have the use of this film by applying to R. A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Virginia.

BURNS, ORE., Lodge, No. 1680, is a new branch of the Order, being instituted Dec. 15th before Elks from all over the Northwest, with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan of Portland Lodge acting as instituting officer.

The officers of Bend Lodge No. 1371 which took an active part in promoting the new lodge initiated 120 men that evening. D.D. Malcolm Epley, Klamath Falls, was in general charge of the institution, with P.E.R. Cliff Mudd, Salem, P.D.D., doing a splendid job of installing the new officers. P.D.D. Robert S. Farrell, Jr., of Portland, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, did a lot to help the committee make the affair the success it was.

The new lodge has established quarters in a downtown business building.

KEY WEST, FLA., Lodge, No. 551, got a verbal pat on the back recently from Floyd Brown, who spoke for the Elks War Commission when he said that No. 551 is recognized as a lodge doing outstanding work in the operation of a Fraternal Center. Not only have the Key West Elks been showing real Southern hospitality to the many servicemen stationed around the island city, they also sent a \$500 check to the Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children at Umatilla.

D.D. B. Elliott of Pahokee Lodge No. 1638 paid a visit there not long ago and found proof that the Key West Elks dine well too—if the turkey dinner he sat down to was any criterion.

N. J. STATE ASSN. Rahway Lodge No. 1075 was host to the second quarterly meeting of the Association early in December when reports were made by the War Activities and Crippled Children's Committees.

The War Activities Committee reported that during the 14 weeks preceding the meeting it had put on more than 41 recreation hall shows, plus many ward units that accompany most of the recreation hall activity. This Committee also announced that it had been nominated by England General Hospital at Atlantic City and Tilton General Hospital at Fort Dix as the first choice of each to receive a Certificate of Commendation from the Army Service Forces in recognition of meritorious service. The Elks' shows always carry a lot of talent, often





Above is the Victory Class of Mount Pleasant, Pa., Lodge which was initiated during the official visit of D.D. Otto R. Grotfend, seated fourth from right, with the officers and Past Exalted Rulers of the lodge.

including such performers as Fred Stone, Vera Zorina, Myrna Loy, Bugs Baer and others of their ilk.

At the meeting films showing the use of "The New Jersey Artificial Arm" were run by the Crippled Children's Committee which is knocking itself out promoting the "arm" for the use of the wounded of our Armed Forces.

CENTRALIA, ILL., Lodge, No. 493, has given real and personal service to the mother of the boy who met his death shielding others by throwing his body on an exploding grenade on Tinian Island in August, 1944. When the Navy invited Mrs. Joseph Wilson to sponsor the launching of the *USS Robert L. Wilson*, a destroyer named for her late son, winner of the Congressional Medal of Honor, she accepted. She did not know that the Government could not finance her trip to Bath, Maine, for the launching. She was broken-hearted but resigned, since she could not find the money to pay for the journey herself.

Then the Centralia Elks found out about it and started things humming. When Mrs. Wilson arrived at the home of Centralia Lodge Dec. 30th to receive a

Right is the hard-working Antlers Quartet of Covington, Ky., Lodge which is doing a great job entertaining at functions held throughout the State.

Below are officers and new members of Boston, Mass., Lodge on the occasion of the homecoming visit of D.D. John J. O'Connor.

plaque from No. 493 on behalf of her son, she also received \$300 which had been collected from the members for her journey. The Bath Iron Works Corp., builders of the ship, also made a sizable contribution making it possible for her husband to take the trip with her.

MILFORD, MASS., Lodge, No. 628, really throws its weight around when it comes to doing things for the youth of the community. Every year it sponsors a Sports Night, and the one held last Dec. 20th had the high school football squads from Milford and nearby towns as special guests.

Speakers included a number of sports big-shots—John "Ox" DeGrosa, head coach of the Holy Cross College football team which played in the Orange Bowl New Year's Day; Albert "Hop" Riopel,

line coach of the Crusaders squad and a member of Milford Lodge; Louis Perini, president of the Boston Braves of the National Baseball League, and Bill Summers, veteran American Baseball League umpire and a twenty-five-year member of No. 628.

Gold football watch charms were presented to the 18 senior class lettermen of the Milford and St. Mary's High Schools football teams. Past State Pres. William J. Moore emceed.





"FLYING HIGH"

BENTON, ILL., Lodge, No. 1234, recently spread itself to show its appreciation to the citizens of the town who donated to the "Kangaroo Court"—No. 1234's title for its annual drive for funds to aid crippled children. On Dec. 18th, the men enjoyed food and fun at open house, and several nights later the ladies had a gay time at the opening of the lodge's new women's lounge.

Above is the cast of the Minstrel Show "Flying High" put on by Waukegan, Ill., Lodge. The proceeds went to the lodge's Crippled Children's Fund.

Notice Regarding Applications for Residence At Elks National Home

The Board of Grand Trustees reports that there are several rooms at the Elks National Home awaiting applications from members qualified for admission. Applications will be considered in the order in which received.

For full information, write Robert A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Va.

BOSTON, MASS., Lodge, No. 10, welcomed home District Deputy John J. O'Connor Dec. 16th and in his honor initiated 40 members, led by Major R. W. Meldon and Capt. Walter Roughsedge, both of the USAAF. Past Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan and Grand Treasurer John F. Burke of Boston Lodge, and Exalted Rulers of the Southeast District lodges were among the 500 members who attended.

SAGINAW, MICH., Lodge, No. 47, has the classic answer to "Where's Elmer?"

This particular Elmer happened to be an elk of uncertain temper who lived in the Saginaw Zoo. He became annoyed one day in October shortly after his mate arrived and went charging through a fence at one of the zookeepers. It took four men to get the best of this four-year-old, 700-pound behemoth, but his neck was broken in the process and the zookeeper landed in the hospital. Now Elmer doesn't live there anymore—or anywhere else—but he did not die in vain.

Since No. 47 had paid \$150 for the mate for Elmer who caused all the trouble, name of Elsie, half the bull elk's carcass went to Saginaw Lodge, plus the two important elk teeth. At a stag dinner held at the lodge home some time later, the meat was enjoyed by all for, in spite of Elmer's tough disposition, it turned out to be quite tender. One of his teeth was auctioned off, realizing \$10,000 worth of Victory Bonds, and with every \$50 Bond purchased a chance was given on the other tooth.

The Saginaw Elks plan to replace Elmer with another, more compatible husband for Elsie, and they hope that will be that.

Left are the officers of Centralia, Ill., Lodge who officiated at the institution of Salem, Ill., Lodge and initiated over 100 members into the new lodge.



Below are the four contestants in the 18-hole exhibition match put on by Moscow, Ida., Lodge between champions Jug McSpaden and Byron Nelson and two of the lodge's best golfers.





Above is Reading, Pa., Lodge's William Penn Memorial Class, with the lodge officers.

WALLACE, IDA., Lodge, No. 331, with a membership of 1,256 in a city of 3,800, celebrated its 50th Anniversary in a two-day program Jan. 4th and 5th. The lodge at this time honored its three surviving charter members, Jacob Lockman, M. J. Flohr and Charles K. Cartwright.

Chairman Robert E. Sorenson of a P.E.R.'s Committee in charge of arrangements and P.E.R. L. W. Lieb, P.D.D., supervised the preparation of a good-looking souvenir program.

No. 331 highlighted its anniversary in typical Elk style—the contribution of \$50,000 for a World War II Memorial and Civic Auditorium in that city.

TENN. STATE ASSN. Greenville Lodge No. 1653 was host to the annual meeting of the Tenn. State Elks Assn. Oct. 27th, with Pres. Alfred T. Levine presiding. Mayor John S. Bernard welcomed the Elks to his city and E.R. Leon E. Easterly did the same for his lodge. P.D.D. C. Vernon Hines, Nashville, responded for the Association and the invocation was given by Rev. Eric Greenwood.

Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner was guest of honor at a banquet attended by more than 300 at the Greenville Country Club during the Convention.

Chairman W. J. Bryan of the Hospitalization Committee reported that Kennedy Hospital was receiving benefits through Memphis Lodge No. 1612; Thayer Hospital through Nashville Lodge No. 72, and Mountain View Hospital through Johnson City Lodge No. 825. The Association voted to pay in full the subscription to the Elks National Foundation.

The following officers, installed by Grand Trustee Hugh W. Hicks of Jackson Lodge, were elected: Pres., Albert G. Heins, Knoxville; Vice-Presidents: Edward W. McCabe, Nashville; H. Conway Smith, Morristown, and E. J. Nunn, Jackson; Secy., Robert E. Simpson, Oak Ridge; Treas., John T. Menefee, Chattanooga; Trustees: J. Ross Reed, Greenville; John Longhill, Memphis, and J. C. Armstrong, Columbia.

The invitation of Columbia Lodge was accepted as the 1946 meeting place.

OAK RIDGE, TENN., Lodge, No. 1684, in the home of the Atomic Bomb, was instituted Dec. 12th with 112 charter members.

State Pres. Albert G. Heins acted for the Grand Exalted Ruler during the ceremonies and was assisted by D.D. James J. Farrell, Chattanooga, E.R. Chas. A. Wells, Knoxville, and other dignitaries of the Order. The new officers were elected and installed and then a banquet for more than 200 was held.

NOTICE

The Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., would like to hear from some Brother Elk who could repair and make alterations on clothing for residents of the Home. A good home would be furnished and the Home would pay for work done. Write to R. A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Va.

CARLSBAD, N. M., Lodge, No. 1558, went out of its way early in January and proved to more than 500 servicemen that their contributions to Victory had been appreciated on the home front. This year's open house was the first in a series of annual affairs the Elks of Carlsbad are planning in honor of World War II heroes. Sherman Vance, general chairman of the Entertainment Committee, promised "excellent entertainment—and no speeches" and kept his promise to the letter. No. 1558's guests literally dined on the "Fatted Calf", which was purchased by the Elks in October after it was judged grand champion in a FFA-4-H Club contest. Dressed, it weighed 659 pounds.

IRON MOUNTAIN, MICH., Lodge, No. 700, held its annual dinner for members of the local and Kingsford football squads recently, and a very good dinner it was.

E.R. Fred Folley welcomed the guests and Russell Bath was Toastmaster. The Superintendents of the townships involved, as well as the schools' principals and coaches were introduced, with "Roundy" Coughlin, famous Wisconsin writer and humorist, the main speaker.

The Elks trophy, symbolic of victory in the annual Iron Mountain-Kingsford football game, was presented to Captain Pete Van Laanen, of the Iron Mountain team. The trophy will become the permanent possession of the school winning it three times.

ELKS NATIONAL HOME residents are anxious to express their appreciation for the generous contributions of more than 1,000 lodges to make possible the showing of motion pictures at the Home twice a week. Each Tuesday and Friday is a big day for the Home members who eagerly flock to the Auditorium to see the movies that make life down there less monotonous. The persistent efforts of P.D.D. Charles G. Hawthorne of Baltimore, Md. Lodge, No. 7, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council, have been largely responsible in securing enough money for the regular showing of the films.

KINGSTON, N. Y., Lodge, No. 550, gathered 150 people together at the Governor Clinton Hotel not long ago to pay tribute to P.E.R. Judge John T. Loughran who has been chosen to be Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals of New York State.

In the group over which County Judge John M. Cashin, P.E.R., presided were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Judge James T. Hallinan, Queens Borough Lodge; Judge F. Walter Bliss, Middleburg; former Supreme Court Justice John E. Mack, Poughkeepsie; Supreme County Justice Harry E. Schirick; former County Judge Andrew J. Cook; Mayor William Edelmuth, P.E.R.; Lt. Col. Judge Bernard Culloton; State Vice-Pres. Isadore Benjamin, of Liberty Lodge, and George I. Hall, Lynbrook, Secy. of the Board of Grand Trustees. All those who spoke had much to say of interest regarding Judge Loughran, expressing their pride in his election. Musical entertainment was provided, with everyone joining in singing old favorites.

BERKELEY, CALIF., Lodge, No. 1002, lost its last charter member when P.E.R. Dr. Charles Avann Meek died Nov. 11, 1945.

The third Exalted Ruler of No. 1002, Dr. Meek had continuously devoted his time, wisdom and effort to the lodge since its institution in 1905.

A group of Past Exalted Rulers conducted the Elk services for Dr. Meek on the afternoon of Nov. 13th. E.R. Wm. H. Burgess and his corps of officers acted as Guard of Honor and performed the duty of pallbearers.

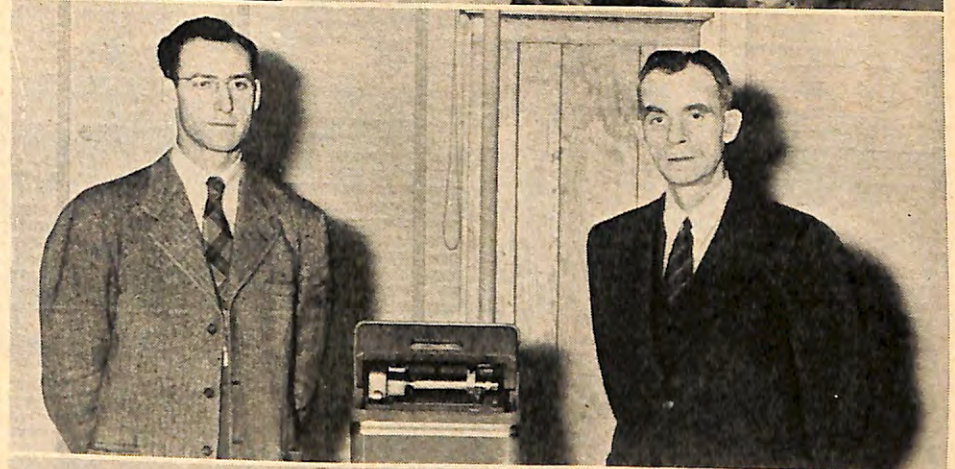
PORTLAND, ORE., Lodge, No. 142, is honored in having its distinguished member, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Judge Frank J. Lonergan, appointed to the bench of the Circuit Court of Multnomah County by Gov. Earl Snell, a member of Heppner Lodge. Judge Lonergan will succeed the late Judge Louis P. Hewitt in this position.





Above is part of the huge crowd at the dinner Bloomfield, N. J., Lodge held in honor of Hank Borowy, outstanding Chicago Cub pitcher, and a member of the lodge.

Right: E.R. Floyd H. Brown, right, and C. R. Eubanks are photographed with the Electronic Director Voicewriter Longview, Wash., Lodge bought for the Children's Orthopedic Hospital.



LOUISVILLE, KY., Lodge, No. 8, held its annual charity bazaar Dec. 16th as usual and a good amount of folding money was raised for the purchase of tickets to athletic contests, shows, etc., for the wounded veterans at Nichols General Hospital.

The old-fashioned Antlers Quartet of Covington Lodge No. 314 entertained at the bazaar and the next morning the Hazelwood Sanatorium tuberculosis patients, 15 of whom are sponsored by the Ky. State Assn., received a visit from the Quartet. That afternoon the singers raised their voices in the auditorium and in ten different wards at Nichols General.

Right: Members of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge place a wreath on the grave of President Franklin D. Roosevelt who was a member of that lodge.



Below is the first Victory Class of Grass Valley, Calif., Lodge, shown with the lodge officers.





**GRAND
EXALTED RULER'S**
Visits

Below: Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner was serenaded by the High School Band when he visited Jackson, Ohio, Lodge recently.

Below: The Grand Exalted Ruler accepts a gift from P.E.R. C. M. Wilderman, representing Moscow, Ida., Lodge, at the conclusion of Mr. Kepner's address.



Above, left to right, are State Pres. M. Dave Miller, Mr. Kepner, Grand Trustee Sam Stern and D.D. M. V. Traynor at Grand Forks, N. D., Lodge.

Below: The Grand Exalted Ruler, seated among prominent members of the Order, takes it easy at Fargo, N. D., Lodge.





Above: Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner is photographed at the historic Mission at Santa Barbara, Calif., with dignitaries of the Order.

GRAND Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner stopped on his tour to visit GREENVILLE, PA., LODGE, NO. 145, on Oct. 31st. Four hundred and seventy-five Elks, with Exalted Rulers from 15 of the District's 17 lodges and from Conneaut, O., Lodge, No. 256, were on hand to hear Mr. Kepner's speech and to enjoy the roast chicken dinner and later the open house at the lodge home. Officials of the Order, including Past State Pres. F. J. Schrader, of Allegheny Lodge, Assistant to Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, State Vice-Pres. Lee A. Donaldson, Etna, and Wilbur P. Baird, Greenville, present Chairman and former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials respectively, Max Lindheimer, Williamsport, former member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and many past and present State Assn. officers and D.D.'s took part in making the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit a pleasant one.

Mr. Kepner, visiting CLEVELAND, O., LODGE, NO. 18, on Nov. 1st, was met at the city limits by E.R. Frederick E. Coleman and a police escort and taken to the lodge home where a reception was held. He was honored at a banquet and was speaker at the evening meeting which preceded a delightful social session and entertainment. The Eleven O'Clock Toast, delivered by Mr. Kepner, was broadcast over station WGAR. About 500 Elks were in attendance.

ROANOKE, VA., LODGE, NO. 197, gave a dinner in honor of Mr. Kepner on November 7th and held a called meeting so that the large number of Elks who wanted to hear him speak could do so. Attending the dinner were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Past Grand Exalted Ruler; E.R. D. M. Rusmisell and the Roanoke officers, Trustees and Committee on Arrangements; D.D. John L. Walker, P.E.R. of Roanoke Lodge; Past Grand Tiler R.

Below: When Mr. Kepner arrived for his visit to Las Vegas, Nev., Lodge, he was seated, left, with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, in a 1904 Sears Roebuck automobile and given a real Western welcome.





Above: Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner places a wreath on the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott at San Francisco, Calif.

Chess McGhee, Lynchburg, Past State Pres.; State Treas. Charles W. Proffitt of Clifton Forge Lodge, and other distinguished guests from nearby lodges.

Mr. Kepner and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan spent Thanksgiving with the Elks of **MOSCOW, IDA., LODGE, NO. 249**. After a brief regular lodge session at which Mr. Lonergan spoke, a semiformal dance was held. At 10:45 Mr. Kepner addressed the large gathering of Elks and ladies.

Then the Grand Exalted Ruler really went West. He showed up on Nov. 28th at **BERKELEY, CALIF., LODGE, NO. 1002**, after making a stop at San Rafael. D.D. Dr. T. F. Werner, Napa, and L. Grant Kellogg, Santa Rosa, of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, escorted him from Santa Rosa, and a number of the officers of Berkeley Lodge welcomed him. Three hundred members attended the banquet held in Mr. Kepner's honor and a number of others were in on the lodge meeting later. State Association officers and Dis-

trict Deputies were very much in evidence, along with Grand Est. Lead. Knight F. Eugene Dayton, Salinas; former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees Fred B. Mellmann, Oakland; Donald K. Quayle, Alameda, former member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee and officials from several California lodges. Many of the Wade H. Kepner Class of 85 candidates, initiated Oct. 10th, were there and the Harmonettes sang for the crowd's supper.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., LODGE, NO. 3, was next on Mr. Kepner's itinerary. On Nov. 30th, following a dinner, a meeting was held in the lodge room and Mr. Kepner delivered his message to the assembled Elks. Among the 500 in attendance were members of San Mateo Lodge No. 1112 and Palo Alto Lodge No. 1471.

Mr. Kepner got to **FRESNO, CALIF., LODGE, NO. 439**, on Dec. 4th and enjoyed a Dutch lunch with local and visiting Elks, including State Pres. Horace R. Wisely and Mr. Dayton, Salinas; L. A. Lewis, Anaheim, of the Grand Forum; D.D. Harry Johnson, Porterville, and other dignitaries.

On Dec. 5th Mr. Kepner stopped at **SANTA BARBARA LODGE NO. 613** to be entertained by the members of No. 613, San Luis Obispo Lodge No. 322, Santa Maria Lodge No. 1538, Ventura Lodge No. 1430 and Oxnard Lodge No. 1443. About 450

Right: Those who attended the dinner held by Roanoke, Va., Lodge in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler. Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters was also a guest.



Below: Mr. Kepner is surrounded by Elk dignitaries when he paid a visit to Cleveland, Ohio, Lodge.





Above: At Palo Alto, Calif., Lodge Mr. Kepner held a luncheon meeting with Elk officials.



Above: Mr. Kepner, standing center, at the dinner held in his honor by Wellsburg, W. Va., Lodge.

Below: The Grand Exalted Ruler, left, greets California Elk dignitaries at Fresno, Calif., Lodge.



Elks heard the Grand Exalted Ruler's message and during the lodge session a class was initiated in his honor by the Santa Barbara officers who are the State Ritualistic Champions. That evening an entertainment in the Spanish motif—in keeping with the locale—was put on. Among those present were Messrs. Dayton, Lewis and Wisely; Past Grand Est. Lead. Knight George D. Hastings, Glendale, and D.D. J. Robert Paine, Pasadena.

The next morning Mr. Kepner was taken by car to the home of **VENTURA LODGE** and then to the historic Camarillo Rancho for luncheon, before he continued his journey to **LOS ANGELES LODGE NO. 99**.

Dec. 8th found Mr. Kepner at **LAS VEGAS, NEV., LODGE, NO. 408**, along with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon who accompanied him from Los Angeles. They were greeted at the airport and took part in a parade. At the meeting lodges from seven States were represented. Kingman, Ariz., Lodge, No. 468, which sponsored the Las Vegas institution in 1923, sent the largest delegation. Eighteen men were initiated in Mr. Kepner's honor by a ritualistic team composed of the Exalted Rulers of every lodge in Nevada with the exception of Tonopah No. 1062 which was all tied up in its annual charity ball that night. Before the lodge session a banquet was held at the Last Frontier Hotel with more than 200 persons in attendance.

On Dec. 10th Mr. Kepner and Mr. Shannon and D.D. Dr. W. V. Ammons, of Phoenix Lodge, were royally entertained

Below is a photograph taken when the Grand Exalted Ruler paid a visit to Berkeley, Calif., Lodge.





at the home of **WINSLOW, ARIZ., LODGE, NO. 536**, and then, jumping over to even another State but still in the Great West, Mr. Kepner left Winslow with D.D. Charles Barrett, Past Grand Tiler, and E.R. C. Ewell Jones of Albuquerque, N. M., and on Dec. 11th stopped for a noon luncheon with the members of **GALLUP, N. M., LODGE, NO. 1440**. Later at the home of **ALBUQUERQUE LODGE, NO. 461**, 300 Elks and Mr. Kepner had a real Mexican dinner with Mexican and Indian songs and dances as entertainment. The San Juan Indians initiated him into the Deer Clan of their pueblo, giving him the title, "Big Elk", and the Albuquerque Elks topped things off with the gift of a Navajo rug. Grand Tiler Morey L. Goodman, Santa Fe, and many State Assn. officials and D.D.'s attended.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, LODGE, NO. 85, made a big to-do Dec. 14th with a "Victory Celebration" held during Mr. Kepner's visit. Members from Utah lodges and 14 other States and from Honolulu and Manila Lodges were among the 600 people who heard the Grand Exalted Ruler's address. He arrived on Dec. 13th and that evening was a guest of honor at a banquet held by No. 85's P.E.R.'s Assn., but Dec. 14th was The Day. Open house was held, with about 1,000 Elks taking the chance to win new friends. Although

Right: Mr. Kepner with Elk dignitaries as he discussed lodge matters at Salt Lake City, Utah.

Below: The speakers' table at the banquet held by Greenville, Pa., Lodge in Mr. Kepner's honor.

he didn't have much time, the Grand Exalted Ruler managed to make a quick trip to the famous ski resort at Alta where he got quite a rise out of a ride on one of the ski lifts to an elevation of nearly 10,000 feet.

On Dec. 15th Mr. Kepner turned up in still another State—when **CASPER, WYO., LODGE, NO. 1353**, put on a real show for the Order's leader. About 30 Casper Elks, with a few feminine abettors, donned Western outfits, rounded up their horses and gathered outside the lodge home to provide a real Wild West background for his welcome. During the evening of his arrival, Mr. Kepner witnessed the initia-

Above: Mr. Kepner, seated center, was photographed with high officials of the Order, at Anaheim, Calif., Lodge. Grand Est. Lead. Knight F. Eugene Dayton is on his right, and L. A. Lewis, a member of the Grand Forum, on his left.

tion of 68 candidates in his honor. The initiates included 58 from Casper and others from Sheridan, Cody and Rawlins. Every lodge in the State was represented in the crowd of 500 which attended the meeting. After the initiatory ceremony a wild game dinner was enjoyed.

(Continued on page 50)



The Awakening of Henry

(Continued from page 7)

pound," he babbled. "They've taken it. They're going to use it. In airplanes. In every airplane in the country. In the world. Millions—" And his strength gave out and he fell flat on his face through the door and into the front hall.

It was twenty-four hours before he opened his eyes. He awakened and stared around the strange room and looked down at the bed on which he lay and his mind refused to remember or to recognize. He lay quietly, trying to summon his wits, and the door opened and Beulah came into the room with a smile on her pretty face and her blondined hair brushed until it shone and her full, pouting lips smeared entrancingly with scarlet lipstick. Henry gaped.

"Darling," said Beulah. "Darling!" And she rushed to his side and plastered a kiss upon his whiskered cheek. "Darling, isn't it marvelous?"

Henry's wits returned. "The test," he gasped. "They're going to try the compound in the first airplane. I must be there. I must!"

"Yes," said Beulah. "Oh, yes, darling!"

Henry's memory returned in full flood. "Beulah," he said sternly, "I was not drunk, as you intimated." He felt some measure of resentment that she should have doubted him. Despite his appearance, she should have understood. The first small crack appeared in the wall of his devotion. "I was tired, Beulah," he said, "only that."

But her answer swept away his doubts. "Darling," she said softly, "can you ever forgive me? I should have known better. And after you fainted I saw—" She did not bother to add that she had left him lying on the hall floor while she phoned the police and only an unexpected call from Rice had saved Henry from the drunk tank. "Oh, darling!" Beulah sobbed against his shoulder.

Henry patted her head soothingly. "I understand," he said. "I understand fully, Beulah." And then his mind turned again to his compound. "I must go. I must be there for the test."

"Yes," said Beulah. "Yes, darling. And you'll come back to me afterwards."

"Yes," said Henry. He waited until Beulah was out of the room and the door was discreetly closed before he threw back the covers and swung his thin legs over the side of the bed. He sat for a moment, steadying the room in his mind and then he stood up and dressed himself.

The phone rang before Henry was done. And then Beulah knocked at the door. "Mr. Rice is coming to pick you up, Henry," she said, and her voice was filled with sweetness and light, although her anger burned fiercely at the things Rice had im-

plied in their conversation.

Rice was in the living room with Beulah when Henry, shaved with Beulah's razor, gave his hair a last touch with his thin hands and straightened his tie and marched out of the bedroom. "Good day," he said politely.

Rice's smile was almost insulting. "Did you sleep well, Henry?" he asked, and his eyes drifted to Beulah's face.

"Thank you," said Henry, imperceptibly. "I slept well." There was about him on this day an aura of confidence that, coupled with his normal dignity, lent him stature. He was no longer the ridiculous little man whom Rice had met six days before; he was a force, an entity, a man serene in the proved knowledge of his own ability. "I slept well," he repeated. "I am refreshed. I am ready for the test."

"Darling!" said Beulah.

"Well!" said Rice and his smile became a grin. "How chummy."

Beulah tossed her blondined hair and her lips were sullen. "I'll have you know—" she began shrilly. And then she stopped, warned by the sudden wonder in Henry's eye. She made her sullen lips form into a smile. "Henry, darling," she said, whiningly, "this man is insulting me."

"Beulah," said Henry sternly, "one should not be anxious to take offense." And the new-found force within him kept the words from sounding ridiculous.

Beulah swallowed. Twice. "Yes, Henry," she said meekly.

Henry addressed Rice. "Let us go," he said, and beneath his words you could hear the blare of a distant trumpet and the far-off sounds of battle.

The great transport ship stood in the wooden experimental hangar. The cover and access plates had been removed from the lower surfaces of the wings and the huge gas tanks lay open. Around the ship stood closed ten-gallon cans of Henry's compound, mixed with precise care by the Atlas chemists from the formula Henry had provided. Painters stood by holding their spray guns and in a little knot by the ship's fuselage stood the project engineer and his assistants and the head research engineer and the chief engineer and the foreman of the experimental shop and various hangers-on—coordinators and engineers and front office parasites with no active interest but filled to the brim with fiery curiosity.

Henry took in the scene from the door of the hangar and his eyes glinted with pride. He marched across the hangar floor, seeming to dwarf Rice who had shrunk visibly at the sight of the collected hierarchy. The knot of men opened and Henry strode into its center. To the

chief engineer he said, "I am here. Let us commence." And such was the quality of his new dignity that no word of objection was voiced.

The first can of compound was opened and its peculiar, cheeselike odor filled the hangar. The first spray gun was filled and the lead painter adjusted his mask and clambered up his ladder and thrust himself through an open access door and disappeared into the tank and the air hoses followed him. There was a minute of tense silence and then the hissing sound of the spray gun began and the lead painter's voice, muffled by confinement, came from the bowels of the tank. "It sprays just like lacquer! Wow! It's terrific!"

Henry said nothing. All eyes were upon him. He let himself betray no expression, no sign of triumph. Only his eyes gleamed like jewels in his thin face.

The chief engineer said, tensely, "If flight tests show what I think they will—"

And someone, one of the hangers-on, I believe, shouted, "Look! Look at the wall!" And the chief engineer's words were forgotten.

Against the wall, clearly visible against its white wood, was a mouse, standing on his hind legs, brushing his nose with his forepaws and shaking his head from side to side. And as they watched, a second mouse appeared from nowhere and stood next to the first, rubbing vigorously. The first mouse dropped to his four feet and his squeak was clearly audible above the hiss of the spray gun. His tail flew up and his head dropped and he charged, squeaking as he came. Straight to the open can he scuttled, and up its smooth sides and to its open top and his head disappeared inside. And behind him came the second mouse and then a third and a fourth, until the hangar floor was alive with mice, squealing and scuttling, fighting and biting, trampling wildly over one another to reach the open can top, until the can was covered with mice and its sides seemed to beat like a furry pulse.

And then one mouse saw the air hoses. He mounted them as a rat mounts a ship's hawser, and behind him climbed others to disappear inside the tank. And from the tank came the sudden agonized shouts of the lead painter and then a banging and a knocking as he fought his way to the nearest access hole and squeezed himself through and dropped ten feet to the cement floor and lay there, babbling.

The knot of men had broken. They scurried for safety, some into the ship's fuselage, some up available ladders, some on a dead run for the hangar doors.

But even in flight the chief engineer retained his scientific clarity. "It's like catnip!" he roared at Henry

who galloped beside him. "It acts on the mice just the same way catnip acts on a cat. Only more so. Good Lord, what a thing!"

And presently the hangar was empty, except for the ship and for the mice. And the open can of compound, its equilibrium destroyed by the weight of the mice on its sides, succumbed at last to gravity and toppled over and the compound flowed and spread on the cement floor and the hangar reeked of the strange, cheeselike odor, and echoed to the squeals of the legions of mice.

The tale spread, of course, and in its spreading it gathered unto itself embellishments of wondrous quality. Like ripples on a pool rebounding from the edge, the facts emanated from the eyewitnesses into the realm of hearsay, and returned, distorting themselves as they encountered fresh stories, and these new inventions spread again to become further distorted by further encounters until all truth was submerged.

It was inevitable that the story should come to Beulah's ears. Rice, awed by subsequent happenings, held his tongue and it was not until three full days had passed that he spoke to Beulah and then only because she phoned him at the plant to demand confirmation of the disaster.

"I have heard that the test was not a howling success," Beulah said on the phone. "In fact, I have heard that it stunk." She paused in her indignation. "I haven't heard from Mr. Willoughby since that day," she added.

Rice was cautious. "I guess he's been busy," he said.

"I just guess he has," Beulah snapped. "Busy thinking up excuses to give me. After all he boasted and all he promised!" She calmed herself with difficulty. "The compound is not going to be used on your transport?" she asked.

Rice's answer was unequivocal. "It is not going to be used in any airplane," he said.

"Oh!" said Beulah, and she hung up the phone.

It was on the evening of the fifth

day that Henry arrived at Beulah's house. There was another new suit-or, he saw, whose car hunkered disreputably at the curb. Henry sighed and mounted the two cement steps. He rang the doorbell and removed his hat and waited and presently Beulah appeared.

Her blondined hair was untidy, Henry noticed, as if it had recently been mussed. And her pouting lips were unevenly smeared with remnants of lipstick. And behind her the living room lights were low and the radio played soft dance music.

"Good evening, Beulah," Henry said.

"Oh," said Beulah, and her mouth became sullen. "It's you. Crawling back here, after all that you promised, after all your boasting."

Henry's expression did not change. Only his eyes betrayed his hurt. "Beulah," he began.

"Don't you Beulah me, Henry Willoughby!" she snapped. "I know all about you and your compound! Making me the laughing stock of Encino Beach! Ruining my reputation by sleeping here in my house!" She drew herself up and swept her untidy hair from her face and smoothed the obvious wrinkles in her dress. "I know you, Henry Willoughby! I know you at last for what you are! You're nothing but a flash in the bucket!" She paused to let the accusation sink in. Then, scornfully, "I'll have you know that I have met a gentleman since you were here. A real gentleman." She smoothed her wrinkled dress again, proudly, and hoped that the smeared lipstick was not too obvious. "My new gentleman friend doesn't boast and promise. He treats me with respect, like a lady deserves. And I don't want to see any more of you, Henry Willoughby!"

The hurt was suddenly gone from Henry's eyes. The new-found confidence returned in full flood. He looked at Beulah with distaste and his voice was calm. "I'm sorry, Beulah, that I disturbed you," he said. "I thought only to take you for a ride in my new car, as I had promised. But I see that I am unwel-

come." He made a little bow and started to turn away. Beulah's voice stopped him, as he had known that it would.

Beulah said, "What car? What new lie is this?" But her eyes went beyond him to the street past the disreputable pile of junk piloted by her new gentleman friend, to the sleek, massive, new convertible that stretched for yards along the curb. "What new—" Her jaw fell and her eyes grew round and she stared at Henry in disbelief. "Whose car is that?" she demanded.

"It is my car," Henry said calmly. "I bought it this morning." And in the force of the little man's quiet pride and confidence, Beulah felt, suddenly, shoddy and hollow.

"But I heard . . . what? . . . how? . . ."

Henry addressed her quietly. "My compound proved to be unsatisfactory as an airplane fuel tank sealing agent," he said. "That is true, as you have no doubt heard. But certain of its properties have made it invaluable in other applications." He paused, holding his audience. "I am now the president and chief chemist of the Willoughby Rodent Exterminator Company, which has been organized during the past two days. Our sales have already exceeded our most optimistic anticipations." He paused again to allow it to sink in. "My company has behind it the resources of the Atlas Aircraft Corporation. My vice-president is my very good friend, the chief engineer of Atlas." He raised his hat to his head. "Good evening, Beulah. Or, perhaps I should say, 'Goodbye, Beulah'." He turned from the door and went down the two steps placing his hat carefully upon his head, a thin little man in the carriage of whose head and in the set of whose shoulders lay a confident dignity to which the world would pay homage.

Beulah recovered at last. "Henry!" she shrieked. "Henry! Maybe I was too hasty!"

But the thundering roar of the convertible's exhaust drowned out her words and behind her the radio played soft dance music.

Who Gets the Passengers?

(Continued from page 25)

have speed and still greater speed as an effective counter-balance to these attractions. Speed furthermore can be interpreted in terms of a great many things for pleasure travelers: an extra week in London or a tour of the Scottish Highlands or that jaunt into Switzerland and Italy which could not be squeezed in under ordinary circumstances. For some, speed will even mean a European trip on as short a vacation as two weeks.

Increased use of planes may also result in cheaper fares for ocean travelers. The present plane rate of \$375 one way to London is still high-

er than the cost of minimum first class accommodations on the *Queen Mary* before the war (\$316). The *Queen Mary* made the crossing in four and one half days. A slower ship, crossing in seven, had minimum first class rates of \$195, tourist of \$136.50. Airmen declare that air rates will be reduced as soon as international rate agreements can be made and new and more economically-operated equipment be put into service—and such authorities as Edgar P. Trask, noted naval architect, counter this assertion with plans for new super liners which can operate for an average passenger fare of

\$190 first class, \$100 tourist. In any eventuality, tomorrow's travelers stand to gain.

The rivalry between steamship companies and air lines promises yet another development of deep interest to travelers—the effective opening up of South America as a vacation land. Before the war a cruise down the East Coast of that continent and return required 38 days. Few travelers could afford such a length of time away from business, and even the effective promotion of the Good Neighbor policy failed to raise passenger totals appreciably.

Faster schedules are the obvious

answer to the situation, and now that the building of luxury liners can be resumed such schedules are on the way. This month (March) the United States Maritime Commission is inviting bids for two new passenger ships for the East Coast run. The liners will have a speed of 28 knots, or about 70 per cent more than that

of vessels on the route before the war. Carrying 543 passengers, they will be the fastest merchant ships ever built in this country and will make the voyage to Rio de Janeiro in about seven days.

The air lines, however, at present make the flight from New York to Rio in just under three days. Maybe

in the next few years they will cut that time to two. What then? How will travelers go, by ocean liner or airplane? That's still a \$64 question for steamship operators and airmen alike, and only one party knows the answer: the great pleasure-traveling public itself. And that, of course, means you.

They're At It Again!

(Continued from page 9)

Sure, the labor troubles caused prices to falter now and again—but many stock buyers still reasoned that the huge pent-up demand for goods remained and that it would be felt long after industrial troubles had been settled. And so they kept coming in.

Never has there been so much cash and liquid assets exerting pressure against the markets—four times as much as at the peak in 1929. In the last few years when banks, rather than individuals, made huge War Bond purchases, the result was to create new supplies of what Federal Reserve officials call fountain-pen money. With war over these new billions seek an outlet and inevitably some of their force is felt in the stock markets.

Fear of inflation also is seen by Government officials as a factor in channeling still more money into stocks. They say that fear of "cheap" dollars—dollars buying less and less in terms of commodities—could drive money into the market with a force outdoing the price binge of 1928-29.

Again, a shortage of securities tends to exert upward stock market pressure. New securities issues have been scarce in recent years, yet the volume of money bidding for available stocks is far greater than in 1929.

Still another factor is the decreasing interest rate on bonds and other more conservative types of investments. People living on the income of such investments in a time of rising commodity prices often may go into stocks, where they have opportunity for a higher rate of return.

This, then, is the background of the bull market to which the little guy has been attracted in increasing numbers. Blind buying by this little fellow, too, say Securities and Exchange Commission officials, has at times been a factor in pushing up stock prices—sometimes to levels that couldn't possibly be justified by earnings prospects. The SEC cites some examples:

Before the war the Interstate Home Equipment Co., Inc., sold household goods, but it decided in 1942 to liquidate and distribute its assets to shareholders. For a time, prices of the stock listed on the New York Curb Exchange and the Chicago Board of Trade remained in line with what stockholders could expect to receive in liquidation—about

\$1.25 a share. Information on the concern was available to the public at the exchanges, the SEC and at brokerage houses.

But in late 1945 the stock became active—it seemed there were rumors the company might re-enter business. It moved from \$1.98 to \$3 a share in heavy trading—yet buyers couldn't hope to get that much money out of the stock except by peddling it to some gullible citizen if the rise continued.

Company officials stepped in then, notified the Exchange, and trading was suspended.

Then, SEC officials cite the case of stock of the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie railroad, represented in "A" certificates and "B" certificates, both listed on the New York Stock Exchange. They came out of a reorganization involving a predecessor company, and in the reorganization the Canadian Pacific Railway was given the privilege of buying the "B" shares at about \$2 under certain conditions. Everything made sense as long as the price stayed around this level.

But a few months ago the issue went to \$3; then, in mid-November, climbed to \$4.75.

On Nov. 16th the Canadian Pacific picked up its option to buy at \$2.

In such cases, the Securities and Exchange Commission may get complaints from people demanding to know why they were not protected. Yet information was available to all—if anyone cared to pay attention to it.

Much of the little fellow's buying is in low-priced issues; an SEC official comments that "the public seems wild to buy them". Many come into the market with a few hundred dollars and find they can buy only a very few shares of the big listed companies. But the psychology of the situation seems to make people want to be able to say they have a hundred shares of this-or-that stock, and so they go in for cheaper issues. Not mere numbers but what is back of the stock should be the guide, of course.

The smaller exchanges have felt the little man's stock-buying urge. Not long ago the Salt Lake City Exchange had a million-share day, much of it trading in low-priced mining stock. An SEC official tells this story:

Recently a man telephoned the SEC to ask for a list of all stocks on

the Salt Lake Exchange. An official promised the list. Would the inquirer like information on any specific stocks?

"No," was the reply. "You just give me the list. I'll pick out the ones I wish to buy."

Some time ago the SEC noticed considerable trading in bonds of the old Russian Czarist government, with prices rising. It seemed there were rumors that the United States might make a loan to the present Soviet government and that retirement of the old bonds might be part of the deal.

SEC Chairman Ganson Purcell wrote the State and Treasury Departments to learn if the rumors had any substance.

Both departments sat down hard on the idea.

The little guy still isn't in the market today as in the Twenties, when bootblack and taxi driver talked glibly of the paper profits they ran up day by day in stocks. But he's coming back in sizable numbers, though, and the hope of SEC and New York Stock Exchange officials is that he'll keep his eyes open as he comes in. Emil Schram, Stock Exchange President, has this to say:

"People who are unable to judge values or have a competent advisor judge for them have no business in buying securities. They should stay out of the market. Those who scorn factual information and conduct their operations on the basis of tips, rumors, hunches and impulses are misusing our facilities. They contribute to market instability and render an absolute disservice to our general economy."

Bluntly Mr. Schram has said he doesn't want "racetrack" money in the market. And the Exchange is spending considerable money of its own in advertising, which urges the uninformed to stay out of the market.

Government officials say no one can tell when the danger point is reached in a long market climb. But they hope the safeguards erected in recent years will help prevent a repetition of the 1929 debacle.

In those golden days a vast amount of trading was on margin—that is, on credit. The stock buyer might have paid down only 10 or 15 per cent. When the crash came and brokers called on customers to cover in full, thousands had to sell their stocks. The effect of selling was to

deflate prices still further, and so the vicious circle was run.

But, doing what it could to check a stock market boom, the Federal Reserve Board in the last year has increased margins first to 50 per cent, then to 75 per cent, then—last January—to 100 per cent. That means cash on the barrelhead for all stock bought today. Earlier, the New York Stock Exchange had written its own rule—that accounts up to \$1000 had to be fully covered in cash. So, now, there's only about a billion dollars in credit left in the market—but in 1929 there were 10 billion dollars to 12 billion dollars in credit to compound the crash difficulties.

Congress has outlawed the old pooling and rigging practices—the manipulation by which stocks were driven up or down by insiders plucking the gullible. And before any important stock issue is offered to the public the issuing company must file voluminous information with the Securities and Exchange Commission, giving a complete financial accounting and describing what the new capital is to be used for.

The SEC acts as a kind of publicity agency on stock issues, but the trouble is that people often go into the market without looking at the publicity. Hurry. Do It Now, Get In Before Tomorrow's Rise—that's the psychology of some buying. That kind of buying was costly to Americans before and could be again.

The longer a bull market runs the more stories get around of someone making a killing, the greater the urge of more people to get in. And the market has come a long way since its early wartime low, still further since its 1930-33 retreat. There still are few common stocks as high as on the eve of the 1929 crash, though. A look at a few of the well-known issues over the years:

Allied Chemical and Dye hit 355 in 1929, slumped to 43 in the early 1930's, was at 146 on Dec. 8, 1941, reached 196 early this year. American T. and T. went to 310 in 1929, slumped to 70 afterwards, was at

142 the day after Pearl Harbor and at 193 in January, 1946. Santa Fe hit 299 in 1929, shriveled to 18, was at 58 after Pearl Harbor and had climbed to 110 in January. Bethlehem Steel was 141 in 1929, 7 in the early 30's, 57 in late 1941, 101 in early 1946. Chrysler soared to 135 in 1929 and crashed to 5 later, was at 51 in late 1941 and at 139 in January.

General Motors was at 92 in 1929, at 8 in the early 30's, at 35 in late 1941, at 78 in January; du Pont hit 231 in 1929, fell to 22, was at 141 the day after Pearl Harbor, stood at 193 in January. U. S. Steel made a proud 262 in 1929 and a humble 21 later, was at 51 in late 1941 and at 87 early in 1946. Johns-Manville went from 243 down to 10, was at 57 in late 1941 and at 148 early this year.

There has been a lot of talk about inflation in the stock market; Mr. Schram went to the White House early this year to tell President Truman that the market was not in itself inflationary. Some Government officials weren't sure. Sometime earlier Chairman Purcell of the SEC had warned, "Up to recently, I think our markets have reflected basic conditions generally in industry and the widely held view of the outlook for the future. It has, however, been suggested—and I think not without reason—that they also reflect an anticipated acceleration in the inflationary trend which was so successfully held down during the years of conflict.

"If this is true, we should take care to see that it does not continue while our faces are turned away."

Mr. Purcell apparently does not look for many big new capital issues to absorb the huge backlog of cash and savings seeking a place to go. As a result of the war, he says, American corporations as a whole have such substantial reserves of liquid assets and such high net working capital that they can undertake considerable expansion from the previous level of peacetime activity without significant recourse to the capital markets.

"It seems quite clear," he adds,

Liver Gets the Bacon

(Continued from page 11)

drawing a test from each can and analyzing it for its potency. As the test at that time was usually taken from the top and center of each can, some unscrupulous fishermen resorted to what the trade called "stacking a can". They placed high potency liver on the top and in the center and surrounded it with inferior livers on the side. Today, the livers are extracted right on the boats. Then, regardless of how many cans of liver come ashore from one particular boat, they are all ground up together. A sample, giving an average potency, is taken and the price established accordingly. The

Castagnolas, as well as other large houses, have their own laboratory, but to assure fair play, the samples are drawn and analyzed by a well known laboratory and its reports are honored by both the fishermen and wholesaler. It was also agreed not to catch female soup-fin which, in order to whelp their pups, were seeking the shallowed banks. During the boom some fishermen, who couldn't resist the big money, raided these banks frequently. But today, in order not to kill the goose who laid the golden eggs, this practice has almost disappeared.

Smaller boats still use baited hook

"that for the foreseeable future there will be an insufficiency of new security offerings to absorb the funds seeking investment outlets."

As the nation turned into 1946 some Wall Street men—yes, and some Government officials, too—thought current stock prices might be justified. Wouldn't it be odd, they asked, if prices weren't higher than in the bearish early war days when our armies were in a tough fight all over the world? And aren't prospects for business very good, with consumer goods markets closed off from supplies for three or four years?

To the extent that prices do reflect basic industry behind them, say Government officials whose job it is to keep a watchful eye on the stock markets, that's fine. But to the extent the market is whipped up by speculation and gambling, they insist, there's no good in it.

Trading volume on the New York Stock Exchange has gone up a good deal, but it's still far from the billion-shares-a-year turnover of the crash cycle of 1928, 1929 and 1930.

There has been talk that the Federal Reserve Board, if further restrictive action were considered necessary, might try to force out of the market even the billion dollars of credit allowed before the 100 per cent margin rule was adopted. But there's so much loose cash in the country that financial people doubt this would have more than passing effect; possibly its chief result would be to let people know the Reserve Board thought it was time the brakes should be applied further.

There are other moves the SEC might make to act as a check-rein. But what SEC officials emphasize chiefly when you talk to them is that people should go into the market with their eyes open, fully aware of what they're buying, fully aware that stock markets are speculative. If the little guy and everyone else will do this—will take advantage of all available information before buying—they think he'll save himself some headaches.

and line to catch shark. But the larger boats have invested heavily in specially made shark nets. Some nets are rigged to float upright, some 15 to 25 feet below the surface. Some captains prefer to trawl. There are many ways of catching soup-fin and many arguments as to the best method. Each captain of course thinks his the best. But all agreed about one thing: there certainly is no easy way. Catching soup-fin is hard and back-breaking labor. George and Mario prefer the method which fills the most cans with liver and brings the gear back safe and

(Continued on page 60)

What's your vote on Pacific bases?



1800. Sailors in the China trade who first sighted islands of the far Pacific early in the nineteenth century (shortly before Canadians "discovered" the name Corby's) never imagined that these pin points of land were destined to become objects of controversy in the U. S. A.



1880. Early Pacific traders found friendly natives leading a nearly ideal existence. Copra was their chief export, and island life inspired the book "Treasure Island," written in 1880, when Corby's had been a well-known Canadian whiskey name for 22 years.



1934. Given to Japs after World War I, some islands became Nip bases. Other peoples were excluded. A few U. S. islands like Guam and Wake became bases for trans-Pacific air lines in 1934. By then Corby's had been a renowned Canadian name for 61 years.



1946. With most of the Pacific under U. S. control, some say keeping the islands is contrary to earlier pledges. Others insist we need the island bases whose names are now forever famous. No matter what side you're on, you'll find another name getting more and more fame—Corby's. Brought here from Canada the name Corby's is today your guide to a light, sociable and palatable whiskey. Ask for Corby's in your bar or store.



CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.
86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill.

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 21)

never like partners but always as slaves", writes Ciano. The portraits of Ribbentrop and Goering are devastating; the former as a deceitful warmonger, confident that Britain could not hold out; the latter as a fool, a lover of gems, who liked to play with diamonds. Ciano was distrustful of many of Mussolini's acts, although he admired him, and his account of how Mussolini rationalized events that disappointed him shows how this sawdust Caesar lived with disillusion. Mussolini despised religion and the church, hoped to get rid of the king and the monarchy and above all had contempt for the Italian people, who couldn't fight and who, he thought, needed suffering in order to get stamina. Yes, the diaries tell much; they are also full of warnings between the lines, and they suggest the need for eternal vigilance and intelligent understanding on the part of the citizen, lest charlatans like Mussolini gain control of government and wreck peace again. (Doubleday & Co., \$4)

OPPORTUNITIES for readers of fiction improved considerably with the new year. The first major novel was British: Evelyn Waugh's "Brideshead Revisited". It was quite definitely prewar in feeling and atmosphere, even though it represented the reminiscences of a British captain whose company is billeted on an estate that he once knew intimately. Just how well readers will like "Brideshead Revisited" depends on their attitude toward Mr. Waugh's treatment of the religious questions involved. The story deals with a family of decaying aristocrats, as seen by Ryder, a painter and Oxford companion of Lord Sebastian Flyte, the second son of the Marquis of Marchmain. Flyte is the irresponsible student who can't stop drinking. His mother, a devout Catholic, tries to impose her orders on the other members of the family and is presumably responsible for the desertion of her husband, who for twenty years has lived in Venice with a mistress. The Marchmains have an uneasy Catholic conscience, and their conduct is not always such as to win approval of the church. Julia, the daughter, marries an upstart politician outside the church because he has been divorced. Mr. Waugh conveniently makes him a Canadian—no Englishman could be so rude and vulgar. Mr. Waugh is said to be a convert, but I cannot report that there is anything spiritual in his story. But the conscience is there, and in the end it seems to be winning the battle against the irresponsible appetites of the Marchmains. Always entertaining, often brilliant, the novel also will provoke controversy because there are some who call it an attack on the Church. (Little, Brown & Co., 2.50)

DAPHNE DU MAURIER has become one of the most popular entertainers in a light, romantic vein that makes no great demands on the reader. Her new novel, "The King's General", deals with what happened in an old house inhabited by royalists in the days when Cromwell's men were overturning the Stuarts. The chief fencing is between a robust general on the king's side, Sir Richard Grenville, and Honor Harris, his lady love, and there is a secret staircase and a room hidden under a buttress where the royalists hurry to take cover when any danger nears. Miss du Maurier says her tale is founded on fact and that she now lives in the house she has made the setting for her story. (Doubleday, \$2.75)

GOOD WILL among men shines forth in Elizabeth Metzger Howard's prize-winning novel, "Before the Sun Goes Down". Mrs. Howard has described the lives of several families in a Pennsylvania town in the 1880s, basing her story on the different fortunes of the poor and the wealthy, and making Dan Field, the physician who served both, a sort of generous mediator between them. He was an evangelist for democracy and tolerance, and he believed there was plenty of work for him in the little community of Wil-lowspring. Many of the individuals he touched were youngsters, growing boys and girls, and to them he soon became a guide and a friend. The story has a warm, hopeful quality; the tragic side is recognized and not exploited. It differs considerably from the bitter chronicles of small-town life to which we have become accustomed, even though it recognizes inequalities and injuries. (Doubleday, \$2.75)

ICAN'T guess to what extent the public will read James Warner Bellah's novel about maimed soldiers in a hospital, "Ward 20". After the first World War a book of such stark realism, reflecting the hopelessness, bitterness and frustration of the injured, might have made a sensation because it was so startlingly original. But in the years since the 1920s stark realism has been carried so far that nothing shocks or arrests the attention of the reader for long. In "Ward 20" the men are making the best of things, but some of them are cynical and pessimistic. The man who has lost his legs rails at his wife, accusing her of stepping out with another man during his absence; the man who is trying to learn how to shave with artificial arms makes a sorry job of it; the blinded man is cynical and yields only reluctantly to the attempts of a girl to comfort him—her eagerness being traced to an injury to her hand, which makes her an invalid, too. Some of the women are

sympathetic; others are buzzards, while the nurses do their best to help the men, fight off their advances and keep the ward in order. Not a pretty picture, but probably a truthful one. But as a novelist, Mr. Bellah has restricted himself to conveying the feelings of all concerned and tossing the story into your lap—he makes no attempt to read the future. (Doubleday, \$2)

THE news reports—and probably the newsreels—have been full of the exploits of Sinbad, the mascot of the Coast Guard. Sinbad has been in New York, calling on the mayor, parading up and down with his pals—in the midst of one jollification he escaped and was lost for hours; gradually he turned up at the dock where the cutter *George W. Campbell* was moored. Sinbad's story is to be found in "Sinbad of the Coast Guard" by George F. Foley, Jr., with drawings by George Gray. Sinbad had a checkered career, but the author allows him to remain a dog, which is always a good thing in dog stories. (Dodd, Mead, \$2.50)

MYSTERY story fans are playing in luck, for not only are original mystery and detective stories coming from the presses, but another organization, Bantam Books, has been formed to reprint these and other novels for the 25-cent market. Pocket Books has circulated millions of copies at this price. Bantam Books has already published "Evidence of Things Seen", by Elizabeth Daly, "The Gift Horse", by Frank Gruber, "A Murder by Marriage", by Robert George Dean, "The Town Cried Murder", by Leslie Ford and "Then There Were Three", by Geoffrey Hones. Many famous stories are now in print. In the meantime new adventures are being coined by the busy authors of thrillers. "Secrets Can't Be Kept", by E. R. Punshon, has Inspector Bobby Owens doing the investigating in an eccentric and amusing manner. (Macmillan, \$2). There is some pretty speedy work in "The Double Take", by Roy Huggins, in which Stuart Bailey digs into the tangled past of a young showgirl. (Morrow, \$2). "No Face to Murder", by Edith Howie is a well-planned puzzle involving the mysterious deaths of a church organist and a janitor. (Mill, \$2)

SOON after the war ended booksellers detected a falling off of interest in books about the war. The public, they reported, had read so many tales of fighting and dying that it was eager to turn to other themes. So publishers began to slow up on the publication of books dealing with the war. But it would be an error to say that such stories will no longer be published, and, if published, will not be well received. It

You can take General MacArthur's word for it!

"The Red Cross has done a 100 per cent job in this theatre. Mathematical limitations alone prevent my saying the Red Cross services here have been more than 100 per cent."

—General Douglas MacArthur

SO SPEAKS a distinguished eye-witness of your Red Cross in action. General MacArthur saw the Red Cross at your fighting man's side, all through the gruelling months of the Pacific campaign. He saw Red Cross men under fire on D-Day beachheads—sweat it out in foxholes—follow the men with candy, cigarettes and other comforts right up to the firing line.

He knows that wherever your fighting man went, your Red Cross went, too—that wherever, whenever he needed respite and recreation, help with a personal problem, or just someone to talk to, the Red Cross was there.

He also knows, as you do, that your Red Cross cannot yet say, "Mission accomplished." It still has an enormous task to do. With your help, it will carry this task to a successful completion.

**The War is over . . .
but another battle has begun**

Your Red Cross must now fight on three new battlefronts. The thousands of our men still in vet-




erans' hospitals and in faraway lands overseas need its comfort and cheer now, as they did when the bombs were bursting. And as our servicemen return to civilian life, your Red Cross must lend them a helping hand.

And when disaster strikes here at home—fire, flood, tornado—your Red Cross must be ready with aid for the victims. Its war against human misery is never wholly won.

But remember—it is *your* Red Cross. It depends on you for its very existence. So give from your heart. Give generously. Give *today!*

YOUR Red Cross MUST CARRY ON . . .

GIVE! 



all depends on how well the storyteller does his work.

For instance, "Waiting in the Night" is not a novel, but an account, by George Millar, a captain in the British Army, of his work among the Maquis, between Dijon and Besancon, in the final years of the war. But it reads like a novel or a rousing adventure story. There is the hard training in London before Millar—who had escaped from a German prison camp in Italy—was

dropped by parachute on a field in Franche-Comte. There is the suspense when he hears men searching the field for him, and his first meetings with the leaders of the Resistance. There is his work with these Frenchmen—in the dark, under the cover of forests, along railroad embankments, where he instructed the French in the use of guns and explosives and took part in some of their dangerous forays against the Gestapo, the German soldiers and

the Vichy collaborators. War tales, yes, but tales of adventure, too, and so well told that it might well be a tale of the British intelligence by W. Somerset Maugham. For the men who worked with the Maquis took their lives in their hands many times. As one secret operator told Millar, "A man's second-best friend over there is his gun."

"And his best?"

"His luck—touch wood." Millar's luck held. (Doubleday, \$2.75.)

Elks National Foundation

(Continued from page 23)

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1,000	200		1,000	1,000
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			100	740
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			1,000	Marshfield No. 665
			100	1,000
				100

Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 42)

Early in the morning of Dec. 16th an informal breakfast was held for Mr. Kepner with State Pres. Judge Bryant S. Cromer presiding. The banquet at the Gladstone Hotel that evening was attended by more than 200, with Past Grand Est. Lecturing Knight Hollis Brewer as Toastmaster. Gov. Lester C. Hunt, of

Casper Lodge, welcomed the Grand Exalted Ruler, after which Mr. Kepner spoke. Councilman J. Ray Moore, P.E.R., representing Acting Mayor H. W. Noyes, presented the keys to the city to Mr. Kepner.

The next we heard of the Grand Exalted Ruler, he was back in his home

State of West Virginia and on Jan. 3rd he drove to **WELLSBURG LODGE NO. 1553** for a turkey dinner and a floor show held in his honor. Mayor Harry Fryer was there, along with D.D. Richard T. McCreary and other Elk officials. The members of No. 1553 gave Mr. Kepner a beautiful silver pitcher.

"Tell them we'll have Schlitz"

When you serve SCHLITZ to your guests, it says more plainly than words, "We want you to have the

best." Where friendly glassware filled with Schlitz beams a cordial greeting, even the tick of the clock seems to say "You're welcome."



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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

It's a Man's World



by Kent Richards

MAN'S eternal faith that the world is his oyster is never materially shaken by evidence that it belongs not just to him but to the Russians, the women and the Democrats. A column such as this one, which sets out to deal with food, clothing and other basic male requirements must therefore occasionally touch upon an item of affairs somewhat remote from the individual and pertaining to mankind as a whole. Such references will indeed be infrequent but they may happen any time, maybe even next month.

MY CLUETT, Peabody spies tell me that the shirt situation has now improved to the extent that a man can walk into a store and ask for a white shirt. Even better news is that he can sometimes actually get the shirt. But those who so far have been able to indulge only in the pleasure of asking may not be the worse off for waiting. For when broadcloth does come back in quantity even conservative business shirts will reflect the sportswear trend, with more comfortably fitting collars and longer points. Button-down collars will be more popular, too, and some of the large manufacturers are planning to meet the tremendous demand built up during the past few years for a dual-purpose shirt: one which can be worn with open neck for sports, or buttoned up and with a necktie for business. Such a shirt should be here in quantity by summer.

The nation has been kept awake

for the past year or so by the roars of males frustrated in the efforts to buy white broadcloth shirts. It is every man's right to holler about any shortage but actually finely woven broadcloth is one of the least desirable, though most common, of shirtings. It isn't porous and holds in body heat and in a warm climate can be unbearable. Though women won't admit it, broadcloth doesn't launder any better than other materials nor does it wear much better. It is doubtful that it makes better dustcloths. Shirt-hungry buyers should hesitate twice before stocking up on broadcloth now that it is coming back in the market.

IT HAS been guesstimated that sales of men's toiletries have increased 300% in six years to a gross of \$50,000,000 annually. This is a long cry from the days when Williams Aqua Velva was about as far as a hairy-chested male would go into cosmetics. But there are now after-shave lotions and other refreshers made by and for men, which most anybody can use without fear that lace will sprout on his shorts. Some of them are reminiscent of pine woods, giving off an odor presumably not unlike that of a Royal Northwest Mounted Policeman. Another, equally subtle, is bottled fragrance of Scottish moors—guaranteed, I assume, to make one smell to high heather.

Men aren't likely to shy from scents appropriately named Tumbleweed, Boots and Saddle, Field

and Stream or Clover Hay. Nor are they, or their women, likely to avoid a lotion disarmingly labelled For Men Only, which is a pleasing concoction currently gaining vogue at \$10 per each of the large size. The number of new smeller-ups is, in fact, increasing so rapidly that it is impossible to test them all without smelling like an abandoned bordello. Only a few of them have anything like national distribution, a condition which their purveyors consider unfortunate and subject to immediate correction. If the business boom and easy money hold, gentlemen's lotions will be as common as tooth-picks though socially somewhat more elegant.

THE announcement by Botany Mills of a wrinkle-proof necktie will be welcomed by males everywhere. They are now available in sufficient quantity and in numerous patterns and should do much to reduce the mutterings of those whose ties always seem to have been pressed between two washboards. Botany notwithstanding, any tie will wrinkle if sufficiently mistreated but some are more resistant than others and Botany's creation is among the toughest.

Sad looking ties stem mainly from carelessness in tying them. Men whip the neckpiece into a knot and pull until it is tight, good and tight. No slipping ties for them! But a necktie should never be knotted tightly. Those preferring a small knot should buy their ties especially slenderized. At most a knot should be firm and, except among the diminishing but die-hard stiff collar boys, the trend is toward looseness.

EXCEPT for an occasional den, library or drinking room, men have had very little to say about the interior decoration of American homes. With a sigh of relief they have passed along this responsibility to the little woman, depending on her unerring instinct to come up with some color combination other than red and green. To correct this deplorable disinterest of men in their immediate surroundings a showing was held recently in New York of rooms decorated, so the sponsors said, especially for men. The rooms were interesting enough but of the type which women love to exclaim over. Thinking of some poor bachelor they cry, "Oh, this'd be wonderful for George!" George, who is probably making fifty bucks a week and struggling to keep iron cot and thunder mug together, probably couldn't make a down payment on the rubber plant. The rooms are lush and expensive—wallpaper from the time of Louis XIV and stuff like that—but obviously no place to take a girl because there are no etchings. The wolf has yet to be whelped who could get by with, "Come on up to my apartment, baby, and see my wallpaper."

THERE is a popular notion that any man who really wants to learn to cook can quickly become a *cordon*

bleu chef. Like most popular notions, this is fallacious; to be good at cookery, like anything else, requires intelligence, perseverance and imagination.

But without too much difficulty the average man can create a reputation for being masterful in the kitchen if he will follow a few simple rules. First, learn thoroughly how to prepare three or four dishes and then never cook anything else. Second, enter the kitchen only rarely and then only after considerable build-up. Third, select dishes which are both authentic and foolproof. By foolproof I mean easy to make once you know how to go about it and by authentic I mean something that an epicure would recognize as deriving from a national dish, in other words, something with a little glamour. Pork chops, for example, might be foolproof but they distinctly lack appeal, while frogs legs and baked oysters are inherently interesting but temperamental in their reaction to gauche cheffery.

After some years of diligent testing and masticatory research I have managed to isolate several examples of such dishes which will be reported in this column. This month's lesson is a tossed salad. A salad is a basic element in any meal but nine out of ten served today are imitations of the highly-colored but inedible atrocities pictured by the score in flush women's magazines. Those are made to look at and to sell somebody's concoctions. This one is made to eat. It is simple, almost distressingly so, it is recognized by gastronomes everywhere and with a little build-up will arouse appreciation in all but the most insensitive palate.

Purists say you must make it in a wooden bowl. Nuts! You can make it in a dishpan or the wash basin if you like but I hope you won't. Whatever bowl you use mix the dressing first in the bottom. For about three people put two tablespoons of wine vinegar, or Heinz distilled white vinegar, and add eight or ten tablespoons of olive oil (there is no substitute for imported olive oil; you can't do this salad with imitations), a dash of paprika (a dash is two shakes of a free-running shaker), a dash of ordinary pepper, four dashes of garlic salt (any grocer has Schillings) and two or three pinches of Twin Trees Salad Seasoning. This blend of marjoram, thyme, parsley and other spices can be procured from your own store unless you live in Liberia in which case order from Twin Trees Gardens, Lynbrook, New York.

And that's all there is to it. To get the spices and oil mixed stir this dressing in the bottom of the bowl for half a minute and then on top of it add one shredded medium-sized head of lettuce, either iceberg, Boston or leaf. Tear the lettuce apart; don't cut it up. And don't mind if some of the pieces are as large as a slice of Aunt Maggie's pie. Then cut up two or three tomatoes (for the



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Pony of Bourbon or Rye. Pony of Southern Comfort.
Dash of bitters. 2 cubes ice. Dash of syphon. Garnish
with cherry, twist of lemon peel, slice of orange. No sugar.

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love of Allah, don't slice them) and there you have your basic salad. Toss just before serving and but thoroughly so that all the salad is pushed through the dressing and covered with it. Serve after the main course, not California style.

By adding a couple of leaves of romaine or chicory, or a touch of chives or parsley, chopped young

green onions or radishes, the salad can be jazzed up to any degree. But it doesn't need these additions to be an epicure's delight because the dressing is the secret and the key to the dressing is the olive oil and its proportion to the vinegar. But if you start adding vegetables like peas, green beans, raw cauliflower and the like you're no epicure. You belong on

one of those fancy, four-color woman's pages.

Of course you may not like the salad. I once knew of someone who didn't like Napoleon brandy.

Inflation note: In the better barber shops in New York City, but not the best ones necessarily, a haircut costs ninety cents. The minimum acceptable tip is twenty-five cents.

Out of the Flea Bag

(Continued from page 20)

sun. Rail traffic has not yet eased to a point permitting them to travel as they did before the war, with three private Pullmans per team and a lower berth for every player, but accommodations aren't exactly primitive, either. For instance, the Yankees have arranged to fly one squad to Panama for a series of exhibition games on the Isthmus and have booked an airplane barnstorming tour of Texas.

Wherever the baseball players go, there also go the baseball writers, stoutly denying that their job is the pleasantest sinecure yet conceived. After all, they point out, not a day goes by that they don't have to slave over a hot typewriter at least twenty minutes to inform the fans back home that the star pitcher has a boil on his neck or the shortstop a painful hangnail on his throwing hand. On occasion it is even necessary to watch an exhibition game.

This stern regimen leaves athletes and authors scarcely any time for nonsense, yet somehow they contrive to enliven the harsh routine now and then. Sure as sunrise, there will be a rookie in some camp this Spring who will overhear veterans describing the delights of snipe hunting and will express a wish to try his hand at the sport.

Sometime that evening a party will drive to some remote wooded area where the rookie will be given a flashlight to lure the snipe within reach and a sack to pop over the quarry's head. The others will then depart to beat the woods and drive game toward the light.

If the rookie is bright, it probably won't be more than an hour or two before he realizes that both his companions and their automobile have departed. From there he is on his own, on foot.

Perhaps the classic experience of Al Schacht will be lived over by someone else this Spring. Mr. Schacht, baseball's foremost comedian, was a coach with the Washington club when Bucky Harris was known as the Senators' "boy manager". One evening Harris called his aide aside.

"I know a couple of swell girls," he said, "who want me to come out tonight and bring a friend. How about it?"

"Good looking?" Al asked.

"Knockouts."

"Well," Mr. Schacht demanded, "what are we waiting for?"

"Wouldn't look good for us to leave together now," Bucky said. "I'll get a cab and meet you at the corner in an hour. You get some oranges for the drinks. The girls have the gin. Get plenty of oranges."

They met as appointed, Al bearing his fruity burden, and the taxi carried them miles from town.

"Say, where is this joint?" Al demanded.

"Not much farther. Here, we'll get out now."

The cab pulled up on a dark road.

"It's all right," Harris assured his companion. "The house is just past this orange grove. You see, these girls are married and it might not look good if we rode up to the door."

"Married!" Schacht protested. "I'm getting out of here."

"Forget it," Bucky said. "Their husbands went North this morning. Saw 'em off myself. Now, come on."

They stumbled through darkness, finally reached a house.

"No lights," Al said. "Hey, I don't like this."

But Bucky already was knocking on the door. It swung open to reveal a bulky masculine shadow.

"So!" a voice bellowed. "You're the sneaking hound who's trying to break up my home!"

A gun roared and Harris dropped. The voice was lifted again.

"You too, you—" But Mr. Schacht was out of earshot. After the first mile he slowed up, panting, and found the sack of oranges still in his embrace. He jettisoned the ballast and thereafter made better time. An hour or so later his dragging steps took him to the hotel veranda.

There, grinning wickedly, sat Boy Manager Harris, a large fellow guest and the entire Washington ball club.

Not all training camp merriment requires such complicated staging. It can stem from such a simple device as placing a milk can in the berth of Jimmy Isaminger, the beloved and barrel-shaped veteran of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, on a night when the Athletics were breaking camp in Lake Charles, La.

By the time Jimmy puffed aboard the train following farewell visits to his favorite Lake Charles haunts, his eyes were focussing imperfectly. His friends still get a glow of pleasure recalling the spectacle of Jimmy, looking like a swaying white balloon in his lingerie, jerking the bedclothes and shouting, "Out! Out! Ho, Porter! There's a man in my berth!"

Local customs sometimes lead to confusion. When the Dodgers trained in Havana, Pitcher Van Lingle Mungo had to be shipped hastily back to Florida due to a slight misunderstanding developing out of the Cuban institution, the Daiquiri cocktail.

Connie Mack took his team to Mexico in 1937. One evening three correspondents dined in the capital's most expensive restaurant.

"I'd like another pot of tea," said Cy Peterman, of the *Evening Bulletin*, when the meal was done. "How d'you say tea in this cockeyed language?"

"La quenta," said Al Horwits, of the *Ledger*, signalling a waiter. Then he and the third diner excused themselves. They watched joyously from the doorway as the waiter returned with the check.

"No, no," Peterman protested. "Tea. La quenta."

"La quenta," the waiter said sternly, tapping the bill with an uncompromising forefinger. Peterman paid, and bought a Spanish dictionary.

Jimmy Cannon moved from the Broadway beat to the sports department and made his first training trip. Colleagues removed the light bulbs from his hotel room and substituted flash bulbs. When Jimmy entered and clicked the switch, there was a blinding flash, then darkness.

He thought he'd been struck blind. But that was nothing to what he imagined later when, entering his bathroom, he found a flock of ducks placidly paddling in the tub.

The wonder is that anyone finds time for the dull business of physical conditioning. Most players do, however, although not all. Once Connie Mack had a lefthanded pitcher, a rookie with monstrous self-assurance and *joie de vivre*, but little talent. Arising one noon, slightly bleary of eye but still insouciant, he encountered the boss in the lobby in a huddle with Coach Lena Blackburne.

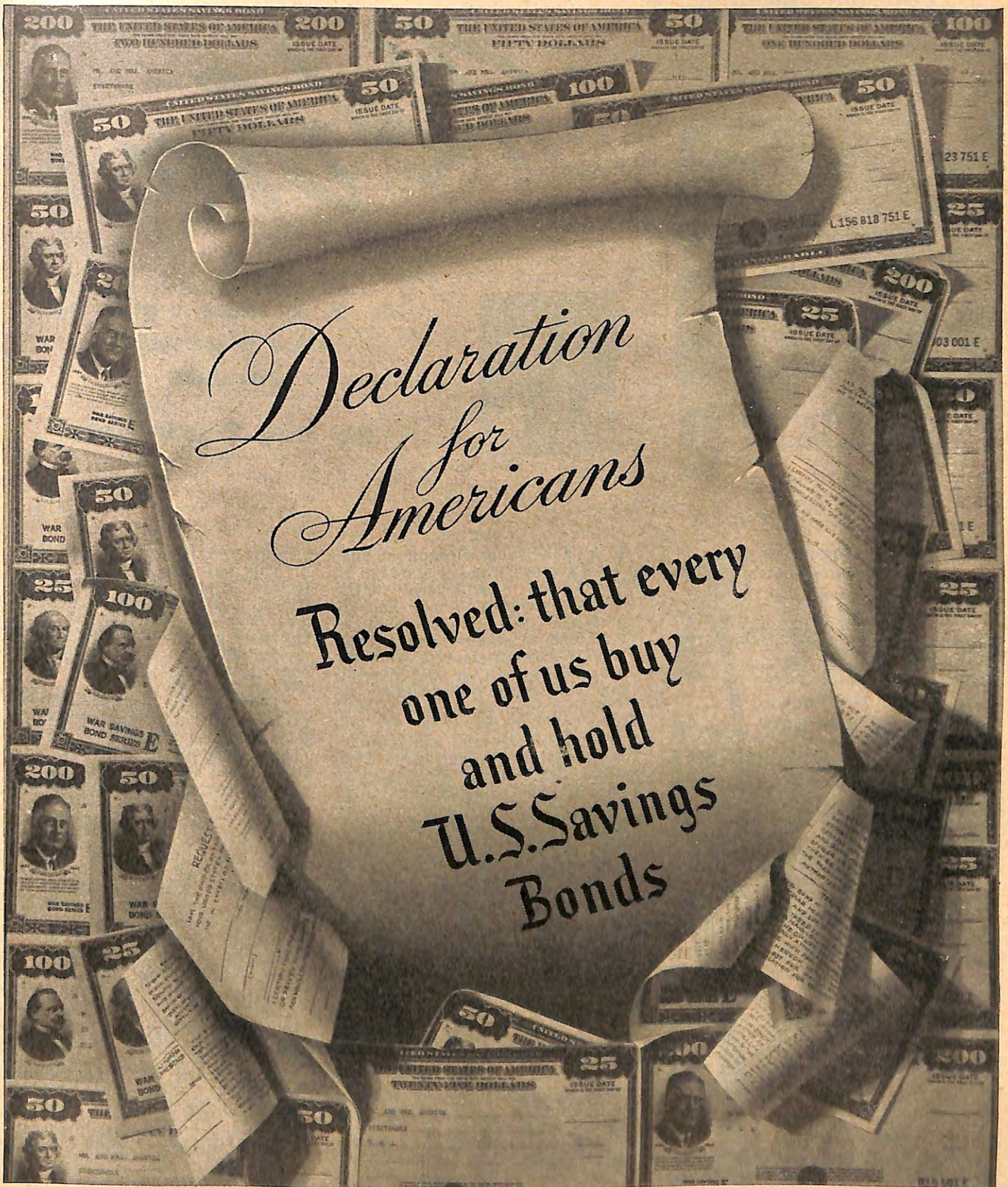
"Mind if I sit down and think with you gentlemen?" the rookie asked.

"Sit right down and think," Connie snapped. "Try thinking about getting in shape."

When the season opened the pitcher complained of a sore arm. After several days of idleness, he announced. "The old wing feels great, Mr. Mack. I'm ready to go now."

Connie's smile was seraphic.

"Glad to hear it, son," he replied, "because *you* are going this afternoon—to Trenton."



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Rod AND GUN



Mr. T. as answer man on some piscatorial puzzlers

By Ray Trullinger

WITH only a couple of blizzards, a heavy snowfall or two and several "late" frosts between the angler and his preferred Spring and Summer nonsense, it would seem a good time to call the class to order for a discussion on that ever-interesting topic of fish and fishing.

It just happens we have a lot of assorted fish swimming in and around this fair land, and, strangely enough, gents who catch them often don't know what they've snaffled. You think we're kidding?

Not so long ago your agent reviewed a new handbook on fish, and tabbed a slight error. The author had listed the "average" weight of landlock salmon at 10 pounds and stated further that larger fish of the same species ran to over 35. We raised an editorial eyebrow at those figures, being an old landlock fan, and were promptly pounced upon by a Jersey City angler, as follows:

"Just finished reading your review wherein you questioned weight figures of landlock salmon as printed in the new handbook. You're too much of a skeptic and I suspect your impression of freshwater fishing is pulling in one sunfish or rock bass."

[Ed. comment: Amateur rod and gun experts who think they've caught the professional off base are one of the hazards of this pleasant racket. But let's see what Mr. Jersey City has to say.]

"I believe the 10 to 35-pound figures are quite conservative," he states. "I have seen salmon of this type as large as 28 pounds, and I don't mean mounted. In fact, the best I ever caught weighed 20 pounds, 6 ounces, after some

weight was lost to evaporation.

"This was caught in the Upper Rideau—a chain of lakes and the Rideau River connecting Ottawa and Kingston, Ontario, Canada. Up there an 8-pounder is considered small and a 12 to 15-pounder only average. At 18 to 20 pounds we call them big.

"The same day I landed my 20-pounder, an hour or so later I hooked another whopper. After playing the fish a half-hour my reel slipped loose and the resulting jerk cost me the fish. But an oldtimer who was with me assured me the fish was considerably larger than the 20-pounder and I agreed with him."

Now, the foregoing is an excellent example of the fisherman who thinks he knows what he's talking about, but doesn't. To begin with, the weight figures of landlock salmon as printed in the handbook aren't "conservative" at all. Landlocks don't average 10 pounds, or anything near that weight. Two pounds, or maybe two and one-half, would be about right. And no living man has ever seen a 28-pounder, much less our Jersey City chum. The 35-pound weight, alleged in the handbook, is fantastic.

When an angler is lucky enough to catch an 8 or 10-pound landlock, he has done something to toot his horn about. And a 12 to 15-pounder is quite likely to win the nation's top honors in that division. Last year the biggest fish of that species taken, unless our memory has gone sour, was just over 15 pounds. A 12 to 15-pound landlock is something many landlock fans never catch in a lifetime of trying.

Furthermore, our Jersey savant never caught a 20-pound, 6-ounce landlock in Ontario, nor did he ever see a 28-pounder in that country, for the quite simple reason landlocks aren't found in Ontario. Maine and Quebec, yes. Ontario, no. Not only that, but the world's record landlock salmon mark, which has withstood the assaults of a legion of fishermen for almost 40 years, is only 22 pounds, 8 ounces. That whopper was taken from Sebago Lake, Me., back in '07, and while that mark might be topped some day, it would be inadvisable for any angler to hold his breath until the record is broken. This writer doubts it ever will be smashed.

What your agent's critic probably caught on his Ontario trip was a lake trout, which bears about as much resemblance to a landlock salmon in fighting qualities as a German carp does to a smallmouth bass. And the physical differences of the two fish are just about as marked.

Several seasons ago there was a lively argument beside an eastern lake between several anglers, one of whom had just landed a 6-pound trout. Some contended the fish was a brown. One man insisted it was a landlock. Another was certain it was a rainbow of dubious ancestry, or something. The fish didn't look like any other trout the boys ever had seen before; it certainly was a puzzler.

"I tell you it's a brown," insisted one of the debaters. "A German brown! What else could it be?"

"Yeah?" replied another. "Well, German browns are brown, ain't they? A fish that size would be just about the color of chocolate. Where do you see any brown on 'at trout? What's more, there aren't any red spots. Whoever saw a German brown without red spots? How do you wise guys figure that one?"

The argument was settled when one of the disputants produced an angling handbook. The fish actually proved to be an almost pure-bred Loch Leven trout, a so-called "brown" trout which isn't brown at all, and completely devoid of red spots when pure-bred. Since the two strains of fish were introduced into this country's lakes and streams years ago, the German brown and Loch Leven "brown" have crossbred and a pure-bred specimen of either variety is seldom seen.

For years the angling fraternity argued over the steelhead. Some authorities insisted it was nothing but a rainbow with a sea-going disposition; others that it was a distinct variety. Now the fish savants generally are agreed that the steelhead trout is nothing more than our old friend, the rainbow, which has descended to salt water, lost its fresh-water coloration, added more dynamite and size and returned to fresh water for spawning purposes or other reasons best known to itself. This return to fresh water is accompanied by a gradual color change, from the silvery sheen, with bluish or greenish

back of the fresh-run fish, to the brilliant coloration of the mountain stream rainbow.

Most trout or char will enter salt or brackish water for varying periods if the stream they inhabit is open to the sea, and in every instance this sojourn in briny water effects a change of color and effaces familiar markings which sometimes confuses the angler who seeks to identify his catch.

Every season along our Coasts, East, South and West, anglers come up with strange looking and unfamiliar fish which touch off lively discussions in the press. Last summer two such finned puzzlers were boated off the Massachusetts coast and arguments still rage.

Zane Grey certainly started something when he journeyed out to the South Pacific years ago and caught a mako shark. Now, "mako" means mackerel in don't ask us what native language, and the fish is a leaping, battling fool, and game to the core. Grey gave this tropical shark a lot of publicity in his writings, with the result that every salt water angler yearned to catch one. The hitch was that few fishermen had the dough to travel to New Zealand, Tahiti or Australia to fulfill their yen, but that didn't stop the boys for long. If "mako" means mackerel, the boys decided, then our own mackerel and porbeagle sharks obviously were "makos," and from that date on nobody ever caught anything but a mako shark. In fact, during the pre-war salt water fishing boom along the Atlantic Coast, offshore anglers and charter boat skippers reported every shark caught a mako, except when a hammerhead was brought to gaff, although there's still no conclusive proof that the South Pacific mako Grey caught and wrote about ever inhabited the Atlantic Ocean.

Back in the prohibition era a fish hatchery official in a certain Western State was conducting some quiet experiments with albino eastern brook trout. Now, an albino eastern brookie is something to see. Like a luscious platinum blonde, they're eye-catching, to say the least; what's more, they have pink eyes and are calculated to surprise any angler who brings one to net, particularly after an all-night session with a gallon jug.

The hatchery guy—we'll call him Steve, although that wasn't his name—was something of a wag and an excellent amateur actor in the bargain. And a few days before the Spring trouting inaugural he was overtaken with a brilliant inspiration.

He had two pals who coupled a minimum of trout fishing with a maximum of elbow-bending. The boys had a comfortable little cabin beside a trout stream and there was no record that either had missed the opener in years. So the day before the season opened Steve saw to it that the stream in the vicinity of his pals' cabin was liberally "salted" with blond, pink-eyed trout. Consider

(Continued on page 62)

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In the DOGHOUSE with Ed Faust



The nose knows —

RECENTLY in my town, a story broke on the front page of the local paper telling how a veteran war dog having been shipped back to its former owner was later turned over to the local pound because the owner found that he could not keep the animal. The dog, Ted, a handsome shepherd which most people mistakenly call the police dog, did catch the attention of our town's John Laws. I suspect that the poundmaster, last guy in the world you'd guess to be a sentimentalist about dogs, needed the coppers. At any rate (meaningless phrase No. 9,974), Mr. Ted was admitted to the Police Department on probation. He was assigned to an officer who had a night tour. Pretty nearly everybody in the town followed the dog's career with interest and you could have heard a lot of satisfied "I told you sos" when about ten days following Ted's induction he detected a housebreaker and trailed him to a hiding place where the officer made the arrest. That purp is now a full-fledged policeman and an honored member of the Force. Why more police departments do not employ dogs, particularly for night patrol, is a mystery to me. The dog's ability to enter places inaccessible to many men, and his scenting powers for detection as well as the proficiency that many dogs have for trailing, would seem to make them particularly suited to certain types of police work.

were retained for this duty. Well, sir, you could have knocked me down with a sledge hammer when some of the mail from readers indicated that they would like to have a few samples—which of course called to mind our friend Ted. That's what got me into this month's subject with a minimum amount of work on my part.

Now before we get into the plot, let's have a little summary. Not so long ago I mentioned that the reason Fido is a whiz at trailing—well, some Fidos—is that his schnozzle offers considerable area for olfactory glands particularly in its upper recesses. Hearing also plays some part, under certain conditions a very important part. Here, too, the dog is far ahead of human beings—that is, normal human beings. This does not go for some people who have been blinded for any length of time. I saw several examples of this during a recent Sunday spent among a group of men, most of whom were blinded. Those who had been afflicted for some time had developed powers that seemed uncanny. Hearing was sharpened, even the sense of scent was increased among some of those unfortunates.

To see a sightless person deliberately avoid an obstacle is truly amazing and has caused me to wonder if there was not some hidden kind of radar which human beings have and are unaware of possessing. It certainly is not an uncommon experience for many of us to avoid a concealed danger, an open trap door, an on-coming car, in the nick of time. But, Faust, this is a digression into mysticism and you're

In an earlier issue I was brash enough to offer a further discussion of the business of tracking and to tell more about how dogs

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no mystic or else you wouldn't have played that hay-burner in the fifth race yesterday. Back to Fido's equipment—ears, nose, eyes.

In the business of sight, I think I've pointed out before that dogs run a bad second to their masters. They are quick enough to detect movement but are weak on form and color. Maybe this is why certain kinds of game, perhaps aware of this, will freeze motionless in the presence of a dog or other predatory animal. All you need to prove this to your satisfaction is to watch a dog trying to locate a hidden object or its master or mistress in a crowd. The pooch scarcely uses its eyes—it's the nose that knows. To the dog every scent has distinction, meaning. Particularly is this true in the hunting field for pointers, setters, retrievers and the spaniels and of course several of the hounds. The dogs get the body odor of the game. Every animal has scent and it is said that one of the strongest of all body odors is that of man himself. For game that is hunted through pursuit the dogs trail through the foot scent of the game. The only exception is among those larger, faster-moving hounds that follow by sight of the moving quarry.

Among the hounds that depend upon scent—I've discussed the field hunting group such as setters, etc., in previous articles—are the bloodhound, the beagle, the basset hound and the dachshund. To some degree one of the field breeds, the spaniel of various kinds, possesses the nose for trailing. But among the hounds named here we find the greatest of all trackers. The bloodhound of course being the standout among all dogs for this. So good is that bloke that he's the only dog whose evidence is accepted by a court of law. When the bloodhound trees him, that puts the finger on the culprit in the eyes of the authorities. The myth of this dog being savage is just that—a myth. It's a yarn that was born of pre-slavery days when dogs were sometimes used to track runaways. Most of these fables were entirely in the minds of the abolitionists who back in those days were not at all shy about using propaganda to further their cause. Those dogs that did treat our colored brothers roughly were very likely nondescript purps of a mongrel hound sort. Some few other breeds of dogs can also be adapted to trailing, among them being the airedale, the Doberman pinscher, the German shepherd, etc. But these, strictly speaking, are not the close-to-the-ground trailers that the hounds I've named are noted for being. Such dogs following scent keep their heads fairly well up and pursue a body scent more than the foot scent. In some kinds of trailing where speed is essential this is, of course, an advantage. The nose-to-the-ground trailer naturally works more slowly. The basset hound, a low-slung, short-legged pooch of French breeding is not commonly seen, although he is a stubborn, steady and accurate trailer used

singly and in packs. But he's a slowpoke among dogs which is perhaps why he is not particularly popular. The beagle—you know what that chap looks like—is a fast mover and is plenty popular as a trailer of our furred citizens. Has a darned good nose too. That little German, the dachshund, is no slouch with his beak but his short legs handicap him dreadfully in a long run or over very rough ground. Being half a dog high and a dog and a half long slows him up considerably but being part terrier from 'way back he's a honey for digging out his game when he does bring it to cover. In other articles I've mentioned the hounds that hunt by sight so no need to describe them here other than to name them. They are the Afghans, the basenjis (those queer, barkless, dogs of Africa), the borzoi (our old friend the Russian wolfhound renamed), foxhounds, greyhounds, harriers (a rare breed), Norwegian elkhounds, the otterhounds, salukis, whippets and the Irish and Scottish hounds—the former a wolfhound; the latter a deerhound. Incidentally, throughout the United States the hunting of antlered game—deer, moose, etc., with dogs is not permitted. For wolves, fox, rabbits, coyotes, etc., dogs are okay but it's not only bad sportsmanship but strictly on the wrong side to employ dogs to harry the horned critters. To use them on elks is considered very bad form—all permitted here (for those non-paying members) is one Secretary armed with a "Please remit" notice.

Now the mysteries of scent are innumerable but among those things definitely known are that the strength of the body or foot odor left by the game varies with the weather, the terrain and the time. A damp day is conducive to stronger scent, rain is not good, snow may or may not be bad. Hard, frozen ground weakens scent and sand absorbs it to the point of making the trailing very difficult for the dog. Open country is not as good for retaining the scent trail as is brush. I may add that extreme cold dulls the dog's nose as the moisture freezes. Areas that are crowded or where there is automobile traffic to an appreciable extent make tracking a difficult job for Fido—the odors of oil and gasoline blanket the quarry's scent. Many trails crossing the one that the dog is expected to follow lead to confusion. Sometimes a dog may grow uncertain and seem bewildered when none of these factors are present, which may be due simply to the presence of people with powerful body odors or cattle, horses or other animals that are not being trailed. A trail five or six hours old is hard for the dog to follow, usually impossible. Much too depends upon the dog's condition; a cold, catarrh or any other nasal impediment works as a handicap on the dog. It is estimated that the trail scent is not only on the ground but may be a few inches above it. Another hindrance

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is wind—a windy day can quickly blow the scent away. So all things considered, it really is remarkable how well some dogs do perform in tracking down their quarry. Another astonishing fact is how the canine trackers can determine the direction in which their game is traveling—how it is that they seldom follow a back trail but go forward in pursuit of the quarry. This is explained by the difference between toe and heel scent. The toe scent is the stronger because the weight of the animal (or person, if it is a person being followed) naturally is placed on the ball of the toe and not the heel. This in turn indicates direction of movement. When it is a person being trailed some intimate object or clothing belonging to that person is first given to the dog or so it can get the body odor. One of the most effective properties for this purpose is an old pair of shoes.

IN A previous article I told you that if you would make a tracker of your dog, you first tie the dog outside, have a second person tease it, give that individual a good head start and then, with your dog securely on leash, start in pursuit. You use a long leash and don't take it off unless you are sure that the person being followed has reached a place of safety as the dog can do much damage if infuriated by the teasing. If the scent is lost the dog should always be taken back to the starting point. Lessons should be given where there will be no distractions, in country where perhaps there is ample brush and few trees. An important point is to have the assistant run with the wind blowing from him toward the dog which of course enables the dog to get the scent more quickly. Some authorities follow an opposite course and recommend that the wind blow from the dog toward the man and give as reason the fact that this compels the dog to keep its nose close to the ground to pick up the trail. As a rule, and it's a good one, dogs employed for tracking criminals are kept on

leash when trailing as in outrunning their human guardians they may catch up with the pursued who, if armed, could kill the dogs. It is important to teach the dog not to attack a human being at the end of the trail. The sole purpose of trailing is so that the dog will hold the person and bark to let the location be known. It is a good idea to have the person who is being followed carry a number of small articles which he can discard from time to time along the trail. In this way the dog gets a stronger and fresher scent from each article. One method is to use a number of small pieces of wood to which old bits of handkerchief have been attached—or any other piece of cloth that has been used by the person being trailed. To check the dog's efficiency and improvement from time to time the scraps of wood can be numbered and cast aside along the trail in numerical order, beginning with number one and progressing through as many numbered pieces as are used.

IT IS very important that the dog at all times at the end of the trail be brought to the person who was followed. At no time during the lessons should the dog be discouraged by his failure to locate that person. This goes even if the dog itself does not successfully follow the assistant. There should be implanted in the dog's mind the idea of success at the end of every trail trial.

Trailing lessons can begin at ten to twelve weeks at which time the pup isn't quite so likely to be a harum-scarum and is of an age when lessons being to have an effect. One excellent way is to take your pup out in the country, hide one of its favorite toys or some food tidbits and let the pup find them. If necessary, for the first few lessons lead the youngster up to the object. Next step is to note when that pup's attention is engaged elsewhere and quietly slip off out of sight. If he or she attempts to run away or back home call the pup while you still remain

out or sight. If that pooch is a natural trail pup it will try to pick up your scent and thus locate you. This may require many attempts and much patience on your part. If and when the dog does locate you be lavish with your praise and have some small snack relished by the dog to offer as a reward.

ONE of the most interesting features in connection with the official obedience tests is related to the final and hardest of all degrees for a dog to win and that is the title of U. D., meaning "Utility Dog". Prior to this there are two less difficult titles a dog can win in such competition—one is C.D. signifying "Companion Dog" and the other is C.D.X. meaning "Companion Dog Excellent". The last two degrees call for such tests as to "heel" (follow) on leash, to follow off leash, to come when called, to sit for one minute away from handler and to lie down for three minutes away from handler—these are the requirements for Companion Dog. For Companion Dog Excellent the leash work is the same but in addition the dog must drop on command, retrieve a dumbbell (of wood), make a long jump and remain seated for three minutes and lying down for five. The Utility degree isn't granted until the dog has mastered all these commands and then in addition speaks on command, exercises scent discrimination, seeks back (after walking with its handler who drops an article) for lost articles, to stand for examination and to pass successfully a tracking test. In the last the dog is kept on leash and follows a course of at least a quarter of a mile, scent must be no less than one half-hour old and that of a stranger who leaves an object at the end of the trail. No encouragement other than a word of praise at the end is permitted. Dogs who successfully make this final grade are then ready to learn how to read and write. Needless to say there are not very many "Utility Dogs" existent.

Liver Gets the Bacon

(Continued from page 46)

sound. Any loss of such gear through storm or high tides may cost a boatowner thousands of dollars. But with the high price for liver, he has a good chance to make up for any loss and still show more profit at the end of a few weeks' fishing for shark than he made all year fishing for food fish.

The George V. Castagnola records for the 1945 season, which at Santa Barbara lasts from the beginning of May to the middle of July, shows returns to crews ranging from \$1000 to \$3000 and \$5000 for smaller boats, which usually stay out from 3 to 5 days, up to \$10,000 and \$18,000 for larger boats, which are usually at sea for a period of a week or longer.

Two exceptional catches for one week at sea brought \$28,000 and the aforementioned \$31,000.

During the season no fisherman in his right mind will waste his time catching such "common" fish as halibut, etc., when each can of shark liver in his hold is worth \$300 to \$500.

The soup-fin shark has put many a dollar in the pockets of fishermen on the Pacific Coast. Contrary to this, the fishermen on the Atlantic have had no share in this good fortune. True, there is a certain amount of shark fishing. But the species of shark in the East have none of the high oil and Vitamin A potency of

the soup-fin and therefore cannot demand any of the fancy prices paid in the West.

There is no longer a shark-fishing "boom." It has grown into a well regulated multi-million-dollar industry on which hundreds of different manufacturers in the United States and in foreign countries depend as their source of the important Vitamin A. Today this new industry is the greatest producer of Vitamin A in the world. As Vitamin A can not be manufactured artificially, its growth is assured.

The Castagnolas have paid up to \$12 per pound and at this price, truly, the liver gets the bacon.

Gimmicks & Gadgets Department

By W. C. Bixby



VOLTS and things are what really keep this shell of civilization going, as we all know. As a further prop to our culture there comes a new delayed-action switch. The former superman who could turn out the light and get in bed before the room was dark is now a dated character. The new switch will permit you to turn the light out and climb into bed in a dignified manner, then about three minutes later the lights go out. Just how you climb into bed in a dignified manner is up to you. This new life simplifier is also good at lowering insurance premiums; it could really cut down accidents. I knew a man once who turned out the light and in a sincere attempt to get out the front door walked into the hall closet and smothered to death. His name was Morris. Employing this switch it would be easy to see Morris getting safely out the front door and on his way. It is true he might be struck by a truck or scarred by a car, but at least we could get him safely out of his own home where he could die nobly on the battlefield of progress.

LEARNED about this next one from a friend who drops in occasionally. I say occasionally because he's looking for an apartment in town but so far has had no luck. He gets in town once every eight days. You see, the only place he has been able to sleep has been on trains. He gets reservations well in advance and makes an eight-day circuit. It's expensive but it keeps him out of the weather and the people know him now on the line. They treat him like one of the train crew so he's happy. Well, this new gadget he told me about is really good for train trips. It's a small box containing ten compressed sterilized dehydrated washcloths. They're about the size of a half-dollar and are a half-inch thick. You just plop them into a bowl of water and they blossom into a flat cloth good for one thorough face-washing. This friend of mine, whose name is Al, is due in about four days. Maybe he'll have more on the travel situation. I'll let you know.



YOU know, we Americans are a very radio conscious people, though there are few of us conscious enough to turn them off. It is to the unfortunates past the turning off point that this next achievement is directed. A practical vest-pocket radio has been developed which is about the size of an ordinary package of cigarettes. Unfortunately, it seems to have come out a little late to ease the cigarette shortage and I doubt that it will replace the cigarette. Still if the people who make this gimmick want to sink a lot of money in it, well, that's their business. It seems to have

most of the innards grown-up radios have only they're a lot smaller. Frankly, that's the only way I could think of to make a really small radio; it's good the inventor thought of it too. So if you want to listen to such stuff as, "Does Jim want Mary for his wife? If so, what does Jim's wife want with Mary?", you go right ahead.

BUT enough of this philosophizing, let's get down to something really trivial. All you shavers will be interested in this new razor. It looks and acts just like an ordinary safety razor but in it there is more than meets the eye. It's a self sharpening razor. All you have to do is flick your hand a few times, the

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one holding the razor that is, and a new edge is put on the blade immediately. A single blade is supposed to last quite a long time. And any double-edge blade you want can be used in the holder. If your wife is apt to steal your razor and ruin the blade, it matters no longer.



After she has dulled the blade you can restore the edge quickly. The magic involved in this is a honing surface which is impregnated with diamond dust, of all things. To clean the razor just submerge it and shake it several times, which does the job. All the parts which might rust are plated just to prevent that sort of thing. Isn't science wonderful?

IF YOU have trouble doing logarithmic calculations in your head here is a solution to such trouble. It is a pocket-size gadget to add, subtract, multiply and divide for you on an instant's notice. Remember the times at expensive dinners when the check came around and it was so detailed you were unable to total it quickly and see just how much you were being gypped? Now you can surprise those god-like creatures, the waiters, and tell them accurately what is wrong. The real catch to this one, however, is that no one is as yet producing it. The patents can be used royalty-free by any American during the life of those patents. It might sound like a lot of trouble to have to wait for someone to produce it or get the patents and build one yourself, but I'm sure everyone knows a waiter somewhere who would make the whole thing worthwhile.



The "addiator" as it is called, can be made of metal, celluloid, plastic or wood. It is considered fool-proof and that means an awful lot of people can make use of this machine.

AND now friends, your announcer has this to say. Are you buggy? Do insects annoy you in the summer months, any months, for that matter? There is now a real solution to your troubles with the insect world, a solution of DDT prepared as a wall finish. It forms a thin transparent coat on wall paper or painted walls and in addition to keeping bug trouble at a minimum, keeps your walls from becoming discolored from stains, steam or dirt. Everyone has been expecting great things from DDT but when used over experimental areas it killed the bugs, which drove the birds away, and when more bugs showed up there were no birds to help kill them. Don't ask me where the other bugs came from, ask a bug. The wall solution lasts for about five months and then you apply another coat. In conjunction with this is a paint for screens containing DDT of sufficient strength to last a season.

THERE are some ignorant people who think a dishwasher is a help to women. I maintain it is of more help to men.



Who washes the nation's dishes anyway? Even for the few progressive men who have managed to turn the kitchen over to the wife, this new dishwasher will be of interest. It is definitely a high-gear dishwasher with a real production record. It can wash, rinse and dry fifty-seven dishes and glasses, forty-five pieces of silver, and pots and pans all in the space of ten minutes. Just what it does then, I don't know. I imagine it pants for three or four hours.

Now turn up your rheostat and listen. Many, many years ago man was cold. He killed animals and such, ripped the skins off them, wrapped the skins about him and was warm. All that is history. As time went by, it got colder and he killed

more animals, ripped off more skins and so on. Until recently the same sort of reasoning was popular among people who slept in the north country. If it got colder they simply piled on more blankets. This reasoning might easily have stunted the growth of such people and smothered a few of them to death. Now the business of sleeping where the north winds blow is made easier via the heated blanket. Instead of forcing the wife to rummage through cold closets looking for more covers, all you have to do is set the blanket rheostat for a desired temperature and go to sleep. If the room gets colder during the night, the gimmick automatically turns up to compensate for reduced temperature. And if you have a non-progressive mouse in the house who chews your wires in two, and you freeze to death, remember you froze in a very progressive manner.

THERE are many wonders which eventually will be showered on our defenseless heads. These wonders are not yet here. Some have been conceived, and still others are in labor at the moment. Among these many things we find smellovision. If developed as it is hoped, you will be able to watch a drama of the north woods on your television set and get the stirring smell of spruce and fir. If it's a south sea island drama, it will be accompanied by odors of sea breezes and outrigger canoes. This invention is being developed in conjunction with television and your receiver could then emit about 2000 different smells. Under the heading of "Smells I like" I couldn't possibly think of 2000, but I hope there are that many. Heaven alone knows what would happen if something went wrong with your set in the middle of a broadcast. It has come to the point where we have to place our very olfactory senses in the hands of engineers and the like.



Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 57)

ering the fact the stream never had harbored anything but cutthroats, and that his friends never had seen an eastern brookie, much less an albino version of that species, the practical joker figured subsequent developments would not be devoid of laughs.

On opening day he barged in on his two friends shortly after dawn, just as they were consuming a breakfast which consisted largely of black coffee and moonshine whisky. The boys had been belting the jug on and

off all night and were well primed for a day of piscatorial effort. Before this Spartan meal was finished Steve commented on his friends' condition, and reminded them of the dangers of guzzling moonshine booze of questionable manufacture. Blindness and other misfortunes sometimes overtook incautious tipplers, he explained; a guy had to be awfully careful not to get "bad stuff". His friends weren't impressed.

Breakfast over, the boys pulled on their boots, strung up rods on the

front porch, staggered down the short trail to the stream and began casting. Our practical joker remained behind, stationing himself at the cabin window, explaining that someone "had to stay and wash the breakfast dishes". It wasn't long before one of the tipsy anglers hooked a fish and the panic was on.

There were loud shouts of "Come on down, Shteve, 'an shee what Ed's jush caught. Darnedest sish we ever saw! Hurry up!" After a proper interval the hatchery guy ambled down

to the pair of excited and incredulous anglers, both of whom were staring at Ed's amazing catch.

"You guys gone nuts, or something?" queried Steve, striding up to the boys. "What's all the excitement about?"

"Lookit 'at shing," shrilled Ed. "Ever shee anything like it?"

"Now, now," soothed their friend, "let's have no bragging so early in the day. I've seen bigger trout. It'll go a pound, maybe a little bit more. What am I supposed to do, cheer over a little cutthroat like that?" And he turned as if to return to the cabin.

"Waitaminnit," protested Ed, grabbing him by the arm. "At ain't no cutthroat, and we ain't talkin' about size. Ish white!"

"An' ish got red eyes and looks like ish been pickled in alcohol for years," added his companion. "Sorta bleached out, like."

"I could mention some other things which have been pickled in alcohol for years," the joker cracked, dryly.

"White? Pink eyes? I don't get you guys, at all," he added, with a well simulated expression of bewilderment. Then he injected a note of concern in his voice. "You guys getting your hooch from the same place, or have you by any chance changed bootleggers?"

A mildly startled expression flitted over the faces of the two fishermen and one brushed his hand nervously across his eyes. Finally, Ed spoke up. "We changed. 'At jug we bought lash night wash from another fellow."

"Well," answered the joker, "that could be it although usually the stuff just blinds you, or maybe gives you jakeleg. Never heard of it causing color blindness before. Still, that could be the first symptom. It's hard to tell."

It wasn't until Ed began to weep that Steve broke down and told his friends what they'd caught, and that it was all a gag. The boys were so relieved by this confession they forgot to beat out his brains.

Legal Medicine

(Continued from page 17)

vealed a structural weakness not uncommon to adolescents. He probably became excited and ruptured a brain blood vessel. Death was due to natural causes—not to any blow."

These two cases—the girl arrested on the manslaughter charge and the man arraigned in Homicide Court—are not hypothetical. They actually took place and their official, forensic versions lie in the files of New York's chief medical examiner, Dr. Thomas Gonzales.

This is legal medicine at work for the community. Useful as it has shown itself to be, it is by no means fully developed in the United States.

A full-time course in legal medicine was given at Edinburgh University as far back as 1807. The royal warrant for this professorship referred to it as "a chair of Medical Jurisprudence and Medical Police as taught in every university of reputation on the Continent of Europe". In this country a full-time course in legal medicine was finally established at Harvard—in 1932. The century that passed between these two dates saw practically no American activity in this subject. In fact, not until the National Research Council, sponsored by the Carnegie Corporation, made a survey in 1928 that revealed our appalling ignorance of legal medicine, was anything constructive done about the situation. Then the Rockefeller Foundation decided to cooperate by granting a fellowship to a young pathologist, Alan R. Moritz. The course at Edinburgh was considered to be the finest of its kind; it was arranged for Moritz to get his training at the Scotch University.

In the meantime the chair of legal medicine at Harvard was definitely assured by a gift of \$250,000 from a

Mrs. Frances G. Lee, and Boston's famous medical examiner, Dr. Magrath, was able to lecture on a full-time schedule for five years before retiring in 1937. (Magrath died in 1938.) When the chair became vacant the Rockefeller Foundation's Moritz was the obvious choice to fill it.

The success of the Harvard course and the crying need for its dissemination resulted in a broken precedent at the conservative, conventional college in Cambridge: students from the medical schools of Tufts and Boston University were invited to take part; the enrollment was large and enthusiastic. Harvard's full-fledged course in legal medicine filled a long neglected gap in the curriculums of American medical schools.

In America, the relation of medicine to law and crime has long been, if not hostile, definitely uninquisitive. It remained for the medical examiner system to bring these three collateral subjects together. In several instances the medical examiner system supplanted the coroner system because the coroner was a political appointee who could introduce the unpleasant practices of his profession to a job where his decision one way or another could uncover a murder, point an accusing finger at a careless hospital or restaurant or protect an innocent person. It was an irresistible temptation for an unethical politician. For a fat bribe a crooked but omnipotent coroner could sign a certificate attributing the death of a victim, say, of strangulation to any one of a dozen causes that would forestall a criminal investigation. The medical examiner investigating the same case would note a small bruise on the victim's

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throat, find that the hyoid bone had been crushed and put the police on the trail of a strangler.

"What was the cause of death?" is the only question the medical examiner has to answer. "Who was responsible in case of murder or homicide?" is the question put up to the police force. In trying to answer both questions many an incompetent coroner fell down or was pushed.

Other temptations constantly beset this almighty but obscure official: the deceased's family might ask him to omit the autopsy for sentimental reasons, paving the way for many medical mistakes; a powerful undertaker requests that the corpse go untouched so that it will look better at the wake and medical information that might save other lives is lost; a father who has lost a daughter through a criminal abortion wants the truth suppressed, and last, but not least, the family of a dead politician wants the record fixed so that they can benefit by the workman's compensation act or receive insurance under a policy which did not cover death by suicide.

National surveys of the coroner system financed by the Carnegie Corporation revealed glaring incompetence and general confusion. Broadly speaking, the coroner is empowered with the following legal authority: he can declare an inquest unnecessary; he can select his own jury; he can keep investigations secret; he can authorize speedy burial and he can summon, hear, admit or exclude whomever he would. The authority of the office is frightening.

The task of determining the facts in cases of doubtful death can be extremely complicated and the coroner has the assistance of a jury, if desired, and may sometimes call in scientific experts. But he or his jury must determine to what extent this expert advice is essential. It is up to the coroner—in many cases not even a doctor—to determine the circumstances which would make the service of a physician or pathologist imperative. And it should be remembered that homicide and murder can be so disguised that medico-legal science remains the only instrument by which to sift facts from fallacies.

An investigation of the coroner's office in Cleveland some years ago uncovered the following verdicts recorded by that worthy:

1. Could be suicide or murder.
2. Auto, accident or assault.
3. Looks suspicious of strychnine poisoning.
4. Premature or abortion.
5. Could be assault or diabetes.
6. Died suddenly.
7. Acute arsenic poisoning—accident.
8. Died suddenly after taking medicine."

The foregoing verdicts might as well have been written by an interior decorator for all the clues they would give a coroner's jury. Supplied with evidence of this calibre the jury could only draw its pay and go home.

An investigation of the old coroner's office in New York led to the establishment of the present medical examiner system. Here are some of the charges uncovered: "Numerous homicides have not been detected because of corruption or inefficiency. Coroners have compelled employment of favored undertakers and have packed juries. Infanticide and skillful poisoning can be carried on almost with impunity."

The national survey brought out that there are medical examiners in comparatively few jurisdictions although a good number of States now require the coroner to be a physician or pathologist. However, in Florida, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Utah, Oklahoma and Vermont the justice of the peace still performs the duties of the coroner and in Nevada all justices of the peace are ex-officio coroners.

By and large the survey established that the coroner is "poorly paid, untrained and unskilled, popularly elected to an obscure office for a short term". But in many States or counties of States the coroner's office is a cog in a political machine that is very difficult to replace or ameliorate. Legal medicine is a little technical for laymen voters. Doubtful death may require the work of the skilled pathologist, the serologist, chemist, toxicologist and bacteriologist. And the layman gives up in despair before the search has really begun. In the case which was cited at the beginning of this article—the girl arrested on a manslaughter charge—the circumstances necessitated careful investigation by a medical examiner. It is extremely doubtful that the findings of a justice of the peace would have exonerated the girl driving the car.

The layman may not be able to distinguish between immunology and histology but when it boils down to a question of dollars and cents he can count outgoing pennies with the best of them. Samples of coroners' work throughout the country show that inefficiency goes hand in hand with extravagance. Take a ward-heeler, invest him with the rank of coroner and watch the money flow from the public's pockets: jurors for inquests, court reporters at \$3 an hour, deputy coroners at \$200-\$300 a month will be his to select and employ. Note the financial difference in these systems: New York's coroner's office in 1917 cost \$3,017 for every 100,000 citizens; New York's medical examiner system cost \$2,135 in 1926 although the amount of work increased out of proportion to the growth in population.

You can get a man with scientific training for \$2,500 or \$3,000 a year but a useless political incumbent will demand and often get \$4,000 or \$5,000 or take less and pad his salary with graft. Medical men of real value to the community have little chance to get high or even liberal salaries in public office and the constant red tape and interference from political machines may

drive them back to private practice before they've turned the lights on in the "lab".

Protagonists of legal medicine argue that the establishment of the medical examiner's office is only a half-way measure. What they would like to see is a full-fledged Institute of Legal Medicine which would give unbiased, disinterested judgment not only in cases of death but injury as well.

Suppose for example that you're driving slowly along Main Street when suddenly a boy darts out from behind a parked car and runs headlong into your automobile. You stop (so does your heart almost) but the boy picks himself up, embarrassment his only apparent injury, and hurries away. You thank your lucky stars nothing serious happened, get in your car and drive away.

That may be the end of it. Or not. For in this situation lies potential trouble. The case has not been closed. The boy may have latent or internal injuries. Or, in his own defense he may give a twisted version of the accident. Some weeks later he may develop pains in his back from other causes and blame them on your car. Any of these three examples could furnish rich material for an energetic lawyer.

But this would not happen if you were within the jurisdiction of an Institute of Legal Medicine. For this impartial agency would come to your aid with scientific fact and analyses and the unscrupulous lawyer plotting your financial ruin would have to beat a hasty retreat.

A sketch of an Institute of Legal Medicine has been made by authorities on the subject. It would be divided into three divisions: the departments would range from pathology, toxicology and chemistry, through police administration and police school to medical opinion in cases of non-fatal violence.

Fouled-up for Fair

(Continued from page 13)

less characteristic of guys from Brooklyn. He was in one of these arguments when I ran into him at the barracks. I had just come up the stairs on the way to my squadron, and there's Joe chipping his teeth with Pfc. Herbert Hinkle, who comes from the Bronx. I don't hear enough to tell what they are arguing about, but Joe says, "Don't worry about me—Joe Zetto knows how to take care of himself," whereupon he spins on his heel and pushes through a door into an adjoining room off the hall, slamming the door in a defiant end to the conversation. A split-second later we hear a gurgling shriek and Joe comes dashing out, dripping wet and spouting water like a busted fireplug; he's walked into the shower wearing his dress greens. This of course isn't usually customary with Marines, especially those who can

The scope of this institute's work would include a department of psychiatry. Laymen who like to scoff at the subtle art of brain-probing might note that in the few cities where psychiatric clinics have been established the "battle of the experts"—that bombastic farce played by well-paid alienists who certify the defendant sane or insane at so much a diagnosis—has been practically eliminated from the judicial theatres. For example, during a six-month period in Baltimore in which 150 cases were examined by the city's psychiatrist, the defense saw fit to import its own "experts" in only two instances.

It has been suggested that the institute be assembled near a good medical school for the mutual benefit of the school and the institute. Because of the important position a State university holds in the education and welfare of the State's citizens, one logical position for the institute would be within striking distance of a State university's campus. In large urban centers the functions of the institute might have to be restricted to the needs of the immediate community.

There are two major activities of American society—education and crime. The cost of each runs into billions of dollars. It may not be flattering to our national pride but the fact remains that we spend more on crime than we do on education. Yet by applying what we have learned through education we might well cut down the cost of crime and at least arrive at a point where we would have the satisfaction of spending a greater sum on the more constructive of the two subjects. As legal medicine is inextricably interwoven with both crime and education it stands to reason that more time and money spent on this subject would undoubtedly benefit American society immeasurably.

take care of themselves, so we rib Joe a lot, but he takes it very well and before long we are all very good friends. So good in fact, that Pfc. Hinkle, who turns out to be another photographer, and I are wearing Joe's field-scarfs, which happen to be the only thing Joe wears that will fit us. Which also reminds me that I never have figured out why they call them "field-scarfs", because we don't wear them when we're in the field and I can't see that they are any different from an ordinary necktie, except maybe they are harder to keep pressed.

But getting back to Joe, we work together for several weeks fixing up a photo-lab and Joe seems to be doing all right, so the Captain gives him an assignment taking pictures of the Marine band. He explains to Joe how this is the most famous service band

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in the country, being John Philip Sousa's old outfit, and how he wants an extra-special job on it for that reason. Well, Joe is tickled pink 'cause he figures here is his chance to show everybody that he really takes good pictures. Herbert Hinkle and a couple of us go over to the band-hall with Joe to help with the lights and perhaps help him out if he gets in a jam, but he handles the job like a veteran. He takes quite a few shots of the different musicians and then he has the carpenters bring in a tall stepladder so that he can get up high enough to take in the whole group. It takes us about an hour to get the lights strung around just where Joe wants them and then he has the band play some of their numbers so they will sort of get into the proper mood and it won't look like it's just a posed picture. He finally gets just what he wants and takes several pictures, so Hinkle and me take the lights and stuff down while Pvt. Zetto goes back to the lab to soup his negatives.

We get all the gear put away and then we have a beer at the PX and then we decide that Joe should have his negatives developed by that time, so we wander over to the darkroom. Well, at first we can't figure out what's happened, because Joe's laying down, pounding his fists on the floor and mumbling to himself. Being on the cautious side, I suggest that we call a corpsman with a straight-jacket, but Herbert Hinkle gets down on his knees near Joe and finally manages to find out what the trouble is. Joe had forgotten to load his holders with film before he'd taken the pictures.

Of course any photographer knows you can't take pictures without any film in your holders, and the Captain knows it too and he is quite put out about Joe even trying such a thing. In fact he is so much put out that he has a long heart-to-heart talk with Joe, in which he tells Pvt. Zetto that he thinks he is better qualified to be a cook or baker, and that he is going to recommend a transfer.

Well, Joe was transferred, but I guess on second thought the Captain decided that if Joe were a cook or baker he might put the wrong things into whatever he's cooking or baking and perhaps poison three or four hundred men, so instead Joe goes to the West Coast as a combat photographer.

We didn't hear any more of Joe for quite a while until a returning corpsman told how Joe had been shipped overseas, and how he'd set his camera down somewhere on the ship and couldn't remember where he'd put it. Then he lay his carbine down to look for his camera and when he came back that was gone too. Of course you can't go into combat without a rifle or without at least a camera, so Joe has to stick around Guam until they get him a new camera and carbine from the quartermaster. Well Joe's CO, being a very efficient sort of an officer, and not liking to see anybody wast-

ing their time, has Joe put in the next two weeks going around the hut-area, picking up cigarette butts and washing windows. This, of course, makes a sensitive guy like Joe very unhappy, but will probably make him think twice before he forgets and leaves his camera around again.

Well, I lose track of Joe after that and Pfc. Herbert Hinkle gets sent overseas and I'm supposed to go too but I get careless and come down with pneumonia and end up in the Navy hospital at Bethesda instead. I am there several weeks and then one day I get a letter from my very old friend, Tech. Sgt. Oscar Bailey, who used to be on the *Pittsburgh Herald*. He was writing from Iwo, and he mentions that he had run into Joe there on D-Day. In fact they hit the beach only a few yards apart. It seems the Nips began to lay down a mortar barrage just about the time Oscar and Joe landed, so everybody had hit the deck and started digging in. It's mostly sand along there and it keeps caving in so they can't dig very deep, but Joe finds a firm spot of ground and before the second mortar shell burst he's out of sight and going deeper every minute. He's about eight feet down and still working when the Colonel comes along and spots the geyser of earth erupting from Joe's fox-hole. He takes one look at Joe inside and becomes very displeased. In fact, Oscar Bailey says in his letter, that he has never before seen an officer quite so displeased. It seems that Pvt. Zetto is digging his fox-hole right in the middle of the only road over which they can haul in supplies without getting stuck in the sand.

Oscar also wrote that Joe wasn't working out very well as a combat photographer either, because Joe loves people too much to stand seeing them blown apart, even if a lot of the time the people getting blown apart are Japs. But then this didn't surprise me in the least because I had suspected as much all along. It only proved what I was saying about how nonsensical it was for the Captain to send Joe to a combat photographic school, just because he'd taken a picture of a little kid with an ice-cream cone. Well, I don't hear any more reports on either Joe Zetto or Pfc. Hinkle for several months, and by this time we've secured Iwo Jima and taken Okinawa and have the Nips feeling pretty groggy. They're hanging on to the ropes and looking for a way to save their honorable face as well as what is left of their honorable shirt. Then along comes one or two B-29s dropping a couple of atomic bombs and the Japs realize they won't have any face left to save unless they holler "Uncle" pretty soon, so they up and quit.

This, of course, doesn't hurt our feelings in the least and we have several really good celebrations on as many V-J days, after which we all settle down to figuring how long it will be before we can get out with the points we've got. Not having

been overseas and not having any children I don't have very many points, so as near as I can figure, it will probably be about the Spring of '47 before I'll be running around in civvies again.

Thinking about the long months I'm going to have to wait, while all of my buddies are getting out and landing choice jobs, makes me very unhappy, so I visit Mike's place to liquefy my sorrows. I had just started when in walks Pfc. Herbert Hinkle, only he isn't a Pfc. any more but is Sgt. Herbert Hinkle, due to his very excellent picture-taking while in combat.

We have a couple of beers together and talk over old times and then Herbert suggests that we visit a display of photographs at the Congressional Library. "Well," I says, "that's a hell of a way for a couple of photographers to spend their afternoon off, and personally I'd prefer something with more of a feminine angle to it". But Herbert insists and says he wants to go to collect a \$1,000 check which he has coming.

Knowing Herbert Hinkle as I do and knowing he never had a \$1,000 check in his life, I want to know what sort of a "snow-job" he's giving me, and then I begin to get suspicious, figuring Herbert must have sold a couple of hundred cameras or something. I tell him if it's Government property he'd sold I don't want anything to do with it as I haven't any desire to be put on ice for the next ten years or so.

He says, "Don't be a sap, you sap. I haven't sold anything. The \$1,000 is a prize put up by the Press and Magazine Photographers Guild for the most outstanding picture taken during the war. The display is going to be sent on tour all over the country and the proceeds from admissions are to go into a fund for disabled vets."

Well I congratulate him for having the winning picture and we stop across from the Congressional Library and have another beer on the strength of Herbert's getting the \$1,000 check, and then Hinkle says he's not quite sure which one of his photos won the prize, because he has several very outstanding ones in the exhibit, and that perhaps we had better go over and find out.

The doorman, being a former Marine, lets us in without much trouble and we go upstairs where they have the exhibit and begin looking for Herbert's prize-winner. There are some swell shots on display. There's one of a Jap banzai charge, with a Nip in the foreground being chopped-down by machine-gun slugs, and one that Herbert had taken on Okinawa showing a Jap being burned out of a cave with a flame-thrower, and another showing a Kamikaze plane just as it plows into the flight deck of one of our carriers. We keep on looking and Sgt. Hinkle begins to get uneasy when he sees most of his pictures and they have nothing but honorable mention ribbons on them.

Finally I says, "Are you sure that you won first prize?", and Herbert owns up that he's not quite sure, but he doesn't see how he could miss with the very excellent pictures that he had submitted.

Well, we move over to another section where there are some more pictures, and finally locate the prize-winner, but it isn't one of Sgt. Hinkle's. It's a shot of a big, hard-boiled looking Marine, with about a week's growth of stubble on his face, and with hairy paws that are as big as hams. He's about the toughest, fightingest looking Marine I ever did see, only he isn't fighting. He's just sitting beside a wrecked Jap house, and he's holding a chubby little naked Nip baby on one knee and trying to make the kid stop crying by dangling a hand-grenade in front of it. Of course the pin hasn't been pulled out of the grenade as that would have been very foolish and the baby might not care for the noise.

I never was much of a baby-picture fan, but this one sort of did something to a guy—made you kind of choke up a bit and want to blow your nose. I could see it was affecting Sgt. Hinkle the same way, because he didn't have anything to say, and when a guy from the Bronx hasn't anything to say you know that something is affecting him.

We didn't have to read the name on the award under the picture to guess who took it, because it reminded us both of the photo of the little Brooklyn kid, crying because she had lost her ice-cream.

We are still standing there when Staff Sergeant Joe Zetto spots us

from a distance and dashes over to say hello. He has been flown back for this exhibit the same as Herbert.

Joe's as brown as a coconut and looks twice as hard, especially since he's wearing his helmet and pack, and lugging his camera. We kid him about wearing all the junk but he explains that he's just been posing for some publicity shots, showing him receiving the \$1,000 check. He says the Marine Corps has finally made a new man of him and he's through forgetting things. He's going to take the money he's won and as soon as he's discharged he's going back to Brooklyn and open up a portrait studio just for kids.

Well, Herbert and me are both glad that Joe has finally snapped out of it and is really going places, but Herbert has never seen a \$1,000 check, so he asks Joe if he could look at it for just a minute. Joe says sure and fishes a slip of paper out of his pocket, but it turns out to be last week's program for the USO show at Pearl Harbor, and then he begins to hunt frantically through all his junk and finally he dashes off, hollering something about leaving his check over at the Public Relations Office where the publicity pictures were taken.

Herbert and me just stand there for a minute staring after the guy and then I remark perhaps we should go and have another drink, on account of the Marine Corps' making such a change in Joe, and Herbert sort of grins and says, "Do you suppose we could hock this for a couple of beers?" and picks up Joe's camera from the floor where he'd left it.

The Great Gamble

(Continued from page 15)

of ships rounding Africa, we had to develop a contingency stockpile of manganese in Cuba. It meant the building of a stockpile site at Santiago, building and maintaining roads in the Oriente province, and enlarging old mines and opening up new ones. But that Cuban stockpile served us well. It saved lengthy voyages at the time shipping was too scarce and it gave us a half-million tons of manganese—about a half-year's supply—of which practically every ton reached our ports. It turned out to be good insurance with neither waste nor loss. We actually made a profit on it. [Private industry could not and would not have been expected to have undertaken the risk.] One might ask, however, wouldn't that stockpile, or others, have been less costly and more effective if it had been on our shores before the war started?

To what extent did we actually have to depend upon foreign sources of metals and minerals during the war? For a period, Government and private imports of metals and minerals ran at a rate of around two-thirds of a billion dollars annually. Most of this, of course, was by gov-

ernment purchase necessitated because of the high shipping costs and other hazards of war. The lists of metals and minerals brought in for the war effort exceeded at the maximum period some 60 varieties of which 27 were obtained exclusively from abroad. It is rather striking that except for coal and salt, some quantity of every mineral used for our war machine had to be imported. In other words, we didn't have enough of any of them. They came from 53 different countries, including Canada, 11 Latin American countries, Australia, New Caledonia, Spain, Portugal, Turkey, 14 African countries, China and India.

Most of our foreign copper came from Chile, Peru, Canada, Belgian Congo and Rhodesia; lead from Mexico, Peru, Bolivia, Canada, Australia and Argentina; zinc from the same sources; manganese from India, Russia, South Africa, the African Gold Coast, Cuba and Brazil; and chrome from Russia, Rhodesia, Sierra Leone, South Africa, Turkey, New Caledonia and Cuba. These are all big tonnage items and all spell lengthy and costly sea voyages, and hazardous ones, too, during the war.

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Their travel patterns practically cover the world's shipping lanes. Many materials were so needed and their cargoes so scarce and precious we had to fly them in rather than risk the hazards of shipping and the time involved in sea movements. Tin and tungsten were flown over the "Hump" from China to India; mica was flown from India, Brazil and Africa; quartz crystals for radio and radar from Brazil; beryl from Brazil, India and the Argentine; tantalite from Brazil, Belgian Congo and Australia. Block talc was flown from India to get it here in time to equip planes and tanks with necessary radio tube holders. Lest the thought of the cost of this air transport give you the shudders, let me explain that it didn't cost us anything. The planes had to return and, strangely enough, a plane, like a ship, travels better and safer with a good ballast load, so we utilize their ballast capacity. The Air Transport Command did a superlative job for the war effort.

From Pearl Harbor to V-J Day we had to bring in over two billion dollars worth of metals and minerals. The quantity of the big three base metals—copper, lead and zinc—alone exceeds 5½ million tons and cost over 1.1 billion dollars. The imports of copper during this same period were approximately three million tons, and manganese ore ran at the rate of nearly a million tons a year. These were large-sized quantities to transport during the height of the war. A million tons of manganese ore on hand at the beginning of the war would have saved a lot of shipping and ship and cargo losses.

Where would we be if the bell tolls war again? What has happened to our own domestic mineral reserves? This hits home because unfortunately mineral resources are exhaustible things—they are a "one crop", and don't grow again like a field of wheat. Our mineral resources have been largely responsible for our industrial supremacy and have given our 135,000,000 people the highest standard of living in the world. As Leith has pointed out, these mineral resources have permitted our 7 per cent of the world's population to do 40 per cent of the world's work, and the faster we grow in industrial might, the faster we exhaust the very basis of this power. They affect our future war potential and our peacetime growth and economic well-being in the years to come.

The national conscience needs to be startled into what all of this means. Some complacently think that we are still rich in mineral treasure that has hardly yet been tapped; other alarmists think that we are on the brink of becoming a "have not" nation. Both views are extreme. From the battle of raw materials we have emerged victorious but bleeding. However, the depletion of our mineral reserves is such that the smug complacency of the inter-war years can no longer be tolerated. We cannot face another emergency with equanimity. Two ex-

periences should be enough to make us do something about it.

In the last thirty years the output of minerals in the United States has exceeded the prior output of the entire world, and the rate of production during this war has doubled that of 1918. If the rate of demand for another war should increase proportionately, our reserves then would last for about one battle rather than for years of war. Our high-grade iron ores have been disappearing at an alarming rate and in the probable interval before another war will have been largely exhausted. True, we will have huge quantities of low-grade iron ores left. Our high-grade bauxite (ore of aluminum) has been mostly used up during this war. The zinc and lead reserves have been so extensively drawn upon that we can never again be self-supporting in these metals. Before the war our own resources of these metals just about met our needs, but they will not in the future, either during reconversion or in the years to follow. Our major lead mines produced less during this war than in the last one, and when premium prices for zinc go off next June, the Tri-State zinc district in our South, which long was the world's largest zinc district, will be a series of underground lakes where blind fish might thrive. Despite the energetic exploration during this war, both here and abroad, no new large deposits of zinc, lead, or copper have been discovered.

In the case of copper, one of the most important war materials, since with zinc it makes the brass for munitions, we have surfeited in the past, but present indications are that we shall have to draw upon foreign copper for our reconversion. Estimates of our future reserves of copper range from 16 to 25 years of life, depending on our future rate of consumption, whereas those of Rhodesia exceed ours and those of Chile are more than twice ours. The U. S. Geological Survey has recently estimated our copper reserves at 20 million tons and concludes that production can be maintained at a rate of one million tons a year for 10 years (our war rate exceeded one million tons a year), following which there would be a gradual decline.

Elmer Pehrson of the Bureau of Mines has estimated that on the basis of the rate of consumption during the 5 years preceding the war there remain only some 33 years of copper reserves, 18 of zinc, 17 of petroleum (proved reserves only), 11 of lead, 8 of bauxite, 6 of vanadium, 3 each of antimony and tungsten and only 2 of mercury. That of manganese, chrome, asbestos, nickel, tin, flake graphite, quartz crystals and others is negligible or lacking. Fortunately we have plenty of coal, salt, phosphate, molybdenum, potash, sulphur, and lower grade iron ore. Please note that these estimates are based on a prewar rate of use. If they were based on a wartime rate, or even probable postwar rate, the residues would look rather sickly.

If we are going to be pinched in peacetime will we not be even more so if another war bursts upon us when we have less of our own to draw on than before? Some dreamers think that in this atomic age we don't need to worry about the future, that we can at will just turn one metal into another. It would be a fine idea to turn lead into tin and eliminate a tin shortage, but that would create a lead shortage, and, anyway, it is still a dream that might come true some day only at prohibitive cost. But who can bank on an alchemist's dream! It would be more sensible to turn some of the gold in Fort Knox into lead and other strategic minerals, for they will keep just as long as gold, and some day will be worth more than their present value in gold. Some goodly-sized stockpiles of lead, zinc, copper, manganese, chrome, tungsten, quartz crystals, mica and other strategics certainly won't decay, for most of them have already been in existence for tens or hundreds of millions of years, and they will probably prove to be as good an investment than Government bonds.

Bernard Baruch in December, 1919, urged mineral stockpiles for future emergency, but scant attention was paid to his advice or to that of other individuals and technical societies. Not until 1938 was a paltry \$4,000,000 appropriated to the Navy for some strategic minerals, followed by another appropriation of \$70,000,000 in 1939, but up to June 1, 1940, only \$15,000,000 had been spent and the total was never used because war came. Except for tin and minor quantities of mercury, chrome, manganese, diamonds, mica, quartz and tungsten, our cupboard was bare. This criminal tardiness cost the taxpayers dearly, and if our Allies had not carried the ball for the first year and a half of war it would have been more costly to us in industry, ships, treasure and blood.

If those of us who have been steeped in strategic mineral procurement for the last four years have learned any lesson, it is that stockpiles accumulated now will prove vastly more effective and less costly than wartime accumulation. They will prove of priceless value in saving future shipping and manpower and factory output when these will be more needed for direct war effort. They will save having to rely on foreign sources often too close to enemy zones. Another war will probably come more suddenly than this one, and we again will be denied access to foreign mineral sources. We can't hope for another breather before hostilities commence. We have to realize that mineral stockpiles are more basic than ships or bombers. They are the basic foundation of power, and power means security. Their very existence will help avert attack and guarantee the safety of our Nation in years to come. We cannot gamble with our security. Now is the time to commence—now is the time to do something about it!



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