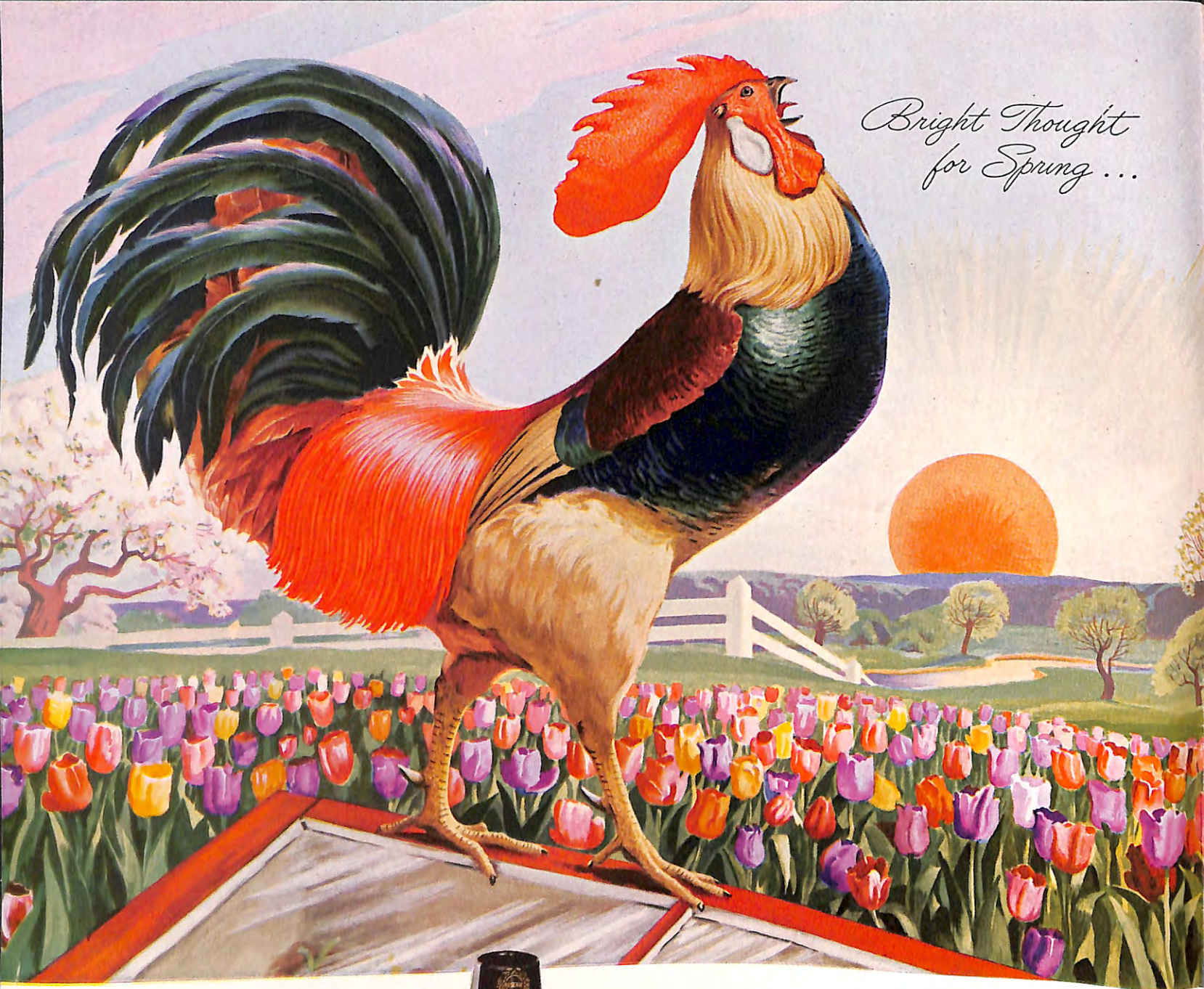


THE
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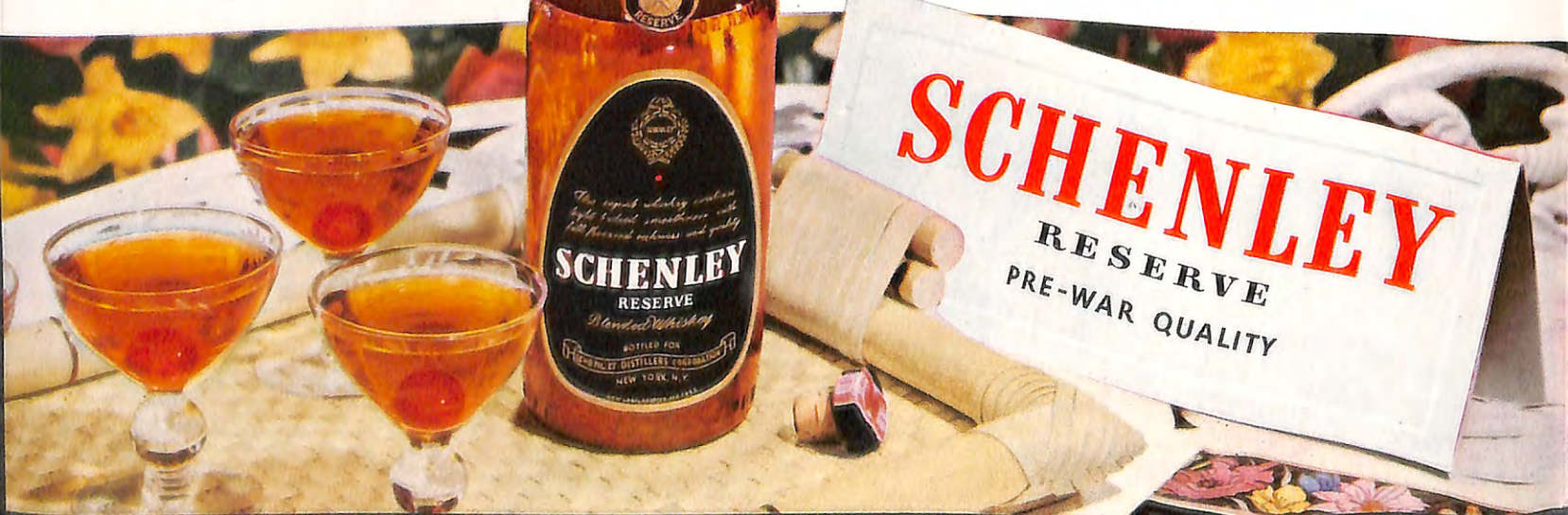
APRIL 1946



*Bright Thought
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A Message from the GRAND EXALTED RULER



NEW officers are now being installed in lodges. New Exalted Rulers are picking up their gavels for the first time. With their new authority goes grave responsibility as a new page is turned in the history of their lodge. Too much importance cannot be given the way in which that page is turned.

It is to be regretted that a few Exalted Rulers have been elected who will take office for honor alone. They will consider their office as an ultimate goal instead of an opportunity to work toward a goal. They will attempt to coast on the track laid by their predecessors, depending upon the momentum generated by the energy of others.

Most officers, however, have been elected because they have previously demonstrated ability and a willingness to serve. With them comes new enthusiasm and new energy. To them is entrusted the tremendous responsibility of piloting the destinies of their lodge until April, 1947.

I urge every officer to make an early study of his individual duties and do his utmost to carry them out to the very best of his ability. Chair officers should not only memorize their parts early but learn to render them in such a way that new members will really be impressed with the great principles of our Order. Sincerity and feeling in the voice of the officer will transmit true Elkdom to the heart of the new member. Words mumbled and read from a book are uninteresting and impressionless.

Exalted Rulers should be careful to pick men for committees who will work. Much depends upon their efforts in moulding a successful program. If committeemen fail to show proper interest, they most certainly should be replaced by men who will.

Too much importance cannot be given to the necessity for officers to know the laws of our Order and of their own lodge. They have been enacted because experience has proven them advantageous. A disregard for them through intention or careless understanding will most certainly prove disadvantageous.

Outline a careful program. Keep first things first at all times in Elkdom. Make your community proud of its Elks lodge and your lodge proud of its leaders. Remember that no community can afford to be without a good Elks lodge and that no community can afford a poor one—one that clashes with the true principles of our Order.

An honest officer will resign rather than neglect the duties that the members of his lodge have entrusted to his care.

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 'W' and 'K'.

WADE H. KEPNER
GRAND EXALTED RULER

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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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Red Smith			

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IN THIS ISSUE
We Present—

THAT Little Man is here again on our cover enthusiastically announcing his sentiments as to the new season. His rejoicing is shared by your Editorial Department.

On page 4, "The Hard Way" by Edson Ward Page is a story for dog lovers, of which there are, Ed Faust's column leads us to believe, 715,000 to date. We don't usually go for writers who have dogs talking to themselves, but in this case the dog made so much sense, we bit.

Paul D. Green in "Tips That Sink Gyps" tells us on page 8 how to make a buck without working for it. All you have to do is snatch on your friends and you, too, can have fifty thousand crispy, crunchy, brand-new dollar bills filled with full-bodied, locked-in goodness. The only risk you run is that somebody might call you a stool-pigeon.

A brand new industry has sprung into maturity with the chemical treatment of various kinds of wood. Wood lends itself to so many surprising uses that it is now "The Chemist (who) Cries "Timber!" See page 12.

There are lots of thespian doings on Broadway and in Hollywood and we give you a brief preview on pages 16 and 17.

It is you and your community who must bear the responsibility for the happy assimilation of the veteran into a civilian life which is more rugged than the one he left behind him when he went away. General Omar Bradley's right-hand man, Director of Coordination and Planning of the Veterans Administration William T. Comer, gives us The Word on what the Veterans Administration hopes and expects us to do, in his article, "The Veteran and his Community" on page 18.

Red Smith, our sports man, makes a play for the umpires this month in his short article, "Head Man", on page 23. He doesn't think they should have to save tinfoil and string to make a living.

Our two new departments, "Gadget and Gimmick" and "It's a Man's World", by W. C. Bixby and Kent Richards respectively, were designed as bait for reader-interest letters and they were swallowed hook, line and sinker. So we continue them on pages 50 and 46.

Messrs. Faust, Trullinger and Hansen plod steadily on bringing you the latest dope on dogs, what's doing in the wooded areas, and the latest literary achievements.

This month we are running one of the largest fraternal sections we have put into the book in many months. It recounts the doings of a multitude of subordinate lodges all over the country and gives a good picture of what the Grand Exalted Ruler has been doing and seeing in his peregrinations throughout the nation.

C. P.

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THE HARD WAY

By Edson Ward Page

THEY called her Minna, though these days, with the Mr. gone and nothing much to do, hardly anybody called her anything. But in a canine *Almanach de Gotha* she rated several stately German names richly sprinkled with *Vons* and *Ders* and prefixed imposingly with *Baroness*. However, since she was not only very democratic but a working girl as well, Minna dispensed with such nonsense. Anyway, most people knew nothing about the *Vons* and *Ders*, and when passing neighbors happened to spy her sprawled disconsolately on the front walk or curled up in the shade of a palm, they'd say casually, as if to a person, "Hi, Minna." When the Mr. had been alive and things had been different, sometimes he had rubbed his hand deeply, deliciously, into the beautiful fawn plush of Minna's back or run the tips of his almost psychically sensitive fingers over her blunt nose,

handsome smudged face, and alert upstanding ears. "How's Baroness today? How's the Baroness Boxer? Eh, Excellency?" he'd say, chuckling, and Minna knew he was laughing at her. For a while she'd sniff indignantly and pout, but after a bit she'd grouchy retrieve her harness, nudge the Mr. suggestively, and they were off to a bang-up game of horseshoes in Poinciana Park.

People thought it incredible—newspapers even took pictures, though, like a noblewoman of the old school, Minna detested publicity—that they could do such tricky things as play horseshoes. It was simple enough. All Minna had to do, really, was to face the Mr. in the right direction, and his uncanny sense of distance and timing did the rest. Ah, Minna thought now in the midst of this empty new life without the Mr., just to hear once again the proud metallic clang of a ringer, and the

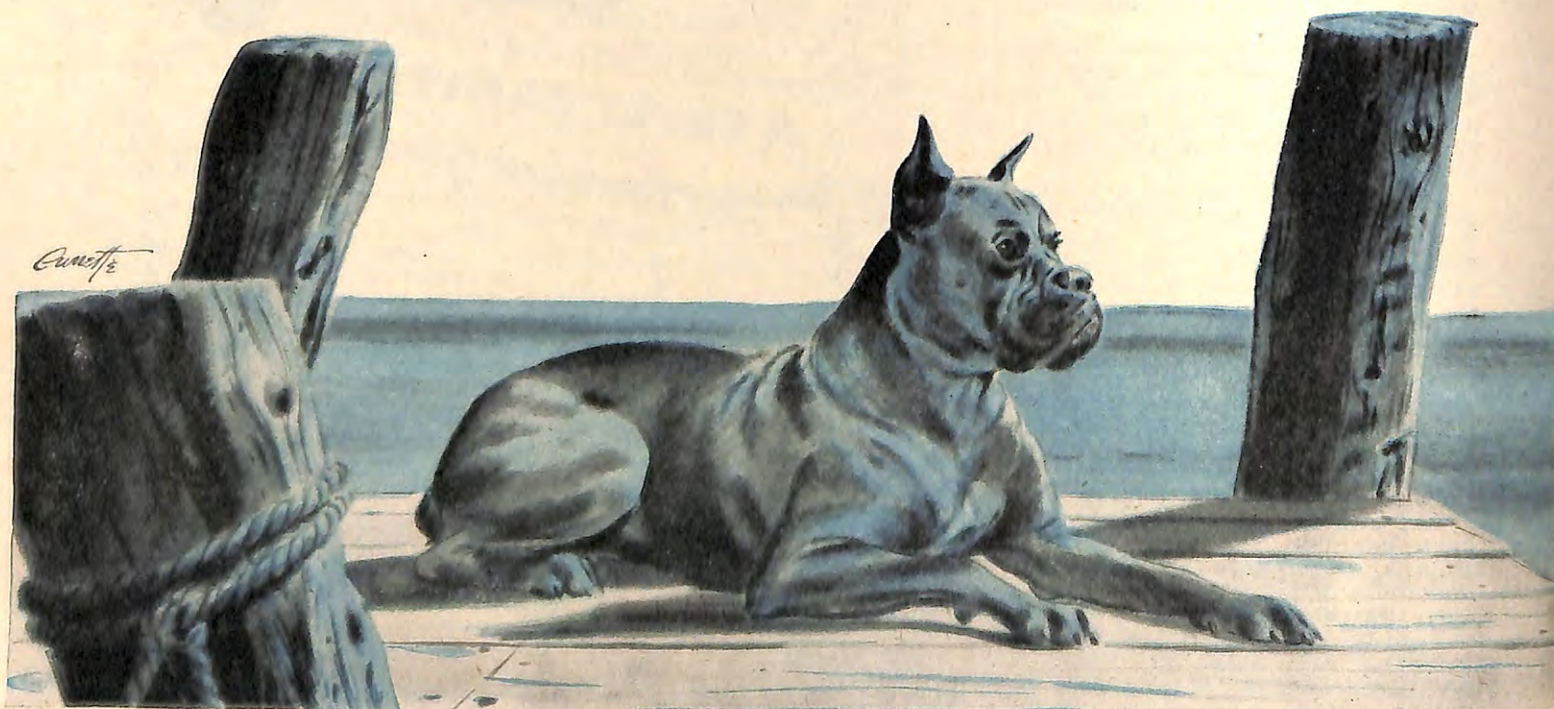
Minna had the patience, perseverance and understanding to help a man when nothing else could.

uncertain cracked shouts of the other elderly men as they cheered the Mr. on!

True, the Mr. had been a care. A great care. Thinking back, in her lair in a dark cavern-like gap in the hibiscus hedge between their house and the next where she spent most of her time now, Minna sighed heavily and dropped her head on her paws. Yes, a care. But, after all, the Mr. had been Minna's job. It was the Mr. who had given Minna her professional status as a career girl.

They'd had fun together, and problems, too. Even now Minna recalled those first crucial times she and the Mr. had ventured out into the thronged city streets together. She'd been as nervous as a girl!—though by that time, thanks to the School and its training, she'd been a thoroughly sedate and grown-up dog. Everybody was kind—lucky the Mr. was never "sensitive"—everybody was helpful and they always got back, as the Mr. phrased it, in one piece.

Adventure, too—some of it on the hair-raising side, like the time in the orange grove, after the Mr. and Mrs.



had moved South. The Mr. liked places that smelled nice—one of the things he could still enjoy, he said—and often they walked together, he and Minna, in the groves. Then one day the heavenly perfume of the place suddenly made hideous with the strident tocsin of death almost under their very feet. They had almost stepped on the snake.

The blunt, spade-shaped head, moving almost faster than the eye could follow, shot out towards the Mr.'s unprotected ankle, missing only by the fraction of an inch. For a few seconds the deceptively chunky coils that could strike with the impact and speed of tempered steel springs retreated a foot or two—possibly, if Minna and the Mr. would, willing to let the whole thing drop. Minna shook and was so weak she could hardly stand. The rattler knit its thick body again, shrilled another awful warning, and slithered a few inches nearer. Minna jumped back with such suddenness and force that she sent the Mr. sprawling.

In the pinches the Mr. never fumbled. He always did the right thing. With an almost instantaneous motion he slipped Minna's leash and harness. She was free—free to meet this horrible coiled death, and vanquish it. Minna never doubted she would. Suddenly she got mad. What were no-good varmints like this doing underfoot, anyway! And for the next few breathless minutes, while the Mr. sat very still and spoke encouraging words in a soft, almost caressing voice, Minna and the huge rattlesnake had it out.

They used the old cobra-mongoose

technique: each time the snake struck, Minna dodged. Cunningly she feinted to make it strike. But she could not wait for her kill until the snake was exhausted. There wasn't time; perhaps in some inadvertent way the Mr. would divert the attack to himself. With every faculty alert—how proud they'd be of her at the School!—she craftily waited for the moment the snake showed its first signs of fatigue. That was Minna's moment. She struck just once, and there followed a frightful, seemingly interminable minute when Minna and the malignant, muscular coils of dirty mustard-yellow and black were one seething, deadly unit. In the end Minna won, but it seemed an eternity before the snake's upturned, inert belly showed strangely pale in the strong Florida sun. The Mr. just sat and held Minna in his arms, with his cheek against the top of her head, until she stopped trembling. The nicest part about this adventure was that they never told a soul about it.

Then, about the thing that finally happened to the Mr., as bad as it was, it wouldn't have been quite so terrible if all the newspapers that played up the Mr.'s drowning hadn't asked unspoken questions. Where, they said in effect, was his trained dog, this wonderful Minna? In his moment of need, where was she? It would have been better if they'd come right out and asked, for then somebody could have risen in Minna's defense and told how, hours after the sloop on which the Mr. had sailed out into the bay for an hour's cruise had been found lazily floating keel-up in a limpid aquamarine sea

that followed the sudden, fierce tropical squall, Minna had been found still faithfully keeping watch under a bench on the wharf. Dogs on board made the yacht's owner nervous, so good-naturedly the Mr. had gone aboard saying, "Stay, Minna," as he often did. Like many partings that turn out to be eternal, it had been casual; after all, the Mr. didn't really need Minna aboard, and Minna didn't like the water, anyway. But after the twenty-minute baby hurricane had cleared, Minna began to feel dread and apprehension. It was to have been a short cruise, and a long time was passing. Finally a mood of nameless fear overcame her and she began whimpering softly (strictly against School rules); but she wouldn't let herself believe this horrible thing had happened until—it seemed like eons later—the Mrs. came with the car and coaxed her home.

They never found the Mr. For many months afterwards, it haunted Minna that perhaps after he had been thrown into the water he had swum around for a while, gamely, even hopefully; then, because he could not see, headed confidently for the open sea until fatigue overcame him. If only the Mr. had taken her aboard—"Aw, Dave, let Minna come along just this once. She's always a good girl. And don't forget she's my eyes, man!"—Minna knew that together they could somehow, somehow, have made it to shore!

Life, they said, went on. But hardly for Minna. As with all old folk—Minna was six now—it made her acutely uncomfortable, almost pa-

Finally a mood of nameless fear overcame her and she began whimpering softly.



thetically self-conscious, to realize she was a problem. For that Minna certainly was, nor was she ever allowed to forget it. For days on end, the Mrs. and her sister discussed nothing else. "We don't know what to do about Minna," they confided to everybody, and called for advice. "It's not that we don't want her," the Mrs. hastened to say, lest she be misunderstood, "but she's a valuable, trained animal. We feel that perhaps she ought to be doing something, and we have no use for her now."

They wrote to the School; but the answer came back that Minna was too old (naturally, they kindly thanked the Mrs. for her offer) to be trained to a new master. If, of course, by any chance an emergency should arise, they'd immediately requisition the dog. Too old! Minna snorted angrily. By canine calculations she was hardly more than middle-aged! What did they want her to do? Spend a dull, useless, dowager's existence in black velvet and ropes of pearls? "Do you have to do anything?" one or two, more sensible than the rest, asked of the Mrs. "After all, Minna has a good home here."

Good home! In the first place it wouldn't ever be home again without the Mr. Minna didn't care much for women. For Minna's money, they were a boring lot. Never did anything that was fun, like playing horseshoes, fishing off the pier, rooting at ball-games, or even just poking about the streets for fun. This hanging about day after day with a gang of women was no kind of a life! All they did was talk. Talk, talk, talk! Most of it was sheer sentimental nonsense, and a lot of it better left unsaid, like that matter the Mrs., her sister and all the neighbors were hashing over right now. Minna tried not to listen, but it was impossible not to overhear. It made her blood boil. The things they were saying about that new young couple next door—come to think of it, maybe she'd better have a good look at them herself—were a scandal, a shame.

People referred to them, not by name, but always as "that flier and his wife". They never went anywhere, those two, but in the evening, when they sat out on the lawn in long chairs, he still wore his uniform with wings and ribbons. Daytimes they sat out, too, but then the flier was a large, handsome order of bare golden-brown torso and long rangy legs bisected by pure white, knitted trunks, and his wife a pretty, sprite-like chit in briefest dazzling white sharkskin.

"You can't tell me!" this one said, with sardonic finality. "Something queer's going on there."

"Oh, they're married, all right," that one replied with regretful relish. "I made a note of her ring the day I called."

"You called?" Voices went high with amazement. "I thought somebody said they didn't want callers."

"I heard that, too. But I went

ahead, anyway. I thought they owed it to us to explain themselves."

"You were right, I guess. We've always been so careful of this neighborhood."

"She's"—there was marked emphasis on the pronoun—"a real sweet little body. I took her a jar of fresh kumquat marmalade—it kind of gave me an excuse to run in. I only stayed a few minutes—come to think of it, I don't remember that she urged me. I tried to draw her out, but I couldn't make her say much. She did say they were here for her husband's health. He'd been near here somewhere in an Army hospital, she said—oh yes, she said his plane had been shot down somewhere over in the Pacific—so she got permission to bring him here, so they could be all by themselves. She said to call again, some time later, when he was feeling better."

"Oh, then you didn't meet him?"

"No, I didn't."

No one had met him. That was what caused talk. "Do you suppose," they asked often, after long pregnant pauses, "it could be mental?"

Time passed, but the flier and his wife still kept strictly to themselves, and unless one stopped on the sidewalk deliberately to pry, all one could see and hear through the riotous jungle green of their high tropical hedge was the bright flash of their young bodies as they lounged in the burning sunlight and the occasional surge of their voices that were seldom excited or laughing. It was a strange life for two young people. No other bright young Army couples carelessly—with screaming brakes, loud halloos and raucous midnight farewells—came and went, nor did the usual visiting families, self-conscious in new winter-resort clothes, arrive from the North for chummy, indefinite stays.

The being who saw all, heard all, was Minna, watchful, silent seeress of the hibiscus hedge. She had seen them, never fear! For a long time no one had lived in the house; then one day—it was after Minna had taken to spending the greater part of her time in the coolness and privacy of her domain in the hedge—she had suddenly noticed a man. What ho, a man! He was sunning himself, baking evenly on all sides, and Minna instantly noted with approval his sinewy build, his crisp, curly black hair, the slow economical grace with which he moved. Somewhat later in the afternoon, his wife came out and joined him. Minna gave her the once-over, too, and approved. A nice enough little thing.

It was no time at all before they were fascinating Minna. Day after day, all the time now, she sat in the hedge and took note. Though they never had an inkling of her nearness (whenever the Mrs. called her into the house, she moved out of the hedge with enormous care, never rustling so much as a leaf), Minna got to know them very well. Far better, in fact, than anybody in the neighborhood. She knew their names

were Fred and Madge, and even though they were married, Minna was sure they loved each other. Sometimes—quite often—she heard them say so, and a few times, solemnly, she had watched them kiss. That should have made things all right. But it didn't, quite.

Conducting her minute, intimate observations, Minna did have to hand the gossipy neighbors a point. There was, though it wasn't easy to put an immediate diagnostic finger on it, something deeply disturbing, something very wrong, with Fred and Madge.

It wasn't that Madge waited hand and foot on Fred; that, for instance, when they needed another spoon or plate at lunch—they ate most of their meals *al fresco* under the strong barred shade of a half-grown coconut palm—it was not Fred who jumped to fetch it from the house, it was Madge. Nor was it the inescapable fact that it was Madge who seemed to have to make all arrangements: who saw landlord, plumber, butcher, baker; that it was Madge who donned a heavenly blue turquoise linen suit and white lace Dutch-Girl cap (that made Minna's mouth water), disappeared out the gate and headed downtown (without, Minna narrowly noticed, ever once turning back to wave or throw a kiss or even so much as look at Fred), only to return an hour or so later laden with bags and pastry boxes, and looking a little wilted and very tired. But Madge always made it a point to be bright and cheerful, and before she took her parcels into the house it was always her ritual to stop to kiss Fred, who had turned his face towards her when he first heard the gate click open.

"Back, darling?" (Minna cocked her head on one side, the better not

It was only a gaily painted wooden duck but it was all Fred's foot needed to lay him low.



to miss a single word they spoke.)

"Back!" Madge's tone expressed comical despair. "I'm *dying!*" She threw herself down at the foot of his chair, pulled off the Dutch-Girl cap, ran a quick riffling hand through her hair. "Whew! It's really hot, brother—when you get away from these trees." Fred put his hand lightly on her head, and she drew it down and nestled it in the curve of her neck. "I bought everything I saw. I got a pineapple and a papaya—I know you hate 'em but I like 'em!—some tangerines, a few lamb chops, some endive and stuff—I've been dying for a good green salad—oh yes! and I discovered a priceless little French *pâtisserie*—no kidding, the real McCoy—run by a madam-y looking person in black satin and jet and a mustache—so I bought some wonderful, voluptuous-looking little things filled with chocolate custard. Don't beat me, husband, but I ate one on the way home! By the way, I'd better run in and put 'em in the refrigerator—" She rose precipitately and started into the house. But Fred's hand reached out suddenly to detain her.

"Anything much doing downtown?" He lifted his head and looked up at her with the same shining, confident look of a trustful, affectionate child; but when Madge looked down to answer inconsequentially, "Oh, nothing, I guess—just the usual thing," Minna saw that a tender expression, yet one of pain, drifted across her countenance, and her

mouth shaped a half-compassionate, half-regretful smile.

But Fred was undeterred, was cheerfully persistent. He uttered a gruff little laugh. "Come, come, woman! There must have been something!"

Madge sat down again, this time on the broad arm of his chair. He took her hand. "Well," she began cozily, like a teacher beginning a story-hour, "I saw—"

Fred's voice cut in like a whip. "Don't bother." He abruptly loosed her hand.

Madge did not immediately rise from the arm of Fred's chair. She made no sounds, but heavy tears dropped from her eyes and made ugly spots on the skirt of the lovely turquoise suit. When she gathered up her now forlorn armful of purchases, her head was bowed in humility and despair; this time, when she started into the house, Fred's hand did not lovingly stay her.

Minna had not missed the swift, turbulent drama. She sought the deepest shadows of the hedge and lay down in utter dejection. Her heart was broken. But every day, every hour, she held her unwinking vigil. Some day, some hour, they would need her.

Yet sometimes Fred could be very different—so appealing, so lovable, that it was all Minna could do to keep from walking right in and taking over. The afternoons Madge prinked up and went downtown, Minna enjoyed most. With Madge, Fred

kept up a sort of front. When he was alone, Minna could watch him as he really was—or, perhaps more nearly, as he had been.

Minna found it endlessly engrossing to sit, and, just from the pageant of emotions passing across his features, watch him fight his battles again. That quick, alert poise of his head must mean he had sighted a couple of marauding Zeros. Later, an expression of extreme relief and tired happiness would tell her that he had nosed down out of the over-cast, and that there, right below, was the Old Girl herself, his homing flat-top. Sometimes there was unspeakable grief and anguish in his face, and then Minna knew he was thinking of his own ship—in all probability it had had some such smart-aleck name as *Is This Trip Necessary?* or *Wolf Wagon* or *A Yo-Yo for Tojo*—the one that had come down.

He kept a battered guitar—Minna wondered if it had been in the plane—beside his chair, and when he was alone, sat fingering it softly for hours. He didn't play anything much but one tune. The words began, *Down in the valley*, and it had a wandering, lonesome tune with a queer one-note melodic hook in the middle of it, that hauntingly meandered out over the prairies and through the sage-brush. When he sang, Fred didn't have much of a voice, but he made it sound deep and rumbling and mysterious. Down in

(Continued on page 57)

Illustrated by LOU CUNETTE



• Tips that sink GYPS

**Informers regularly help our Govern-
ment collect its duties,
taxes and other levies—for profit,
revenge or patriotism**

By Paul D. Green

BEFORE the war, a mid-European jewelry merchant made a fortune during the heyday of trans-oceanic travel by reporting to U.S. Customs officers in New York names of Americans who purchased large amounts of expensive baubles from him. He figured pretty accurately which of them would declare their purchases and which would attempt to smuggle them in. Invariably, the percentage was with him, and he received frequent payments of a thousand dollars and more from the Treasury.

Finally, he hit the jackpot with a \$50,000 haul. That was enough for him. With a dozen more authenticated claims being processed in his favor, he wrote the Bureau of Customs: "Please ignore the claims I still have pending. I have too much money and wish to retire."

He is just one of thousands of foreign and native informers who regularly help the U. S. Government collect its duties, taxes and other levies—for profit, revenge or patriotism.

These amateur sleuths abet the diligent and ceaseless search for monies due the Government by spotting frauds, smugglers, deadbeats, tax and duty evaders where normal vigilance is not enough. In one year, the Government has paid out close to a million dollars in fees to informers who have led tax collectors, customs agents, Alcohol Tax Unit investigators, Secret Servicemen and Narcotic Agents to law breakers. Besides spotting money due the Government, they have thrown the spotlight on caches of dope, illicit alcohol stills, counterfeit printing presses and miscellaneous contraband.

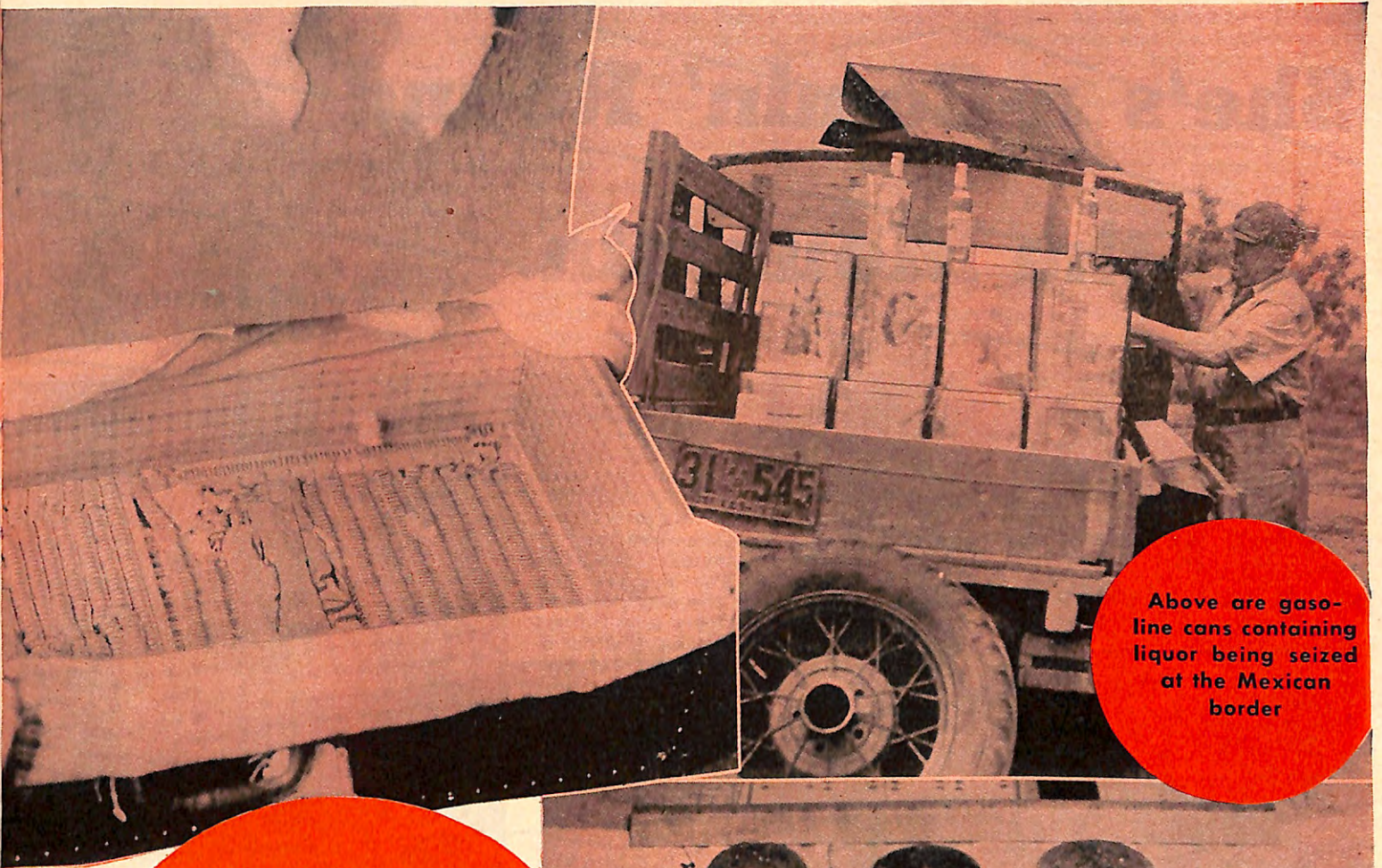
The heaviest and steadiest assistance from informers is given the Bureau of Customs, a branch of the U. S. Treasury, under Secretary Fred Vinson. Although considerable sums are paid out to informers leading to tax evaders, the Customs Service operates with a comparatively steady crew of freelancers and collects more money from that source than all other agencies combined.

Edson J. Shamhart, Deputy to Commissioner of Customs W. R. Johnson, who is in charge of Customs Enforcement in Washington, has an endless source of fascinating smuggling cases in his voluminous files.

"Our field men are given valuable assistance every day in the year by these free agents," he told me, "and we feel that they are important and necessary to us."

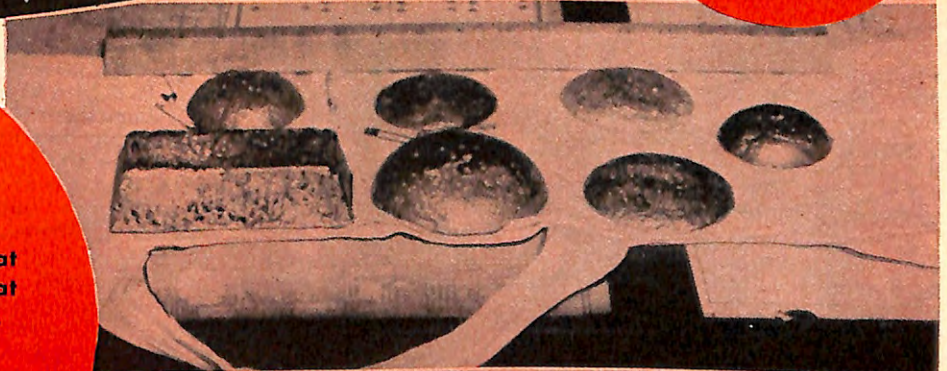
During the war, civilian importation was drastically curtailed, but the work of the Customs Service was doubled in other directions. Before the war, it was only responsible for control of merchant shipping and collecting duties payable on incoming merchandise. During the war it was also responsible for physically enforcing the Export Control Act of 1940, which was designed to prevent strategic and critical materials from leaving the country. Because of this, the over-all volume of smuggling has remained at pre-war levels while the harried ranks of Customs agents were depleted by enlistment in the armed forces and their duties were enlarged. Informer assistance was more than welcome, if not encour-





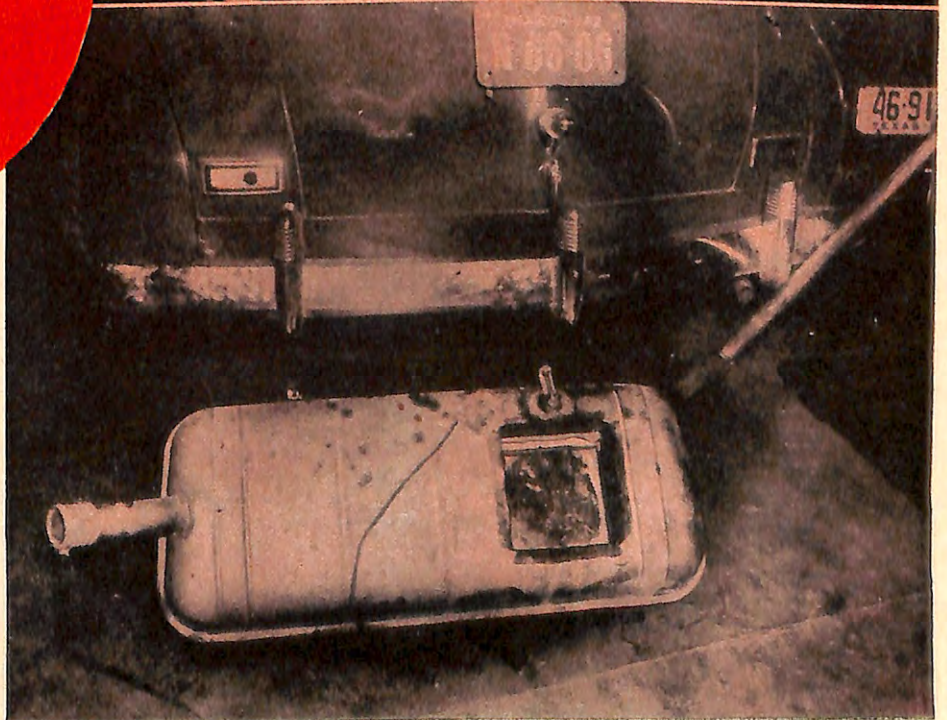
Above are gasoline cans containing liquor being seized at the Mexican border

Above are Swiss watch movements valued at \$12,000, concealed in the bottom of a trunk.



At right are gold buttons, valued at many thousands of dollars, seized at Buffalo in a famous smuggling case.

At right is a secret compartment in a gasoline tank used to carry narcotics into the U. S.



aged, during the trying period we just passed through.

Since the formation of the Government, the Customs Service has been authorized to pay fees to civilians who aid them in collecting duties. The commissions are limited by law to 25% of the value of the goods seized, fines paid and sums realized from the sale of contraband, but in no case can one payment exceed \$50,000. Yet there have been dozens of such magnificent commissions paid to enterprising informers in the past twenty years. The Treasury has paid out as much as \$400,000 in one year in Customs informers

(Continued on page 64)

She's a-Comin' Round

the Mountain

By Al Frantz

Train travel in the future will be pleasant, plush and pleasing

TEN years ago, as our crack streamliner sped across Wisconsin on its mile-a-minute dash between Chicago and the Twin Cities, the man across the dinner table from me shook his head again and said, "I still can't believe it—a train without cinders, a coach seat a man can really lounge in, and a 65c dinner that couldn't be tastier or better served in the best hotel in the Middle West!"

"I've read a lot about streamlining and air conditioning and all the rest," he continued, "but I haven't made a real train trip since 1922. When I compare this train to that one, I honestly believe the railroad people have packed a century of progress into the last fourteen years."

My friend was fortunate, for he was a good six years ahead of many Americans in getting reacquainted with trains and the monumental improvements made on them during the 1930s. Only in 1942, when gasoline and rubber shortages plus military travel suddenly zoomed revenue passenger miles to more than double their 1940 level did most of us reawaken to the role of railroads in national life. And the records had only started. By the end of the war the roads were carrying nearly five times their former traffic, and at the end of 1945 they had piled up approximately 91,600,000,000 revenue passenger miles for the year—the equivalent of a 650-mile trip for every resident of the nation.

It is true that under these circumstances travelers did not always see the railroads to best advantage, but they did recognize an incredible job well done. It is also true that the railroads emerged from the war years with renewed assurance of their own destiny, determination to hold their own in the travel picture

of the years ahead—and the cash balances to finance equipment of such comfort, speed and luxury as was undreamed of after World War I.

An astonishing amount of research into public likes and dislikes has gone into planning the new coaches, dining and sleeping cars now rolling off assembly lines. The Boston & Maine and its car manufacturer, for instance, had Dr. Ernest Albert Hooton, famous anthropologist, make measurements of thousands of passengers to determine the best seat dimensions for the average train user. The scientist came up with a seat that will spell maximum comfort for 85 per cent of the men and 95 per cent of the women. If it hits you in the wrong places, there'll probably be a special coach up ahead built to your measurements.

The New York Central sent a score of pretty young researchers out among its passengers to ask them to help design new sleeping cars, diners and coaches. If your train of tomorrow is finished in soft subdued colors, it will be because that's what you told the young lady you wanted. If the windows are wider and sport venetian blinds instead of shades, your tastes will have dictated the change. If the mattress of today seems too hard, tomorrow's will be softer, and of foam rubber to boot. If you, as an average passenger, want a train temperature of 74 degrees rather than 68, you will have 74. Even sentiment about sleeper and coach fares was carefully polled and will doubtlessly play a part in determining future rates.

Another line, the Frisco, conducted extensive studies of the reasons for rail travel and found that safety was a primary appeal to 82 per cent of passengers. Safety as a consequence will be increasingly stressed in future railroad advertising. So will such passenger comforts as indirect lighting and the cleanliness of travel behind Diesel-electric locomotives. They are among the things passengers voted for on railroads throughout the country and the railroads will provide them as fast as possible.

Orders for new passenger cars already run into the thousands and experts believe that within a few



years 10,000 to 15,000 will be purchased by the railroads. The New York Central tops the list with orders for 720 cars. The Pennsylvania, which this year is celebrating its hundredth anniversary, has on order more than 320 at this writing. Ninety of these, especially designed by the famous industrial designer Raymond Loewy, will be used completely to reequip the "Trail Blazer" and the "Jeffersonian".

The Santa Fe at last reports had 169 cars on order and the Southern Pacific plans, among other things, two new streamlined "Daylights" for

its run between San Francisco and Portland. These orders, and the orders of a score of other railroads, are being increased almost daily.

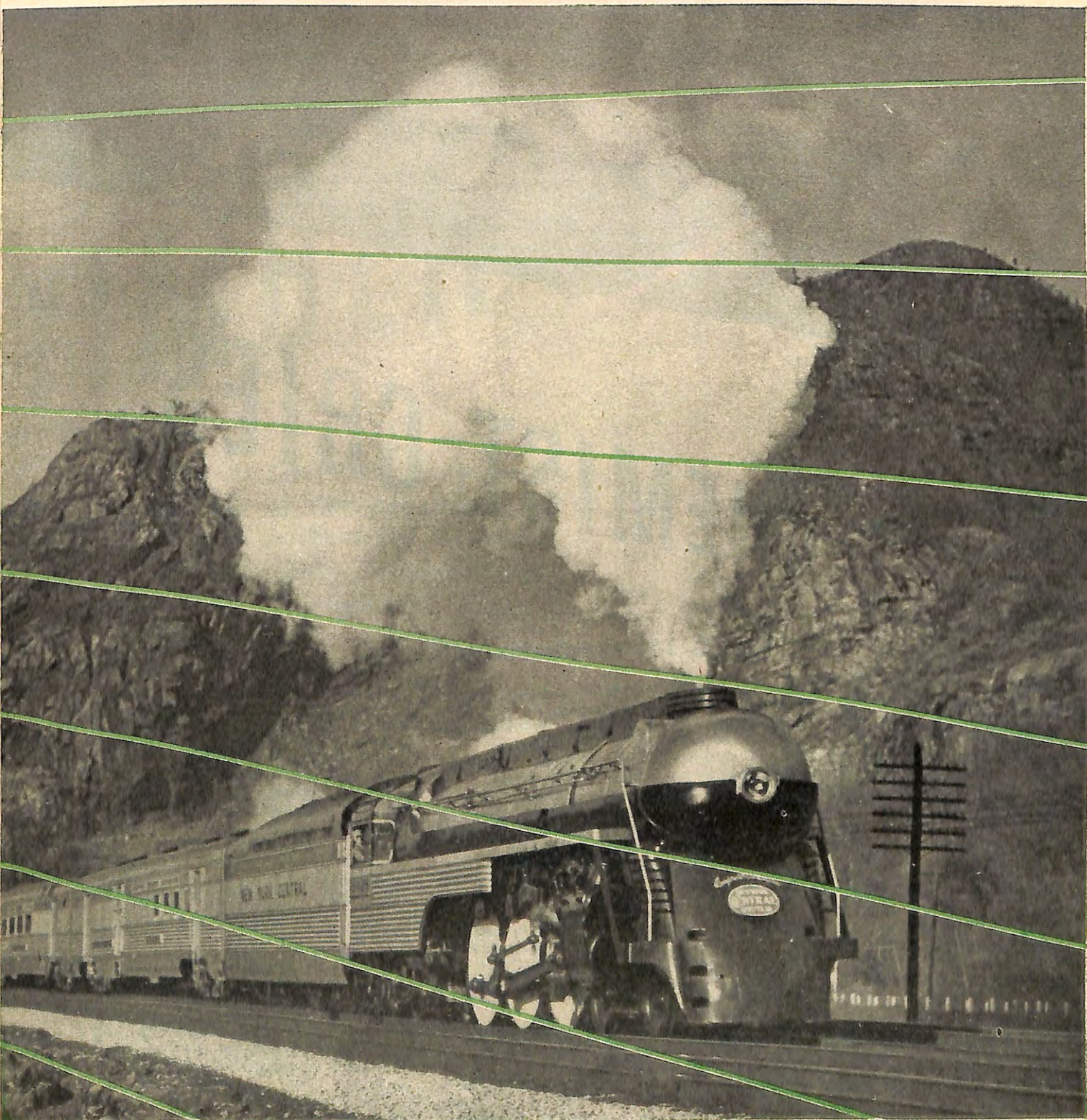
When the new equipment starts to roll, railroad travelers may expect the virtual elimination of the old open-type sleeping car, air conditioning on trains throughout the country, more luxury coaches on which seats will be reserved in advance, a speed-up of service, especially on East-West trips and cars designed for better views, above all in the Rockies and the scenic West.

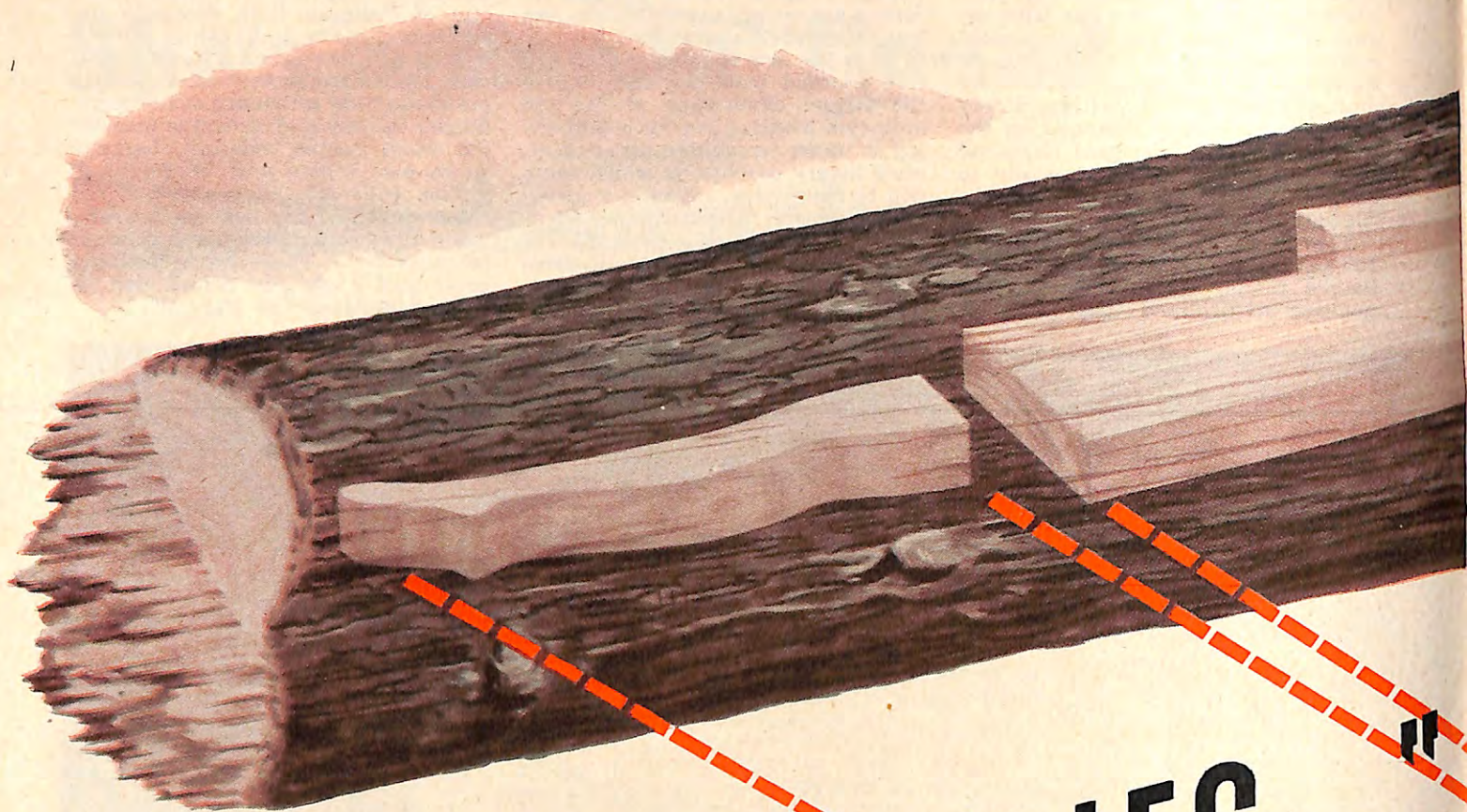
New sleeper equipment will include

such cars as the budgetette of Budd Manufacturing and the duplex-roomette of Pullman, both designed for single-occupancy and both to sell for little if any more than a lower. Individually controlled air conditioning, pre-made beds which are out of sight during the day and of course individual wash basins, mirrors, luggage space and toilets will be featured.

Five railroads have also ordered newly designed coaches which promise much greater over-night comfort for travelers. These have reclining seats and a leg rest which can be

(Continued on page 49)





THE CHEMIST CRIES

By E. M. Hockensmith

THE cry of "Timber-r-r!" no longer heralds the crash of giant trees, the salty lore of lumberjacks, the scream of saws.

Wood has moved into the orbit of the chemist and has begun to reveal secrets which prove that the most abundant and the most wasted raw material in the world is likewise the stuff with the most amazing possibilities.

You can now eat and drink wood, wear it in the form of a wool coat or felt hat, rayon dress or stockings, and make blankets and curtains from it. From wood comes synthetic rubber, plastic radio cabinets, high-octane fuel for cars, vanillin flavoring, explosives, photographic film, cellophane and lacquer.

The list seems almost endless. An estimated 4,500 different products are now created from wood. During the war, wood disappeared daily into weird chemical digesters and emerged as army clothing, gunpowder, glycer-

ine, plastics, alcohol, linings for gasoline tanks, cord for heavy duty tires, and light-weight paratrooper uniforms.

While wood has been playing these radically new parts, it has also been taking seven-league strides in its old role as furniture. When little Johnny finds a sharp nail and tries to draw a picture on Mamma's gleaming table, not a scratch will show. Soft wood can now be made far harder than the hardest oak or maple. Other chemicals make wood resistant to fire, termites, water, acid or alcohol. By impregnating wood with certain chemicals, it can be permanently and solidly infused with any beautiful color to match rugs, draperies or walls.

Housewives need never again become irritated because doors and drawers stick in damp weather or rattle during dry spells. The new "transmuted" wood retains its shape regardless of humidity. A special

treatment softens wood to a rubber-like state so that it can be bent into any shape, tied into knots or kneaded like bread dough. When it dries, the wood is as hard as iron.

In tomorrow's houses, public buildings and factories, nearly everything from walls to kitchen sinks may have wood both as veneer and base material. Thin sheets of wood, no wider than 1/48 of an inch, can be cemented to steel, aluminum or other sheet metal, and the combination bent, cut and stamped.

You will see this woodfaced metal in paneling for walls in offices and homes, airplane cabins, streamlined trains and even automobiles. And, to reverse the process, a thin, stainless steel glued to a birch plywood base can make a modern kitchen sink that will be dent-proof and lighter than the usual sort at about three-fifths the cost.

These magical transformations of wood are achieved by various de-



TIMBER"!

Out of the forests, via the magic of the test tube, a new industrial miracle is definitely on the way

Illustrated by KENNETH THOMPSON

vices. To prevent doors or drawers from sticking or shrinking, the trick is to combine with the natural wood one of the new kinds of plastics, also often made from wood. This material, known by the jawbreaking title of "methylo-lurea", is really very simple. It's a white solid, soluble in water, and is made of ammonia (the ordinary kitchen cleaner), carbon dioxide (which you exhale every few seconds) and methanol (the non-drinkable "wood alcohol" as it used to be when it was made from wood). Incidentally, don't confuse alcohol made from wood and "wood alcohol". They are two entirely different products.

When wood is soaked under pressure in a solution of this "methylo-lurea", there is formed within it hard and water-insoluble resins which take up residence in the wood cells and even in the cell walls. Heated at this stage, the wood can be twisted and bent into any shape desired, which

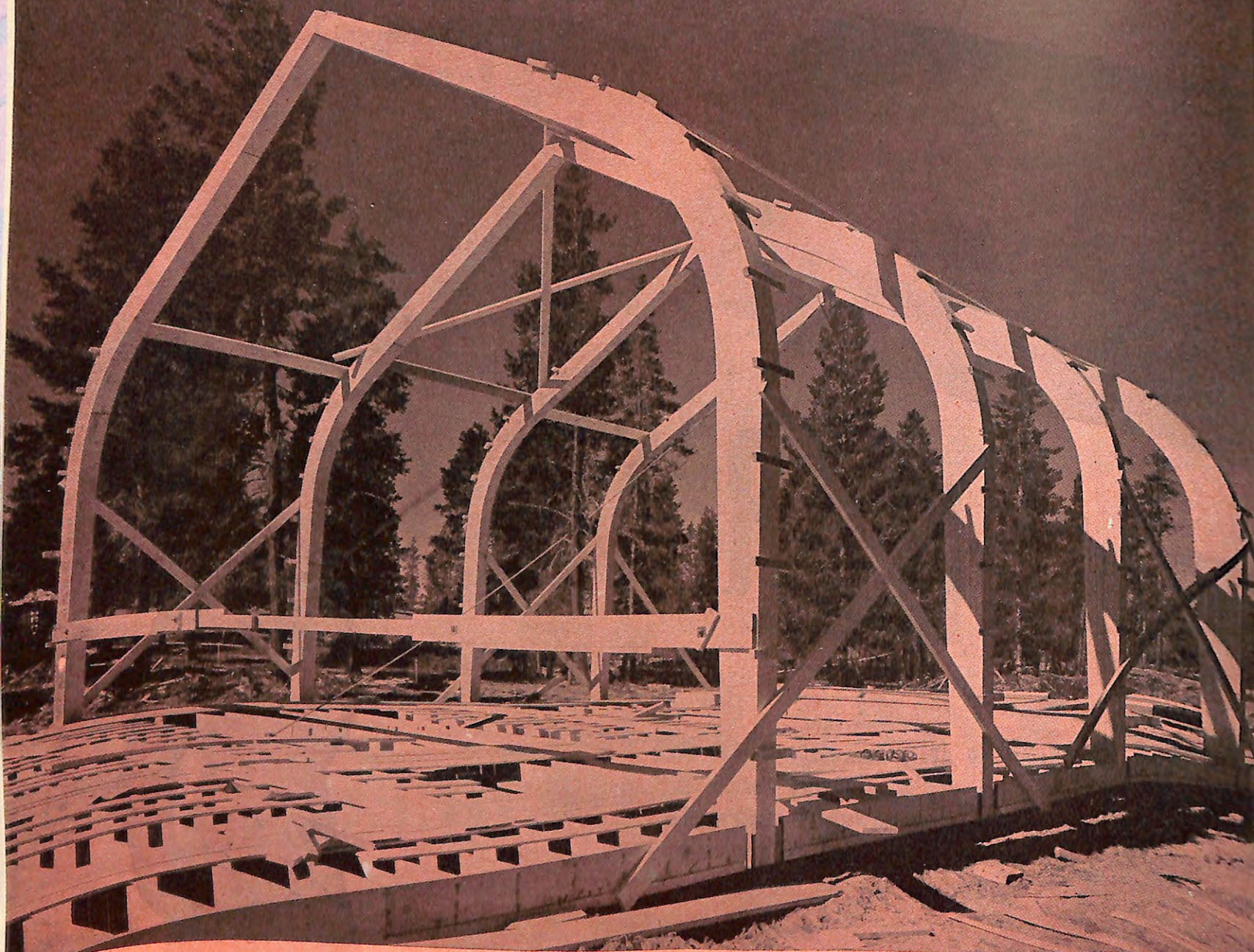
is held permanently when cooled.

One of the most astonishing things about all this is that nearly all of these new products come from wood wastes! We can have our cake and eat it too, or, more accurately, we can have our lumber and all these other things also. The amount of wood waste we have been happily tossing into the trash can is enough to make one gasp. Here are the figures:

Loss from forest fire and disease, 15 per cent; logging and fuel waste, 24 per cent; manufacturing waste, 34 per cent. This makes a total waste of 73 per cent and leaves only 27 per cent as finished products.

"The chemist," said Mr. Chapin Collins of the American Forest Industries, Inc., "is the man who deserves the credit for these new wood miracles. To a chemist a tree is much more than leaves, bark and wood. He knows that a tree is composed of two main substances: First, cellulose, consisting of long hair-like fibers

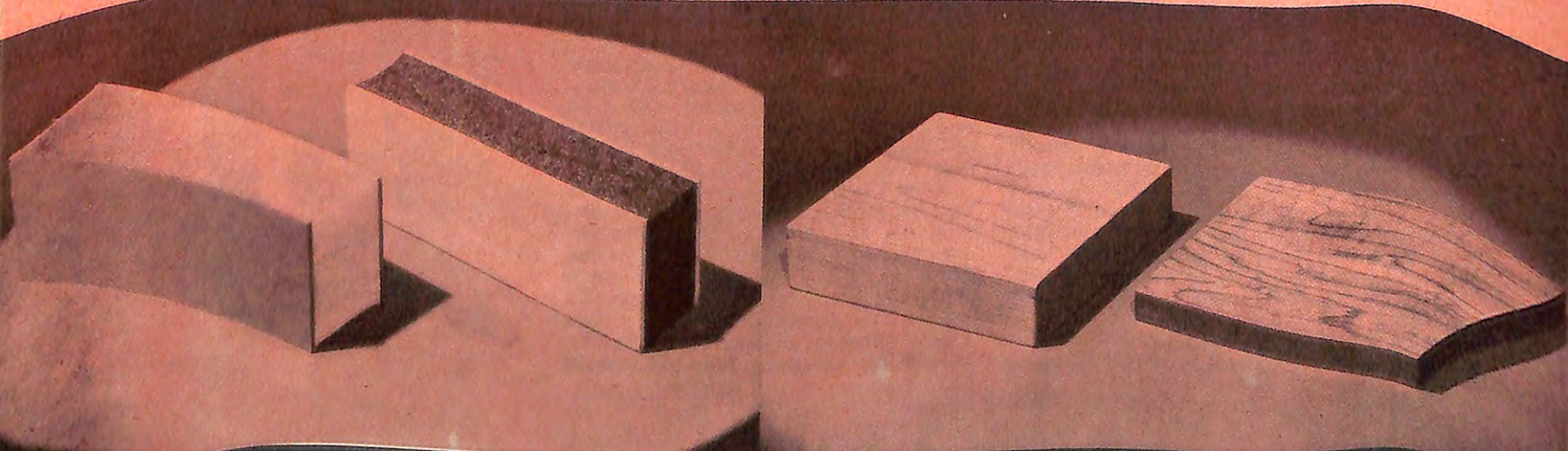




● Above are curved single pieces of laminated wood used in the construction of an army chapel.

● Below are two examples of so-called sandwich materials fabricated in a laboratory.

● Below is a piece of maple before and after stabilization by heat and pressure.



which make up 60 to 80 per cent of the wood. The second is lignin."

If you don't know what lignin is, think nothing of it—the best chemists in the world don't know either. They say that lignin is a mysterious element which holds the fibers of the cellulose together and gives to wood its "woodiness". Every year, for many years, more than two million tons of lignin dissolved in 5,400,000,000 gallons of dark briny-looking liquid were flushed out of the mills and sluiced into the nearest rivers and streams. Now, every effort is being made to conserve this valuable, mysterious substance.

Although we haven't found out what the darned stuff is, we have gone right ahead using lignin as a valuable rubber extender, in plastics and as a mix for commercial fertilizers. From a ton of wood waste can be made 50 to 60 gallons of ethyl alcohol (seriously needed for synthetic rubber).

Cellulose, less mysterious than its twin sister, lignin, has for some years been extracted from wood and transformed into molasses, rayon, cellophane, imitation leather, sugar and paper. An acre of yellow pine trees will produce five times as much cellulose as will an acre of cotton, even though the cotton boll is almost pure cellulose. The paper of this page was made from wood cellulose.

Now we get around to the idea of eating wood. In the past, if wood was considered in terms of food it was dismissed as nothing more than a tasty dish for termites. Not so today. Now, human beings eat wood both as carbohydrates and proteins.

Corn syrup comes from wood sugar. Wood sugar can also be refined into sugar granules, used as molasses, or fermented and distilled into grain alcohol. Some German schnapps and much of Sweden's famous Aquavit started life as wood.

Wood glucose makes yeast which,

in turn, can be converted into a wood "steak"—common fare in Swedish restaurants.

The process of changing wood into food is relatively simple. When certain acids are applied to wood they have the effect of separating the lignin from the cellulose and transforming the cellulose into wood sugar. They call this "hydrolysis".

Wood sugar in its natural form is the kind of glucose (a sweet compound not quite as sweet as cane sugar) which may be changed into practically any other carbohydrates, which are basic energy foods, from starch to solid or liquid fuel.

Protein, in one of the most concentrated and durable forms, is obtained by producing yeast from wood glucose. This yeast contains 55 per cent pure protein—as much as good beef.

Proteins, as everyone knows, are a vital element in human and in most animal nutrition. Lack of them results in flabby muscles and lowered resistance against disease. This is the chief reason why in every war the tuberculosis death rate rises sharply.

Germany, forced by lack of raw materials, has led the way in production of wood protein. Her annual production, prior to V-E day was more than 100,000 tons, enough for the protein ration for the entire German army. And it was swiftly being increased to care for the nutritional needs of the working population drafted from farms to the munitions factories.

Although our chemists have now forged ahead of all others in the world in this business of transforming wood into food, at the start of World War II European factories were far in the lead with more than a score running full speed in wood hydrolysis. All over Sweden, Finland, Switzerland, Central Europe and the Balkans, factories had been built and were producing sugar from

wood waste, chiefly sawdust. That old phrase "tasteless as sawdust" has lost its meaning.

The use of wood as cattle food is probably one of its most valuable services, current world shortages being what they are. Not only does raw sugar molasses and protein yeast manufactured from sawdust enrich straw and other low-grade animal fodders, but it has been found that overcooked wood cellulose forms a white powder almost equal in nutritive value to oats. More than one million tons of such ersatz fodder were manufactured last year in Scandinavia, replacing some forty million bushels of imported oats.

Almost as fantastic as the idea of eating wood is the proposition of wearing it. Nevertheless, a Cinderella of the forests may be lurking in the coat or felt hat you are wearing. That grim old witticism about wooden overcoats is as out of date as a hoop skirt. Fibers fully as good as the wool from sheep can now be obtained from trees.

In the bark of some of the giant redwoods or Sequoia trees of California there is fiber that can be used to replace 15 to 60 per cent of the wool used in some fabrics. A combination is frequently used, as the short kinky redwood fibers blend readily with sheep wool.

The newest project in this field is rayon wool, which of course was stepped up by the tremendous military demand for wool. The main problem the chemists ran into was to duplicate the crinkliness and elasticity that form the air pockets and make wool such a good insulator. Their next worry was to develop a resilience that would restore itself after the wool had been laundered. Both difficulties were successfully overcome.

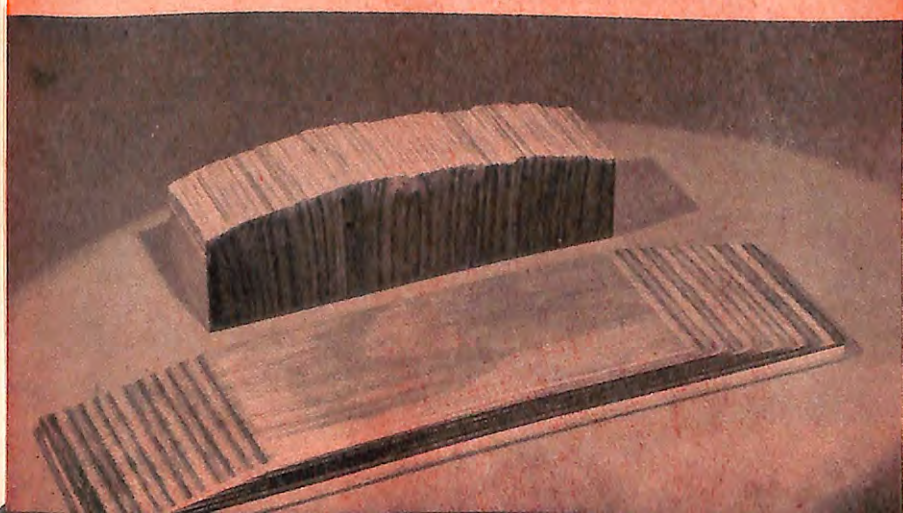
Wood rayon has made swift progress and can now be spun in dozens of forms which do a better job than any other fibers ever have in such useful articles as linings, self-sealing gas tanks, and tire fabrics that save 30 per cent of the rubber.

Turning from the chemical miracles to the physical conversions of wood, we discover that a whole new vocabulary has sprung into being as a result of the new processes of wood. Compreg, impreg, papreg, staypak, sandwich wood, plywood and laminated wood are among the new words we will be hearing more and more often in coming months.

Up to now we've heard more about plywood, because of its great success in the manufacture of airplanes. Plywood is made by sandwiching sheets of wood together, each sheet laid crosswise to the grain of the one next to it. Bound together with water and weatherproof synthetic resin, plywood can be molded into all kinds of shapes—from hinges, lighting fixtures and all-wood washboards to furniture springs, car bumpers, mail boxes and wood culvert pipes for roads.

The secret of plywood's incredible
(Continued on page 68)

Below: In the foreground is a specimen of birch compreg with beveled ends, while in the background is another compreg section of about 200 laminations, showing uncut side and polished surfaces.

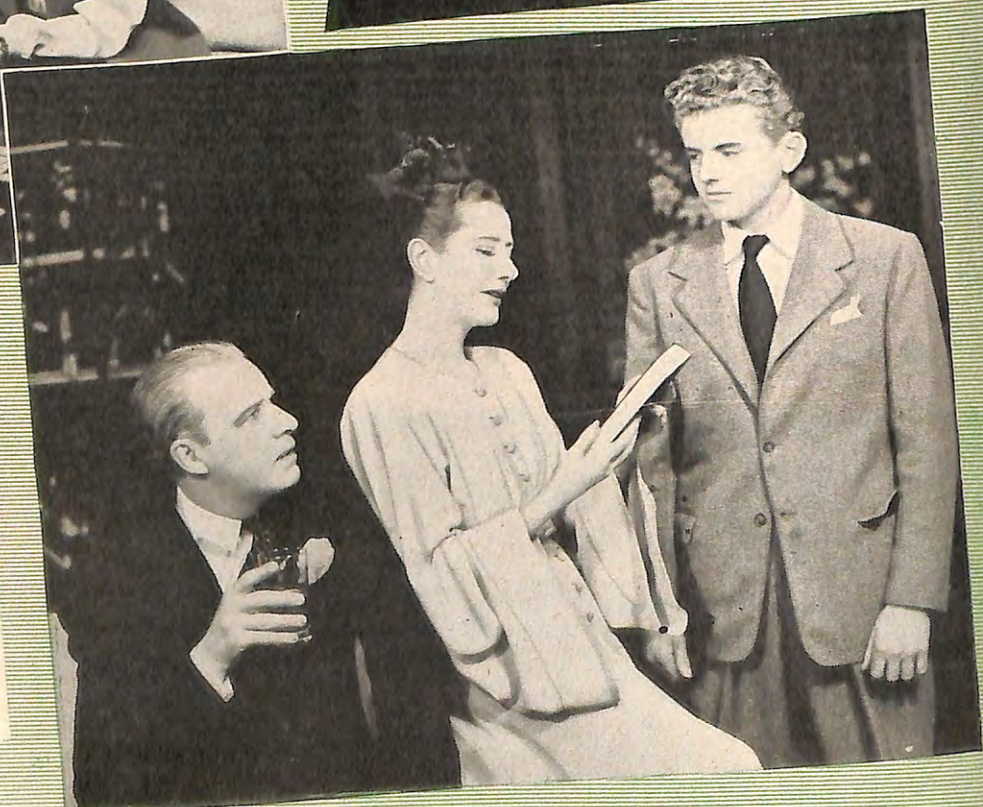


Right: Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Katharine Cornell struggle in an emotional moment in their bitter relationship in "Antigone". A play, which was sensational in Paris during the occupation, is a smash hit in New York due to the great art of Miss Cornell and Sir Cedric.



What's

Above: Paul Douglas, star of Broadway's new smash hit, "Born Yesterday", tells off his lady friend, Judy Holliday, and Gary Merrill. Douglas, a radio sports announcer, pulls a "sleeper" in the comedy of the season.



Right: All honors for the Charm and Wit Department go to Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt in their performances in "O Mistress Mine" in which Dick Van Patten, a boy, goes on a man's errand.

Left: The best-selling novel, "Dragonwyck", is brought to the screen with Gene Tierney and Vincent Price assuming the leading roles in a cinema-crammed to the bursting point with drama, melodrama, tragedy, romance and so forth. This one is sure-fire for the ladies' trade. Give your wife the night off.



Above: An outstanding war picture is "The Last Chance" in which Ray Reagan and John Hoy play an American sergeant and a British officer. Very exciting and adult, but still a war picture.

Playing:

Below: Victor McLaglen, George Raft and Ava Gardner take the leads in the film version of "Whistle Stop", a recent best seller. We doubt that we could pick a cast more suited to melodrama.



Wallace Beery and Margaret O'Brien head the cast of MGM's "Bad Bascomb". Such casting sets this one up as a tear-jerker.





WHILE the war was at its height and when the appearance of returned combat men in this country was a novelty, a great many newspapers and magazines devoted a lot of space to wondering what our veterans would be like, once they had turned to peaceful pursuits.

In many cases the picture was distorted, both by lack of facts and by neglect to apply common-sense thinking. True, there are included in our ranks of 13,000,000 the cynics, the embittered, the dreamers and the unstable, just as these types are found in any sizeable community. But the average veteran represents a cross-section of American youth—an alert, healthy young man or young woman who has been away a long time, is weary of war and wants to settle down.

Of course, they will not be the same young men and women who entered the service two or three or four years ago. Civilian clothes and

civilian methods of doing certain things will perhaps seem strange to them at first.

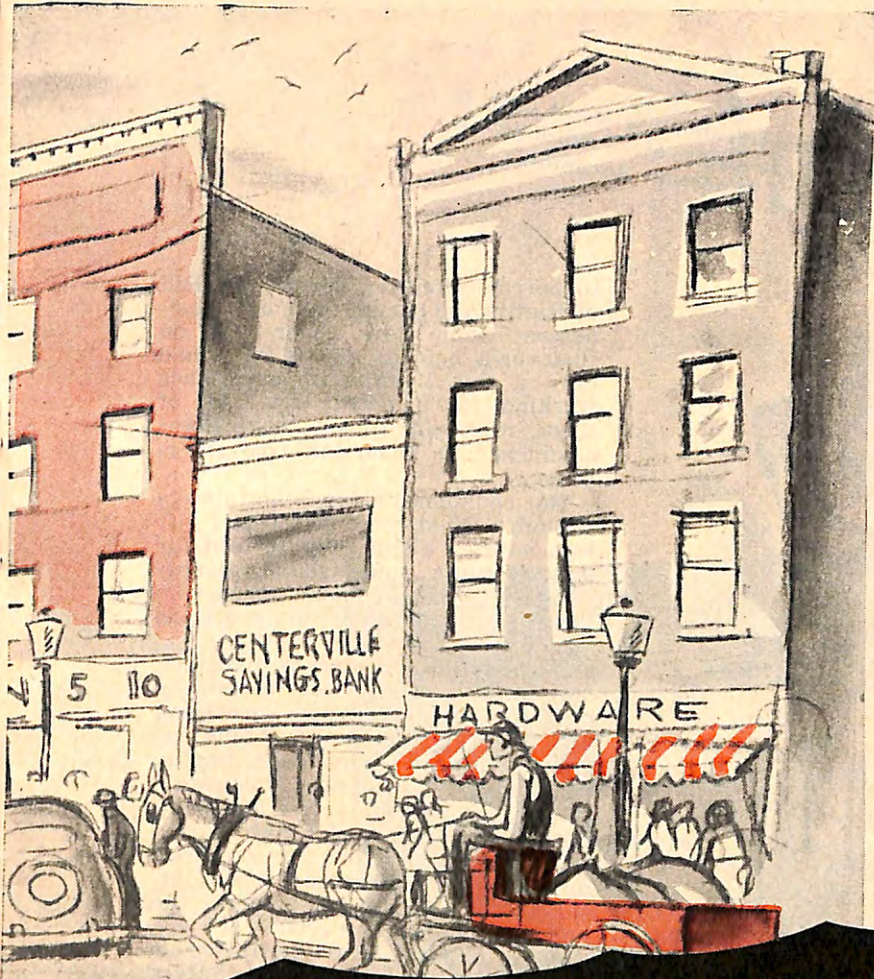
But in a variety of ways the veteran will be a far better man than he was before he put on a uniform. Responsibility will have matured him; discipline will have tempered him. Close relationship with men twenty-four hours a day, both under fire and in the barracks, will have given him a truer evaluation of human nature and a better understanding of his fellowman.

Frequently he will return home with a high degree of technical skill which he did not possess when he entered the service. For in order to win this war the American GI and sailor and Marine was a number of things besides a rifleman and gunner: he was an electrician and a mechanic, a ship-fitter and a metal worker, a radioman and a carpenter. He was a plumber and dental technician and draftsman. He was a baker and a printer.

Without actually coming into physical contact with the enemy, the veteran did a number of things behind the lines that helped to bring us victory. He became proficient with a typewriter, often working late at night close to the front, on important documents and field orders upon which battles were based. He interviewed millions of men recently enlisted, in order that the experience and qualifications of each could best be utilized by the service. He became an expert in solving the greatest supply problem the world has ever seen.

At the same time hundreds of women in the WAC, the WAVES, the SPARS and the Marine Corps Reserve relieved men who were needed in the line. Taking over both clerical jobs and high administrative and executive posts, they were not only of enormous aid to the war effort, but they also received invaluable training themselves.

Some of our veterans are carrying



**The Director of
Coordination and
Planning of the Veterans'
Administration says,
"Now is the time to
help the veteran."**

Illustrated by MARSHALL DAVIS

The Veteran and his Community

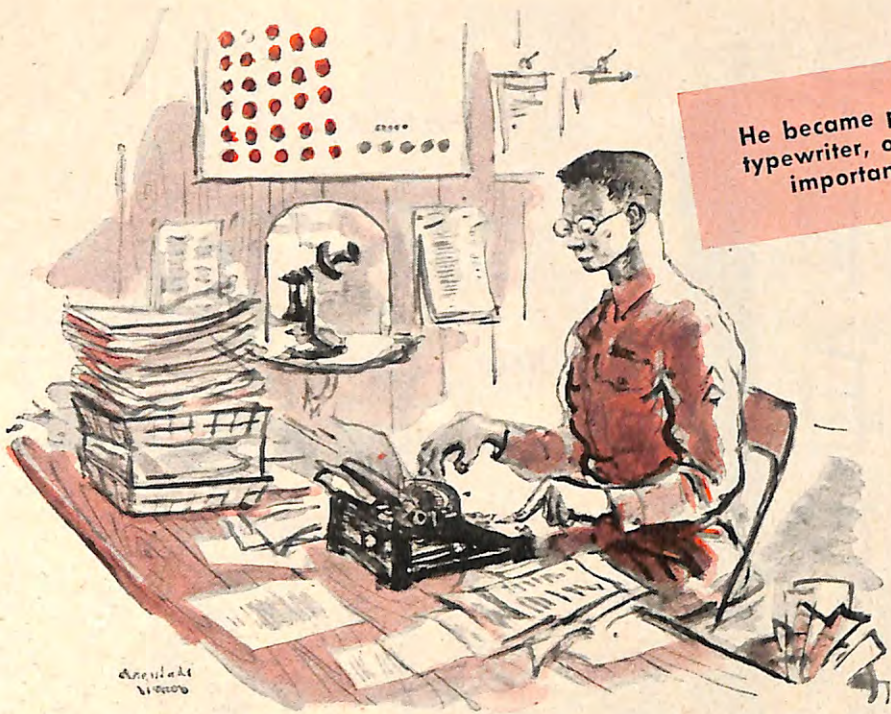
by WILLIAM T. COMER

into civilian life skills worth thousands of dollars. Others are bringing home such intangible assets as maturity and judgment which money could never purchase. All this adds up to the cold dollar-and-cents fact that the veteran is a pretty valuable contribution to his hometown.

However, if the community needs the veteran, so does the veteran need the community. More than three-and-a-half years of wartime restrictions and shortages and nervous strain have inevitably altered the character and temperament of the United States. To the veteran who is

trying to remember conditions as they were before he enlisted, this is a bewildering turn of events. Although some men will make the adjustment to peacetime civilian life without any difficulty and with a minimum of help, others will be in desperate need of advice and counsel. It is not enough to stretch the "Welcome Home" banner across Main Street or give a few congratulatory speeches. The veteran knows he has done a good job, and his welcome is taken for granted. He wants what he has every right to expect—a job paying wages commensurate with





He became proficient with a typewriter, often working on important documents.

his current capabilities.

While few people would consciously deny him this, many communities, through lack of leadership and initiative, have failed to provide the veteran with adequate help. This is not only a shameful evasion of responsibility, but an unwise practice economically. Businessmen are ignoring some of the best manpower at hand.

With its membership of nearly three-quarters of a million, in which are included leaders from almost every field of American endeavour, the Order of Elks can be of inestimable help in solving the veteran's many problems.

The basic problem confronting the average veteran is, of course, a job. Although aiding him in securing employment is part of the Government's obligation, every community must shoulder its own share of the burden. Governmental agencies cannot meet all of the job needs; as the labor market approaches the saturation point each community must create its own job opportunities and fill them with veterans.

Where it is possible, community advisement centers should be organized, offering not only such jobs as are available, but also wise counsel from businessmen who are aware of the needs of the town.

Close relationship with men has given him a truer evaluation of human nature.

Another pressing problem is housing. Hundreds of thousands of veterans who married while they were in the service are looking for places to live. Here again their problems can better be solved locally.

Other veterans have managed to save enough money to build their own homes when construction materials become available. They will need all of the architectural advice they can get.

A vast number of ex-servicemen are in desperate need of personal legal counsel and aid. Family difficulties and involvements, marital crises, financial entanglements and thousands of other unforeseen happenings require straightening out.

A good many other veterans plan

to borrow money under the GI Bill of Rights and set up their own businesses. Some have never been on their own before; others have had only a few months of experience working for someone else. All of them, it is safe to say, have great confidence in American free enterprise.

But confidence alone is not always enough. What could be a better gift to a veteran about to strike out for himself than some sound, honest advice from small businessmen who have the experience of years to offer?

Although the Veterans Administration aids the ex-serviceman by partially backing loans, providing him with an education ranging between one and four years, paying pensions, administering insurance, giving him hospitalization and guiding him by means of rehabilitation programs, many of the veteran's problems must of necessity fall outside our province. This is where the hometowns enter the scene.

Each day the Administration is flooded with thousands of letters from veterans and their dependents. Some of these writers seek routine information which can be answered in a routine manner. Many others pose perplexing problems which require thoughtful—and time-consuming—replies.

At the present time there are many men and women who have received

(Continued on page 66)



What America is Reading



"Who Threw That Coconut!" Bob Hope asks Jerry Colonna, whose new book, published by The Garden City Publishing Company, bears that nutty title.

TWENTY-SIX Americans set themselves to the task of telling the returning soldiers what had happened in the United States during their absence, and when they had completed their job they were talking to you and me and everybody and giving us something to think about. The title of Jack Goodman's symposium, "While You Were Gone," is still intended for the GIs, but don't let that deter you from enjoying and profiting by this comment by specialists on our war-time behavior. We all have a general idea of what went on in the country during the war, but we haven't reflected on it, and reflection is what Allan Nevins, Thomas L. Stokes, Donald Nelson, Lewis Gannett and others are supposed to bring to their task—some

By Harry Hansen

of them do; some don't. You may recall that during the war the bobby soxers mobbed Frank Sinatra, that the coal miners walked out, that the ODT controlled every freight car in the country, that the St. Louis Cardinals won the World Series, and so on—facts from the news. But we couldn't always be sure what they indicated or signified, and some of the authors here represented do that. Allan Nevins reminds us that this great war was not a matter of hurrahs and bands because we went into it with great earnestness and the knowledge that it would be hard to win, and he also suspects we had a bad conscience, because we failed

mankind in leadership in the era between the wars. "The feeling that the war was to some extent an atonement could not be translated into Sousa marches and hip-hooray oratory, but it lent an underlying moral power to the national effort." There was greater unity and greater understanding than ever before.

The war affected the race question, and practically obliterated the line between North and South, making the Negro's position national, a factor in the vote of many States. The Army, says R. J. Thomas, never suffered any scarcity of supplies from wildcat strikes. The psychology of the Midwestern farmer changed with prosperity, writes Thomas L. Stokes; during the depression the farmer

(Continued on page 52)



“She certainly must love that man”

A DELECTABLE Calvert highball... made just the way he likes it... *there's* genuine affection, if we ever saw it.

And there, too, is a whiskey that's *the*

real thing. So gloriously mellow, so smooth and rich, it's just beyond imitation.

That's because we've blended more fine whiskey in our time than any other distiller

in America. And that experience counts!

Want to show *your* heart's in the right place? Just be sure you serve Calvert.

... **It's the real thing!**

Clear Heads Choose **Calvert**



Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C. BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof. "Reserve"—65% Grain Neutral Spirits... "Special"—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits

Head Man



The head man in a ball game is the ump and he shouldn't have to save string to get along.

TIM HURST was an umpire, a form of animal life described by Webster as "one chosen to rule on the plays of a game". Which just goes to prove that Webster didn't live in Brooklyn. There the word is pronounced "empire" and means a social leper, a physical ruin and an intellectual zero. Once Mr. Hurst was asked what he found attractive in a profession where every man's hand and pop bottle were against him.

By Red Smith

Illustrated by WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

"You can't," quoth Tim, "beat them hours."

In spite of night baseball and synthetic double-headers which have complicated the umpire's life since Mr. Hurst's day, the business hours remain the chief charm of the job. Indeed, it may not be stretching the point to suggest that they are its only attraction.

Certainly umpiring is no career for anyone with a sweet tooth for steam yachts and carnivorous blondes. Considering the life he must lead and the talents he must possess, the umpire is, in comparison with other professionals in his game,

the coolie laborer of sports.

One of "Happy" Chandler's first official acts as the new commissioner of baseball last year was to thrust his foot into his mouth and take a stand in favor of a more abundant life for umpires. In fact, he took two stands on the subject, thereby winning for himself widespread unpopularity among club owners and league officials.

But the fact is, he was as right as Feller's fast ball.

The rookie umpire, arriving in the major league after years of apprenticeship in the minors, starts at a wage of approximately \$4,000. It is generally acknowledged that Bill Klem, who served the National League so long and so well he became a legend, deserved and received the highest salary ever earned in his

(Continued on page 65)

Editorial

Congratulations



APRIL is "Installation month" and *The Elks Magazine* extends congratulations to those who will assume the burdens of office in subordinate lodges, particularly to the Exalted Rulers who must bear the brunt of the year's duties, and stand or fall on the records they write upon the new page.

The office of Exalted Ruler is the highest honor within the gift of the lodge. It marks the confidence of the members in the qualities of leadership of the Brother upon whom it is bestowed. With the honors of the office there are also coupled grave responsibilities which he is bound by a solemn pledge to administer in a manner that will justify the confidence placed in him by the membership of his lodge.

It is the Exalted Ruler's duty to exercise over-all supervision of the affairs of his lodge, within the meaning of the by-laws and statutes. He is not expected to carry the entire burden of detail, but it is his duty to exercise care and judgment in the selection of committees and call to his aid men with the ability and will to carry out their assignments. The real executive is not the man who does all the work himself, but the one who finds others competent to do it for him.

Exalted Rulers taking office this month do so under most favorable conditions. There are few lodges in the Order that have not shown a substantial increase in membership, and the general financial condition is indicated by the fact that more mortgages have been burned during the fiscal year just closed than in any similar period in the Order's history.

Financial progress, however essential it is, is not the only concern of the Exalted Ruler. Success in all departments is dependent upon the fraternal atmosphere maintained throughout the home, at the meetings and social functions of the lodge. The home should be a place where members and their families gather frequently for social enjoyment. It should be a center of community activity available at all times for meetings devoted to patriotic and civic purposes.

The conduct of lodge meetings and their decorum is a direct responsibility of the Exalted Ruler. The proper performance of the Ritual is also his duty alone. It is for him to insist that the officers are proficient, not only in the ritual of initiation, but in all services performed in public that give the people of the community an opportunity to learn something of the sentiments and the ideals of the Order.

The Exalted Ruler, to attain perfection on the part of his officers, must of course be perfect in his own part. Careful attention to the Ritual will be reflected throughout the entire lodge; it will enhance prestige with neighbor lodges, and contribute much to the success of the administration. The most successful lodges are those whose officers understand the meaning of the Ritual and strive, by their rendition, to impress the initiates with its dignity and beauty.

The Order has attained a new high in the esteem of the people of our country. It has written upon the record of war-time America a story of patriotic service that is reflected in increased membership, financial and social progress.

Upon those who take office this month rests the responsibility of holding to the path of progress, and performing their



Charity



Justice

duties in a manner that will enable them to turn over to their successors a stronger and better lodge. The way to this end is clearly defined and will be followed by every Exalted Ruler who keeps constantly in mind the obligation of his office.

Patriots' Day



ON THE night of April 18, 1775, Paul Revere, a respected citizen of Boston, mounted his horse tethered outside the old North Church, and began a ride which has been memorable down through the years.

The American Colonies were seething with revolt, and the British Crown was taking strenuous measures to kill the spirit of rebellion. Troops were about to march on Concord to seize military supplies assembled there by the famous Minute Men. The object of Paul Revere's ride was to warn the villagers of Middlesex that the British were coming, and urge armed resistance.

Through the night, and well into the next day, rode Paul Revere, spreading the alarm and rallying the men to arms.

Responding to his call, the gallant New Englanders came from shop and school, office and factory, farm and mill, gathering up the weapon closest at hand, and hurrying to Concord where their heroic stand turned back the seasoned troops of the Crown.

To preserve the memory of these significant historical events, Massachusetts sets aside April 19, as "Patriots' Day". It is a revered holiday, a day when her people pay tribute to the events of those stirring days when the blood of the common man was freely shed in young freedom's cause.

Patriots' Day is a recurrent reminder that Boston and its environs may well be called "the cradle of liberty". Upon this hallowed ground the first blood of the Revolution was shed and the fires of liberty were kindled that have burned

in the hearts of America, all the way from Concord to Japan.

With all its reputation for conservatism, Massachusetts is a progressive State: her industries, farms, institutions of learning and culture keep pace with the march of time, but the past is never forgotten. Her people are proud of their old homes, historic landmarks and traditions that were born with the landing of the Pilgrims.

Elkdom has thrived in this grand old State. Along the path of Paul Revere and throughout the Commonwealth, fine Elks lodge homes have arisen. Nowhere will Patriots' Day be celebrated with greater reverence and with clearer conception of the influence of the events this day commemorates than in the buildings devoted to the uses of the distinctively American Fraternity that is carrying on in the spirit of the Minute Men who rallied at Concord at Paul Revere's alarm.

Housing



GRAND Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner calls upon all Elks to awaken to the dangers of the serious housing situation confronting the nation, and urges individual and collective cooperation of the Order and its membership with any movement having the solution of the problem for its objective.

The shortage of homes, particularly as it affects our returning veterans, is of deepest concern to every American and that means every Elk. Says the Grand Exalted Ruler, "Men who slept in fox-holes and bomb craters to preserve our homes must not be compelled to sleep in railroad stations and on park benches for lack of adequate shelter."

The housing shortage is one of the gravest domestic problems arising from the war and the appeal of the Grand Exalted Ruler is timely. It will be answered in the fullest possible measure throughout the Order.



Brotherly Love



Fidelity

Under the ANTLERS



Below: Former Chairman William T. Phillips of the Board of Grand Trustees, left, and W. M. Frasor right, look on as Pvt. Elliott Kirk Chan greets his brother at the Elks Fraternal Center in New York City after a long separation.

Below: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, Secretary of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, second from left, joined the lodge officers at the "Welcome Home" dinner, attended by about 250 persons, held by the War Commission of Lansing, Mich., Lodge for members and members' sons who have been discharged from military service.



Above is a photograph taken during Pontiac, Mich., Lodge's banquet celebrating the return of their servicemen members.



Above: One of the numerous occasions when Blackfoot, Ida., Elks royally entertained at the USO hut at Pocatello.



Right: One of the bi-monthly parties held at Los Angeles, Calif., for veterans from Mitchell Reconditioning Hospital.



Above is a photograph taken at one of the entertainments given by the Elks of the Illinois Northeast District at Great Lakes.

The picture second from bottom shows a woodwork shop whose equipment is supplied by California Elks, particularly those of the San Joaquin Valley.



Left: Greenwich, Conn., Lodge burned its mortgage recently in the presence of a great many officials of the Order, including former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee James L. McGovern; former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees William T. Phillips, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin, seated, left to right.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES THROUGHOUT THE NATION

MANITOWOC, WIS., Lodge, No. 687, celebrated its freedom from debt recently with a dinner in the grill room of the lodge home. A class of 12 candidates was initiated that night, and State Pres. Frank Fisher of Janesville, who touched the match to the last \$2,000 document of the mortgage, spoke briefly to the gathering which included a delegation from Two Rivers Lodge No. 1380.

At an earlier date 48 men were initiated into No. 687. Manitowoc Lodge is now in A-1 condition, with a membership of 443.

PEORIA, ILL., Lodge, No. 20, mourns the loss of P.E.R. William Fritz who died Jan. 27th at the age of 75.

He had been a resident of Peoria for 65 years and was an active, long-time member of No. 20. Mr. Fritz became first Vice-President of the Illinois State Elks Assn. in 1927 and acted as Treasurer of the Association from 1929 to 1935. He was always deeply interested in the charitable activities of the Order, particularly those assisting needy children.

Elk services were held for Mr. Fritz on Jan. 29th.

WHITTIER, CALIF., Lodge, No. 1258, inaugurated an annual "Biscailuz Night" eight years ago, honoring Sheriff Eugene Biscailuz who is in his 28th year in the Sheriff's Department of Los Angeles County.

The 300 Elks and guests included L. A. Lewis, Anaheim, a member of the Grand Forum, and sheriffs from four neighboring counties. A steak dinner was served at the William Penn Hotel, prior to the short business meeting which was devoted mainly to the good of the Order. At a signal from Sheriff Biscailuz everyone there walked to the charity box to pay his "fine". Only folding-money was accepted and since the crowd was in a good mood, the main purpose of the evening was accomplished.

GALENA, ILL., Lodge, No. 882, holds a venison dinner each year for Elks and their ladies. This year's affair had State Pres. Dr. Marcus Archer and State Trustee Edward Edwards of Rock Island as guests, as well as many other Elk dignitaries and State and Fire Dept. officials.

Dr. Archer presented to Fire Chief O. E. Hirst the E & J Resuscitator, Inhalator and Aspirator which had been purchased by Galena Lodge for the local Fire Dept.

No. 882 is now planning to buy a truck so that all life-saving equipment will be in one place and ready for instant use.

ALLIANCE, NEB., Lodge, No. 961, spread its hospitality all over the Panhandle recently by inviting Scottsbluff and Chadron Elks to see 31 men from Alliance and outlying districts initiated by the State Championship Degree Team of Scottsbluff Lodge No. 1367.

A total of 254 members turned out for the event, making it one of the most successful in No. 961's history.

Pictured below are the men who were initiated into Alliance, Neb., Lodge recently by the Scottsbluff Degree Team.





Above are new members of Hannibal, Mo., Lodge who were initiated recently.

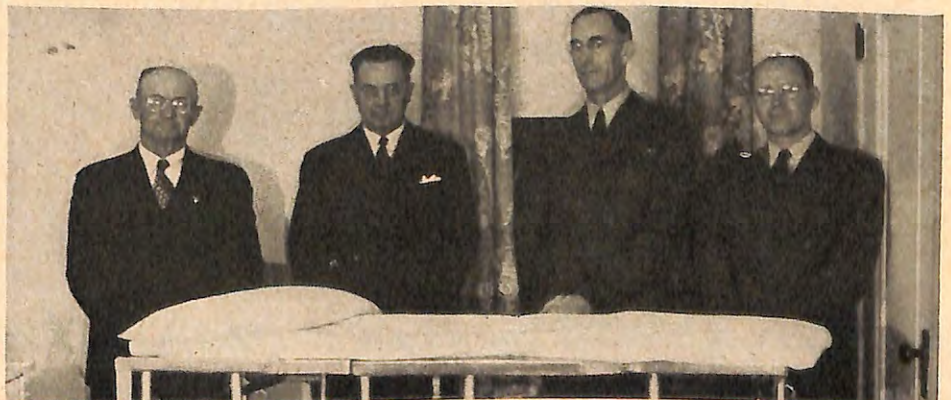
HOUSTON, TEX., Lodge, No. 151, always comes out 'way ahead of its goal when it has anything to do with giving a helping hand to anyone, and the eighth annual Mile of Dimes this year was no exception.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert South Barrett got the campaign going Nov. 27th when he placed the first dime where it would do the most good. So many people took his hint that by the end of the fourth day the record-breaking goal was in plain sight.

The uniformed Elkadettes and Band of No. 151 did yeoman work in exhorting passersby to spare a dime, to such an extent that the daily quota only fell short once in 28 days. Near-final tallies showed a total of \$25,350.04—miles out in front of any other year.

PONTIAC, MICH., Lodge, No. 810, on Jan. 24th welcomed home 183 of its 248 fighting members at a party which was the epitome of gaiety. A complete steak dinner was served in the lodge room to the veterans, while over 500 members dined in the rathskellar. Following dinner a toast was drunk to the memory of the four Pontiac Elks who gave their lives in World War II. After a regular lodge session a fast-moving, two-hour

Right: Elk officials of Lamar, Colo., are shown with the fracture table their lodge presented recently to the Prowers County General Hospital. A fracture bed has also been donated by these Elks.



Below: With their lodge officers are shown the members of the largest class ever to be initiated into Manitowoc, Wis., Lodge.



floor show was enjoyed by more than 700 members.

JACKSON, TENN., Lodge, No. 192, had to refuse reservations to more than 200 people who wished to attend the dinner it held for P.E.R. Hugh W. Hicks, a member of the Board of Grand Trustees, because the largest dining room in town could hold only 275.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Judge John S. McClelland, the principal speaker, came all the way from Atlanta, Ga., to attend, but he wasn't the only Elk to travel a great distance to take part in the affair. Many came from Corinth, Miss., and from Nashville, Columbia, Trenton and Memphis, Tenn. The musical part of the program was every bit as good as the sumptuous dinner.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Lodge, No. 532, now feels its occupancy of its magnificent new home is official, since the members held their flag-raising ceremony recently. Trustee Louis Stein, a long-time member, presented the flag as a gift to his lodge which had erected a 45-foot flagpole several months ago.

PROCLAMATION

The Grand Exalted Ruler, by and with the approval of the Board of Grand Trustees of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks acting on authority given to them by Resolution of the Grand Lodge Session held in Omaha, Nebraska, in July, 1942, does hereby proclaim that the next Session of the members and representatives of the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks will convene at New York, N. Y., on July 8th, 1946, and continue from day to day thereafter until the business to come before said Session is completed.

Grand Lodge Headquarters will be established at the Commodore Hotel, New York, N. Y.

WADE H. KEPNER,
Grand Exalted Ruler.



CALIF. ELKS WAR COMMISSION activities are going along apace, with great progress being shown in collecting almost unobtainable materials and supplies for various Veterans Hospitals throughout the State. They seem to pull the stuff out of a hat.

A different group of servicemen from Mitchell Reconditioning Hospital is brought the 180 miles to Los Angeles every two weeks for dinner and entertainment. Particularly impressive is the work being done by the Elks of the San Joaquin Valley who supply wood-working machinery to the Navy Hospital located at Yosemite.

Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner, with State Pres. Horace R. Wisely and State Chairman Lloyd C. Leedom of the War Commission Committee, visited the Corona Naval Hospital recently to deliver tooling leather, knife sets and eight automobile engines. Andy Anderson, of Houston, Tex., Lodge, No. 151, has visited

Above Elk officials wait anxiously for the mortgage on the Newburgh, N. Y., Lodge home to be destroyed. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan stands in the foreground, fourth from left.

several hospitals in Southern California to show the boys his outdoor movies and fly-casting exhibition. He's been received enthusiastically everywhere.

KETCHIKAN, ALASKA, Lodge, No. 1429, entertained the officers of Juneau Lodge No. 420 on Jan. 16th and made them work for it by initiating a class of nine candidates. Men's and women's bowling teams accompanied the Juneau officers and enjoyed a week's tournament with the Ketchikan bowlers on the alleys in the lodge home. During the week many social events kept everybody happy. Since travel has been difficult and expensive in

Alaska of late, this visit should provide conversation up there for many a month.

PITTSFIELD, MASS., Lodge, No. 272, burned its mortgage Jan. 27th, and none of the local celebrities present objected to getting smoke in their eyes. Mayor James Fallon, P.E.R., spoke, as did P.D.D. Michael L. Eisner. Other members of No. 272 who attended were P.E.R. Louis Merchant, former Mayor of Pittsfield, and Chief Inspector Daniel J. McCoglan of Pittsfield's Police Dept.

Dinner was served to about 250 members and the rest of the evening was devoted to entertainment.

GREENWICH, CONN., Lodge, No. 1150, like many others, has seen some hard times since its home was completed in 1929, but its devoted membership expects to travel a clear road from now on. The final mortgage on the home was destroyed recently and No. 1150's obligations to the Elks War Commission, the Elks National Foundation and all other civic activities have been met.

Left: At Greenfield, Mass., Lodge's first annual Fathers' and Sons' Night were, left to right, E.R. F. A. Farrell; Jimmy Foxx, former major-league ball player, and T. C. Keller, Chairman of the Committee.

Below are the eleven men who made up Noblesville, Ind., Lodge's recent Victory Class. Past Exalted Ruler Don Jenkins, Exalted Ruler of the original State Championship Degree Team, presided.





Above is the largest class initiated in many years into Pittston, Pa., Lodge. Thirty-five men comprised the group which was designated as the E. V. Troback Class, in honor of Pittston Lodge's House Manager.



Right: At New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge's 44th Anniversary celebration were, left to right, standing: State Senator J. R. McGovern; Wm. T. Phillips, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; D. D. Henry L. A. Forrestal, and State Vice-Pres. Albert J. Dyer, and seated: U. S. Senator James M. Mead, E. R. Mayor Stanley Church and Michael J. Gilday, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials.

MT. VERNON, ILL., Lodge, No. 819, which recently bought itself a new home, initiated its 100-man 78th Anniversary Class in good company. Dr. H. J. Raley, Harrisburg, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, represented the Grand Lodge at the meeting and many other Elk luminaries attended, including D.D. T. H. Hall of Carmi Lodge.

The huge crowd of over 500 Elks from the South District of the State proved too much for No. 819's home, so the dinner and entertainment were held at the Mt. Vernon Country Club. The officers of Carbondale Lodge No. 1243 made up the Degree Team for the initiation ceremonies.

SAN DIEGO, CALIF., Lodge, No. 168, entertained about 100 members of the American Legion from various Posts throughout the county recently. After the regular lodge business was disposed of at a session presided over by Exalted Ruler Harold A. Dibb, the doors were thrown open to the Legionnaires for a vaudeville show and "Dutch" luncheon, with Past Exalted Ruler M. C. Cavan, a Past County Commander of the Legion, acting as Master of Ceremonies.

Below are the members of the 78th Anniversary Class of Prescott, Ariz., Lodge who were initiated by the Past Exalted Rulers.

ROCKVILLE, CONN., Lodge, No. 1359, has a home which literally is a thing of beauty and, the members expect, will be a joy forever. The 26-room, 30-year-old, \$300,000 Maxwell mansion is built of brick and stone on ten acres of landscaped grounds which include sunken gardens, swimming pool, tennis court, fountains and a brick garage which will be used for dances, banquets, etc. A large brick two-story gatehouse is also on the property.

The home was opened formally at a recent banquet attended by 300 when a large class of candidates was initiated, bringing No. 1359's membership to approximately 500.





Above is a view of the crowd which attended Iron Mountain, Mich., Lodge's annual football dinner.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., Lodge, No. 756, entertained more than 1,000 persons at a dinner-dance on Feb. 12th and the occasion had a double significance. It was No. 756's 44th birthday and the day chosen to pay honor to Exalted Ruler Mayor Stanley W. Church.

Speakers included U. S. Senator James M. Mead, Buffalo Lodge; District Deputy Henry L. A. Forrestal, Beacon Lodge; State Senator J. Raymond McGovern, New Rochelle Lodge; Wm. T. Phillips, New York Lodge No. 1, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees and Mayor Church. Past Grand Tiler Michael J. Gilday, a member of the Credentials Committee of the Grand Lodge, presided. Many prominent civic officials attended to pay tribute both to New Rochelle Lodge and to Mayor Church who received a gold card case from Mr. Forrestal on behalf of the New Rochelle Elks.

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.

SPOKANE, WASH., Lodge, No. 228, deserves a big hand for its success in the Victory Clothing Drive for overseas relief which it sponsored recently. Over 65 tons of clothing valued at \$45,000 were collected, including 20,000 pairs of shoes.

No section of the city was overlooked, with receiving stations set up conveniently at all schools and fire stations, and a central depot in the heart of the city. A crew of Spokane Elks sorted, packed, labeled and loaded the clothing into 11 enormous trailer vans for shipment to Seattle.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Lodge, No. 31, is a fine organization to have in your corner, as any one of 2,800 boys and girls from local and State institutions will testify. The Syracuse Elks entertained that number of children at a recent theater party, when Paul Steinberg, who has handled all such affairs for No. 31 during the past 15 years, made arrangements with several companies to provide gifts and refreshments for each of the lodge's young guests.



Left are some the the 400 Elks who came from 17 Indiana and Illinois lodges to celebrate the burning of the mortgage on the home of Hammond, Ind., Lodge.

Below are some of the 100 men of Mt. Vernon, Ill., Lodge's 78th Anniversary Class who were initiated by the officers of Carbon-dale Lodge.



IDAHO FALLS, IDA., Lodge, No. 1087, sent a hungry horde of over 400 to feast and be entertained at this year's annual "Spudmen's Night" when the local Elks are guests of King Potato and his East Idaho Court—the shippers and growers who manage the State's \$50,000,000 potato industry.

A terrific turkey dinner was served, and after the regular business session a floor show was presented. This year's fete featured an elaborate exhibit of all types of packaged potatoes—even the dehydrated kind.

EUSTIS, FLA., Lodge, No. 1578, lost its first Exalted Ruler when George W. Hummel died Jan. 17th. Mr. Hummel was one of No. 1578's organizers and was a loyal and devoted member.

Born in Louisville, Ky., Mr. Hummel lived for some time in Cleveland, Ohio, and was a resident of Eustis for the past 30 years. He was engaged in the real estate business and had been employed by State and Federal agencies. He is survived by his widow and two sons.

Elk funeral services were conducted by E.R. Frank E. Owens.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., Lodge, No. 247, may now hold its collective head as high as any other debt-free branch of the Order.

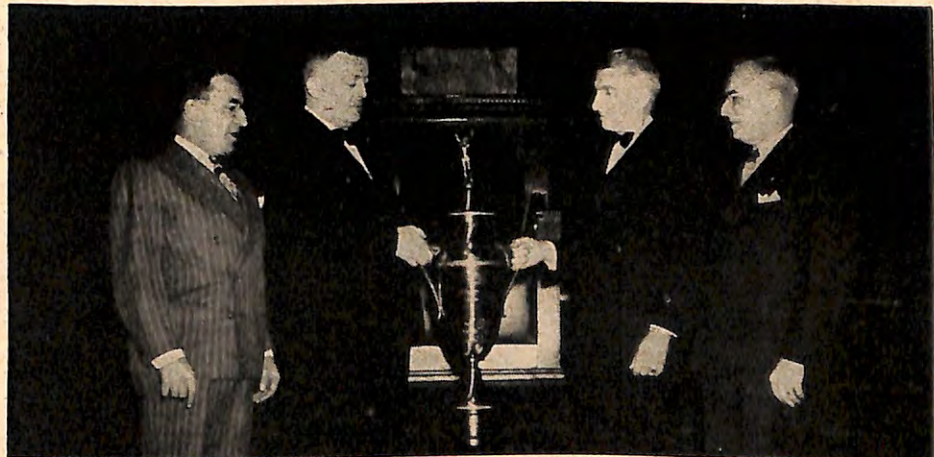
Following a dinner Jan. 17th, the burning of the final debt on the \$150,000 lodge home took place. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan of Queens Borough Lodge No. 878 was guest speaker of the evening.

Below are some of those who attended the dinner held in connection with the burning of the mortgage on the home of Sheboygan, Wis., Lodge, when Chairman Charles E. Broughton of the Board of Grand Trustees was honored.



Above: When Poughkeepsie, N.Y., Lodge's mortgage was burned William T. Phillips, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, standing second from right, was the guest speaker. State Pres. Ronald Dunn was also present.

Below is a photograph taken when the Claude Atchison Officers' Cup and the Cecil Cook Drill Team Cup, to be awarded at the 1946 State Contest, were presented to the Assn. by Lansing, Mich., Lodge.





MIAMI, ARIZ., Lodge, No. 1410, got together with Globe Lodge No. 489 and formed a caravan of members which was escorted by a detail of the Arizona State Highway Patrol from the Miami Lodge home to Superior, Ariz., on Dec. 15th, to initiate a class of 33 new members there. This brought to 70 the total number of Elks living in Superior. D.D. Robert C. Russell, Jr., of Ajo Lodge, and State Vice-Pres. Edgar M. Bredwell, P.D.D.'s C. L. Carpenter and Arthur Turner, all of Miami Lodge, went along. The Elks' ladies played cards while the menfolk attended to business, and then everyone enjoyed a barbecue supper and dancing.

WESTERLY, R. I., Lodge, No. 678, went all-out Dec. 9th when D.D. Alfred H. Chapman paid his official homecoming visit there. Elks from other lodges of Rhode Island and Connecticut as well swelled the crowd who honored Mr. Chapman to more than 400.

Sixteen candidates were initiated and many dignitaries of the Order spoke, including Chairman John E. Mullen, Providence, of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; State Vice-Pres.-at-Large Anthony F. Lawrence, Woonsocket, and D.D. James P. Wrang, Middletown, Conn.

Right: New Kensington, Pa., Lodge officers complacently watch the mortgage on their home go up in smoke.

GLOUCESTER, MASS., Lodge, No. 892, really got things done at a regular meeting recently. Besides diving into a venison stew—made available by lucky shoot-in' members of the lodge—the Gloucester Elks jumped headfirst into business. A large Victory Class was initiated by Past Exalted Rulers who are veterans of both World Wars, wearing their uniforms. Then a wood-carving of the flag-raising at Iwo Jima was presented to the lodge in memory of the Gloucester Elks who served in World War II, by Ernest Veator who carved it himself. The plaque is displayed on the wall of the lodge room and bears a plate to which the names of the local Elks who served in World War II will be added.

Another feature of this memorable meeting was the voting by the members to buy an operating table as a gift to the Addison Gilbert Hospital.

Above is Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge's Victory Class, which was initiated during the official visit of D.D. L. A. Krebs.

NEW KENSINGTON, PA., Lodge, No. 512, recently held a testimonial dinner for D.D. O. R. Grotefend, Secy. of No. 512. It was quite a day—in the afternoon a Victory Class of 21 was initiated while 250 Elks looked on, and a turkey dinner that evening was enjoyed by more than 400 members including several State Association officers and 12 of New Kensington Lodge's P.E.R.'s. Toastmaster M. F. Horne, Past State Pres., presented a wrist watch to the guest of honor and during the afternoon and evening there was entertainment and dancing for everyone, including wives and friends, after dinner.



Below is a photograph taken during the dinner held by Pottsville, Pa., Lodge in honor of State Pres. Dr. Charles V. Hogan. Many dignitaries of the Order were among the 220 Elks from 35 Pennsylvania lodges.





Above are members and officers of Alexandria, Minn., Lodge which was instituted recently by D.D. Clyde K. Moore.



Left: Elk officials of Pittsfield, Mass., burn the mortgage on the lodge home.

LAWRENCEVILLE, ILL., Lodge, No. 1208, for the second time within a month has lost a prominent and respected member.

P.E.R. Dr. C. E. Duff, a charter member, passed away at his home on Jan. 26th following a cerebral hemorrhage, and Honorary Life Member Andrew J. Faust died at the Olney Sanitarium on Dec. 31st at the age of 85.

Born in Clay City, Ill., April 21, 1880, Dr. Duff attended the Marion-Simms Dental College in St. Louis and established his dental practice in Lawrenceville in 1910. He served as District Deputy for the Southeast District in 1936 and was President of the Ill. State Elks Assn. in 1941. He is survived by his widow, a son and a daughter.

Mr. Faust gave unstintingly of his time and efforts to the assistance of crippled children. He has been Chairman of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of the Ill. State Elks Assn. for many years, and his work for underprivileged children is known all throughout the State. He is survived by three daughters and one sister.

ALEXANDRIA, MINN., Lodge, No. 1685, saw the light of day for the first time Jan. 5th at ceremonies led by D.D. Clyde K. Moore, Minneapolis. About 200 out-of-town Elks, including J. Ford Zietlow, Aberdeen, S. D., former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, risked their necks traveling over icy roads to see the first lodge institution in that section in over thirty years. No. 1685's membership list includes twenty-one dimits and sixty-five new Elks who were initiated by the officers of Fergus Falls Lodge No. 1093, sponsors of the new branch of the Order. Dr. C. L. Cole spoke on behalf of the initiates.

BOISE, IDA., Lodge, No. 310, has been doing a lot to promote comradeship between nearby lodges by sending its officers to visit branches of the Order in that area. Twin Falls, Caldwell and the new lodge at Weiser were the Idaho lodges visited, with Baker, Ore., Lodge also on the list. Caldwell and Baker returned the call and on each occasion a class of candidates was initiated by the visiting officers.

N. Y. ELKS FRATERNAL CENTER. Of all the stories this Center could tell, the tale of Pvt. Elliott Kirk Chan is one of the most fascinating. Pvt. Chan, the son of a Chinese father and a Danish mother, was born in Queens, N. Y. When he was seven years old his father died and Chan went to China to his paternal grandfather. When the Japs took the province where he lived, he moved on, was captured and interned. He escaped from the internment camp and got himself into American-held territory where he enlisted in the U. S. Army.

After serving in the Pacific he arrived in New York for discharge and checked in at the Center on Jan. 23rd. He spent practically that whole day ringing doorbells in his old neighborhood looking for information on his mother's whereabouts. During his search he met a newspaper reporter and told him his story, which appeared in the early editions on Jan. 24th. Before eleven o'clock that morning Private Chan's mother was located through phone calls received at the Center.

GREENFIELD, MASS., Lodge, No. 1296, has decided to make Fathers' and Sons' Night an annual affair—the first one held late in January was such a success.

Two hundred and fifty Elks and their relatives were there. Although in most cases the fathers brought their sons, many sons brought their fathers and one member brought both. Each guest received a souvenir of the occasion.

Jimmy Foxx, former star of the Boston Red Sox, was on the program, addressing the gathering after he was interviewed on Station WHAT's sports program. A turkey dinner followed the broadcast and after that the crowd was fascinated by sleight-of-hand tricks put over on them by three accomplished magicians.

NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE ASSN. Elks from New Hampshire, Maine and Massachusetts got together recently when the Degree Teams from each State vied for a special ritualistic trophy for the first time since 1942 when the war put a stop to such goings-on.

Portsmouth, N. H., Lodge, No. 97, was host to the two hundred and fifty Elks who watched the New Hampshire team, made up of seven Past Exalted Rulers, capture the first leg in the contest, thereby equalling the Maine Elks who won a leg in 1942 and sneaking up on the Massachusetts contingent which won the 1940 and 1941 contests.

The delegates enjoyed a buffet luncheon as well as brief speeches which were delivered by Grand Inner Guard Charles T. Durell, Portsmouth, N. H., President Mason McEwan of the Massachusetts State Elks Association, Brookline; District Deputy Doctor Henry I. Yale, Massachusetts Northeast, Peabody; Past State President Judge Daniel E. Crowley, Biddeford-Saco, Maine, and Lieutenant Joseph O'Connell, Brookline, Mass.

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.



DAYTONA BEACH, FLA., Lodge, No. 1141, enjoyed an official visit from State Pres. J. Frank Umstot, Tampa, recently and heard speeches made by him and Harry Miller on the Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children at Umatilla. Mr. Miller donated the Home to the Order in 1930 and after his talk that night he placed on the altar all the money he had with him as a gift for the Home. Each member present followed suit, and \$500 was collected.

On February 12th Past Exalted Ruler P. W. Hart in a unique ceremony initiated a class of twenty candidates single-handed, by moving from one Chair to another to perform the duties of each office. He made an amazingly proficient one-man Degree Team.

SHEBOYGAN, WIS., Lodge, No. 299, had the largest turnout in its history Jan. 22nd when the mortgage on its home was burned, and honor was paid to Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees Charles E. Broughton, a member of No. 299.

The celebration began with dinner for 230 members, including many present and past State Elk officials, at the Hotel Foeste with E.R. J. S. Walter as Master of Ceremonies. Out-of-town guests were introduced and many dignitaries spoke, among them being Chairman Arthur J. Geniesse of the Board of Trustees of the State Assn., Green Bay; State Pres. Frank W. Fisher, Janesville, and Mr. Broughton who conducted the ceremony of destroying the mortgage at the lodge home later.

Above: The dinner held by Reading, Pa., Lodge to celebrate the burning of its mortgage was attended by 800 persons, including State Pres. Dr. Charles V. Hogan.



Left are some of those who attended Jackson, Tenn., Lodge's dinner for Hugh W. Hicks, a member of the Board of Grand Trustees. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland is seated third from left.



Below: Several hundred Elks gathered to celebrate the burning of the final \$10,000 payment on Stockton, Calif., Lodge's \$65,000 mortgage.



Above is a photograph taken at "Spudmen's Night" at Idaho Falls, Ida., when local Elks were feted by the State's potato shippers and growers.

EVERETT, MASS., Lodge, No. 642, took no small part in the city's recent "Peace and Welcome Home" celebration. A parade—in which No. 642's handsome float drew a lot of attention—took place in the afternoon, with open house and a reception for returned servicemen at the lodge home in the evening.

The Everett Elks also took this occasion to present a check for \$750 to Chairman Walter Murphy of the United War Fund Drive, a member of the lodge.

FORT MORGAN, COLO., Lodge, No. 1143, had the State Champion Degree Team of Greeley Lodge No. 809 over recently to initiate its 78th Anniversary Class. Several Past Exalted Rulers accompanied the Team, including State Treas. W. R. Patterson. Dinner was served to 160 Elks before the meeting which was attended by many out-of-town officials.

Right: D.D. Jim Russell, E.R. Dr. H. P. Shanabrook, State Pres. Leslie Scrimger and Secy. J. E. Burns in deep conversation at Akron, Ohio, Lodge.

Below are the officers of San Diego, Calif., Lodge and American Legion officials who participated in a recent special Legion program.

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.

ELKS NATIONAL HOME. Past Exalted Rulers Night was observed at the Home in Bedford, Va., on Feb. 4th with the largest attendance in many moons. Special prizes were awarded and a social session was held after the meeting when the new electric Elks clock, presented to the Home by the Illinois State Elks Assn., was dedicated. Several interesting talks were given and E.R. Daniel F. Edgington delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast as the new clock chimed the hour.

PITTSTON, PA., Lodge, No. 382, initiated its largest class in many a year when 35 prominent young men joined the Order in honor of E. V. Troback, No. 382's House Manager.

During the initiation the ladies played cards. Speeches were made by State Pres. Dr. C. V. Hogan, Pottsville; D.D. J. L. Evans, Tamaqua, and several other well-known Pennsylvania Elks. A floor show was enjoyed later.





Above is the largest class ever initiated into Providence, R. I., Lodge. The 128 new Elks who formed the Victory Class were headed by Gov. John Pastore.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., Lodge, No. 221, gave a party recently for 40 of its servicemen members who have returned from the wars. At a spaghetti supper and smoker, ex-Mayor John T. Alsop, a member of No. 221, addressed the group and presented a handsome framed scroll to each veteran. Although Jacksonville Lodge had about 110 members in the Armed Forces, not all of them are back. Each one will receive the scroll upon his return.

LOGANSPOUT, IND., Lodge, No. 66, during the eight War Bond Drives has accounted for Bond purchases of almost \$3,000,000.

Total sales were \$2,854,197 and No. 66 has exceeded its quota in every Drive. Even after V-J Day the Logansport Elks didn't bog down—\$261,450 being raised in the Victory Bond Drive. Henry Ricci, Manager of the Elks Cafe, deserves a tremendous amount of credit in this terrific record.

STOCKTON, CALIF., Lodge, No. 218, is another lucky branch of the Order. At a recent celebration which was attended by many present and past officers of No. 218, the final \$10,000 payment on an original \$65,000 building debt was destroyed. Several hundred members watched County Auditor P.E.R. Fred H. Johnson touch the match to the paper.

Right are Elk officials and members at Ketchikan, Alaska, Lodge when a group from Juneau Lodge visited there.



Below is the crew of Spokane, Wash., Elks who sorted, packed, labeled and loaded \$45,000 worth of clothes in a recent Victory Clothing Drive for overseas relief.



Members in Service overseas

are urged to keep both the Secretary of their lodge and the Magazine office informed of their correct mailing address.

Under the new postal regulations, copies of the Magazine may not be forwarded as third-class mail to A.P.O.'s overseas by the member's family.

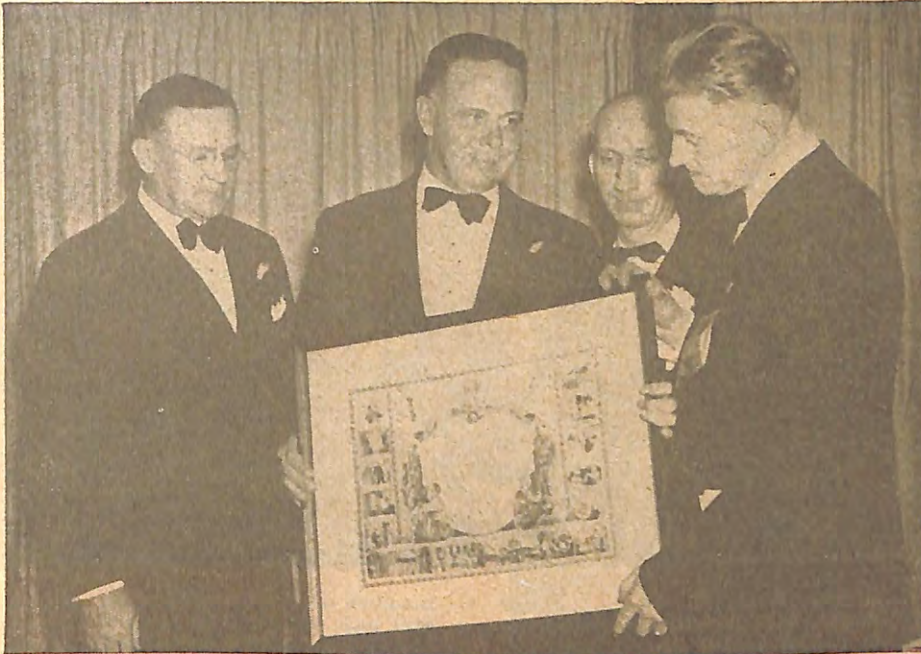
If you are serving in our Armed Forces stationed at an A.P.O. outside continental United States, send us your address complete with rank, unit and A.P.O. number.

It is important that you mention your lodge—and your membership number will help us locate your name.

KEY WEST, FLA., Lodge, No. 551, didn't let the 78th Anniversary of the Order go by without making a to-do about it. The members of this lodge held a Past Exalted Rulers Night in conjunction with the anniversary and served a delicious fried chicken and baked ham supper. Several former leaders of No. 551 made short talks and a class of 15 candidates was initiated.

The lodge room was filled to overflowing, since 82 members showed up, including five visitors. P.E.R. Judge Edgar Hazelton of New York was one of the out-of-towners who spoke, giving some timely advice and words of praise for the efficiency of the officers in the initiatory ceremony.

Two Elks from tremendous distances also had a few remarks to make—Clifford Russell of Cristobal, Panama Canal Zone, Lodge, No. 1542, and C. E. Swanson of Petersburg, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1615.



Left: Grand Exalted Ruler Kepner presents to E.R. Cliff Black the Elks War Commission's award for Atlanta, Ga., Lodge's full contribution to the Elks War Fund. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland is on Mr. Kepner's right, with Secy. Tom Brisendine watching in the background.

**GRAND
EXALTED RULER'S**
Visits

GRAND Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner went on a very unsuccessful fishing trip as the guest of P.E.R. Dr. George Ellsperman during his visit to **BELLINGHAM, WASH., LODGE, NO. 194**, in November. The other potential Izaak Waltons included Emmett T. Anderson, Tacoma, a member of the Elks War Commission; District Deputy Claude R. Phifer, Port Angeles; Past State President Leonard Anstett, Bellingham, and Secretary Park F. Gagnon, Bellingham.

Mr. Kepner is the first of the Order's leaders to pay a visit to Bellingham Lodge in 15 years and three other Washington lodges came to help No. 194 make him welcome: **EVERETT NO. 479, MT. VERNON NO. 1604** and **ANACORTES NO. 1204**. Mayor Arthur Howard and the officers of these lodges gave a banquet for the Grand Exalted Ruler and later he spoke to more than 1200 Elks and their families at the high school auditorium.

On Jan. 11th **CHARLOTTE, N. C., LODGE,**

NO. 392, entertained Mr. Kepner. In the afternoon he was guest of honor at a fellowship party at the lodge home and in the evening at a banquet attended by several hundred Charlotte Elks and their ladies. Former Mayor Ben E. Douglass was Master of Ceremonies at the dinner and D.D. Raymond Stafford, Greensboro, introduced Secretary of State Thad Eure, Raleigh, President of the N. C. State Elks Assn., who in turn presented the Grand Exalted Ruler to the enthusiastic crowd. Mayor *pro tem* and City Councilman T. A. Childs welcomed Mr. Kepner on behalf of the municipality.

Jan. 17th found Grand Exalted Ruler Kepner at several Florida meetings. The members of **EUSTIS LODGE, NO. 1578** entertained him at a banquet in the lobby of the Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children at Umatilla when he presented the Elks National Foundation's \$500 check to the Home. State Pres. J. Frank Umstot, Tampa, also spoke. In the group at Umatilla were Mrs. Kepner, Grand Secretary and Mrs. J. Edgar Masters, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Miller who donated the Home to the Order, and many other distinguished Florida Elks. A delegation met Mr. Kepner there and escorted him to **DAYTONA BEACH LODGE, NO. 1141** where a reception was held, followed by a dinner at the Osceola Hotel which was attended by about 165 persons.

The following day the Grand Exalted Ruler journeyed to **FORT PIERCE, FLA., LODGE, NO. 1520**, where he was met by a group led by State Vice-Pres., J. Alex Arnette of **WEST PALM BEACH LODGE, NO. 1352** and a motorcycle escort to accompany him to town. A dinner in Mr. Kepner's honor was held at the George Washington Hotel that evening with 200 in attendance, including D.D. B. Elliott, Pahokee, and W. A. Wall, West Palm

Below: Beacon, N. Y., Lodge's dinner in honor of Mr. Kepner was attended by 1,000 persons, including Michael J. Gilday, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, and many State Elk and civic officials.





Above: Wade H. Kepner, third from left, shares the pleasure of other members of the Order as the mortgage on the home of West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge is burned.



Right: Grand Exalted Ruler Kepner, second from right, talks things over with, left to right, E.R. F. T. Broome, D.D. Raymond Stafford and Secy. of State Thad Eure, State Pres., at Charlotte, N. C., Lodge.



Right: The Grand Exalted Ruler is pictured during a fishing trip he enjoyed while visiting Bellingham, Wash., Lodge.

Below: The Grand Exalted Ruler is welcomed to Alameda, Calif., Lodge by Elk dignitaries, including L. Grant Kellogg, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, Grand Est. Lead. Knight F. Eugene Dayton, D.D. T. F. Werner and State Pres. Horace Wisely.



GRAND LODGE MEMORIAL TO RUSH L. HOLLAND DEDICATED AT CAMBRIDGE, OHIO

Elks from all sections of the country as well as from his home State of Ohio, gathered in Cambridge, Ohio, on November 4, 1945, to take part in the dedication of the beautiful memorial erected by the Grand Lodge in honor of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rush L. Holland.

Mr. Holland served the Order as Grand Exalted Ruler in 1908-09 and earned the love and respect of Elks from Coast to Coast for his philanthropic work and adherence to the cardinal principals of the Order. As Vice-Chairman of the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission he gave time and labor to the interests of the Order till his death in January, 1944.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen presided at the services, with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick representing Ohio. P.D.D. Chester B. Horn of Mr. Holland's Lodge, Colorado Springs, Colo., No. 309, spoke for the State of Colorado where the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler lived for many years.

Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner represented the Grand Lodge at the ceremony and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert South Barrett gave the dedicatory address. Grand Chaplain Rev. George L. Nuckolls delivered the opening prayer and gave the Benediction.

Among the Ohio Elks attending were State Pres. Leslie Scrimger and State Secy. E. Gene Fournace.



The Rush L. Holland Memorial erected by the Grand Lodge at Northwood Cemetery, Cambridge, Ohio



Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 40)

ception at the Auditorium, followed by a banquet and dancing. The members of No. 78 gave the Kepners a beautiful silver platter. The next day the Ladies' Reception Committee took Mrs. Kepner on a tour of the city's points of historical interest. During his visit, the Grand Exalted Ruler presented the Elks War Commission's certificate to E.R. Cliff Black in recognition of No. 78's full contribution to the Elks War Fund. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Judge John S. McClelland took an active part in the celebration.

On the 28th, the members of **ROME, GA., LODGE, NO. 694**, entertained the Kepners at luncheon at the lodge home. Judge McClelland, Past State President. R. M. McDuffie and District Deputy P. E. Henson were also present.

The evening of Feb. 8th was the greatest in the history of **ROCKFORD, ILL., LODGE, NO. 64**, when more than 600 local and Northern Illinois Elks and their guests attended a dinner-dance in honor of Mr. Kepner's visit. Many Elk dignitaries were present including Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, Dixon; State Pres. Marcus M. Archer, Rock Island; D.D. James D. Ward, Sycamore, and State Trustee Edward Edwards, Rock Island.

Mr. Kepner attended a banquet Feb. 9th which was the final and most important activity of the four-day Golden Jubilee celebration of **DANVILLE, ILL., LODGE, NO. 332**. Approximately 1,000 persons attended the dinner and heard the Grand Exalted Ruler's inspiring address.

A complete account of No. 332's Jubilee will appear in the May issue of *The Elks Magazine*.

The members of **MILWAUKEE, WIS., LODGE, NO. 46**, took advantage of Wade H. Kepner's presence on Feb. 11th to initiate 350 new members in the lodge's largest class in many years. A delicious chicken dinner was served and after the initiatory ceremony Mr. Kepner delivered a stirring talk to the 1,700 prominent Elks who attended. These included Chairman Charles E. Broughton of the Board of Grand Trustees; State Pres. Frank Fisher, Janesville, and D.D. Wm. I. O'Neill, Milwaukee. Chairman Howard T. Ott of No. 46's Board of Trustees announced that his lodge had made a gift of \$250 to the new hospital fund.

The District Deputies for 1945-1946

- Alabama, N., *C. O. McNEES*, Florence, No. 820
 Alabama, S., *MAURICE M. WALSH*, Birmingham, No. 79
 Alaska, E., *FRED R. WEST*, Ketchikan, No. 1429
 Alaska, W., *GEORGE F. MUMFORD*, Anchorage, No. 1351
 Arizona, N., *DR. W. V. AMMONS*, Phoenix, No. 335
 Arizona, S., *ROBERT C. RUSSELL, JR.*, Ajo, No. 1576
 Arkansas, *WILLIAM H. LAUBACH*, Little Rock, No. 1655
 California, Bay, *T. F. WERNER*, Napa, No. 832
 California, E. Cent., *HARRY J. JOHNSON*, Porterville, No. 1342
 California, N., *A. M. HOLMES*, Nevada City, No. 518
 California, S. Cent., *J. ROBERT PAINE*, Pasadena, No. 672
 California, S., *MORLEY H. GOLDEN*, San Diego, No. 168
 California, W. Cent., *ROY P. EMERSON*, San Jose, No. 522
 Canal Zone, *JAMES O. DES LONDES*, Panama Canal Zone, No. 1414
 Colorado, Cent., *IRL FOARD*, Colorado Springs, No. 309
 Colorado, N., *ISOM EPPERSON*, Fort Morgan, No. 1143
 Colorado, S., *F. E. FLYNN*, Lamar, No. 1319
 Colorado, W., *GLENN G. ELLINGTON*, Delta, No. 1235
 Connecticut, E., *JAMES P. WRANG*, Middletown, No. 771
 Connecticut, W., *GEORGE H. SCOTT*, West Haven, No. 1537
 Florida, E., *B. ELLIOTT*, Pahokee, No. 1638
 Florida, N., *RUPERT G. ZEIGLER*, Gainesville, No. 990
 Florida, W., *LLOYD M. HICKS*, Bradenton, No. 1511
 Georgia, E., *JESSE D. JEWELL*, Gainesville, No. 1126
 Georgia, S., *HEETH VARNEDO*, Thomasville, No. 1618
 Georgia, W., *PAUL E. HENSON*, Rome, No. 694
 Hawaii, *J. ROGER MacGUIGAN*, Honolulu, No. 616
 Idaho, N., *KELLY CLINE*, Moscow, No. 249
 Idaho, S., *E. L. SHATTUCK*, Idaho Falls, No. 1087
 Illinois, E. Cent., *LEE FOSNAUGH*, Clinton, No. 785
 Illinois, N. E., *RICHARD E. DUFF*, Waukegan, No. 702
 Illinois, N. W., *JAMES DAYTON WARD*, Sycamore, No. 1392
 Illinois, S., *T. H. HALL*, Carmi, No. 1652
 Illinois, S. E., *WALTER F. KOLB*, Mt. Carmel, No. 715
 Illinois, S. W., *C. C. DREMAN*, Belleville, No. 481
 Illinois, W. Cent., *WILLIAM H. KURTZ*, Jacksonville, No. 682
 Indiana, Cent., *LEONARD IMEL*, Portland, No. 768
 Indiana, N., *DR. WILLIAM A. HART*, Michigan City, No. 432
 Indiana, N. Cent., *AMOS L. JOCKEL*, Fort Wayne, No. 155
 Indiana, S., *DELBERT A. CONDIFF*, Bicknell, No. 1421
 Indiana, S. Cent., *L. A. KREBS*, Indianapolis, No. 13
 Iowa, N. E., *LEO P. RONAN*, Decorah, No. 443
 Iowa, S. E., *HOWARD D. EDWARDS*, Grinnell, No. 1266
 Iowa, W., *DR. L. A. UTTERBACK*, Perry, No. 407
 Kansas, E., *FRED D. STRALEY*, Topeka, No. 204
 Kansas, W., *OLIVER C. JOHNSON*, Augusta, No. 1462
 Kentucky, E., *OSCAR HESCH*, Newport, No. 273
 Kentucky, W., *BILLIE T. GRESHAM*, Princeton, No. 1115
 Louisiana, N., *ROBERT SUGAR*, Shreveport, No. 122
 Louisiana, S., *CLEVELAND A. BLANCHARD*, Donaldsonville, No. 1153
 Maine, E., *EDWARD BARRON*, Waterville, No. 905
 Maine, W., *LEON H. JEFFERS*, Portland, No. 188
 Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia, E., *FRANK W. COULBOURN*, Salisbury, Md., No. 817
 Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia, W., *AMBROSE A. DURKIN*, Washington, D. C., No. 15
 Massachusetts, Cent., *DUNCAN McLAUGHLIN*, Natick, No. 1425
 Massachusetts, N. E., *DR. HENRY I. YALE*, Peabody, No. 1409
 Massachusetts, S. E., *JOHN J. O'CONNOR*, Boston, No. 10
 Massachusetts, W., *MICHAEL J. FITZGERALD*, Northampton, No. 997
 Michigan, Cent., *HUGH L. HARTLEY*, Owosso, No. 753
 Michigan, E., *JAY H. PAYNE*, Ann Arbor, No. 325
 Michigan, N., *FRANK J. DUDA*, Bessemer, No. 1354
 Michigan, W., *JOHN R. ULBERG*, Petoskey, No. 629
 Minnesota, N., *CLYDE K. MOORE*, Minneapolis, No. 44
 Minnesota, S., *PAUL A. GRASSLE*, Rochester, No. 1091
 Mississippi, N., *I. J. SCHARFF*, Corinth, No. 1035
 Mississippi, S., *DEWEY LAWRENCE*, Biloxi, No. 606
 Missouri, E., *JOHN T. DUMONT*, St. Louis, No. 9
 Missouri, N. W., *PAUL V. WOOLLEY*, Excelsior Springs, No. 1001
 Missouri, S. W., *H. H. RUSSELL*, Warrensburg, No. 673
 Montana, E., *KENNAN W. SKEEN*, Red Lodge, No. 534
 Montana, W., *PETER E. McBRIDE*, Anaconda, No. 239
 Nebraska, E., *DR. V. J. MORGAN*, York, No. 1024
 Nebraska, W., *H. L. BLACKLEDGE*, Kearney, No. 984
 Nevada, *FRANK GUSEWELLE*, Las Vegas, No. 1468
 New Hampshire, *WILLIAM J. O'GRADY*, Nashua, No. 720
 New Jersey, Cent., *ERNEST V. RETTINO*, Hillside, No. 1591
 New Jersey, N. E., *W. MERLE HOFFMAN*, Westwood, No. 1562
 New Jersey, N. W., *ALLISON R. SCHLEICHER*, East Orange, No. 630
 New Jersey, S., *EDWARD J. GRIFFITH*, Camden, No. 293
 New Mexico, N., *CHARLES M. BARRETT*, Albuquerque, No. 461
 New Mexico, S., *NEWTON S. CLIFTON*, Silver City, No. 413
 New York, E. Cent., *ERNEST V. RETTINO*, Hillside, No. 1591
 New York, E. Cent., *FREDERICK H. NEWMAN*, Newburgh, No. 247
 New York, N. E., *EDWARD E. MacMILLAN*, Ticonderoga, No. 1494
 New York, N. Cent., *JOHN R. ROSZYKIEWICZ*, Herkimer, No. 1439
 New York, S. Cent., *MATTHEW THOMAS LEE*, Norwich, No. 1222
 New York, S. E., *CHARLES J. GARRISON*, New York, No. 1
 New York, W., *FRANK E. MORTON*, Olean, No. 491
 New York, W. Cent., *FRANCIS P. HART*, Watertown, No. 496
 North Carolina, E., *JOHN F. PRESCOTT*, Raleigh, No. 735
 North Carolina, W., *RAYMOND L. STAFFORD*, Greensboro, No. 602
 North Dakota, *MACK V. TRAYNOR*, Devils Lake, No. 1216
 Ohio, N. Cent., *EVERETT DAVIDSON*, Lorain, No. 1301
 Ohio, N. E., *JAMES J. RUSSELL*, Alliance, No. 467
 Ohio, N. W., *MARSHALL N. SHERER*, Bowling Green, No. 818
 Ohio, S. Cent., *JOHN W. DEBO*, Portsmouth, No. 154
 Ohio, S. E., *TAYLOR E. ROY*, Bellaire, No. 419
 Ohio, S. W., *RICHARD E. HOLE*, Greenville, No. 1139
 Oklahoma, E., *A. J. BROWN*, Tulsa, No. 946
 Oklahoma, W., *EARL E. JAMES*, Oklahoma City, No. 417
 Oregon, N. E., *LOTT D. BROWN*, Baker, No. 338
 Oregon, N. W., *A. W. WAGNER*, Eugene, No. 357
 Oregon, S., *MALCOLM EPLEY*, Klamath Falls, No. 1247
 Pennsylvania, S. W., *JOHN S. FRAZIER*, McKees Rocks, No. 1263
 Pennsylvania, N., *LOUIS M. MINICH*, St. Marys, No. 437
 Pennsylvania, N. Cent., *WILLIAM H. PROUDFOOT*, Altoona, No. 102
 Pennsylvania, N. E., *JOHN L. EVANS*, Tamaqua, No. 592
 Pennsylvania, N. W., *L. F. LAUGHREY*, Beaver Falls, No. 348
 Pennsylvania, S., *OTTO R. GROTEFEND*, New Kensington, No. 512
 Pennsylvania, S. Cent., *HOMER A. SCHREIBER*, Lebanon, No. 631
 Pennsylvania, S. E., *SPURGEON G. SIGLEY*, Bethlehem, No. 191
 Puerto Rico, *J. A. BEZOUSKA*, San Juan, No. 972
 Rhode Island, *ALFRED H. CHAPMAN*, Westerly, No. 678
 South Carolina, *J. ALEX NEELY, JR.*, Anderson, No. 1206
 South Dakota, *F. H. WORMER*, Rapid City, No. 1187
 Tennessee, E., *JAMES J. FARRELL*, Chattanooga, No. 91
 Tennessee, W., *L. Z. TURPIN*, Columbia, No. 686
 Texas, E., *GEORGE W. MUNDEN*, Marshall, No. 683
 Texas, N., *FLOYD JONES*, Breckenridge, No. 1480
 Texas, S. E., *JAMES J. DUGGAN*, Port Arthur, No. 1069
 Texas, S. W., *GEORGE STRAUSS*, Corpus Christi, No. 1628
 Texas, W., *ED F. JAY*, Sweetwater, No. 1257
 Utah, *D. E. LAMBOURNE*, Salt Lake City, No. 85
 Vermont, *ANDREW P. MORRISON*, Springfield, No. 1560
 Virginia, E., *R. MIKE WARD*, Newport News, No. 315
 Virginia, W., *JOHN LUTHER WALKER*, Roanoke, No. 197
 Washington, E., *OTTO A. DIRKES*, Spokane, No. 228
 Washington, N. W., *CLAUDE R. PHIFER*, Port Angeles, No. 353
 Washington, S. W., *JOSEPH P. BRECKEL*, Vancouver, No. 823
 West Virginia, N., *RICHARD T. McCREARY*, Wellsburg, No. 1553
 West Virginia, S., *ROBERT A. CHILDERS*, Charleston, No. 202
 Wisconsin, N. E., *H. R. ABRAHAM*, Oshkosh, No. 292
 Wisconsin, N. W., *OSWALD J. SOLHEIM*, Hudson, No. 640
 Wisconsin, S., *WILLIAM I. O'NEILL*, Milwaukee, No. 46
 Wyoming, *LACHLAN McLEAN*, Greybull, No. 1431

*Fishing for Compliments...
on your Good Taste!*

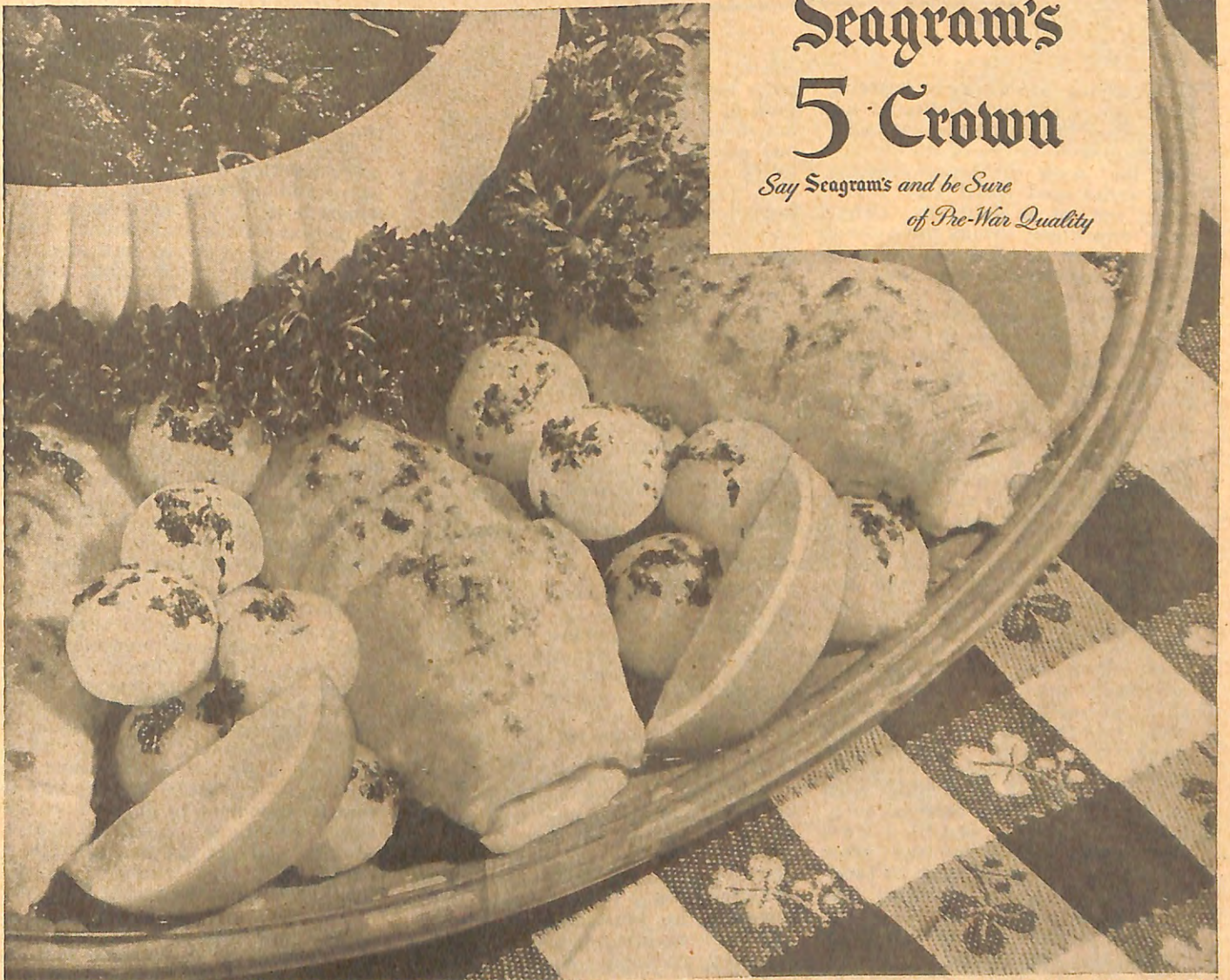


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It's a Man's World



by Kent Richards

IT WAS my intention to describe this month certain clinical aspects of the epidemic sweeping across the country, of gaudy red neckties with brilliant designs that twist and swirl like something out of a delirium. Other more important things have come up, however, so all I can say is if you are attacked by the virus and break out with one of these red rashes you'd better wear a very dark, pin-stripe suit and a white or just-off-white shirt. The casual well-dressed effect will at least keep you from being misunderstood.

Of greater importance is this: The other day in the suit department of a huge men's clothing store I watched the veterans come in, the ink on their discharges barely dry, and try to buy a stock of civilian clothes. It was not a happy sight. The clerks had virtually no stock to draw on and sadly sold misfit after misfit. Worn out from fruitless store-to-store shopping, the ex-soldiers, who for years had dreamed of the Beau Brummel caper they were going to cut, looked at themselves in the mirror and you could hear their egos dropping all over the place. As I sat squirming with compassion, having only recently survived the same ordeal, I wondered why, eight months after war's end, there still were no facilities for properly clothing discharged veterans.

Coming out of the services, where the emolument is admit-

tedly modest, veterans must compete in a clothing shortage, with dough-happy civilians who will buy anything with a price tag on it. Hundreds of thousands of guys who formerly were grateful to have just one "Sunday suit" now have two or three and plenty of cash and the inclination to buy more. There is absolutely no protection for the veteran whose first need on discharge is clothes.

That the vet can have little choice of styles is understandable; only by standardizing can we get the quantity production needed to alleviate the demand. But it isn't good that he must take a rough tweed instead of the serge business suit he needs, and it is downright deplorable when he walks out in a makeshift 40-regular instead of the 42-long which would fit him.

Great Britain has a clothes shortage so acute that by comparison we are gorged with surplus. Yet a cooperative arrangement with manufacturers, government and retailers, plus strict and necessary controls, assures every discharged British veteran a complete outfit; one that fits his needs and fits his body.

Millions of men already discharged have struggled with this problem; several million more will have to meet it in the near future. Because personal appearance contributes plenty to well being and success, the jobs these men get, the impressions they make, will be affected materially by their first

purchase of civilian clothes. Now is the time for proper authority to do whatever is necessary to see that they, at least, get the clothes they need and deserve.

There are more serious implications to this proposal than its obvious fairness. It is just such correctible injustices that encourage veterans to join crackpot associations which sound innocent and even laudable in purpose but which have but one real aim, to put the finger on Congress for anything they can get for "our heroes". Want to know how this works? O.K. The AAF pilots might form a group to put the heat on to force every commercial airliner to have at least one pilot an AAF vet. Then the AAF maintenance crews might collect themselves and holler that sixty or eighty or ninety per cent of the repair crews must be former AAF maintenance men. Think the public won't respond? Why, it's a publicity man's dream. Who can fly a plane better than the men who bombed Tokyo? Who can fix one better than the men who kept shot-up planes flying over Germany? Then the motor-pool drivers organize and force taxi companies to hire mostly veterans and army ex-cooks demand that every restaurant have an army-trained chef. And so on *ad infinitum* until everybody unites in a drive for a bonus.

When he gets out of the services, the average man wants to become a full civilian overnight and to drop all connection with military life. All he asks is an even break. Rather, he demands it. But if he doesn't get it he is meat for the professional organizers. He is likely to join anything that will get him his rights, real or imagined. It isn't difficult to arouse in men a belief that they are being abused and denied privileges rightly theirs where there is a basis in fact to start with.

Aside from the awful prospect of inflation, the most serious long-term threat to the country today is the possibility a veteran's political pressure group will be formed with demands based solely on World War II service. A vociferous minority of ten to twelve million could dominate a weak Congress and materially influence a strong one. Special veteran legislation—and there is no end to its possibilities—could eventually create a special-privilege class, carried along by tax favors and subsidy, a burden to the whole nation.

Veterans should get an even break with civilians in getting necessities like jobs, housing, clothes and, if qualified, a start in small business or farming. Anything much beyond that is pampering of grown men who were intelligent enough, healthy enough and courageous enough to win a war. Men who can do that don't need a crutch to meet the peace.

AND now, whether you're soldier or civilian, here's some personal and extraordinary intelligence.

Did you ever try lifting yourself by your own bootstraps? A dull

Which kind of home do you want?



1870 NO ARCHITECTS, plumbers or electricians were used when Grandfather built. He himself, with the help of a carpenter, often did the whole job, including the well and pump outside. These were the days when Corby's was in its 12th year of fame in Canada.



1925 WITH IDEAS borrowed from Europe, architects began developing modernistic homes along functional lines. This type of home has grown in popularity for the last 25 years, years in which Corby's reached its 67th anniversary as a great Canadian name.



1941 RIGHT ALONG with functional designs, modern adaptations of traditional home styles held their own in popularity. Cape Cod, Ranch House, Dutch Colonial were top choices as war ended home building, in Corby's 83rd year of Canadian fame.



1946 TODAY IT IS estimated that two-thirds of all prospective home owners prefer adaptations of various traditional designs, while one-third prefer modernistic homes. No matter which is your choice, you'll enjoy planning all the more when you let Corby's in on the fun. Here is a light, sociable whiskey with a grand old Canadian name . . . a whiskey that really "makes" your favorite drink. Ask for Corby's in your store or bar.

DREAM HOME OF TOMORROW. DESIGNED BY GEORGE W. WALKER



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.



A Favorite in Flowers — THE RHODODENDRON

State Flower of West Virginia and Washington



**DIXIE
BELLE**

Outstanding quality is the mark of a favorite.
True of flowers . . . equally true of gin.
DIXIE BELLE has subtle flavor, exquisite bouquet,
bright clean taste . . . distilled into every drop from
100% grain neutral spirits and selected fruits,
herbs, berries. Naturally a favorite . . . DIXIE BELLE.

A Favorite in **GIN**

routine. How about trying to lift yourself up by your own head of hair? Fantastic? Don't you believe it, friend.

You say your hair is thinning, your forehead is climbing back into your scalp and one day you may have no more hair than a surrey with fringe on top? Then read on, MacFriend, read on.

Unhappily, in spite of quack claims, there is no positive cure for baldness. Testosterone, of which more in a moment, stirs up a lot of things and is said also to excite hair growth, but not on a bald pate. Take it as gospel that as of today's market nobody can restore hair. But you can keep much of what you have and make it stronger, if you work on it.

In theory when a hair falls out another starts growing in its place in one of nature's endless chains. But civilization disrupted the chain. And now, in many men, after the falling out-growing in routine has gone on awhile, the hair just says to heck with it and quits. Scientifically speaking, the follicle out of which grows each hair, has atrophied from lack of stimulation and lost its reproductive powers.

But dermatologists have long been hep to the fact, and young ladies whose hairy legs bristle through their nylons will confirm it, that removal of hair by pulling it out results in its growing in again, and each time it's a tiny bit stronger than the last.

So, men, the way to slow up that receding hair line is to pull your hair, gently at first, yanking out the frailer members which will fall out anyhow and thus give the dying hair follicles a reviving shot in the arm

which will stimulate them to push up a new and better hair to replace the withering weakling.

In less than a minute the average man can, by pulling it gently, gather a handful of hair from his head. This is a startling experience for men who are thinning out anyhow and one likely to excite the reaction, "My gosh! If I keep doing this I won't have anything left. This just can't go on."

But if you don't do something you won't have anything for sure. So keep on pulling it a couple of minutes a day. Sure, your scalp will get tender. So what? Keep it up. Do it while you read the evening paper, or when you get up in the morning. Do it anytime, but do it. Soon your scalp will be so healthy you can tug at it as long as you like, getting hardly any hair. Still keep it up; from now on you're really doing good. After awhile at parties you can invite lovely and impressionable young things to see if they can lift you out of your chair by your hair. It's good clean fun and can lead to anything. And maybe ten or fifteen years from now you can look in the mirror and say, "Hmm. Not bad, not bad at all. If I could only lose a little weight . . ."

TRAVELING about the country as I have been doing lately gives one a new perspective on this man's world and what it's coming to. A case in point is the incredible drugstore advertisements offering for sale the new chemical compound, testosterone. Buying male sex hormones over the counter along with toothpaste and a sandwich seems to me to require a new calibration on the

measuring scale of what our little world with pants on is headed for.

These ads wouldn't be so shocking if anyone knew precisely what effect testosterone is likely to have on an individual not under close and expert medical observation. But its effect on the manliness of us males is still a subject for considerable study by physiologists. Even those who have made their life work investigating the sources of virility and the reasons for its inevitable decline, are in some doubt as to when and how and if it should be used. But any sixteen year-old knows that a chemical powerful enough to cause fundamental physiological changes in the human body can also cause considerable trouble if improperly used. Yet there the stuff is, advertised for sale as casually as if it were a mild laxative or a box of powder.

IT IS comforting to know, though, that however the world changes, the environs of Hollywood remain just the same. The great character actor, Gene Lockhart, tells me of watching from his living room while a sleek Cadillac, polished like a millionaire's limousine, drove up to his front door. Wondering what personage this was, Gene answered the doorbell himself.

"Mr. Lockhart?" the man asked. "Yes."

"I'm from the hardware store. Here's the new garbage pail your wife ordered."

Somewhat taken aback, Gene managed to stammer, "But . . . delivering . . . in a Cadillac limousine . . .?"

"Oh yes," the driver said politely. "That's the way we do things in Beverly Hills."

She's a-Comin' Round the Mountain

(Continued from page 11)

folded down from the seat ahead to give body support for sleeping. To insure passengers privacy, they also have window drapes which can be converted into curtains to separate each pair of seats at night.

Both the Pere Marquette and the Chicago & Eastern Illinois will soon be equipped with the new diagonal-seating dining car. Individual tables of this diner are so arranged that each passenger has a side to himself and need not stumble over another guest in reaching his seat. Low-priced meals such as the Chicago & Northwestern and other Western railroads featured before the war should also be back soon, although present food costs will probably somewhat affect their price.

The railroads were singularly conservative in talking about so-called dream equipment during the war. They do, however, have a little number which subtly stresses their competitive advantage for sight-seeing along such routes as the historic Hudson River Valley, in the Rocky Mountains, the timberlands of

the Pacific Northwest and the Appalachians. This is a car with a glass bubble- or blister-dome, a raised observation section through which travelers can see upward, forward, to both sides and the rear. It seats twenty-four and when the trains hit high speeds a ride in it resembles the sensation of flying low.

The Burlington, the Western Pacific and the Denver & Rio Grande have had on order for some time six California Zephyrs featuring this dome and will operate such equipment on their joint Chicago-Denver-San Francisco run. This route passes through some of the most ruggedly beautiful scenery of the Continental Divide. The Baltimore & Ohio also recently ordered bubble-dome cars for two of its new trains, and the originator of the idea—General Motors—has four such cars being built for it. Current plans call for exhibiting them all over the nation later in the year, much as the first streamliner, the Union Pacific's "City of Salina" and the Burlington's "Pioneer Zephyr" were exhibited in 1934.

Some increase in speed is also promised travelers by rail. Perhaps the most important aspect of this subject is the possibility of through coast-to-coast service with no long lay-over or change of cars at St. Louis or Chicago, such as is now necessary. The Missouri Pacific, the Chesapeake & Ohio and the Nickel Plate are already vigorously pushing the idea and other lines are expected to follow suit as military travel tapers off.

These are major plans of the railroads for winning their share of pleasure travel in the days ahead. There are plenty more. They range from the reinstatement of ski trains, tremendously popular before the war, and the further training of personnel in high service standards to such thoughtful gestures as that of the New Haven in providing youngsters with a booklet to color en route. For the railroads know that it takes a lot of things, major and minor, to add up to pleasant travel, and they intend to supply them all for your next trip behind flying locomotives.

Gadget & Gimmick Department

By W. C. Bixby



and sweet potatoes are polished and wrapped individually now. Yes, there is much progress afoot and more afooting. Undoubtedly this progress will make all mankind happier, we'll live longer, have more time off from work—which will in turn, get us into more trouble. But we must not question the new era of switches, radar, DDT, the Bomb, new washing-machines, or electric-eye door openers. That is heresy, no less. So with our eyes looking upward and our chins stuck out, leave us plunge into this month's developments.



PLASTICS have long threatened to come into our lives and here they come. It's a long-scarce item of the house, a coathanger. This one is made of plastic and seems specifically designed to take the place of three or four of the older type. It has extra hooks under the top and bottom bars so you can hang hundreds of things on it. It will take a coat and shirt, a pair of trousers, a belt, a slip, and a skirt. If there is anything else that needs hanging it shouldn't be seen anyway. Made of Tenite, it is to arrive in green and powder blue. Many times we have all arrived green or powder blue so let's not poke fun at it just because of its color. Oh yes, the OPA price has been fixed at seventy-five cents. Don't miss a trick, do they?

HARD-of-hearing ladies who refuse to wear those hearing aid thing-a-ma-bobs because they look bad can now relax. They have a new plastic earring (those plastic people again) with a built-in hearing aid; the other is a dummy—the other earring, that is. The whole arrangement is called, oddly enough, a Hear Ring. I'll bet some copywriter sprained a brain on that one.



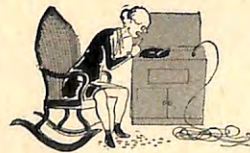
REMEMBER when you broke your arm last? The plaster of Paris cast was heavy and sweaty, wasn't it? Those days are leaving us now, too. Plaster of Paris for casts is being replaced by a combination fiber glass and plastic (where have I heard that word before?) that weighs one-fourth as much and can be left on for X-ray. So if you want to break your arm or something, it can be done with much less trouble to you, thanks to modern science.



YOU remember Al? I mentioned him last month. He's the fellow who keeps traveling from New York to Pittsburgh (of all places) to Chicago and back again. He's still looking for an apartment but has now added another piece of baggage to his kit. It's a piece-by-piece canoe. The reason he got it was because of the heavy rains this Spring. He's not a good swimmer and sometimes on these trips he gets a little worried. Hence the canoe. It's a knock-down-drag-about thing that weighs sixty-five pounds. It can be assembled in about ten minutes. It's made of, you guessed it, p-l-a-s-t-i-c. Al is getting used to these trips but he still would like to find some sort of an apartment. He's picking up a little extra change now calling the stations for the conductor. That's what I call enterprise. I'll keep you posted on Al. He's a pretty nice guy, you'd like him.

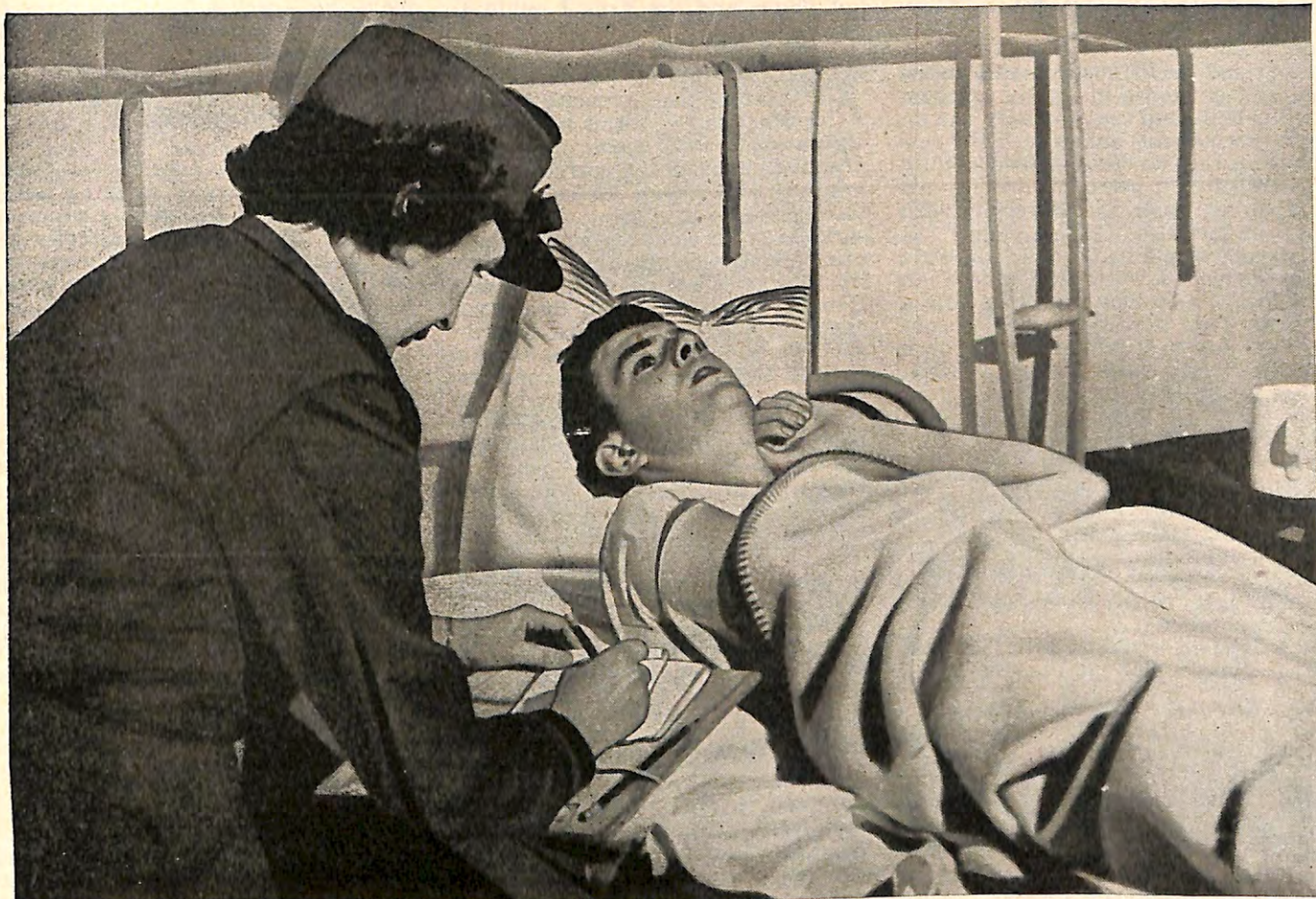


AT FIRST glance this may seem a little silly to you but after thinking about it, I'm sure you'll be convinced it is a good thing. It's a portable electric water-cooler. The term "portable" is what fools you. You're not supposed to carry it around with you. Just move it occasionally and you'll satisfy the portable part of the business. It has a capacity of one and a half gallons and is described as being "small enough to be carried by a housewife". The question immediately springs to mind, "How much can a housewife carry?" But all that leads to complications; here's the dope on it. It cools water, holds one and a half gallons, and is worked by electricity. Okay?



THE gimmick called a home-recorder on a wire is put in the shade by this later development. Instead of a magnetized wire, this new gadget is a recorder using magnetically coated paper tape. With the table model you could record junior's first howl if you wanted. The whole affair has a ghastly implication, however. Imagine someone setting the machine grinding quietly in the corner and leaving the room. Then you or some other friend starts talking about the person who just left. There just wouldn't be any Damons and Runyons anymore, would there? If there are sections of the tape which don't appeal to you, you can just cut the tape and

War is Never Over for the RED CROSS

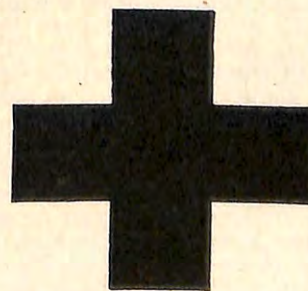


They need your Red Cross today—and for many tomorrows!

THEY lie in hospitals, thousands of America's finest — sick, cruelly maimed in the fight for our freedom. Who is to write their letters, hear their troubles, answer when they call for "Mom"? Mom can't be there. But your Red Cross can, *and must* be there.

Many thousands more young Americans are still overseas. They, too, count on the Red Cross for comfort and cheer.

So won't you give to the Red Cross? Give *now*. This is *your* chance to say, "Thanks, Soldier, for all you've done!"



YOUR Red Cross MUST CARRY ON ... *GIVE!*

The Elks Magazine

Prepared by the Advertising Council in Cooperation with the American Red Cross



splice it with adhesive tape. Whether you like it or not, however, I personally think it too dangerous to have around.

THE new deluxe wall covering which withstands everything but a blow torch will be out soon. If



Junior and his little playmates (bless 'em all) get loose in the living room with pencils and crayons they can do little permanent damage. This new covering can be cleaned wonderfully of heretofore permanent stains. All you do is wash the covering with soap and water. Grease comes out of it too. Lipstick? Poof! A little more soap and water and it is clean and bright as a new penny, to coin a phrase. This new thing will be out around July so if you have little ones marking your walls just mark time, relief is in sight.

IF IT'S a one room apartment you're in and there is little hope of finding a better spot, maybe you should just relax and make yourself comfortable. With this new super deluxe hot plate you won't



need a kitchen anyway. It broils, boils, roasts, toasts, fries and bakes. And all you have to do is plug it in the wall. Just a wall outlet with a roof over it and you're set. With this new one-man stove, you can even have friends over for dinner where before you had to get them to invite you out to eat. If this thing catches on I wonder what the YMCA will do? They used to complain bitterly about hot plates and the like. I ought to know.

AT LAST someone has done something about a tragic matter. The matter is this business of trying to place the needle of a phonograph expertly in the correct groove in a revolving record. We've all heard those nerve-shattering amplified scratches that come out when a nervous person tries with bitter profanity to start a record without a slip. Usually the room is dimly lit and you can't see the record, much less the spot you're supposed to hit. All that is past, thank heaven. This new radio phonograph, a table-set by the way, has a simple door at the bottom of the box. You open the door, pop in the record, close the door and that's all there is to it. The record plays and finally shuts itself off automatically. Wonderful!

YOU can't buy this one, but, brother, how it's been needed for many years. It's a new ticket-maker-outer at terminals. Remember how the ticket-agent laboriously

wrote everything on yards of ticket? He always did it with a flourish and wrote very carefully and slowly and in duplicate. You'd think he was making out high-school diplomas or attendance certificates. And just when you felt he must be through, he would turn the whole ticket over and begin writing on the back of the thing. Pennsylvania Central Airlines has a new machine that will make out a ticket from any place to anywhere in ten seconds. How's that for progress?

BRAVE NEW WORLD DEPARTMENT

THEY say it's possible, probable, and that they're working on it. All of which sounds like progress of a sort. It's glareless-glass of a flat variety for everyday use in cars and windows. Right now the only glareless glass is curved, and suitable only for large store windows. You've seen that kind haven't you? You get the urge to reach in and snatch a mink coat until you realize there is a glass there. With this flat, glareless-glass you'll be able to see the car you're running into. You could probably even pick the car you wanted to hit, which is a decided advantage. The development itself is another by-product of war requirements and research. It is declared by a technical expert that glareless-glass will be the result of all this activity, and that is something tangible to show for all that war work.

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 21)

was glad to have Government help; during the war he was irked by Government controls. "War's effects on sports," writes Dan Parker, "were spottier than a prize-fight manager's vest," and lots of famous ball-players and prize fighters gave a good account of themselves in the army, notably Joe Louis. You may be amused by our lighter antics during the war—the sensations caused by birds and dogs, rehearsed by James L. Thurber, and ditto those caused by Hollywood, some of them not so edifying. But the healthy efforts of the media of communication to report the war and lead opinion toward liberal, constructive ends, are described here by specialists; after you have read what the newspaper, the magazine and the radio did in their fields you will have a clear understanding of a brilliant accomplishment against obstacles. It's a thoughtful book, but also it's good reading, and at times entertaining for the stories it tells, especially the one about the morning when President Roosevelt hit on the idea of calling the allied organization the United Nations. Churchill was a guest at the White House and the two men had been trying to find a name. When Roosevelt thought of it he wheeled his chair into Churchill's bedroom and found him taking a

bath. Churchill emerged in a state of nature and the President told him his idea. Churchill pondered it a minute and agreed that it was good. Not until then did he realize his condition. Later he told King George about it. "Your Majesty," he said, "you are the only king of England whose prime minister has been received by the chief of a state while completely nude." (Simon & Schuster, \$3.50)

YOU have heard much about the fine photographs of war scenes taken by news photographers working with the latest high-speed cameras, but when you inspect some of the fine pictures made by Mathew B. Brady during the Civil War, you will agree that he was a worthy pioneer in this field. It is true that Brady had to pose his subjects and make them hold their attitudes for three minutes or more, and that he used a primitive wet plate and spent hours preparing for a sitting, but some of his productions are superb. Even the portraits taken with the old daguerreotype, going back to the years of Andrew Jackson have distinction.

You will find them in a book called "Mr. Lincoln's Camera Man; Mathew B. Brady", by Roy Meredith, a combination of pictures and text, with

the reproductions really superb and the text biographical and explanatory. Brady was Lincoln's camera man because he took the best-known pictures of Lincoln, beginning with one directly after he made his Cooper Union speech in New York in 1860; Lincoln once said that speech and Brady's pictures made him president. The Lincoln portrait that you find on the \$5 bill is from a Brady photograph; the moving picture of Lincoln and his boy Tad was Brady's, and everyone is familiar with the battlefield pictures in which the tall Lincoln, made taller by a stovepipe hat, stands beside the little McClellan wearing his flat soldier cap. Brady opened his first gallery in New York in 1844. Thence came Daniel Webster, declaiming, "I am clay in the hands of the potter!" and John C. Calhoun, because a little girl had requested his picture for her locket; likewise Henry Clay and Thomas Hart Benton and Barnum, whose museum of freaks was just across Broadway from Brady's gallery. There a poet named Ross Wallace, of whom we have never heard, came to have his picture taken, bringing with him a friend named Edgar A. Poe, who didn't want his picture taken, but finally consented, so that today we have Brady's photo-

graph of Poe, which Poe never saw. Before Brady's camera, their heads held steady in an uncomfortable iron contraption, sat Jenny Lind, Walt Whitman, and dozens of generals and politicians. But Brady's greatest service was in organizing the photography crews for the Civil War and thus getting thousands of pictures of troops and battlefield scenes. He hoped the United States would buy his collection of plates and eventually it did, paying only \$27,840, far below their cost and value. When Brady died in 1896 he was famous, but old and comparatively poor, and he was still infirm from the peculiar accident that happened to him in Washington—he was run over by a runaway horse car. Mr. Meredith, who is a camera expert himself and worked the shutter in the World War for the Air Force of the famous 8th Army, has made a romantic tale by merely reciting the events of Brady's life and showing his pictures. The book is too expensively priced for the average reader, but every library ought to have one, so that the school children can see what mid-century America was really like in Lincoln's day. (Scribner, \$7.50)

Speaking of pictures, there are two new books that undoubtedly will please amateurs in photography and students of pictorial journalism and advertising men. The first, for anyone who takes photography seriously, is "This Is Photography", by Thomas H. Miller and Wyatt Brummitt, both associated with the Eastman Kodak Co. This tells how to make good pictures, with many useful illustrations. Books of this nature have been few of late, and this may be expected to keep step with the latest advances in technique. (Garden City Publishing Co., \$2) The other book is more for the general reader, as well as for the journalist. It is "The Technique of the Picture Story", by Daniel D. Mich and Edwin Eberman of *Look Magazine*, and it gives about as clear an exposition of the aims, methods, tools and results in this field as exists. While there are many "appeals" that catch the reader's eye, such as sex interest, violence, sudden death, and personalities, the biggest still seems to be human interest. The skill of an editor is judged by his ability to make his pictures move his readers, and this faculty is best served when the character portrayed gives evidence of the human bond. One of the most interesting developments in this field is the series of illustrations for a difficult subject, such as radar, penicillin and synthetic rubber. The most intricate processes are explained in simplified actions and the picture helps the text. (McGraw-Hill Co., \$3.50)

Among the new novels the most arresting achievement is Gladys Schmitt's long story, "David the King". It is hardly the David of tradition, though the incidents described in the Scriptures are present, and the psalms play an important part.

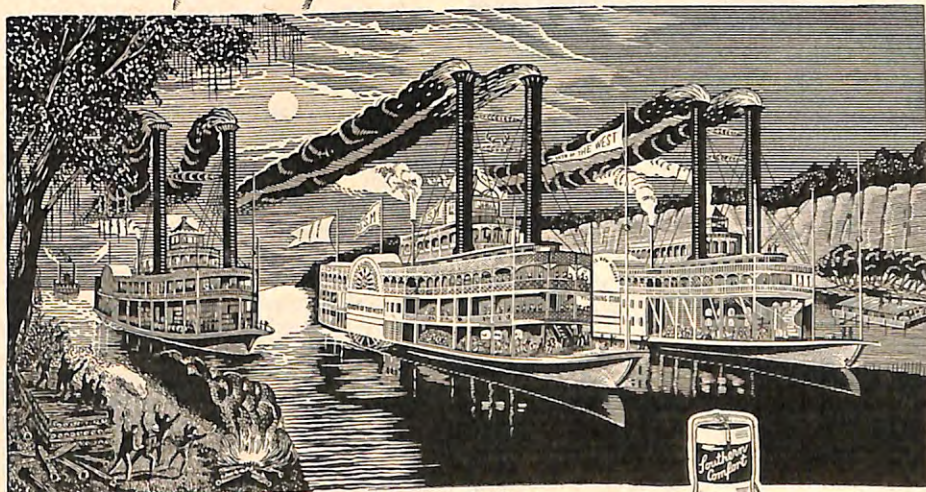
(Continued on page 62)

Cocktail Superb . . . the Scarlett O'Hara



One jigger of Southern Comfort. One pony of Cranberry Juice or Grenadine. Juice of 1/4 fresh lime. Fine ice. Strain into cocktail glass. *It's marvelous.*

100 Proof
LIQUEUR



FROM THE CURRIER & IVES PRINT: A Race for the Buckhorns

As different and delightful as its charming namesake, the Scarlett O'Hara is more than a cocktail. It's a never-forgotten *experience* that only The Grand Old Drink of the South can provide. Try the other exciting recipes in the booklet on the bottle.



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America's Most Versatile Drink

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 You are wishing
 Choose
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To send you home to your important job, your health restored, your nerves revitalized, we recommend that you fish our lakes, our streams, our brooks.

While you are here, we'll give you care, delicious food and comfort. You'll find accommodations to suit your taste and budget.

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● Yes, please send "Good Fishing in West Michigan," and the new "Michigan Fish-Law Digest."

My Name.....

My Address.....
 206

1946-VICTORY Vacation YEAR
You've earned it - Now enjoy it

Rod AND Gun



**Mr. T. flies into
 this one on lures**

By Ray Trullinger

BACK in dim antiquity, researchers inform us, ancient Macedonians used an imitation of a troublesome horsefly, called the *hippouros*, with which they caught fish from the River Astraeus. This lure, presumably tied on a bronze hook, was fashioned of purple wool and wax-colored feathers, taken from beneath a rooster's wattles.

What variety of fish were caught on that early-day version of our modern fanwing Royal or Cahill this reporter is unprepared to say, but it produced results about 2000 B. C., and fishermen have been fooling assorted varieties of finned fauna with outlandish lures and baits of one kind or another ever since—proving that anglers are inventive and resourceful characters, and their quarry not nearly so smart as many people would have us believe.

If there's any doubt about this last, your agent merely points to the fact that he has caught fish on such strange lures as old clothespins, red huckleberries, pipe cleaners, cheese, rubber tubing, maggots, kerosene lamp wicks, grapes, adhesive surgical tape and small live mice, to mention a few. And we're acquainted with one hard-fishing character—of Scotch extraction, as we recall—who carefully saves his family's discarded toothbrushes, which he converts into killing bass lures. He's especially partial to the bright red or yellow plastic varieties.

That fish will hit at gosh-awful looking dingusses is evidenced by the gaudy and varied display of artificial trolling and casting lures to be seen in any well-stocked tackle shop. Flies? Somewhere or

other we recall reading that no less than 900 different trout and salmon flies are on official record, with more getting a christening yearly. Most fishermen are familiar with standard patterns such as the Coachman, Cahill, Black Gnat and the like, but how many anglers have heard of the Sassy Cat, Telephone Box or Quack Doctor? There are hundreds of such little known patterns and somewhere in the world there are fishermen who use them, and perhaps successfully. However, most experienced trouters are agreed that ten standard patterns and a few bi-visibles will catch all the trout that ever finned a creek. In fact, we're acquainted with the number of fish-wise hombies who frequently make vulgar catches on two or three patterns. As one friend cracked, "When I can't get 'em on a Royal Coachman or Gray Hackle, I figure it's a poor day to fish."

But that doesn't discourage rugged individualists all over the world with a flair for creative fly-tying. They experiment with bits of tinsel and feathers and sometimes come up with an artificial which really produces—at least on some particular bit of water.

In recent years many salt-water anglers have gone completely "plug-happy", and for excellent reason. Plugs really catch fish.

Casting and trolling plugs are of course nothing new to freshwater fishermen; the boys have been using that type of lure since Grandpa was a small boy. But large, gaudy and often unique plugs now being used by West Coast salmon trollers and East Coast striped bass fishing nuts are

of comparatively recent origin. In fact, up to a few seasons ago salt-water plug-fishing pioneers used the musky type of fresh-water lure, or fashioned their own, because no good commercially made plugs were available.

That formerly dismal picture now is changed. Today it's possible to buy fish-getting salt-water plugs of assorted color and design, manufactured by such outfits as the Martin Fish Lure Co., out in Seattle. And word from Oregon, Washington and British Columbia is that more and more salmon trollers, who formerly used brass wobbling spoons in the Puget Sound area, and the large spinning variety along the lower Columbia and elsewhere, now are towing salt-water plugs, and, incidentally, catching more fish.

Just about the same thing has happened along the New England, Long Island and Jersey coasts, where, from Spring to Fall, the striped bass is king to a legion of surf casters and trollers.

For decades a moulded metal lure weighing from two to four ounces, called a block-tin "squid", was the preferred casting lure. It also was favored by trollers. Matter of fact, it still is used quite successfully and probably always will be included in every East Coast fishing kit. But about five years ago a number of surfing slickers discovered there were times when stripers wouldn't hit a squid at all, but would smash a plug with savage gusto, and particularly when bass were feeding "on top". That belated discovery started something.

At first many oldtimers didn't take to the plug with much enthusiasm. "Too hard to cast," was the usual complaint. Most surfing veterans were used to the easy-casting, streamlined metal squid which they could zing away the heck out beyond the breakers. It only carried

one hook; split an inshore wind like a bullet, and, barring a backlash, seldom was seriously fouled on the bottom, seaweed or rocks. The multi-hooked plug was something else. An inshore wind reduced the length of casts and those hooks were forever getting fouled up on something or other. After a few trials the veterans pretty much decided they'd stick to their favored metal squids, and phooey on the new-fangled plugs.

But a number of younger and less hidebound casters decided they'd master and develop a plug-casting technique. And they did. They re-discovered, for instance, what already was known—that you don't have to cast a lure from here to the moon to catch striped bass. Stripers move right into the wash when they're feeding in the evening after sunset; long casts aren't necessary to reach them.

They also found that a large, conspicuous plug, wiggling along just below the surface near shore, was more quickly seen by foraging bass after dark than the smaller, deep-riding metal squid.

It wasn't very long before word got around that a few close-mouthed gents, whose operations were shrouded in mystery and darkness, were showing up in the dawn's early light with catches of stripers which flattened out the springs of their jalopies. Naturally such doings aroused the envy and curiosity of less successful, fishermen who all wanted to know "How come?"

Now, it isn't exactly a secret that successful striper fishermen are close-mouthed. In fact, it's alleged they won't betray the scene of recent successful action to anyone, including a dying Grandmother. So for a while the plug casters continued their merry way, driving everyone nuts with their catches. Finally, of course, the feline got out of the bag and within a week you couldn't buy

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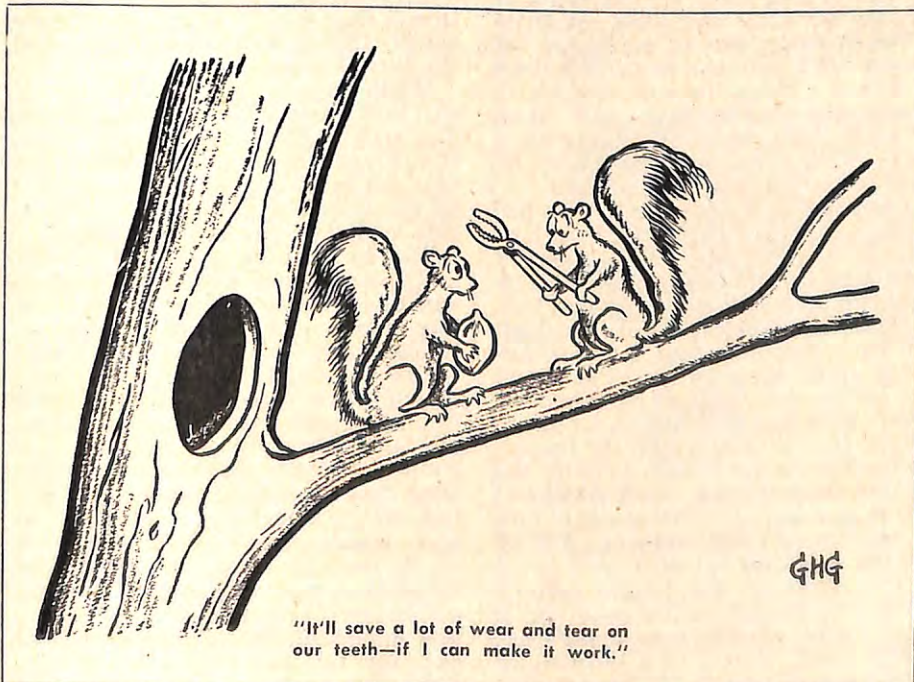
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Last summer and Fall, for the first time in East Coast angling history, salt water plugs caught as many or more stripers than metal squids. The only other lure which ran a neck-and-neck race for popular favor throughout the season was the eel rig, a long-time favorite along the Massachusetts and Rhode Island coasts. The metal squid had been eclipsed by more productive baits.

What's an eel rig? Well, there are three versions, a whole eel, an eel-skin and what the quaint New Englanders call an "eel-bob". All three lures are deadly striped bass baits, and this observer is convinced they'll take Chinook salmon, ling-cod and other West Coast fish with the same effectiveness.

The eel-skin is a trolling rig, the "bob" and whole eel baits are rigged for casting purposes only, either from a boat nosing along outside the beach—preferably with a rocky shoreline—or from the beach. Up around Cuttyhunk Island, off the Massachusetts coast, and in the vicinity of Narragansett, R. I., whence come most of the biggest bass every year, eel rigs and plugs account for the majority of big fish taken. And the best fishing comes between sunset and sun-up. Full moon periods during the summer are especially favored by the bass-fishin' faithful. (This reporter doesn't know whether the boys out on Puget Sound have tried night trolling for salmon, but if they haven't it's time they explored that possibility!)

An eel-skin trolling bait isn't difficult to rig. The first essential, of course, is a live eel. Several, in fact. They should be from 18 to 22 inches long. Kill the wiggling, slimy critter by slamming it against a board or other flat, hard surface. Then cut the skin around the eel's head just below its gill slits, but without, of course, severing the head. A little knife skinning will be necessary before enough skin can be turned down to grasp. Next, take a dry cloth, grasp the loose skin and strip straight back, same as pulling off a sock. This chore is made easier by nailing the eel's head to a board.

One, two or even three 7/0 to 9/0 hooks are rigged to a stout length of line at spaced intervals—24-thread stuff will do the trick—and the eel-skin is pulled over the hooks and line, so that one hook projects through the skin just ahead of the tail, another about midway in the skin and the other just behind the trolling head. This last is a swiveled ring, to which the eel-skin is tightly lashed, and which permits water to enter the eel-skin when trolled, thereby ballooning it out to natural size. This lure is murderous when slow-trolled after sunset—at least for stripers.

The whole eel rig, highly favored by Rhode Island casters who use it with great effectiveness along that rocky coast, should be a killer-diller along the Washington, Oregon and

British Columbia coasts wherever there are rocky headlands jutting into the Pacific, or from jetties and breakwaters where swirling tides and white water beat against the rocks.

This lure, cast with conventional surfing gear, is dropped into likely looking places and retrieved slowly. In this instance, however, smaller 12 to 15-inch eels are used, with a single tail hook, usually a 7 or 8/0.

A special, foot-long "needle" is necessary to rig this bait as a doubled length of 24-thread line must be threaded through the eel, lengthwise, with the hook projecting from the eel's belly about two inches from its tail. The other end of the line is rigged to a swivel just ahead of the eel's mouth. And to keep the pull of the line from doubling up the eel, a short length of thin brass or bronze wire is wound tightly around the eel's head, doubled back through its gill slits and out through the fish's mouth. Three or four turns of this fine wire around a knot in the line an inch ahead of the eel's head complete the bait. Usually several fish can be caught on this lure before it's wrecked.

The eel-bob combines the best features of a block-tin squid and a live eel. Eastern surfers use it on windy days when casting is difficult against an inshore breeze. A flat two to four-ounce squid with a swinging hook usually is used to fashion this lure. First the metal squid is notched with a file near its head. Then an eel is skinned down to within about six or seven inches of its tail, and severed. The result is skin and six or seven inches of unskinned tail. This skin is turned back and pulled over the metal squid, same as putting on a sock. The swinging hook, of course, is hooked through the tail meat, with the barb pointing downward. The next operation is the simple business of binding the loose eel-skin to the notched squid with fine wire or six-thread line, after which a short wire leader and swivel are attached and the lure is ready to fish.

What happens when this lure is cast and retrieved should be obvious. The construction of the squid gives it a natural shimmy in the water and that alluring wiggle is heightened by the eel-tail, wiggling from side to side behind on the swinging hook.

This lure can be trolled, of course, and you can have a modest wager it will take salmon in Puget Sound or ling-cod along the Pacific, with deadly efficiency. Experience has taught most fishermen that what works well in one place usually works equally well in another, assuming conditions are approximately the same. The trouble, however, is that anglers become set in their ways and are reluctant to try something new, often to their disadvantage. Come to think of it, your reporter can remember when hook and line salmon fishing on the lower Columbia was unknown, and only a handful of guys trolled or cast for the fish on Puget Sound. Now look what has happened!

The Hard Way

(Continued from page 7)

the val-ley, where I met yo-ou. . . .

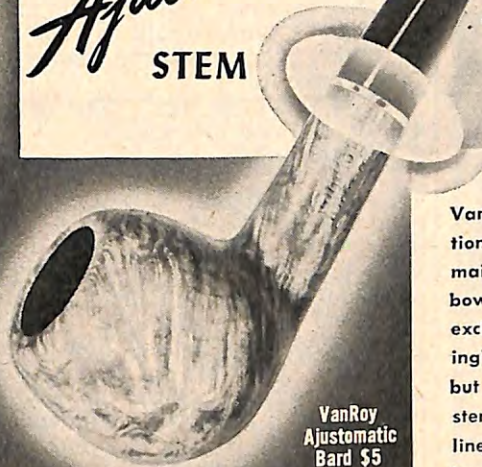
Minna sat enchanted; her eyes half-glazed with soporific ecstasy, her mouth open, panting softly from sheer rapture, she would almost begin to doze. But let Fred so much as stir, and Minna sat up in one superb instantaneous motion, her head erect, the muscles in her haunches flexed for action. Sometimes, and then with groping hesitation—but only if he was strictly alone—Fred got out of his chair. Silent as death, Minna would slowly get to her feet, take a step or two forward to the edge of the lawn, her every trained faculty fully alerted. When Fred fumblingly eased himself back into his seat again, Minna would subside soundlessly into her hedge. At first she had been only curious—after all, people did talk so—but now Fred was her inevitable responsibility. While the Mrs. and her sister and the neighbors still prattled on, wondering whether it was that "battle fatigue" they'd read so much about and whether it was "safe" to have anybody like that loose in the neighborhood with his tantrums and all—so they, too, had heard the high words, the tempestuous outbursts!—only Minna, watching from her lair with her ageless basilisk eyes, knew the real truth. That Fred was blind.

Minna was beginning to be a trifle out of patience. Blind or not, Minna well knew, Fred couldn't go on much longer like this. If he did, the neighbors soon would have something to talk about. Even if he did have his relaxed, far-away, contemplative afternoons with his battles and his one-tune guitar, things almost always ended up in a thunder-cloud. It had got so now that they were following a fixed pattern. Madge appeared from her foray downtown—hmmm, sharp, that green-and-white striped jersey number she was wearing!—exchanged a brief affectionate greeting with Fred—with Fred, of course, eagerly demanding all there was to know. Then, perhaps, in her zeal to bring him some slight, diverting tidbit from her routine jaunt, she'd unthinkingly call back, as she tripped towards the house, "Fred, you should have seen—" or, "I had to wait for my appointment, so I stopped in for a while at a movie—" at which point, the damage done, she could only bite her lip and, plunged into an unnatural abyss of contrition, murmur, "I'm so sorry, darling," before the sudden, angry tempest struck.

Being human, Madge could take just so much. It was inevitable that there was to be an afternoon that did not follow the pattern, an afternoon of reckoning. Instead of retreating ignominiously into the house bowed with grief and drooping with humiliation, Madge let her parcels drop as they might on the flags

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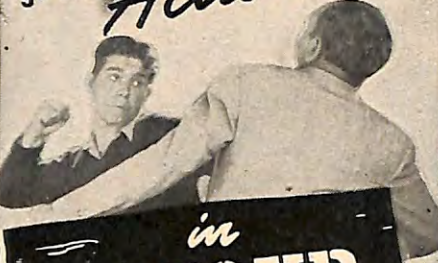
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of the walk and turned back towards Fred with slow, purposeful steps. It was a showdown. Madge paled, and her breath shortened nervously. In her ringside seat, Minna inwardly quaked.

Madge drew up a straight chair and sat down, very near to Fred. He turned a startled face. "You, Madge? I thought you'd gone in." He was still flushed from anger, though a hint of redeeming small-boy shame crept into his manner. But Madge was not deflected.

"Fred," she said, and her voice sounded strained and a little hard and flat, "I want to talk to you."

"Shoot," he answered, sullenly. "Let's have it."

"This can't go on." She spoke quietly, without histrionics.

"What can't?"

"Don't try to squirm." Madge's voice grew suddenly heated, and her pace quickened. "You know what I mean. This sort of thing can't go on much longer. These dramatics. This awful bitterness. This driving yourself—and me—to madness. I know you've suffered—indeed, how could I forget?" Fred winced at this swift lash of scorn. "I realize, too, that it must seem a terrible and hideously ironic penalty to pay for your part in this fight for whatever it is we so glibly name freedom."

Fred started to speak, but Madge cut him off. "I don't even want to hear what you've got to say about it. It's time somebody else did the talking. I'm not putting you on the pan for hurting me as you did—as you do times without number. In the long run, that doesn't really matter to me, for in my deepest heart I know you don't really mean it—it's just part of that monstrous chip on your shoulder at the whole world. I'll not go on to philosophize. In plain language, Fred, you've got to forget it. Instead of sitting there, day in and day out, agonizing, dealing with might-have-beens, and generally breaking lances with the universe, you've got to get out and do something."

"A white cane, a tin cup, and a convenient street-corner. Or maybe hire a little boy to lead me into saloons to beg. Or get one of those dogs—"

Madge was abrupt. "Fred, I ask you not to be silly."

"Sorry, Madge."

"I can't tell you what to do, or how to do it. Nobody can. It's your baby, and you've got to live with it." She paused slightly, and her tone changed almost to tenderness. "The other day I came across a poem about a blind man. My first impulse was to run to you with it, but I knew I couldn't, for you've been so hard to talk to. Once I wouldn't have given it a second look, but now—because I love you so very much—it meant something to me. I've forgotten most of it, but it began: *Place my hands upon the plow, My feet upon the sod, and then it ended: God, Who took away my sight, That my soul might see.*"

The silence was long. By degrees Fred's face softened, and he turned his head towards the breeze that struck in from the ocean and rattled the fronds of the palms. Madge's breathing relaxed. Presently she arose. "I'll have supper ready in a little while," she said, walking calmly towards the house.

Fred sat alone and fought it out—not, this time, with Mitsubichis and parchment-hued men who were hardened, daring, crafty adversaries and not necessarily, as in the cartoons, little and toothy and ludicrously bespectacled. This was strictly a fight with himself—also a foe of no mean caliber. Because Fred had been used to quick decisions that had to be right the first time—so often his very life had depended on them—the tussle didn't take long. He didn't know yet what he would do or how he could do it—later Madge would help shape this great decision and give it direction—but with high hope in her heart, Minna saw the gradual dawning of the same do-or-die look (it even seemed to light his eyes) that must have been there when Fred and company were coming in with two engines out, only twenty-three minutes' gas left, and yet (barring accidents!) knew they'd make it. O.K., he'd do something—just in case anybody needed showing! But first he must tell Madge. Let her know he'd snapped out of it. Right away.

Before Minna could recover her wits, Fred was out of his chair and half-way across the lawn. Even in darkness, he knew his way to the house. He put his arms out, though there was nothing to give him guiding touch, but though he was navigating a little crazily, his strides were long and bold. Minna held her breath—half in admiration, half in terror. Once or twice Fred stumbled, but righted himself and pushed on. For the first time, Minna brazenly came out of cover and walked well beyond the edge of the lawn. But she wasn't quick enough. It was only a gaily painted absurd wooden duck some former tenant had stuck into the turf in a mistaken attempt at ornamentation, but it was all Fred's foot needed to lay him low in the twinkling of an eye and with a thud that made Minna shudder and turn sick.

For long minutes Fred lay as he had fallen on his face. Many times Minna had been an unsuspected, unseen spectator of Fred's deepest and most private agonies; but this, truly, was Golgotha. For the first time she heard him give way to savage, tearing, hopeless sobs. Just to hear them was terrible, appalling. Within the house there was sound of dishes and of running water and the noise of refrigerator and cupboard doors: by some miracle (thank God) Madge hadn't heard. After a time Fred rolled over on his back. His arms were outstretched. With one leg straight and the other slightly crooked at the knee, he seemed to lie there writhing in torment. In a final paroxysm, he arched

the superb body, covered only at the loins, so it touched the ground at shoulder and heels only. "Christ!" he moaned, wracked and torn from the utter depths of Fred's tough, wiry young soul, it was not blasphemy.

Minna's time was now. Cautiously she moved toward the supine Fred. Minna knew it was the most crucial moment of her life. Her approach must be just right. Above all, she mustn't fumble. With scarcely a sound she circled Fred slowly, tentatively, speculatively. Sometimes she almost made contact, then nervously drew back. At frequent intervals she licked her chops with quick darts of her tongue. She was the picture of propitiation. As she finally sidled up to him for their first meeting, she began uttering soft, friendly little chortles—just to let him know she was around. Fred started slightly as he always did at a sudden or unaccustomed sound, but he didn't draw away, and gently, very gently and insinuatingly, Minna nuzzled the open palm of his hand, then playfully bunted it several times and worried Fred's class ring between careful teeth.

From where he still lay, Fred ran an investigating hand over her: felt her head, her neck, her back. He reached down and took a paw and shook it gravely. (A silly nabit the Mr. had had, too!)

"Hi, Butch," he said, and grinned. Minna snorted indignantly. Butch, indeed! That was one matter on which someone would have to put Fred straight.

Fred got to his feet. As he reached down and affectionately mauled Minna as no one had ever done before—at school such horseplay was not condoned, and the Mr. had been the quiet type—Fred was calling Madge. There was excite-

ment in his voice that Minna hadn't heard before. "Madge! Madge!" he shouted. "Madge!" In apron and wet hands she came flying. "Look, Madge! We've got a dog!"

"Well, hello!" Instantly Minna liked Madge's greeting: it made her feel like a person. Minna cut a few demonstrative capers, and turned on her widest tongue-filled smile and most ingratiating presence. Since Fred was to be the lifetime job of both, it behooved them to maintain the most cordial and cooperative personal relations.

Now it was time for Minna really to do her stuff. It was awkward without a harness—and with an untrained pupil, to boot—but Minna did it. Leaning heavily on Fred at knee-level, Minna firmly pushed him back a step. Then another. Then still another. She switched to his other side and applied gentle pressure from there. Haltingly, but unmistakably and inexorably, she was guiding him back to his chair. It was a precarious business—thanks to his novice's lack of balance and confidence—but it worked. Fred sat down in his chair with a bang—not accidental, but of pure surprise. Then Minna settled down with the most sophisticated unconcern at his elbow. She gave Madge a veiled, meaningful look.

Madge cried "Fred!" at the same moment he shouted "Madge!" and they both started gabbling simultaneously. "Fred, did you ever!"—"Boy, this beats me!"—"How do you suppose she got in: the gate's tight shut!"—"Say"—awe struck them—"she must be one of Those Dogs!"

All at once it was a normal world. The Mrs. and her sister had ducked through the hibiscus hedge via Minna's now useless lair—"We saw you'd made friends with our dog,

(Continued from page 63)

FAME IN A NAME

By Fairfax Downey

Here Hangs a Tale

The soldier was a member of one of the landing parties from the British fleet that captured Cadiz. Zestfully he joined in the looting of the town. But he went too far when he raped a Spanish woman. He was speedily tried and condemned to death. The difficulty was that no one could be found to execute the sentence on him and twenty-three other guilty men. The commander, the Earl of Essex, solved the problem by pardoning this soldier in consideration of his hanging the rest of the rascals.

Back in civilian life, the veteran stuck to the trade he had learned in the army. As the hangman at Tyburn Gaol in London, he became a 17th Century celebrity.

The time came when he was called upon to officiate on none other than his former commanding officer, Essex having fallen out with Good Queen Bess. History is not clear whether he regarded that event with satisfaction or regret or as just one of those things that may happen to a man when he gets mixed up with a Spanish woman or a Virgin Queen, as the case may be.

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with Ed Faust



It takes all kinds of dogs, too, to make a world

A LONG time ago I wrote a piece about what a good thing it was to get a dog for a youngster so the two could grow up together and thereby maybe learn a thing or so from each other. I even went so far as to say that the encouragement of dog ownership to the point of making it a hobby for children might play some small beneficent part in the problem of juvenile delinquency. I recall feeling very important about it because some of the customers wrote to endorse the idea, if you could call it that. One fine West Coast member of the Order, a breeder of pedigreed pigeons, offered a pair of his best birds toward starting a contest among the younger fry to popularize the owning of pets as a hobby. Unfortunately, for reasons of policy, the offer had to be shelved and besides, I was asked to officiate as judge in making such awards as would be merited. Long ago I learned that this is one of the surest ways to make enemies. Almost any judge who presides at dog shows will tell you that. The social life of most of those I've known greatly resembles that of the average custodian of a lighthouse. But when I wrote that article I wasn't as specific as to the age of the youngster I had in mind for dog ownership. Certainly I wasn't thinking of some of our worst behaved juniors in the middle and late teens, so many of whom are making the front pages as pistol-packing terrors or dance hall molls. Nor was I urging pet ownership for children too young to be taught the responsibilities that accompany the proper care

and rearing of a pet, particularly a dog. I had this impressed upon me not long ago when visiting an acquaintance whose little darling had been given a puppy for his very own. It would have made you who like dogs feel awful to see the way that poor puppy, a four-months-old baby, was mauled by that child. It was a pitiful example of parental indulgence that unfortunately is too often seen.

There wasn't anything I could do about it but I can sound off here in print about the inadvisability of making a young dog the property of a very young child. The average youngster—mind you, I refer only to the average—up to about seven years of age is too often a tough little nut when it comes to being caretaker of a small pet. Unless our students and authorities on matters pertaining to human behavior are wrong, and there is no reason why a small potato like your writer should disagree, the child in its development each year reflects a stage in the development of the human race. By this I mean that its early years are marked by many of the characteristics seen in primitive races and few such, if any, are noted for their consideration of animal welfare. Hence the very young child, while perhaps deeply attached to a pet, will in spite of itself often practice cruelty that it would condemn in later years. Mistaken affection may lead to mauling an animal, may even make life miserable for that pet to the point of serious impairment of health. Then too, when a child is very young it is often difficult enough for parents to school that young-

ster in its own behavior without being obliged to school it to assume responsibility for an animal. The situation becomes more acute when that animal happens to be scarcely more than a baby and as helpless as are all babies. No, I never advise anyone to get a dog for a young child and usually fix an age limit of about eight years for the prospective child owner. "Arbitrary," you say? Admittedly so—but this old scold Faust has never sold a puppy to a home where there was a child younger than this nor will he at any subsequent time. The odds are too much against the pup. After all, and I trust that this offends none of my good readers, even the most normal youngster may have a sadistic trace in his makeup that may lead to unhappy if not downright painful experiments upon his pet. What's more, I set the minimum age for sale of a dog at three months. Yes, I know that some kennels put their pups out sooner than this but you won't find many reputable kennels doing this unless they know more than a bit about the child and the home into which the pup is going. Some commercial kennels, known among better breeders as puppy factories, do dispose of their dogs at much earlier ages—this of course for business reasons. When a child is about eight years old and the puppy no less than three months, whatever benefits they can bring to each other begin. The child will understand the responsibilities of ownership, can be taught to take care of the puppy without too much parental supervision, can learn the necessity of regular feeding and exercise for the dog, can appreciate the necessity for watching out for the health of its pet. At the three months stage the pup is just beginning to be old enough to learn about the business of living. The first lessons in housebreaking can begin. It can then be taught a few simple commands and at this age the dog begins to know when it has done wrong and is likely to be aware of why it is disciplined when discipline is necessary.

At that age too, just as with the young child, the characteristics that will mark its later life begin to form and are ready for the beginning of training. At eight years the child is more likely to appreciate the companionship of a dog and will be more appreciative of the qualities of affection, loyalty, obedience and courage that any good dog, pure-bred or otherwise, possesses. In these matters the dog can teach the child by sheer example. And if such observation on the part of a normal child doesn't help build character in the youngster then I'm left far out on a limb. If by chance you have that combination of young child and young dog in your home and you want to make the dog a more valued member of the family while instilling in the youngster the rudiments of responsibility of ownership, then rule No. 1 is to never permit the child to regard the dog as a

kind of toy—a plaything rather than a playmate. Let that boy or girl be fully responsible for the dog's meals, for what the dog eats and when it eats, bearing in mind that puppies need frequent feeding. For a meal schedule, you'll find this given as directions with almost any of the better known dog foods that are sold. If not, then write to me and I'll be glad to map a course for your youngster's purp. Next, most necessary to doggy welfare, are regular exercise periods. These should always be given fifteen to twenty minutes after each meal and it is preferable that the pup should be taken along the same route each time it is walked outdoors. In this way it will encounter familiar smells that will prompt it to do the job for which it has been taken out. Then, too, the exercise sessions are necessary from the standpoint of the dog's health and I might add that it won't hurt any normally healthy bairn to have to take those same exercise periods himself. Accessibility to clean water is another must for the dog as well as comfortable, draft-free sleeping quarters. Important too, particularly to be impressed upon the boy or girl who is owner of a dog, are sufficient, undisturbed sleeping or rest periods for that pup. Sleep is all-important to puppy growth just as it is with the human child. At no time should a child be permitted to punish a dog, grown dog or puppy. A scolding by the child when the dog does wrong will be sufficient. Physical punishment should be barred as some children may not know just how far to go with this and may really injure a dog. This is a privilege that should be reserved entirely to an adult or a much older boy or girl. In rearing and caring for the puppy some older person should keep an eye on the child but not to the extent that the youngster may feel that the full responsibility is not his or hers. This can be done in such way that the child may not be aware that it is being supervised in the care of its pet.

So much for the little Harrys and Harriets in this discussion of dog ownership; now let's talk about the pooch—

At the three-months-old stage your little dog is, as I've said, beginning to show what kind of pooch he will be when grown up, provided he also gets the right training, the training of course being solely a matter of providing for its future conduct and has little to do with the innate character of the animal. In this nobody who has ever owned a dog need be told how much each animal differs from the other. Throughout the species you'll find characteristics as widely divergent as you will find among human beings and bearing startling resemblance to human behavior. Suppose we examine a few of these human-like traits in our dogs:

Foremost, of course, is the good citizen dog—the guy that minds his own business of being a dog and nothing more. He's a handy bloke to

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Wherever you find a home where Mr. or Mrs. Fido get a lot of attention, and I don't just mean good care but get themselves noticed a lot, there you'll be likely to find the show-off dog. Sometimes this galoot becomes an actual clown, doing anything for a laugh, and knows darned well when he is being the center of amused attention. He's the kind of dog who thrusts his toy upon your guests, horns into the conversation and if uncontrolled by his boss can knock that "love me love my dog" idea into a cocked hat.

Opposite to this is the sensitive dog, the one who needs and sometimes begs for encouragement. That sort of pooch should be handled gently although firmly, should not be frightened at any time nor punished other than by scolding from which this kind of dog suffers as much as another dog would from physical punishment. Carried to excess such sensitiveness may result in downright shyness, nervousness, timidity or moodiness—all of which are on the wrong side of canine character. I may add that the sensitive dog should not be laughed at for a mistake. You may have no idea how keenly aware are some dogs to ridicule. The excessively shy dog is a problem to which there is seldom a satisfactory answer. Playing a bit roughly with such a dog may help in overcoming its shyness. Subjecting it to walks where there is considerable traffic noise may further a cure—but if these things do not help—then the owner simply has to make up his mind that there isn't another thing to do except to endure the dog as best as he can. But there is some danger in this characteristic with some dogs—being overly shy makes them always fear the worst and ready to repel a fancied injury. Sometimes when carried to extreme this has been known to result in an unstable, dangerous animal.

We've all seen at some time or other the stubborn dog, the guy nobody can do a thing with in the way of training or making amenable to discipline. This sort of pooch needs firm treatment, not whipping of course because that gets you nowhere with a dog other than to make it fear you. The dog has to be drilled again and again in the simple things of conduct and obedience, must not be permitted to disobey a command once given. But none of the training should degenerate into nagging the dog. Commands should be few but firmly enforced and the dog treated with an admixture of firmness and kindness. Its likes and dislikes should be observed. If it refuses to obey a command the owner should try to discern the reason as some dogs do have definite reasons for their actions. Sometimes such stubbornness may arise from early bad handling or lack of training or some unpleasant experience that has left a definite imprint on the dog's mind. If you have a dog that shows undue unwillingness to learn be sure that the reason isn't just plain lack of intelligence for which no amount of punishment or training will overcome. Such a dog is simply to be pitied and treated as you would any not-too-bright person. After all, people aren't whipped for being plain dumb.

A distant cousin to the show-off dog is the noisy galoot. He is the character that sounds off without rhyme or reason and is the villain who causes more friction between neighbors than any other kind of dog with the exception of the habitual tramp pooch. If scolding or even a hurried walloping does not cure that kind of dog then a muzzle is the only answer. Incidentally there is a contraption on the market designed for just this kind of purp and it does act as a silencer. Tough on the dog but it's tougher still on the neighbors if the dog isn't curbed. When you hear one of these nuisances don't blame the dog entirely—you can usually very rightly heap your curses on the dog's owner who permits that kind of pest to annoy other people.

As for the tramp dog, there's really no cure except to keep that sort tied up. Whipping does no good, scolding goes for Nix. If the dog must be kept outside then erect a dog trolley—a wire running through a

metal ring and attached at each end to a tree or post. To the ring is attached the dog's chain. This sort of dog runs the alarm-clock barker a close second in creating neighborhood discord. Too often the loose purp destroys property, digs flower beds, soils walks and is a general all-around nuisance. He is also the culprit in the spread of dog diseases—distemper and the dreaded rabies.

Next we have the lazy dog. For this sort the dinner pail should be light—underfeeding helps keep such purps more alert. Exercise should be a must on the dog's routine and a heap of rough play should be encouraged.

Fortunately the vicious dog is more or less a rarity. For this sort it is well to try to find the cause of the chronic bad temper. Ill treatment when young often plays a big part. Hidden illness, canker alone can completely sour a dog's disposition, may be a cause. In any event the dog should not be dismissed too lightly as it may be quite possible to discover the reason for its behavior and apply corrective measures that may make it the amiable, good-tempered animal that it should be. Kindness and patience often work wonders with such a dog. I had the handling of one like this and it took more than three weeks of gentling before she could be handled, which to my surprise happened over night—one day she wanted to remove my arm violently, the next she was as meek as a kitten.

Last is the plain screw-ball dog, the out and out lunatic. Yes, indeed, dogs can and do blow their tops. I don't mean dog fits but just plain dog insanity. For this kind, unless it threatens to grow dangerous which seldom happens, all the owner can do is to be patient and try to give the animal pity and sympathy. Fortunately, lunacy among dogs is a rare thing.

In closing this I'd like to say a word on behalf of "Be Kind to Animals" week which begins April 7th and lasts until the 13th although it's not to be taken that only one week are we to give a thought to our helpless friends. Some six hundred humane associations are members of this movement which will be aided by thousands of people everywhere. It's a good thought and a good idea to bring it to the public's attention.

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 53)

But Miss Schmitt is a psychologist who delves deep into the motives and undercurrents of David's career, who makes him a lover and singer and finally brings to him the spiritual insight that makes him great. Hers is an extraordinary work. Whatever David may have been as a historical character, here he is Miss Schmitt's creation, and step by step she builds

an unforgettable personality. David committed many sins and had many sorrows; in his old age he rose above them and became the strong king of Israel who was to be a legend for all time. Miss Schmitt is the master of an original style; it is clear, musical, close-knit, a delight to read. After so many thin, bloodless novels that ring the changes on the outworn love tri-

angle, Miss Schmitt's book is like something out of the 19th century, when novelists gave intense attention to the development of their characters. (Dial Press, \$3)

Jesse Stuart is the Kentucky author who entertained everybody with "Taps for Private Tussie" a few seasons ago; now he writes "Foretaste of Glory", a story about the sensa-

tion that came to Blakesburg, a Kentucky hill town, when the Judgment Day appeared at hand. Life in Blakesburg was "like the slow turning of a paddle wheel pushing a steamboat up the broad river", but for a short time there was excitement enough, despite the warnings of the Reverend Whetstone, who had preached the gospel for 59 years. Mr. Stuart's story is full of the interesting small-town characters he describes so well. (Dutton, \$2.50)

A shrewd appeal to middle-aged men to take up golf and enjoy it is contained in H. A. Hattrom's "Golf After Forty". Mr. Hattrom favors the "flatfoot manner" in golf, and his book elucidates it with the aid of many photographs. "The spectacle of the older and more rotund golfers attempting to execute a full and complete pivot is a fearful thing to behold," writes the author, and then attempts to prove that men of girth can score 85 and under with ease. You try it. (Garden City Pub. Co., \$2)

What is described as one of the

best detective mysteries of the season is "Murder Within Murder" by Frances and Richard Lockridge. It deals with the mysterious death of Amelia Gipson, student of murders, in the reference room of the public library, and the energy Mr. and Mrs. North showed in tracking down the most baffling clues. A good puzzle, and a story better told than many. (Lippincott, \$2). If you like the lighter touch in mysteries, try "Call Me Pandora," by Amber Dean. It seems that Abbie and Maggie Harris bought an apartment building and thereby also acquired the beauty shop at the corner and the corpse of its former owner. Abbie got involved with the police and the whole business became highly exciting before solved. (Crime Club, \$2). An unusual death, not a murder, is the basis for "Dangerous Ground" by Francis Sill Wickware, in which a woman was accused of poisoning her ailing husband and her doctor developed an ingenious method of discovering the truth. Good suspense in this one. (Crime Club, \$2)

The Hard Way

(Continued from page 59)

Minna, so we thought. . ."—and waspishly contradicting each other on every point, immediately began giving Madge unctuous advice about the most reliable milkman and the most economical markets. Mysteriously, two or three others of the neighbors appeared, much as though they had been protagonists in a drama, crowded into the wings impatiently waiting their cues. Like a veteran hostess, Madge began fluttering around hospitably, assembling chairs, urging their guests to be seated, getting Fred a robe, making mental motions toward a pitcher of iced tea with key-lime slices, and wondering whether there were enough of those crisp sugar cookies to make a decent company serving. "This is my husband," she said in a shy, proud voice. Excited and pleased, Fred began recounting a vague and interminable, though piquant, tale about some native girls he had encountered in the South Pacific, hastily spot-censoring as he proceeded. "Maybe," Madge said in amused mild horror, "we should know our neighbors better before you tell them that story," but somebody quickly urged him to go on. Much against school training, Minna went about gregariously, stump of tail aflutter, fraternizing with all; but always, eventually, gravitating to Fred's side. (It was nice to feel a man's hand on one's head again.) The little gathering was almost like a party, and it was a long time before any of the visitors seemed inclined to leave.

When the Mrs. took her farewell, she looked down at Minna with a

cool fondness. "Well," she said to Fred and Madge, "it looks as though Minna has found a new home." Minna returned the gaze blandly, noncommittally. "If Minna likes you, she's a very good friend. I'll send the harness and her belongings over in the morning."

Fred bent over, pulled Minna up to him, and hugged her close. "I've got an idea," like a conspirator he whispered into her ear. "Let's go downtown tomorrow. How about it, Butch?" It never rained but it poured. Apparently, in addition to all else, she had a new name! "Listen," she tried to say, "let's not get too many ideas at first. It's not that easy."

While Fred and Madge chattered over their late outdoor supper like a couple of emancipated magpies, Minna sat musing, occasionally casting a nostalgic glance at the hibiscus hedge where she would loiter no more. Her life with the Mr. had been a mellow, idyllic interlude—one for which she had been trained, and to which formally assigned. In its way it had been prearranged, foreordained. Fred was different. Fred was unplanned—not cut and dried, but adventure, a sudden precipice, a chance fling of the dice. Tomorrow—Fred didn't know it yet—the honeymoon would be at an end. Together, Fred and Minna, they would have to work out many things. The hard way. Countless times they would fail and, undismayed and without rancor, have to start again. This was a dog-sized job, making life bearable for a nice young man like Fred. Why, this was life itself!

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Tips That Sink Gyps

(Continued from page 9)

fees, although the average is half that amount annually.

Ed Shamhart recalls one case which resulted in the largest revenue to the informer because it was a repeat.

A large corporation dealing in bulk commodities was cheating the Government of duties by tampering with the valves on ships which measured the volume of the merchandise discharged. An executive of the firm became unhappy about their shady doings, and warned them they would get in trouble. They ignored his warnings so he resigned and subsequently reported them to the local Customs officer. The Treasury was paid \$243,000 in duties and fines, and the informant got the maximum fee of \$50,000. A year later, the firm, apparently not having learned its lesson, got stung again by the same fellow. This time the Government nipped them for \$180,000 and the tipster got 25%—a total of \$95,000 on the two cases.

In 1936, the Treasury paid \$50,000 in each of two cases for information which brought \$3,000,000 in Customs duties and taxes from certain Canadian distilleries and their associates. Two payments of \$20,000 each were made in 1930 to two informers when Customs officers at New York seized 1,100 pounds of morphine, valued at underworld prices in excess of a million dollars. The dope was concealed in a shipment of furs shipped from Istanbul on the *SS Alesia*. The tip, incidentally, came from a resident of Istanbul.

During the pre-war travel rush many bigwigs got their fingers burned by informers. A notable case involved two famous entertainers. One funny man lost his sense of humor when he received a suspended sentence of a year and a day, and was fined \$10,000 for conspiring to smuggle jewelry into the U. S. In addition he paid \$2,131 to get his jewelry back plus \$828 in duties. An expensive bit of deceit!

Another entertainer was caught on similar charges, and paid \$8,000 in fines. For a time there was a run of well-to-do and well-known people into the Customs net. It developed that a disgruntled maid led to the trail of Who's Who smugglers.

Informers are often dissatisfied former associates, employees or household helpers. Sometimes they are jealous friends. In a number of cases, informers are completely impersonal about their undercover work. These are the professionals, the regulars, who furnish the far-flung Customs men in foreign countries and on both coasts and both borders with the bulk of their leads.

Taxi-cab drivers, hotel clerks, bartenders and just plain hangers-on in border towns near Canada and Mexico are typical informer types. Many of them find it unnecessary to do

much else but keep a watchful eye on the shrewd, though sometimes clumsy, smuggler. And they are not to be scorned either, because most of the culprits involved in their tips are professional gangsters, black marketers, international crooks.

A recent border case originated in Western Canada, from which 100 Swiss watch parts were smuggled into the U. S. The grab only netted the Government \$2349.00 in fines and duties and the informer got \$500.00. But the peculiar angle to this case was that the merchandise was not smuggled in to avoid duties but because it was intended for the black market. The parts ordinarily went into famous-make watches which had price ceilings. This shipment was intended for a different brand, with a queer name, to be peddled at double the ceiling price or more.

Items smuggled in recent years have a distinct wartime importance—automobiles, trucks, zippers, diamonds and elastic. One enterprising outfit went to great pains to export 600 miles of high-priority elastic during the war. It completed all of the necessary paper work and export routine and then arranged to have the lot smuggled back into the U. S. Its destination was the black mart, of course, but a tipster changed it to Uncle Sam's war factories.

A typical smuggling operation from Mexico was a two-ton truck carrying dope—75 pounds of marijuana and 11 pounds of opium. The dope was contraband and the vehicle was seized along with it, so the Government realized \$9340 for the haul, including the resale price of the truck.

Tips come to Customs collectors, appraisers and enforcement officers from all parts of the world. They come by mail, by telephone or in person. The first test of whether the informant receives a fee is his familiarity with the details. He just can't guess that a certain ship or cross-border transport or a passenger is carrying contraband—he's got to know the details: shipper, contents, destination. After that his fee depends on the assistance he gives the agents, and if it develops that he was a party to the smuggling he gets nothing and may find himself prosecuted.

A typical case, which was successfully prosecuted just before the war, involved three German submarine captains of the last conflict. They secured berths as officers on merchant ships and engaged in smuggling watch parts into the U. S. in money belts around their waists. Customs men were suspicious, and could have nabbed the trio at once, but they decided to get to the ring which accepted the merchandise for the jewelry trade. They secured the assistance of an employee of the suspected jewelry wholesaler who produced the

missing evidence for them and arranged for the three Germans to be present when the headquarters was raided by Customs gents. This case resulted in \$50,000 in fines and wholesale convictions.

Customs inspectors know most of the tricks of smugglers but admit that new ones are always being invented as old ones are discarded. The most common devices to circumvent duties are false manifests, false-bottomed luggage, forged or stolen customs baggage labels, throwing contraband overboard from vessels for later recovery; hollow-heeled shoes, cutout books, hollow artificial legs, tombstones, concealment in the orifices of the body. In Miami last winter Mr. Shamhart's men nailed a smuggler coming from Cuba by plane with diamonds hidden in toothpaste tubes. Another grab turned up a fellow who had a diamond concealed behind his glass eye!

One of the most grotesque methods of smuggling which came to light involved a luxurious passenger liner in the Caribbean trade. A passenger died soon after leaving New York, and a pine coffin was made on shipboard, encased in another larger-sized box for shipment back to the U. S. When the ship arrived at Havana, the corpse was shipped ashore in a tender, the whole proceedings supervised by the bos'n. Before the tender reached shore it had been stopped by Customs officers tipped off by a fellow who had been clipped in a dice game by the bos'n. When they reopened the case they found 125 cartons of cigarettes surrounding the inner coffin.

Some informers are unaware of their own efficiency. A Midwestern housewife, who lived next door to a Customs officer, habitually gossiped with his wife over the back fence. One day she remarked how a mutual friend of theirs had been offered a wonderful proposition. She was asked to travel to Europe first-class on a super-luxury liner. All she had to do was to take over a certain black Gladstone bag, stop at an address in Liverpool, and pick up a duplicate of the bag. For that, all expenses of the trip were paid.

The Customs officer's wife casually told him of the curious assignment her friend had, sounding slightly envious. He investigated. Customs agents were ready for the woman when she landed back in New York. They seized the switched bag and found a cleverly constructed false compartment loaded with many thousands of dollars in jewels.

During the war, many new phases of smuggling were developed—some with understandable intent, but nevertheless lawbreaking. Souvenir-loving GI's and sailors toted tons of enemy weapons home, in addition to quantities of jewelry and other valuables. Unfortunately, most of this

stuff has to be seized and the Government has veritable arsenals throughout the country—warehouses bulging with these curios. A serviceman must have his commanding officer's approval to import such equipment.

Refugees have also created quite a problem for Customs men. Thousands of them, unable to take money out of Germany or their native country before fleeing to America invested their funds in small, valuable items like expensive German cameras, doctors' instruments, jewelry and stamps. Customs men are patient with these oppressed and misguided people, giving them every opportunity to declare the property properly and pay duty, but they must seize the stuff unless the law is complied with. After such goods are seized they can be reclaimed only by payment of the forfeiture value, which is double the original worth of the merchandise.

One refugee spent thousands of dollars on brand-new dentists' equipment which he shipped to America. When it was opened for inspection, he insisted he was a dentist and had long been using the instruments and heavy equipment for his practice. He spent hours trying to explain why they were still packed in their original wrappings and obviously had never been used. Before the Customs men let such equipment through it must be shown to be necessary to a man's profession and as having been used for at least a year prior to his arrival.

Espionage activity also got into the Customs work during the war, mostly through stamps and jewels. These easily-smuggled and negoti-

able items were being shipped to America in quantities during the early days of the war, and proceeds could have been used to finance foreign agents in America. Sometimes they were shipped first to Argentina or other "neutral" drops, which were also the shipping points for incoming goods. Diligent work tracked down the sources and recipients of most of this stuff and virtually cut off this type of financing.

One thing Mr. Shamhart likes to point out to people who may sometime be tempted to avoid duties by smuggling foreign-purchased items into the country: "Customs men are reasonable and bend over backwards to give you a fair opportunity to come out with the goods," he says. "Even though you make out a false or, say, 'incomplete' declaration when arriving in the U. S., they still ask you 'Have you declared everything you acquired abroad?' And it is still not too late then to dig deep down in your suitcase or to whip out that 'gift' from an uncle in Mexico and add it to the list of dutiable items. Once you deny possession of dutiable goods and their search reveals you have lied, you're in for a very expensive and embarrassing time.

"And don't listen to glib-tongued individuals who are silent now," he cautions. "They will be more vocal when passenger liners are running again. These fellows may suggest ways and means of dodging the collector for a fee and you'll be chagrined when the collector finds you out. Sure, your adviser told him, for a possible fee which he'll claim later. You'll have only your own greed to blame," he concludes firmly.

Head Man

(Continued from page 23)

craft. It was estimated that he collected a top of \$12,000, although some members of the blue serge bloc privately express doubt that any umpire ever touched that figure.

For refined and healthful outdoor work consuming two hours a day on fair days only, with six months' vacation per year, this isn't a starvation wage scale. Some prawn divers and herring shredders work harder for less. Umpires seldom are seen soliciting magazine subscriptions in the grandstand to make ends meet (although one member of the American League staff in recent years did sell pencils on the side without a protest of unfair competition from a single blind mendicant).

But on the whole, the pay is not princely as baseball money is counted. The efficient umpire probably makes, on the average, slightly less than the efficient road secretary, whose chief responsibility is to keep tabs on his team's equipment trunks.

A big-league ball player may break in for as little as \$2,500 but his potential is the \$80,000 per season which Babe Ruth earned. An incompetent manager commands \$15,000

or more. A club president gets about \$25,000. "Happy" Chandler drags down \$50,000.

Yet without umpires of extraordinary ability and unassailable integrity, none of these others could make a living from the game, for there wouldn't be any game as we know it.

Public confidence in the sincerity of baseball, the cornerstone of the sport, is the result of public knowledge that the games are honestly contested and honestly officiated. Disclosure of venality in one umpire would come close to destroying the industry.

In a nation of 140,000,000, there are in normal times perhaps 400 young men capable of playing major-league ball. There are only two dozen major-league umpires.

And the fact that there is no room for more isn't what keeps the number that low. The big leagues always are on the prowl for umpires who can qualify; there's always room for replacements, because not all umpires in the major leagues are major leaguers. Sometimes ball players insist none of them is, but this is prejudiced testimony and not given



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under any solemn oath.

Nobody knows better than the players what a rare blend of qualities the umpire's job demands—keen eyesight, a fair degree of agility and stamina, balanced judgment, the courage to make snap decisions and stand by them, a lively sense of justice, poise, self-control, ability to command the situation, profound knowledge of the rules, the gift of eternal vigilance and, of course, moral fiber that would make Caesar's wife seem slack.

He must be good on the field and he's got to be more nearly perfect than the ordinary citizen off the diamond. Since the nature of his job forbids that he become too friendly with the players, he must avoid the company of the men in his field; generally he stays at hotels not frequented by ball players, travels on other trains, dines in other restaurants.

He must lead a monkish life. He mustn't be seen with the wrong companions, daren't take more than an occasional beer in public lest somebody see him boot a decision the next day and broadcast the word, "What can you expect? A guy as blind as he was last night can't be expected to see straight today."

Job security is a phrase without meaning to the umpire. He is hired by the president of his league, and his livelihood depends upon the

president's whim. If he displeases his boss in any way, by getting into a jam on the field or by parting his hair on the wrong side, he can be fired instanter.

It was such a case which brought about "Happy" Chandler's first disagreement with baseball's bigwigs last summer. The new commissioner strolled into the umpires' dressing room in Washington one day and asked how were tricks; was everything going okay; was everybody happy?

"We'd like a little more dough," said Ernie Stewart, one of the brethren present.

Maybe, Chandler said, something could be done about that. Suppose Stewart sounded out the other umpires in the league about the question.

It never has been reported what the result of Stewart's survey was. It is, however, conceivable that other umpires agreed they, too, would like a little more money.

However, Stewart never completed his census. He was still engaged with it when Will Harridge, president of the league, ordered that his buttons be cut off and he be drummed out of the service. It was taken for granted that Harridge got wind of his activities and fired him for that reason. Harridge never gave any explanation, except that the discharge was for the "good of the league".

Stewart hollered for redress from Chandler but the commissioner wasn't able to back him up. He had to confess the matter didn't come within his jurisdiction.

In the Fall Chandler inspired another jam session when he argued during the World Series that umpires working in the championship wrangle should get more than the existing scale of \$2,500. His point was well taken. If a utility outfielder who doesn't even appear on the field can collect from \$4,000 to \$6,000 from the Series, the fellow who handles the show ought to receive as much.

Nevertheless, the suggestion infuriated baseball's high brass. "You're upsetting the whole economy of my league," Chandler was told by one president, whose league does an annual business running into millions. And "Happy's" program was defeated forthwith.

It is not known whether his recommendations were responsible, but umpires received a substantial increase for this season. Their wages, however, still fall somewhat short of those paid in the movie industry.

It is a fact that very few dollars are collected at the gate from fans who come out exclusively to see some umpire work. But it is also a fact that the umpire is the head man in a game which pays salaries ranging up to \$30,000. He shouldn't have to save string and used tinfoil to get along.

The Veteran and His Community

(Continued from page 20)

six months to a year's training for this important work, read these letters carefully and route them for answering to the department concerned.

A great many of these queries from all parts of the United States and its possessions have no relationship with the Veterans Administration.

A discharged soldier wants to know where and how he can buy a 30-foot sailboat; an ex-sailor is considering setting up a taxi-cab business and wants to know how he can go about it.

Another former GI is interested in raising Shetland ponies and would like our advice.

"What are my chances," a veteran inquires, "of getting a good job in the construction business?"

Other problems range from procurement of farm machinery to obtaining divorces; from recovering funds used to redecorate apartments to installing telephones.

Communities and clubs which ignore these unique and piled-up needs are courting disaster. Veterans are already disillusioned and bitter over the tragedy of war, of witnessing what the selfishness of aggressor nations has done to Europe and the Orient. Let's not embitter them further at home with a different—but

dangerous—kind of selfishness: the selfishness of neglect.

Failure on the part of the hometown to marshal aid and advice can be a lethal boomerang. Apathy, for instance, in providing housing at the earliest opportunity will drive veterans to other towns, or other States, where progressive action has been taken to relieve the shortage. When they leave, these veterans take with them their purchasing power, their brains—all of the qualities which make them good citizens. It is self-evident that a community without young blood is a community without a future.

The GI Bill of Rights, while it is an outstanding document, is in no measure a cure-all. Since it is a human bill, it also has its human limitations. Certainly it does not exempt the community from veterans' obligations; it only seeks to simplify the job ahead and make the veterans' change-over into civilian life easier.

In order to protect the veteran's employment rights, the GI Bill assures him that he can, by law, get back his old job or its equivalent after his discharge from the service. However, some veterans worked for companies which went out of existence while they were away. Others, who had accepted low-salaried jobs

with the expectation of advancement have found their future blocked by non-veterans who became entrenched during the wartime boom.

Another real problem concerns itself with the veteran whose experience and ability have vastly increased since he left to fight for his country.

For example, a 21-year-old clerk in a manufacturing concern, who makes \$22.50 a week, leaves to join the Army in 1942. Intelligent, ambitious and quick to learn, he is made a corporal shortly after he completes his basic training, and is given charge of a squad. In successive stages and over a period involving months of hard work, he is promoted to sergeant and given command of a platoon, working under a lieutenant.

Meanwhile, this ex-clerk has become a pretty important person in whose hands rests a great deal of responsibility. If the company is the backbone of the Army, the platoon is the backbone of the company. Its sergeant must make certain that the men are rationed and quartered; under his commanding officer he supervises their training. He listens to their problems and answers their questions. If his unit goes overseas he may lead approximately 40 men into combat against the enemy. His duties call for quick decisions and sound judgment.

This sergeant is something more than a boss. A lead-man in an aircraft plant may have supervision over 40 men, but the orders he gives his men will not mean their life or death. There are few jobs in this world that mature a man as rapidly as responsibility over his comrades in the face of enemy fire.

When this sergeant is separated from the Army nearly four years later, he is eligible for his old job—at his old salary. His employer is not required to give him any more. Yet he is undoubtedly a more valuable man. Though he has not increased his clerking experience, the maturity and tempering he has gained in the service have made him a vastly better prospect than he was in 1942. He is, in fact, probably more valuable than if he had remained at his civilian job.

To complicate the matter, this man's former desk partner, who was deferred from service for physical or other reasons, has benefited by wartime expansion and wartime personnel shortages. Instead of \$22.50, he now makes \$50 a week.

This situation, which only square-dealing and an acceptance of certain facts—not Congressional legislation—can clear up, is certainly a local problem which the community should solve.

The Veterans Administration can show the veteran the road to civilian life and start him on it; the communities, the clubs, the lodges and various other organizations, must guide him the rest of the way until he is settled. Just as every Ameri-

can, no matter what his occupation, was charged with the task of winning the war, so must every American do his bit to help readjust the man who fought for him.

It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the time to help the veteran is *now*. The machinery of war has clanked to a halt, but the machinery of peace is not yet out of low gear. In many cases strikes and labor-management disputes have kept it idle altogether.

No matter who he is, the average man out of work is beset with financial difficulties. But most civilian war workers had the opportunity to salt away a portion of their earnings to form a cash reserve. Similar opportunities for soldiers, sailors and Marines were considerably less. A serviceman with dependents found that most of his pay vanished in allotments. For a serviceman without dependents it took few movies and comfort expenditures to make sizeable inroads on his modest pay envelope. Veterans who served overseas watched the value of their dollars shrink to almost nothing in the fantastic inflation which followed the liberation of goods-starved countries.

The \$100 to \$300 which every veteran, depending upon length and place of service, is given when he receives his discharge, cannot begin to tide him over a period of joblessness. In most cases, it will barely cover the cost of outfitting him with civilian clothes and, if he has been lucky enough to find some bargains, pay the first month's rent. In addi-

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Now her Backache is better

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.



"I think the Court is prejudiced!"

tion, he must feed himself and maybe a wife and child.

The veterans cannot wait. They are equipped neither financially nor emotionally to weather a long period of unemployment and the weekly readjustment allowance is not adequate.

It is obvious folly to suggest that the Veterans Administration could direct ten million men to ten million jobs, even if charged with that responsibility which is now vested in the U. S. Employment Service. The task is too great and the time is too

short. The big businessman and the small businessman, the towns, the cities, the lodges and the clubs must all pitch in and help. It is not only the veteran's problem but their problem and your problem. And, especially, it is America's problem.

The Chemist Cries "Timber"!

(Continued from page 15)

strength is *redistribution*, which makes plywood vastly superior to plain wood of the same dimensions. Wing materials for Mosquito bombers and hulls for PT boats were made of plywood because under fire of machine guns and even larger weapons, the adhesion of the layers is so strong that they do not separate.

One thousand freight cars of plywood, lighter than conventional steel frames, were constructed by the Great Northern Railroad to carry wartime traffic. These cars weighed two tons less than all-steel cars and they also permitted the operation of trains at considerably higher speeds. Plywood tubing or pipe conducts chemicals which would corrode metals. It is used for radio masts because of its lightness and strength.

Housewives are sure to bless "compreg", which is a processed wood with a shining, extremely hard surface. Spilled cocktails, that bane of existence for many hostesses, cannot harm compreg. You will soon see it in fine furniture, tables, the tops of bars and flooring.

"Compreg" is made by compressing or squeezing together layers of resin-impregnated wood. The raw resin actually penetrates the wood cells—a feat that chemists worked long and hard to master. At this point it's called "impreg" and is practically swellproof, shrinkproof and decay proof. Sheets of this "impreg"

are stacked together and made into "compreg" by being compressed before the resin has set. The result is a hard, dense, dark substance with a beautiful grain showing through a permanent gloss like that of polished marble.

"Compreg" is perfect for airplane propellers because it can be made to give a balance which is impossible in a metal part. It stays exactly "as is" even when it's been under water a long time.

Laminated wood is an especial boon to ship builders. It's made by gluing together layers of wood with the grain of all layers running in the same direction.

Before laminated wood made its welcome appearance, ship builders had to hunt through the forests until they found a tree big enough to make a beam as large as they needed. No longer is wood ship design limited by the size of trees. By lamination a large beam can be formed by joining a number of small pieces. Wood laminating, using small pieces of lumber, permits the building of keels, stems and stern members all in one piece, bonded together as strongly as the natural wood itself.

Churches and other monumental structures are using it also, because everything from straight beams through gracefully sweeping curves to pointed Gothic arches is possible and practical in laminated wood.

"Papreg" is laminated paper which is lighter and stronger than most metals. Besides its great strength, it resists moisture and denting. Householders are soon going to find it serving them in many ways, especially in insulating their refrigerators. It's a better insulator and takes up much less space.

"Sandwich wood" gets its name from the fact that one kind of wood is used for the core and another for the surface. Our bombers, which gave Japan such a drubbing prior to V-J Day, were made of sandwich wood.

Strange things go into the glues which hold these woods together. The dried casein of milk, which is water resistant, and blood albumins are the main items in the development of gluing techniques. These are mixed with synthetic resins.

"It is easy to see that we are standing on the brink of an immense industrial development of wood waste," says M. O. Chenoweth, representative of the American Forest Products Industries. "For a long time, virtually every manufactured product was made out of wood. It is the oldest utilitarian product known to man. Then in recent pre-war years, the lumber industry had to take a back seat because of the sharp competition of steel, concrete and other manufactured materials.

"Wood waste was taken for granted because forests were thought of as inexhaustible. Forest fires were actually hailed at one time in our history as God's way of clearing farmland."

And yet, despite all our prodigal waste, we still have nearly 462,000,000 acres of forest land, of which Uncle Sam owns 26 per cent, farmers 30 per cent, small industries 29 per cent, and large industries 15 per cent.

The Federal Government is encouraging a program of reforestation and skillful logging to see to it that lumber supplies become constant, and tree growth is actually on the increase today for the first time in history.

Out of these great forests, via the fabulous magic of the test tube, a new industrial miracle is definitely on the way. This new industry will not be lumber, nor plywood, nor paper, nor chemicals. Rather it will be the welding of them all into the greatest forest industry that has ever been known. And the wonder of it will be that the waste of one will be the raw material of another, until virtually every atom of the tree will emerge as a useful product.

FAME IN A NAME

Hail and Farewell

By Fairfax Downey

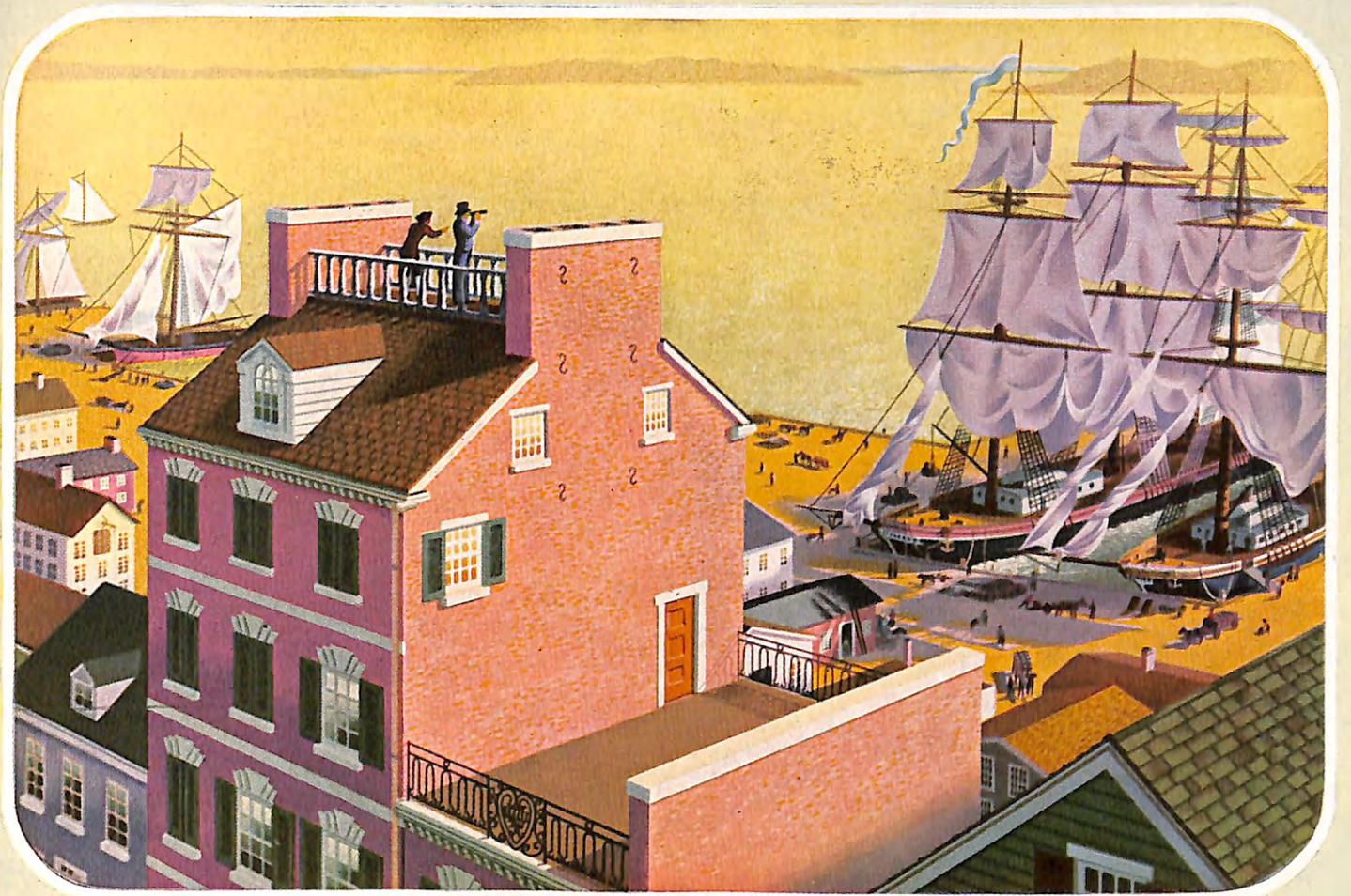
British cannon thundered in the bitter siege of Surinam in 1804. At what was then considered the enormous range of twelve hundred yards, artillery shells of a new type which had just been invented by a young lieutenant, screamed and burst above the enemy. Hundreds of bullets in a cone of fire hurtled out of each case to do frightful execution on the native forces—far deadlier than cannonballs or the old-time "hail shot". To the young Royal Artillery officer who developed this spherical case shot went the War Officer's congratulations.

Through the Peninsular Campaign and many another, the shells this officer devised proved the most effective artillery fire on troops caught in the open. He enhanced his record with other inventions, and was a major-general when he

retired. But not until years after his death in 1842 did the Government christen his shells after him, thus transferring his name from the pages of old gazettes into the dictionary.

A curious aftermath proves his fame practically imperishable. While the shell he introduced was frequently used in World War I, that type of ammunition was abandoned by all armies soon after the beginning of World War II in favor of the more effective high explosive (HE) shell. However, almost all war correspondence, along with medical and even official reports persisted in stating that soldiers were hit by projectile which none of the artillery of any of the contending armies was firing.

So enduring is the fame of General Henry Shrapnel.



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