



ELKS

MAGAZINE

JULY 1946

*Mellow and Cool
as Morning Sunshine*



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A Message from the GRAND EXALTED RULER



"OUR time upon the stage of action is but brief!" Grand Exalted Rulers come and go but the great Order which they have served keeps growing in strength from year to year.

The success of any one year is dependent upon the efforts of men, in every nook and corner of these United States, who love Elkdom. My own efforts would have had little effect had I not been supported by fine deputies, by Grand Lodge and State Association officers, by Past Grand Exalted Rulers and by the excellent leaders who have guided the destinies of almost 1,500 individual lodges. This has been a banner year for our Order, due to the combined efforts of all.

Almost forty new lodges have been instituted and our net gain in membership is about 86,000. Lodge and Grand Lodge finances are in excellent condition. Most lodges are now free from debt and have tidy nest eggs laid aside for rainy days.

The influence of our Order is being felt nationally on an ever-increasing scale. This is due to the deeds of Elkdom in every community and through the National Foundation and the War Commission. Former members of the armed forces are returning to seek admission through our portals because of the treatment given them by our Order.

I have made visitations in every State in the Union and in the Panama Canal Zone. Undoubtedly I have left undone things that should have been done. Mistakes that have been made have been mistakes of the head

and not of the heart. For these I apologize. For successes I take no personal credit. The fine friendships that I have made and the personal satisfaction of doing my best are sufficient rewards for any personal sacrifices made.

It is my earnest hope that first things will always be kept first in Elkdom. It behooves each of us to keep the deeds of Elkdom so outstanding that our individual pride in membership will be ever keen. We have a real heritage in our Order and in our country. Let's be always on the alert that this heritage may be forever preserved!

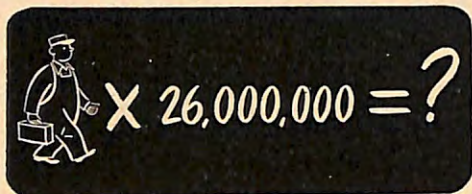
OUR Order has just lost one of its greatest leaders. John K. Tener never lost interest in Elkdom. It was he who influenced me to become active in Grand Lodge. It was he who sponsored my candidacy as Grand Exalted Ruler. I personally shall miss him more than anyone realizes. He was a true friend and a loyal Elk.

Fraternally yours,

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

WADE H. KEPNER
GRAND EXALTED RULER

A Problem in Multiplication



Take the case of John Smith, average American:

For years now, he's been buying Savings Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan. He's been putting away a good chunk of his earnings regularly—week in, week out.

He's accumulating money—maybe for the first time in his life. He's building up a reserve. He's taking advantage of higher wages to put himself in a solid financial position.

Now suppose everybody in the Payroll Plan—everybody who's earning more than he or she needs to live on—does what John Smith is doing. In other words, suppose you multiply John Smith by 26 million.

What do you get?

Why—you get a whole country that's just like John Smith! A solid, strong, healthy, prosperous America where everybody can work and earn and live in peace and comfort.

For a country can't help being, as a whole, just what its people are individually!

If enough John Smiths are sound—their country's got to be!

The kind of future that America will have—that you and your family will have—is in your hands.

Right now, you have a grip on a wonderful future. Don't let loose of it for a second.

**Hang onto
your Savings Bonds!**

**BUY ALL THE BONDS YOU CAN
KEEP ALL THE BONDS YOU BUY**

The Elks Magazine

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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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JULY 1946



Cover Design by Ronald McLeod

A Message from the Grand Exalted Ruler	1	News of the State Associations	19
Union—1787-1946	4	Editorial	20
Morris Ernst		Assignment Accepted!	22
New York!.....	8	Elks War Commission	
Hamilton Green		John K. Tener.....	24
We Recommend:.....	10	The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits	25
Vacations Unlimited	12	News of the Subordinate Lodges	28
Al Frantz		It's a Man's World.....	34
What America Is Reading....	13	Kent Richards	
Nina Bourne		Rod and Gun.....	36
Penny Wise, Pound Foolish....	14	Dan Holland	
Red Smith		Gadget and Gimmick Dept... ..	42
The Grand Lodge Convention Program	15	W. C. Bixby	
Outboard America	16	In the Doghouse.....	45
Hiram K. Smith, Jr.		Ed Faust	

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Postmasters are asked to send Form 3578 notices (complete with the key number which is imprinted at upper left-hand corner of mailing address, to The Elks Magazine, 50 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Members are asked, in changing address, to send this information (1) Name; (2) Lodge Number; (3) Membership number; (4) New Address; (5) Old Address. Please allow 30 days for a change of address to be effected.

THE ELKS MAGAZINE, Volume 25, No. 2, July, 1946. Published monthly at McCull Street, Dayton, Ohio, by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America. Entered as second-class matter November 2, 1940, at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio, under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 20, 1922. Printed in Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A. Single copy price, 20 cents. Subscription price in the United States and its Possessions, for Elks, \$1.00 a year; for non-Elks, \$2.00 a year; for Canadian postage, add 50 cents a year; for foreign postage, add \$1.00 a year. Subscriptions are payable in advance. Manuscripts must be typewritten and accompanied by sufficient postage for their return via first-class mail. They will be handled with care, but this Magazine assumes no responsibility for their safety.

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IN THIS ISSUE
We Present—

THIS is the month when the Convention comes off in New York City. It will be the first full-sized Session held in this city, the home of the Mother Lodge, since 1890. We are commemorating this event with a New York City cover by Ronald McLeod, and a double-spread by Hamilton Green on pages 8 and 9 which gives closeups of typical scenes to be found in the biggest city in the world.

We are both proud and happy to have secured for this issue an article by one of the clearest-thinking men of his day—Morris Ernst, a noted liberal lawyer, a well-known author and a close friend of the late President Roosevelt. Mr. Ernst compares the construction of the UN organization to the original building of the United States and to the problems which faced the young federation at its conception. In a day when the world is discouraged past all words. Mr. Ernst's comparisons of a new world order with that "new order" which in 1787 brought hope to mankind are, so far as we can see, the only encouraging words to be offered in months.

Those lucky members of the Order and their families who attend the Convention in July will make a point of visiting Broadway, the greatest entertainment midway on earth. We have listed this month and in recent months those motion pictures and plays which will bring to visiting delegates and their guests the finest entertainment offered anywhere.

Our Mr. Red Smith, the sports writer, is no longer, strictly speaking, ours. The National Headliners Club announced him winner of the award for a consistently outstanding sports column (on the *New York Herald Tribune*). This month Mr. Smith sets his sights at the gee gee business.

We have gone overboard about outboards. Somebody with the improbable name of Hiram K. Smith, Jr., has written an article telling you all those things you have been longing to know all these years about outboards, who, where, why and when. Putt, putt, putt.

On pages 22 and 23 the Elks War Commission, in conjunction with Major General H. N. Gilbert, U.S.A., Assistant The Adjutant General for Military Personnel Procurement, has made an announcement which is of major importance, the results of which will be felt by all the lodges in the Order for some time to come. Once again the Elks War Commission has accepted an assignment which will do much to insure its place in the United States as one of the country's most patriotic organizations.

Another important announcement appears on page 15. It is the program of the Convention which begins July 8th at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York. Those who are planning to attend the Convention will do well to tear out this page and stuff it in their wallets for future reference.

Those in the know...ask for

OLD CROW



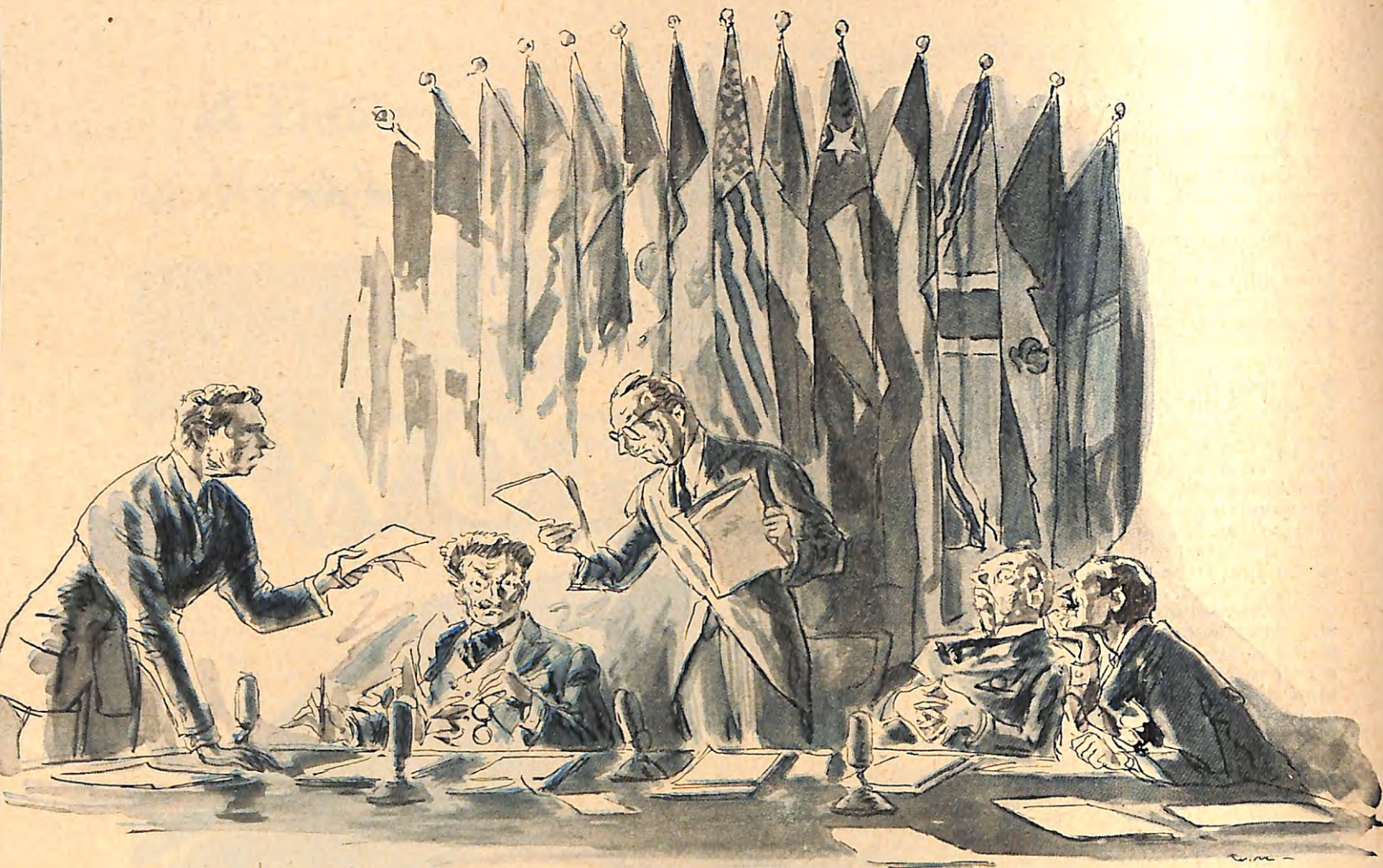
A TRULY GREAT NAME

Among America's Great Whiskies

There is in Old Crow a quality of excellence that appeals to generation after generation of people who demand the best.



Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • 100 Proof • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York



Union 1787-1946

By Morris Ernst

The history of our own country following the Revolution is significant today

THE peace is not yet a year young. Some of our wisest minds have been concerning themselves in that year with the problems of establishing machinery to replace settlement of disputes by war with settlement by methods less threatening to the continuance of the human race. Some of their efforts have borne encouraging results, but the difficulties and the defeats sometimes seem over-

whelming. I think it may help us to see our current difficulties in proper perspective if we remember that once before, men devised a workable and working method of establishing peace among dissident states.

The history of our own country during the years immediately following the American Revolution is extremely significant today. The problems which the colonies faced and, in

One of the great stumbling blocks in attempts to establish international peace is the distrust among nations.

many ways, the philosophy of the system which they set up to solve their problems are easily translatable into terms of our own current problems. Only the motivation is a little different.

We are trying desperately to set up a system of peace because we know that if we fail, the next war may mean the total destruction of part of the world; the colonists were driven by the fact that after the Revolution England was frankly waiting for the states to be weakened by local antagonisms and disunity before stepping in again. But basically the problems which the nations of the world face in 1946 and those which the states faced in 1787 are the same problems of distrust, economic competition, divergent folkways, traditional hostilities, reluctance to surrender any part of local sovereignty and above all the slowly dawning realization that the only alternatives are to cooperate or perish.

It is obvious by now that one of the great stumbling blocks in our present attempts to establish international peace is the distrust prevalent among nations. Well, in 1787 the states were permeated with inter-state enmities; New York and Connecticut trusted each other no more than England and Russia do today. Like the United Nations, the states had

banded together for military purposes during the Revolution. In the urgency of defeating their common enemy, England, the disputes and rivalries between them had been shelved until the end of the war. But once the treaty of peace was signed and the common danger was past, the old boundary disputes and tariff quarrels and all the other animosities which had existed between the colonies before the Revolution, came to the fore again. There was animosity between the eastern and western states, between the northern and southern states and between the large and small ones. Gunning Bedford, delegate from little Delaware, arose at the Constitutional Convention in 1787 to shout, "I do not trust you men from the large states. If you possess the power, the abuse of it cannot be checked, and what would then prevent you from exercising it to our destruction? Sooner than be ruined, there are foreign powers who would take us by the hand."

The Constitutional Convention nearly broke up a dozen times because of the fear of the small states of giving power to the large ones. The large states insisted that there could be no truly representative Congress unless the heavily populated states had more delegates than the smaller ones. They ended up by compromising on two houses of Congress, the Senate to have equal representation of all states and the House of Representatives to have representation by population. And the smaller states, led by New Jersey, squeezed through a provision in the amending clause of the Constitu-

tion stating that no state could be deprived of its equal representation in the Senate without its consent—which for all practical purposes means that the Senate representation can never be changed at all. At San Francisco a little over a year ago, the United Nations faced a very similar problem. The smaller nations claimed that the larger, more powerful ones would engulf them unless all were equally represented. The larger nations claimed that no practical method of operation could be devised without recognizing the distinctions in power, size and wealth of large nations such as the United States and small ones such as The Netherlands. This dispute was likewise compromised by forming a bicameral body, consisting of the Assembly in which all member nations were represented and the Security Council having the five large powers as permanent members. A slightly different compromise from that evolved at the Constitutional Convention, but basically the same kind of compromise to the same dispute.

A great many of the difficulties experienced by the U. N. can be explained in terms of the reluctance of each nation to yield any part of its sovereignty to a world organization, by limiting each nation's power to take certain kinds of independent action in regard to its foreign affairs. Local sovereignty was likewise the battle cry of those who wanted a federal union in name only. During the Revolution and for a few years thereafter, the thirteen states were operating under a loose confederate union which resembled a military alliance rather more than it did a civil

government. The Confederation had no real power, not even the power to raise money from its member states. Each state donated as much or as little money and as many or as few soldiers as it wished. State governments were of primary importance and each state was reluctant to surrender any of its sovereignty.

It was strongly felt in many quarters that the colonies' experience with England was typical of what might be expected from absentee government. But it soon became apparent that despite the unwillingness of the states to yield any part of their power to a central government, the new-born union would be destroyed unless joint action were authorized and taken on their common problems. This is a pretty fair explanation also of the reason for the birth of U.N.

We have recognized that today economic maladjustments are the greatest potential cause of war. It is in recognition of this that we set up the international bank at Bretton Woods last year and held a world food conference at Hot Springs to discuss the possibilities of cooperative action between the nations which would permit the most economically sound program for each. Even UNRRA, while predominantly motivated by humanitarian impulses, is

Illustrated by
WALLACE MORGAN

The old boundary disputes and tariff quarrels and all the other animosities which had existed between the colonies, came to the fore at the end of the Revolution.





recognized as having a political function—starving neighbors are dangerous neighbors. In the same way our own federal union was formed partly to solve economic difficulties between the states.

By 1787 the economic life of the country was slowly being reduced to a system of barter because every state used a different currency and it was impossible to predict just what money would buy a week after it was acquired or what it was worth ten miles away and across a state line. Spanish dollars, Portuguese moidores, shillings, pistoles and dollars were all in common circulation. The rate of exchange varied from state to state. A dollar was worth as little as six shillings in New England and as much as thirty-two shillings in the Carolinas. James Madison once wrote to a friend that he had bought some books in Pennsylvania for 13 shillings, sixpence and that when he got to New York he found that he could have bought the same books for 8 shillings, threepence. Small wonder that men preferred to take their wages in tobacco, rum and shoes rather than in coin of fluctuating worth.

Even more harrowing to the economic life of the states was the cut-throat trade competition. During the years between the end of the Revolution and the Constitutional Convention of 1787, most of the states imposed heavy import taxes on goods brought from other states. During

one period, New York taxed all vessels coming into the harbor and Connecticut in retaliation passed a law prohibiting the "import" of goods from New York and imposed a penalty of \$250 for anyone who failed to observe the boycott. In 1795, New York and Connecticut farmers fought an armed battle when it was discovered that pot cheese was being smuggled into New York from Connecticut. New York was the object of much resentment because even then the state was coming to the fore as a manufacturing center and shipping goods to the other states to the detriment of local industry. Actually many of the economic quarrels were symptomatic of the fact that the states had not yet found what each one of them was best equipped to produce efficiently. And there is another problem which we are again facing. The discussions at the Hot Springs Convention seem to indicate that if food is grown in any nation as a result of national subsidy, that means that the food is being grown in the wrong place and that that place is probably better equipped to produce something else with greater efficiency. When they came up against this problem, the founding fathers of our country wrote into the Constitution a provision that the states could not levy import duties and thus opened the door for the states each to find its most suitable industries by removing the artificial barriers which created an unreal pic-

ture of the value of the various kinds of production for each state.

It is not clear yet whether our 1946 answer to the same problem on an international scale will be in the direction of removing trade barriers and allowing the natural economic course of events to determine what each nation will produce or whether we will try to shorten the process by agreement between the nations as to what each will produce. Whichever solution we arrive at, the problem is still essentially the same one which was before the young United States.

Another bone of contention between the states was one which is not unfamiliar to us today—boundary disputes. There were heated disputes between the states as to their abutting boundaries. Matters were further complicated by the fact that the charters which England had originally granted to the colonies gave them vague rights to western lands, bounded in some cases by rivers which had been little explored and whose course was not well-defined. The states solved the problem of what to do with these western lands more easily than they solved the eastern boundary problem. It is particularly interesting to the people of the Middle West that in 1787 the consensus of opinion among those who knew anything of the territory was that those areas were worthless. James Monroe, after a trip to the West wrote to a friend, saying, "A great part of the territory is un-

speakably poor, especially that near Lakes Michigan and Erie, and that upon the Mississippi and the Illinois consists of extensive plains which had not had from appearance and will not have, a single bush on them for ages." Thus believing that the western lands were of little value, the states ceded them to the federal government. Their estimate proved wrong, for, a few years later the federal government started selling these "worthless" lands for high prices and made so much profit on the sales that by 1795 the complete foreign debt had been paid off. In some ways it seems that the founding fathers solved their problems more successfully than we. We made a stab at putting disputed lands in trust at the end of the first World War but in each case mandates were given to a particular nation rather than to all to keep in trust for the benefit of all. Similarly at the end of the second World War the areas of occupation were divided up among the allied powers rather than giving the trustee power to a council of all of the nations.

The American states did not settle their disputes about abutting boundaries quite so easily. But they had sufficient experience with this type of dispute to know that boundary differences led to bloodshed more easily than any other kind of dispute. So when the Constitutional Conven-

tion met in 1787 the delegates came to the same conclusion to which we are now coming on an international scale—that to resort to force to settle a dispute is the refuge of men bankrupt of ideas. They vested the brand new Supreme Court with the power to hear and decide suits between the states. It is interesting to note that at the time this was considered one of the most important functions of that court and many prominent lawyers of the day refused appointments to the Supreme Court in the belief that they would be bored to death by hearing nothing but piracy and boundary cases. As a matter of fact, up to date only about thirty suits have been brought by one state against another.

It seems highly probable that in most cases violence has been averted by submitting the case to the court and by the cooling of passionate feeling about the case during the long period while the matter was being litigated. It is interesting to speculate on the analogy between the role of the Supreme Court in settling disputes between the states and the role which the U. N. will probably play in the near future in the settlement of quarrels between nations. In judging both the efficacy of arbitration and the importance of its occasional failure to avert bloodshed, it will be important to keep in mind that the Supreme Court had its failures. In four cases, one as late as 1920, there was armed conflict between the militia and citizens of contending states during the time the cases were pending before the Court. Judging by our

own experience, one of the most hopeful signs for the U. N. is the voluntary submission in the past few months—primarily by England—of disputes to arbitration. The history of the role of our own Supreme Court in acting as arbitrator between states would seem to indicate that the process of securing general acceptance of the U. N.'s decisions will be a matter of the slow growth of the prestige of the court. Persuasion is the most important weapon of such a tribunal. After all, our Supreme Court has no army.

In a case involving two states, the Supreme Court, if it could not have acceptance of its decision by agreement of the people, would be quite impotent to enforce its decrees. Imagine the nine black-gowned Justices going down to Louisiana with three marshals and four sheriffs to try to stop the people of Louisiana from planting oyster beds in violation of a decision rendered in favor of Mississippi. Only the fact that the people have been conditioned to regard the decisions of the Supreme Court as binding upon them has given it the prestige to enforce its decrees without the use of actual force. Similarly the success of the U. N. in averting war will depend on the incorporation in our international folkways of the habit of compliance with the decisions of a duly appointed tribunal.

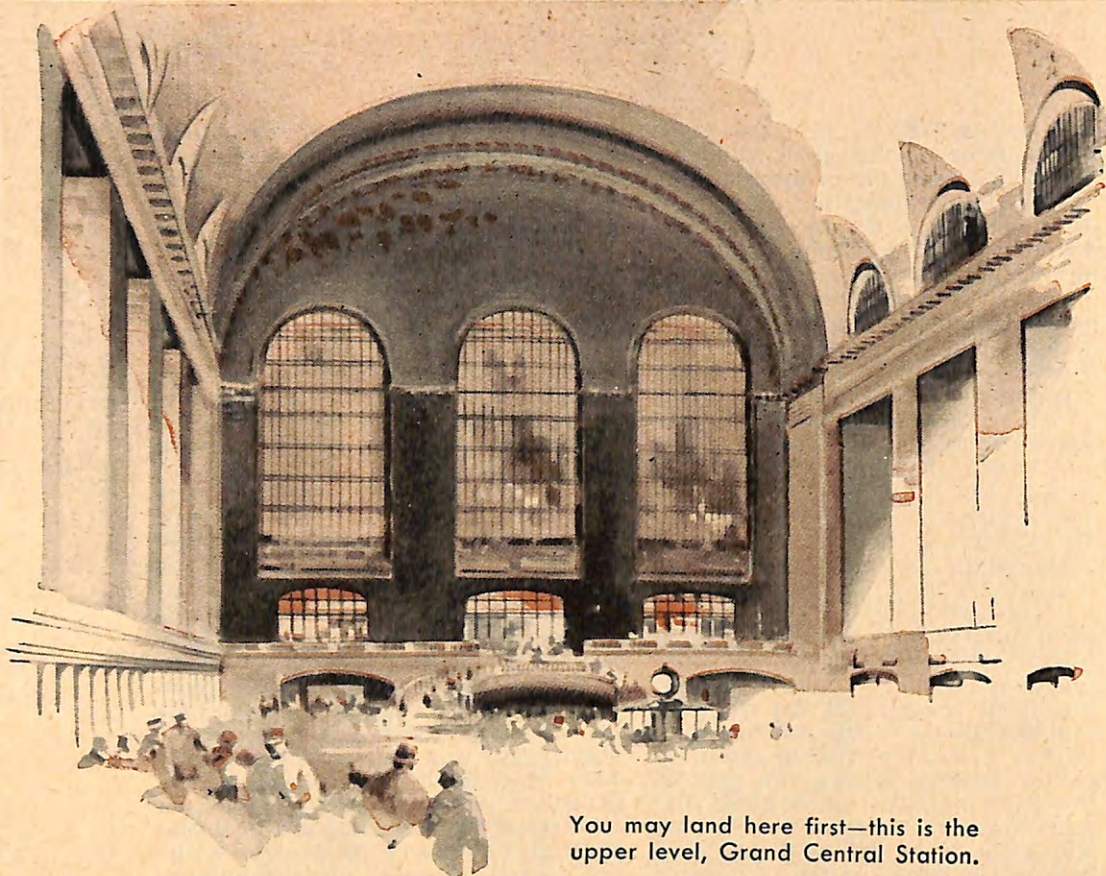
In the year 2146 the solution to today's problems may seem obvious to the historians just as today when the problems of the colonies are set down in cool black on white, the solution

(Continued on page 50)

Above and below: Imagine the black-gowned Justices going down to Louisiana with three marshals and four sheriffs to stop the people from planting oyster beds.



NEW YORK!



You may land here first—this is the upper level, Grand Central Station.

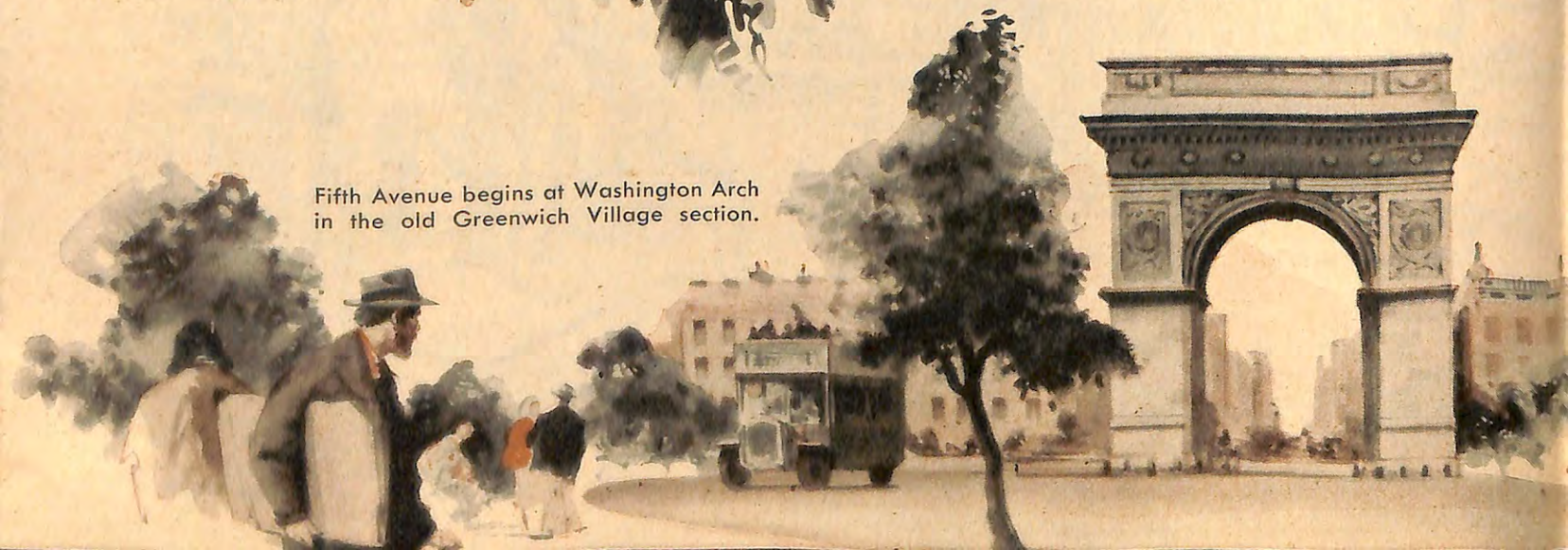


Plenty of night spots in midtown Manhattan.



George Washington Bridge jumps the Hudson into Jersey.

Fifth Avenue begins at Washington Arch in the old Greenwich Village section.



Take a ferry ride if you want to see the sky-line.

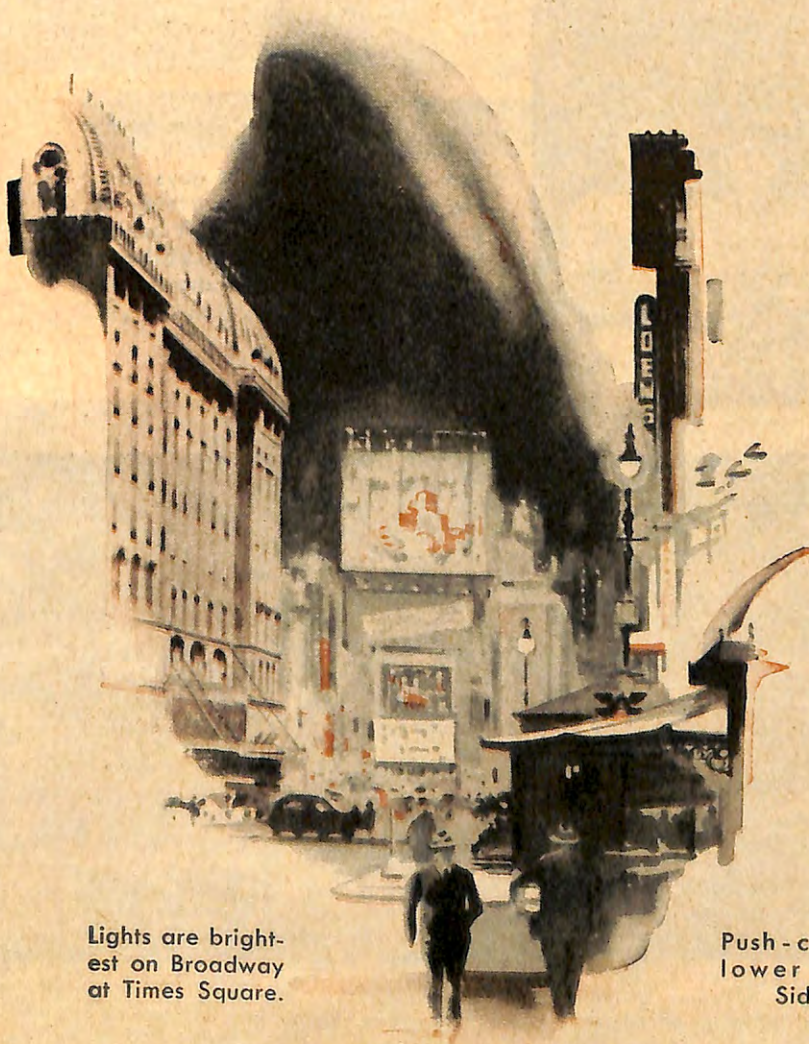
**New York,
city of wonders,
wonderful
wonders . . .**

"T'S a nice place to visit but I wouldn't live there if you gave me the place." Izzat so? Well, there are eight million people living there right now. New York City is Babylon-on-the-Hudson. New York is the largest summer resort in the world and many a New Yorker would rather stay in town during the summer than traipse to beaches and swat sand flies.

Our first peacetime Convention in five years opens in New York on July 8th. Come one, come all, just for a visit. They'll practically give you the place.



Push-boys crowd the streets in the garment district, center of the city's top industry.



Lights are brightest on Broadway at Times Square.



Push-carts — lower East Side.

Hamilton Greene

We Recommend:

... ON STAGE

Right: It may have taken time to put "Annie Get Your Gun" on Broadway but she finally made it, scoring a personal triumph for Ethel Merman. "Annie" has everything including music and lyrics by Irving Berlin and a cast that knocks itself out. The audience does too.



Left: "Call Me Mister" was an instantaneous hit in New York, what with its background of guys coming back from the wars. Herewith: Some of the gals they left behind them get together on one of the hit melodies from the show.

Right: When you and I were young, Mabel, "The Red Mill" was a hit on Broadway. Well, Mabel, it's back again—all dolled up in new cast, costumes and coloraturas. Jack Whiting and Eddie Foy, Jr., supply laugh-time for Herbert's immortal waltz-time.



AND SCREEN

Right: Harold Lloyd's back again in "The Sin of Harold Diddlebock". Not only does Lloyd take up where he left off, but the story does too. There is the usual Lloyd hallmark of the star, a skyscraper and space—lots of it.



Left: Bernard Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra" will be released shortly by United Artists. It has Vivien Leigh, Claude Rains and Stewart Granger as stars.

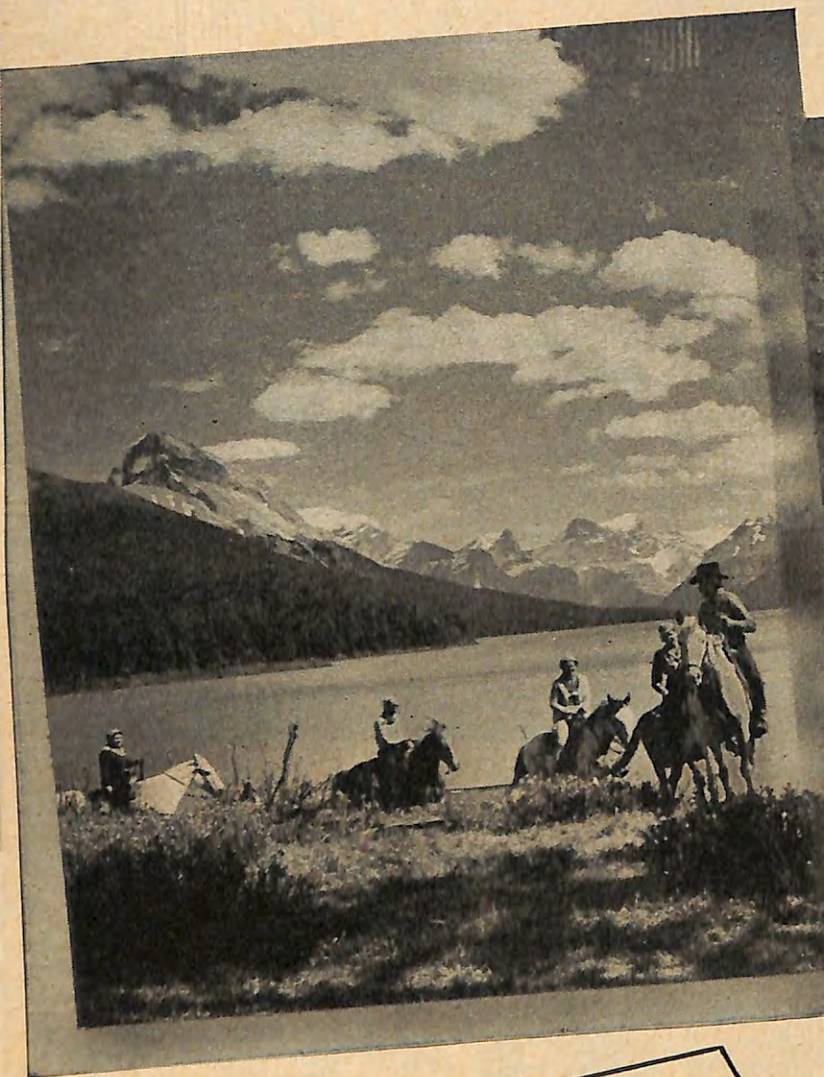


Right: Warner Bros. knocked off its 20th Anniversary in sound with a melody—"Night and Day". Cary Grant is charmingly miscast as Cole Porter.



Left: "Of Human Bondage" is again brought to the cinema with Paul Henreid, Eleanor Parker and Patric Knowles—all sinking their teeth into their respective roles. Somerset Maugham's masterpiece perennially lends itself to new interpretations.





Vacations Unlimited

Canada, the Land of Evangeline,
is a playground in the North.

lacked transportation. Even Nova Scotia and New Brunswick had difficulty in communicating with the other provinces, while in the west swift coursing rivers and thousands of lakes still served as the only highway of trapper and Indian.

These facts have made for diversity in Canada and given her the travel appeal of rich contrasts. Today two great railroad systems, the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian National, carry passengers swiftly across the continent, but it is often as not the lure of canoeing or the desire for trail riding in the Canadian Rockies which attract American visitors across the border.

In similar fashion, most Americans feel more at home in a land where English is the mother tongue. Yet, just the same they find the touch of France in Montreal and the entire province of Quebec both refreshing and stimulating. They enjoy the wide expanses of Ontario and Manitoba, where mile after mile of golden wheat ripens in the sun, and at the same time they savor with delight those little worlds apart, Prince Ed-

(Continued on page 38)

By Al Frantz

ON THE first of July Canada will celebrate the seventy-ninth anniversary of the formation of her federal union, and the great tide of American travelers there, expected this year to reach as many as 25,000,000 persons, will be fully under way.

The fact that her history as a united country is so short explains at least in part the great popularity which Canada today enjoys with visitors. Eighty years ago the future

Dominion faced a welter of problems. The people of Quebec, one of her most important provinces, spoke the language and followed the traditions of France, while the rest of her population was largely Anglo-Saxon in background and heritage. In the east, her civilization was already more than two centuries old, but to the west and the north lay a frontier largely unexplored and even today uncharted in remote regions.

The Canada of eighty years ago

W. Somerset Maugham,
author of "Then and Now"
a novel of the Renaissance.

What America is Reading



By Nina Bourne

(An exhibit of genuine story-telling novels by Wakeman, Maugham, Sharp, & Eustis)

On April 20, 1946, Somerset Maugham presented the manuscript of his fine novel, *Of Human Bondage*, to our Library of Congress. In an engaging address delivered on this occasion he stated his belief that the business of the novelist is not to instruct but to entertain his readers. To this I say amen. The great novelists of past days—Fielding, Dickens, Thackeray, Hawthorne, Mark Twain—and, in our own times, Sinclair Lewis were not ashamed to think of themselves as story-tellers. They respected their readers. They felt a healthy obligation to please the paying customer. Today many of our most talented and imaginative writers use the novel as a sort of confessional or as a substitute for the psychiatrist's couch. In place of the age-old story teller entrancing the audience grouped around the fireplace, what we have today is a man talking to himself, less interested in communicating with his readers than in exploring his own soul. And when the modern novelist does have an urge to communicate with his reader it is usually to sell him an idea or an attitude—in other words, to preach or to instruct. And so the reader in search of entertainment must go to

the detective story or to the synthetic historical novels which are turned out by the pound and destined for Hollywood.

What is to blame for this? Your guess is as good as mine. First of all we live in a nervous, self-conscious age, hypnotised by a mass of newly discovered and, for the most part, undigested psychological data on what makes human beings tick. In the second place many of us are ashamed to admit that we enjoy a book simply because it is entertaining. "Oh, *that*," we say with a deprecatory shrug. "It's an amusing enough novel, but nothing to it. Hammock reading! It doesn't teach you anything." "I think readers are sorely misguided," Maugham says, "when they suppose they can by reading novels acquire knowledge without trouble." This, of course, is an endlessly debatable point. For it seems to me that contact with a genuinely creative mind, as in a fine novel, cannot help being illuminating. And furthermore, none of us can experience everything. And I see no harm in borrowing experience that seems valid to us from novels so long as we are careful to label each such acquisi-

How to tell a novelist from
(1) a preacher and
(2) a soliloquist

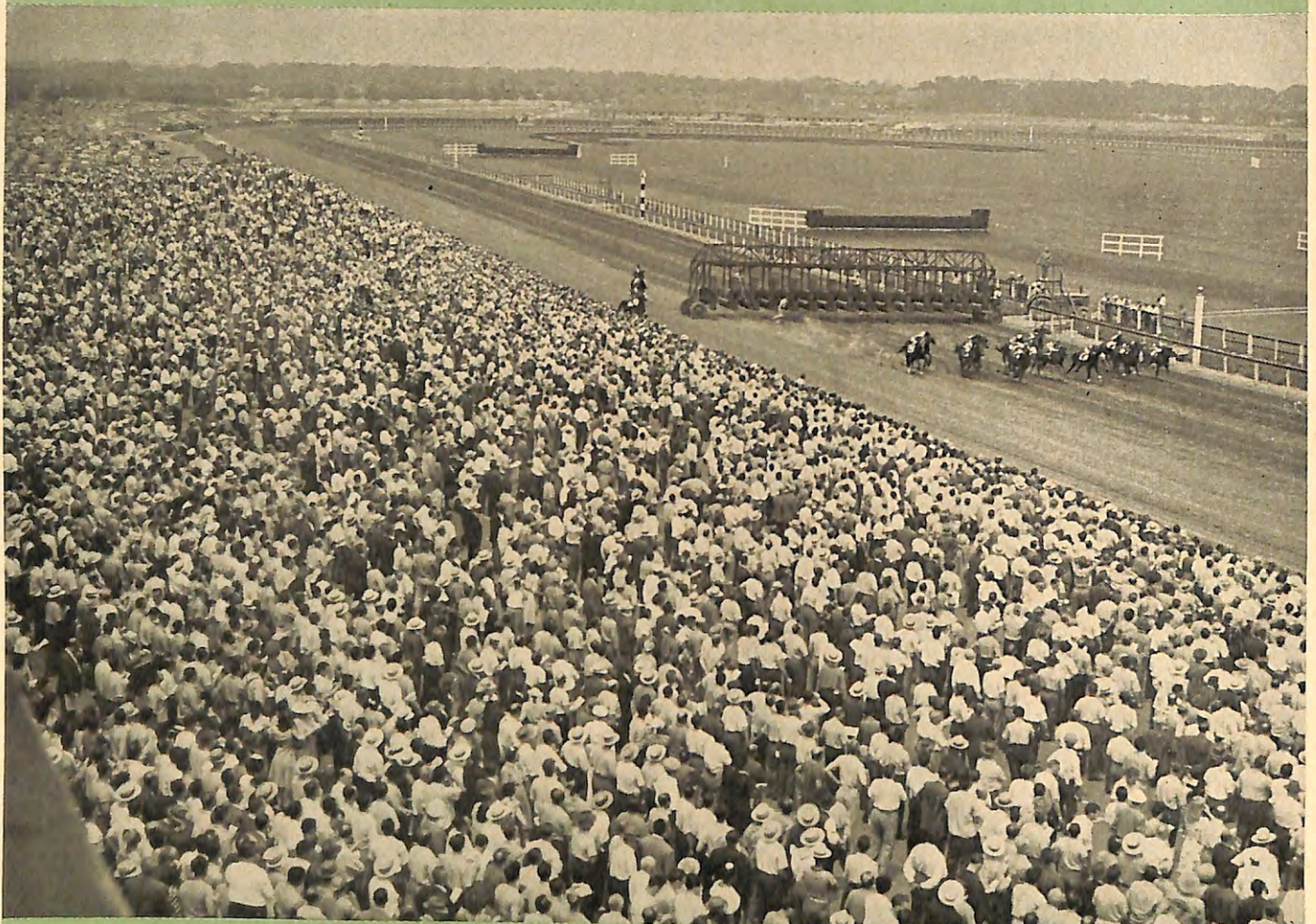
tion: "Warning: this is fiction!" But don't you agree, in general, with Mr. Maugham that if you are in search of education or moral standards, you must go at it the hard way and read the philosophers, the scholars, the experts? In a novel, whatever else the author has to offer, he must first of all be entertaining. And from Mr. Maugham's novels, particularly the early ones, I have had more sheer entertainment than from the works of any other author alive.

How Somerset Maugham's own new novel, *Then and Now*, stacks up to his rules, we shall see presently. But first I want to recommend to anyone blessed with a protective sense of humor, a novel that is entertaining, racy and shocking. The shock is comparable to what you experience on seeing a familiar face in a new light. The novel is the second from the pen of a young American writer. It is called

THE HUCKSTERS
by Frederic Wakeman
Rinehart \$2.50

The fantastic scene that this novel spotlights is a tiny but frighteningly influential sliver of America. It is
(Continued on page 48)

Penny Wise, Pound Foolish



The huge crowds at the big tracks live and bet in blissful ignorance of the row behind the scenes.

Press Association, Inc.

The tracks are having labor troubles too— and with good reason

By Red Smith

VISITING Elks who are able to find time between Convention Sessions for a spot of relaxation in New York this month will, naturally, wish to devote this leisure to some worthwhile pursuit, Elks being notoriously selfless creatures with a strong weakness for good works.

New York offers assorted opportunities to relax and, at the same time, to serve. And neither the least popular nor the least praiseworthy method is to slip out to the Empire City race meeting and risk a quid on

Stymie in the Butler Handicap.

Any visitor who does so will have the comforting assurance that he has not only furthered his education in the theory of possibilities but also has, by grace of the municipal tax on mutuels, contributed toward improvement of the breed of the city's office holders.

There is only one string tied to this proposal. That is the chance that at the time the Elks convene, there will be no racing in New York. Labor unrest makes a track shutdown an ever-present possibility. Already this year there have been a couple of threatened strikes at the metropolitan gambling dens, and at this writing the prospects are that conditions will grow worse before they grow better.

Generally speaking, the two-dollar bettor has little interest in and less

knowledge of the working conditions and labor relations of the grooms and exercise boys and blacksmiths and other hired hands whose labors are an indispensable preliminary to the defeat of a three-to-five favorite.

In this respect, the horse player differs from the follower of any other sport. The baseball fan has a pretty accurate idea of what Joe DiMaggio earns per season and he knows how much Horace Stoneham paid Sam Breadon for Walker Cooper's contract. If Hal Newhouser is holding out, the fan takes sides in the argument. And if Connie Mack makes money this season, his customers are aware of it and will watch closely to see whether he spends some of the increment to buy better ball players.

Up to now, nobody ever has asked
(Continued on page 40)

THE GRAND LODGE Convention

New York City's 1946 Convention Program

Saturday, July 6

- Reception.** Arrival of Grand Exalted Ruler and Grand Lodge Officers, delegates, members and ladies.
- Registration.** Grand Lodge Members and delegates will register at headquarters hotel—The Commodore, 42nd St. and Lexington Ave. Members and their ladies will register at New York Lodge No. 1, 161 West 93rd Street, New York City.
- Open House.** Elks and their ladies at New York Lodge No. 1.

Sunday, July 7

- Churches.** Religious services in churches of all denominations.
- Sightseeing Tours.** To Empire State Building, Radio City, and other buildings of interest.
- Ritualistic Contest.** In Hotel Commodore from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

Monday, July 8

- Registration continues.** Commodore Hotel for delegates—New York Lodge No. 1 for Elks and their ladies.
- Ritualistic Contest.** Hotel Commodore.
- 10:00 A.M. to 11:00 A.M.** All Elks and their ladies will be guests of the Convention Committee at the Radio City Music Hall.
- Sightseeing Tours.** To continue.
- Open House.** All day and evening at New York Lodge No. 1.
- Golf.** For those who desire it.
- 8:00 P.M.** Opening ceremonies in Grand Ballroom of Hotel Waldorf-Astoria with broadcasting of ceremonies. All Elks and ladies invited. Special patriotic extravaganza.
- Open House.** New York Lodge No. 1.

Tuesday, July 9

- 9:45 A.M. promptly.** Regular Grand Lodge Sessions commence in Grand Ballroom of Hotel Waldorf-Astoria, and at this Session the election of officers for the ensuing year will take place.
- 10:00 A.M.** Continuation of Ritualistic Contest at Hotel Commodore.
- Sightseeing Tours.** Available morning and afternoon.
- 12:30 P.M.** Lunch at the Hotel Commodore given by newly-elected Grand Exalted Ruler to the Exalted Rulers of subordinate lodges.
- 12:40 P.M.** Lunch at the Hotel Commodore by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Robert S. Barrett to District Deputies for the years 1944-45.

- 12:40 P.M.** Lunch at the Hotel Commodore by Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner for District Deputies for years 1945-46.
- 3:00 P.M.** Special Grand Lodge Session at Hotel Waldorf-Astoria at which the new Ritual will be presented.
- 6:30 P.M.** State Association dinners.
- 8:30 P.M.** Entertainment and Dance, Grand Ballroom, Hotel Waldorf-Astoria. All Elks and ladies are to be the guests of the New York City Convention Committee, which program will include many surprises.
- Open House.** Day and evening at New York Lodge No. 1.

Wednesday, July 10

- 9:45 A.M. promptly.** Regular Sessions of Grand Lodge continue.
- 10:00 A.M.** Ritualistic Contest continues.
- 11:00 A.M.** Memorial exercises in the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria to which will be admitted all Elks and their ladies.
- 1:45 P.M.** Fashion show, sponsored by B. Altman & Co., of New York City, and program of entertainment for ladies only, to be announced in program to be distributed at Registration Centers.
- 2:00 P.M.** Regular Sessions of Grand Lodge continue.
- Open House and Reception.** At all five Elks lodge homes of the city of New York. New York No. 1, Bronx No. 871, Queens Borough No. 878, Brooklyn No. 22 and Staten Island No. 841.

Thursday, July 11

- 9:45 A.M.** Final Session of Grand Lodge Reunion.
- 11:30 A.M.** Installation of new Grand Lodge Officers.
- 2:30 P.M.** Pageant and parade.

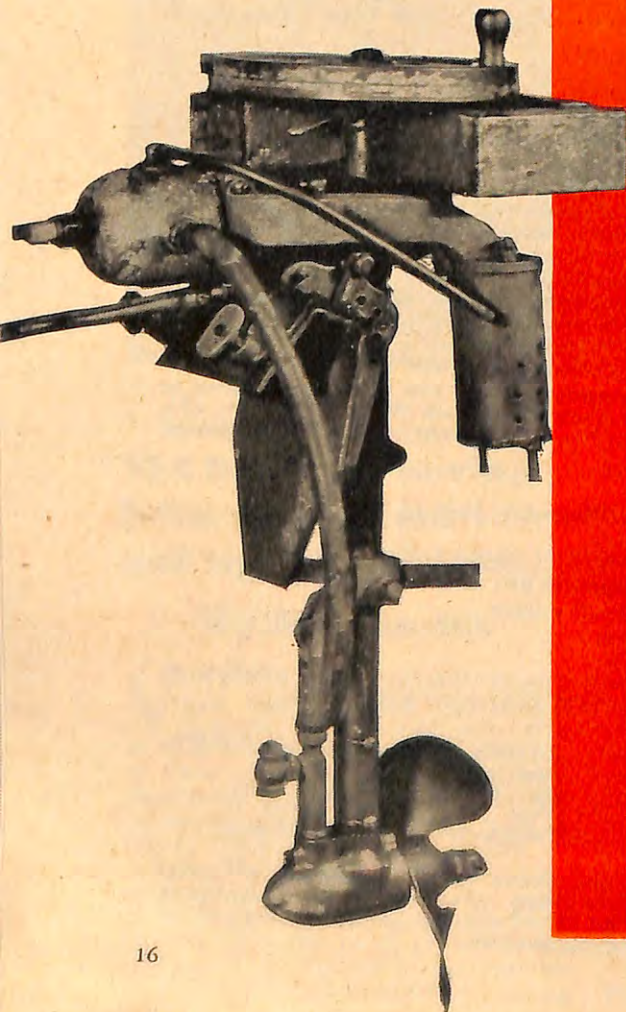
GRAND LODGE CONVENTION COMMITTEE FOR
NEW YORK CITY FOR THE YEAR 1946

JAMES T. HALLINAN, P.G.E.R.
Chairman
Rm. 1107, 475 Fifth Avenue
New York 17, New York
Telephone—Lexington 2-8110.

Supplementing the above program, additional entertainment features are being arranged by the Convention Committee which will be detailed in pamphlet form to be issued at the time of registration.

**Don't be fancy—
just attach your
outboard to a
raft, a log or a
bathtub**

Below: Original single-cylinder Evinrude motor, 1910 model, first built in 1909, rated 2 H.P. (not certified), weight about 75 lbs., battery dry cell ignition. Above water exhaust. Tin tank, bronze underwater parts, 1910 production totalled about 1000.

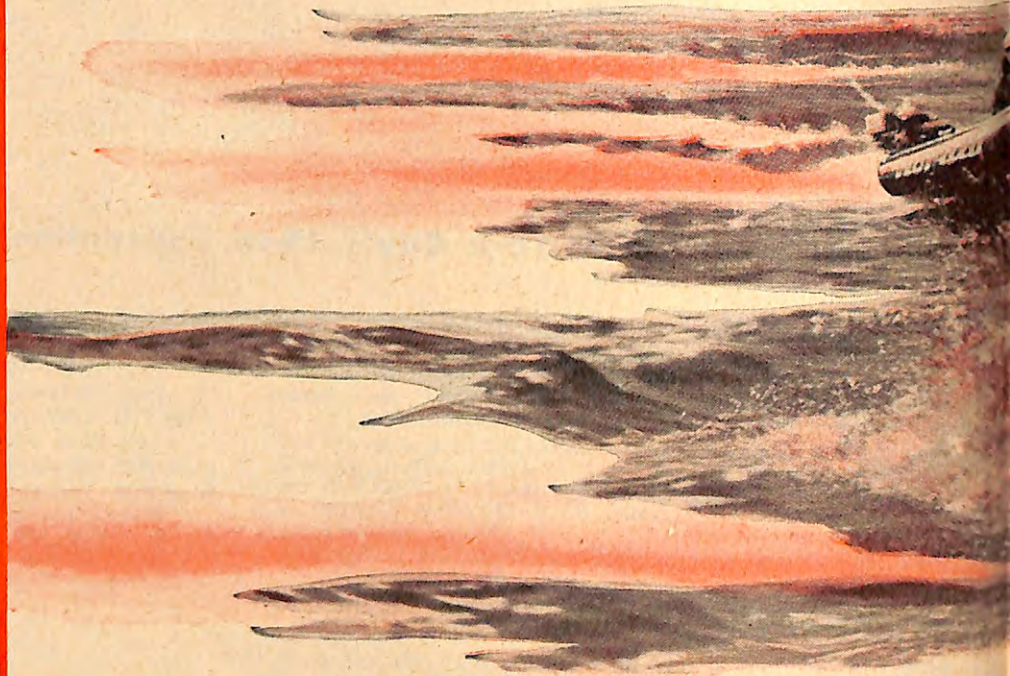


MRS. EVINRUDE called it a "coffee-grinder", which, since it owed its existence to her whim for ice cream at a picnic one hot day, wasn't a particularly respectful way to describe Ole Evinrude's homemade first outboard motor.

On the other hand, the outboard often has been tagged with names more descriptive than respectful—which is not to say, by any means, that the little motors are not deserving of confidence and respect. They simply sprang from humble beginnings, that's all, and for a long time they got the same Tin Lizzie treatment we gave the Model T. Even Mrs. Evinrude

waterways. Typical as itself is the homely and typically American incident from which one make stemmed.

Ole Evinrude, so the story goes, had to row across a broad lake and back under a blistering sun one August day in 1906, to fetch some ice cream for his picnicking fiancée. This toilsome task convinced the young Milwaukee machinist that rowboats should be powered by gasoline not muscle, a thought shared by other oarsmen, even you and me, countless times before and since. Thanks to Evinrude, we don't have to row any more. For as strong as his conviction that rowing was nonsense was his determination to build a power



Press Assn., Inc.

showed where she really stood by insisting that her husband quit fooling around and do something downright constructive about marketing his motor. Whether "coffee-grinder" in the way she used it was a term of affection or of disdain is pretty clear from her conduct: She wrote the first ad for the Evinrude Motor Company and served as advertising manager of the new enterprise.

To many, however, the outboard still is a gadget. If it is, and even if it is, it's a typically American gadget. In its various versatile makes and models it drives skimming, racing hydroplanes at a speed of more than a mile a minute, powers the busy net tenders of commercial fishermen, handles the sometimes petty and sometimes not so petty chores of riverborne commerce, performs new and arduous labors with heavy barges and clumsy harborcraft and, most of all, pushes the small pleasure boats of hundreds of thousands of sportsmen. All of which is simply to say that the familiar outboard motor splutters today on practically all the world's

plant for rowboats. There was a living to earn and a family to raise, too, but Ole persevered; a knack for engineering helped.

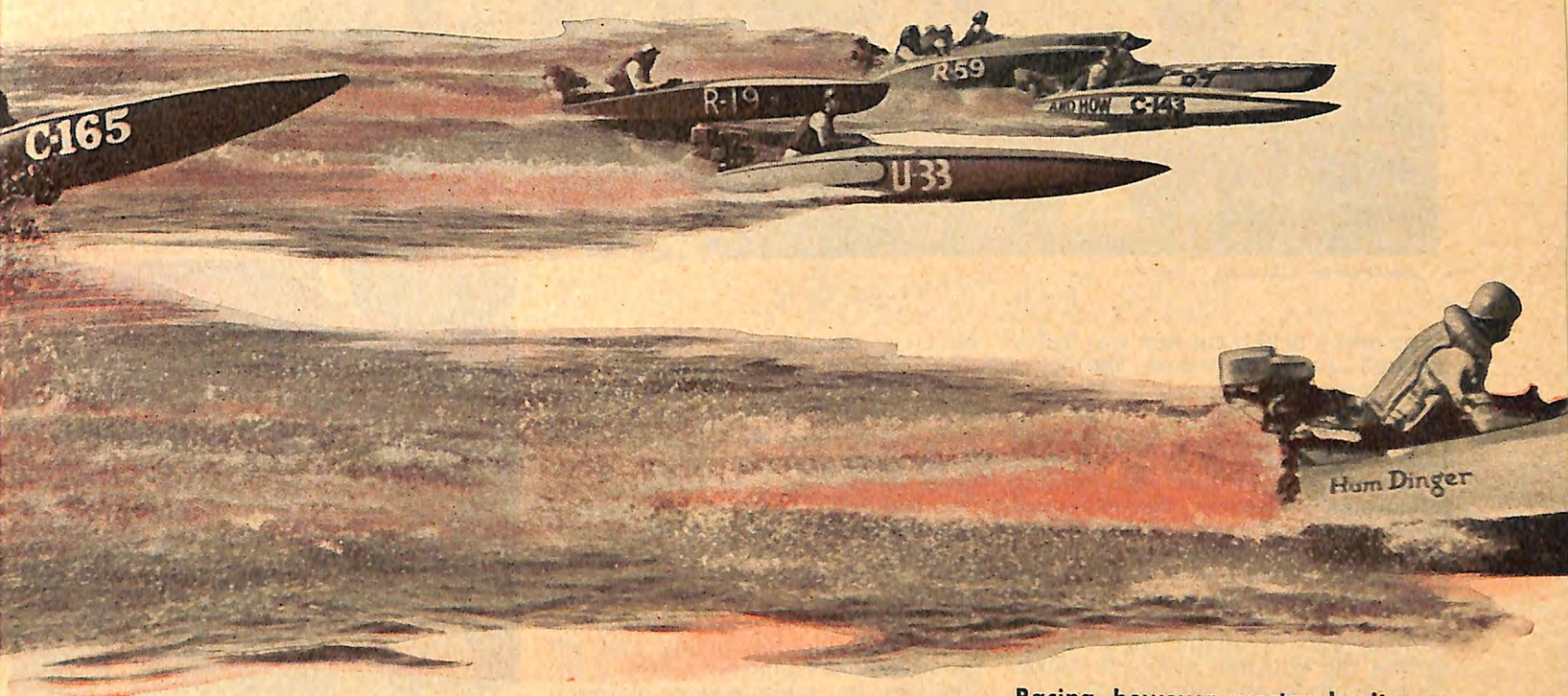
Evinrude wasn't the first—the year of the picnic a machine called the Waterman Porto Motor was already on the market—or the last with such an idea, and to some it may seem unfair to give him so much credit, for, besides the well-known Evinrude, Elto and Johnson motors on today's market are other makes of fine outboards, among them the new Scott-Atwater, the Champion, Kiekhaefer's "Mercury", Lauson, and products of Bendix and Muncie Gear. But that's getting ahead of the story.

The truth of the matter is that the design Evinrude patented in 1910 was the first practical outboard motor. The word practical, in this case, refers to the fact that the motor would start at least half the time—a feature that led some to believe the ultimate had been reached; others were led to regard it as, if not the ultimate, at least a long stride forward in search for a compact, lightweight, portable gasoline motor to take drudgery out of small-boating.

Evinrude's "practical" motor and

Outboard America

By Hiram K. Smith, Jr.



those of several estimable competitors brought powerboating within the reach of scores of thousands of people who could neither afford nor care for the luxury of big, expensive motorboats. And in the next thirty years smallboatmen everywhere learned to be patient with their little motors in the matter of starting: Nine times out of ten—or at least three out of ten—failure to start at the first few cranks of the flywheel was the fault of the operator, not the motor.

Anyhow, the motors themselves, improved constantly by the manufacturers, in time became astonishingly dependable. The 1946 outboards are a far cry indeed from the noisy, temperamental motors they were twenty years ago. Confidence in their performance reached such a high point, finally, that they were considered indispensable in many military operations; the success of the history-making initial crossings of the Rhine depended in large measure on sturdy little American put-puts powering watercraft of practically all shapes and sizes. And the Rhine was not the only European water barrier surmounted by out-

boards. As one young officer has put it, "Certainly no combat engineer would have tackled a major river crossing in the hard-fought campaigns across Western Europe unless he could have depended upon the husky capacity of outboard motors for powering assault or storm boats and infantry support rafts."

That fine confidence may have been all very well for Engineer officers, but some of the GI's assigned to operate the motors—possibly recalling with alarm some of the stories they'd heard about the sometimes irascible conduct of the little fishing-boat put-puts—refused to take instantaneous starting for granted. Just to make sure, ingenious, precautionary and as always resourceful, these GI's managed to requisition some hundreds of chemical heating pads which, an Engineers general officer discovered on his final tour of inspection just before the crucial Rhine crossings, were placed over the motors' powerheads to keep them warm and willing in the bitter cold weather.

It'll be constant use, not chemical heatings, that will keep our outboards warm this season, for now as

Racing, however spectacular it may be, actually is only a small segment of outboarding, the sale of racing motors a minute fraction of motor sales.

always the chief user of the outboard is the sportsman-fisherman. Fishing and hunting are preferred to all other recreations by about 25 per cent of all men in the U. S., surveys show. Right now about 1,000,000 outboards are in the hands of some 750,000 private users, and of all these 85 per cent or more are used for sport fishing.

As a matter of fact, the fisherman has come to consider his outboard as much a part of his standard equipment as his rods and reels, and before the war a good single-cylinder job could be had for less than the price of a good handmade flyrod or duck gun. Thus considered a practical convenience and not an extravagance, the fisherman's outboard sometimes has exclusively occupied designers' ingenuity. An early Caille, for example, was designed expressly for operation in weed-choked, shallow water. Some over-enthusiastic owners of this model insist to this day that it would drive a row-



Signal Corps, U. S. Army

Left: These giant outboard motors were used by Army engineers in building a rail span across the Rhine.

The chief user of this typically-American gadget is the sportsman-fisherman.

boat over a field if the dew was heavy enough! Caille, of course, no longer is in business, although it would be going too far to strike any parallel between that fact and the preceding story.

Manufacturers this year, taking advantage of their war-expanded production capacity—more than twice that of pre-war years—are aiming at 500,000 new units of all sizes compared to a 1941 output of 175,000. Even so, since no new motors were available to civilians during the War and since all indications point to an unprecedented increase in interest in smallboating and the out-of-doors generally, it's unlikely production can satisfy demand. Indeed, in order to reserve all capacity for production of general-use or what the trade calls "stock service" motors, two of the biggest makers have announced that they'll not produce any racing motors in '46.

Racing, however spectacular it may be, actually is only a small segment of outboarding—the sale of racing motors a minute fraction of motor volume. In the heyday of racing, fifteen to twenty years ago, manufacturers made a practice of sending well-equipped racing teams all over the country. It reached such a point, finally, that top competition was almost exclusively manufacturer-sponsored. Finally the two big manufacturers (Evinrude-Elto and Johnson) in 1932 agreed to refrain from all racing activities and all advertising mention of their products in connection with winning races, a move that cleared the air somewhat. But by 1940 racing had come badly to need less discouragement by the manufacturers.

There is some justification for the manufacturers' position. The average would-be buyer, for instance, seeing racing outboards perform beautifully at breakneck speeds, may

be more than a little disappointed when the motor he buys doesn't perform the same way. He forgets that the difference between a stock "service" motor and a stock racing motor which has been "souped up" by experts is vast both in terms of mechanical detail and cost. However, it must be added here that what might be good for a racing motor, which, after all, is purchased for no other purpose than to win races, is often bad for a service job. By making a motor suitable for racing you get speed, but you sacrifice many of the features that make service motors a pleasure to operate—namely, such things as easy starting, quiet operation, flexibility in operation and, as to the hull, naturally you sacrifice boat comfort.

The souping-up process is a varied and costly one, usually done by professional mechanics in their own "soup shops". Ideally, the driver himself learns to do his own mechanical work. There are about 200 different procedures involved in improving a stock racing motor, and the cost of changing it to a precision racing mechanism depends on how much a driver wants to spend and how fanatic he is.

The racing motor's value depends not on how much money has been spent on it, but on how fast it is. A Class "A" motor capable of winning first place in a race may be valued at \$350, or about \$125 more than a new one. A Class "C" motor, demonstrably a winner, may be worth as much as \$600 compared to its original cost of \$375. Stock racing motors, on the average, cost \$50 to \$75 more or less, over the price of stock service motors. Even racing fuel (racers don't burn gasoline) is a special mixture of castor oil, alcohol, benzine, and costs a dollar a gallon. In a race a gallon of fuel pours through the engine in about four



miles, or in slightly more than four minutes. So even from this casual glance it is obvious that racing is no poor man's sport.

Hulls, for another example of expense, especially those used by consistent winners whether amateur or professional, are almost always custom-made by racing-hull specialists such as Dick Neal of Kansas City or the Fred Jacoby Works at North Bergen, N. J. Pre-war prices varied

(Continued on page 41)



Above: Grand Exalted Ruler Kepner is photographed with the contestants for the National Foundation Scholarship Award at the recent Convention of the Oklahoma State Elks Assn.

OKLAHOMA

On May 4th 353 members of the Order turned out for the 1946 Convention of the Oklahoma State Elks Association at Oklahoma City Lodge No. 417, which will also be host to the Fall meeting next October. Among those Elks were Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner from Wheeling, W. Va., and another long-distance visitor, E.R. Frank Holaday of Dallas, Tex., Lodge.

The Oklahoma Elks have done a great deal to aid our veterans at Borden General Hospital at Chickasha, U. S. Naval Base Hospital at Norman and General Hospital in Muskogee.

In the Ritualistic Contest held in conjunction with this meeting, Duncan Lodge No. 1446 came out with top honors. The winners of the Elks National Foundation Scholarships allocated to Oklahoma were Conrad Moore, Oklahoma City, first prize; Keith Babb, Mangum, second, and May Christian, Shawnee, third.

Officers for the ensuing year are: Pres., J. R. Meeks, Bartlesville; 1st Vice-Pres., H. J. Salz, Woodward; 2nd Vice-Pres., J. Thad Baker, Muskogee; 3rd Vice-Pres., Hal L. Hall, Alva; Treas., Marvin Fowler, Shawnee; Trustee for five years, R. V. Miller, Tulsa, and Secy., Arthur J. Hall, Bartlesville.

The 1947 Convention will take place at Tulsa.

MISSOURI

A crowd of 400, including 225 Elks and 175 guests—the greatest number in the past eight years—attended the annual Convention of the Missouri State Elks Assn. at Sedalia Lodge No. 125 May 4th and 5th.

State Pres. E. F. Immerthal presided at the two business sessions Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning. The first session concerned itself with the reports of various Committees and those of the four

Right: At a recent meeting of the North Dakota State Elks Assn. were, left to right, D.D. Mack V. Traynor; Sam Stern, Approving Member of the Board of Grand Trustees; State Pres. M. Dave Miller, Past Pres. L. B. Hanna and E.R. Russell Buringen of Fargo Lodge.

News of the STATE ASSOCIATIONS

Vice-Presidents. All but one of Missouri's 24 lodges have shown a remarkable gain in membership during the past six months, with a total increase of approximately 1,150 for the year. All are in sound financial condition.

Through the State Association and the Elks War Commission Missouri's three veterans hospitals have received \$3,200 during the year, all of which has been spent for various forms of rehabilitation, including recreational equipment. Patients' activities have included training courses in photography, typing, blueprint work, radio instruction, watch-repairing, art, music, etc.

The Missouri Elks' Eyeglass Program, originally limited to children of school age, has been expanded to take care of adults and is also being enlarged to in-

clude eye treatment. The report given by Past Pres. Joseph N. Miniace on this program showed a balance of approximately \$1,000. About 400 pairs of glasses have been furnished to indigent persons during the year.

D.D. H. H. Russell reported that Missouri lodges have purchased eight additional Elks National Foundation Certificates during the last half-year and now lodges and individuals have subscribed approximately \$14,000 to the Fund. The additional subscriptions have made Missouri eligible for the \$300 State award to the "Most Valuable Student". Paul Hazlitt of Nevada, Mo., will receive that award.

Besides D.D.'s Russell, John T. Dumont and Dr. Paul Woolley, who gave reports
(Continued on page 47)



Editorial

He Kept the Faith



IT IS my pledge to all Elkdom that I will do everything in my power to leave our beloved Order just a little better than I found it."

With these words Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner brought to a close his speech of acceptance, delivered before the Grand Lodge Session in July, 1945.

His administration now draws to a close. In a matter of days he will hand the gavel over to his successor. He may do this with the assurance that the entire membership of the Order knows how well he has "kept the faith".

When Mr. Kepner assumed office, the war was only half won. Our best blood was still being shed in the Pacific where our forces battled a desperate, fanatical foe. The Order was geared to wartime effort. The end came suddenly and the Grand Exalted Ruler was faced with the problems of peace and the pitfalls of readjustment. With his background of experience as a member of the wartime Board of Grand Trustees, and years of contact with State Associations and subordinate lodge administration, he met these problems with complete understanding.

Wade Kepner gave a full year of a busy life to the Order of Elks. He made a record number of visits to all sections of the country, and is remembered everywhere as an earnest, sincere Elk who talked the language of the subordinate lodge, and knew whereof he spoke.

When he took over as Grand Exalted Ruler, he found the Order adjusted to wartime speed. With the end of the war he accelerated rather than lessened the momentum with the result that the end of his administration will find the Order with a substantial gain in membership, greatly increased assets and entrenched even more firmly than ever in the esteem and respect of the American people.

The Grand Lodge has been wise in the selection of men to preside over the destinies of the Order. It not only demands able administrators, but Elks whose love for the Order and adherence to its basic principles must be proven before they are honored with the highest office within its gift. When Wade Kepner retires as Chief Executive, it will be to continue his labors in this fine company of Past Grand Exalted Rulers, whose wise council and unselfish service are always at the Order's command.

Visit Your Memorial

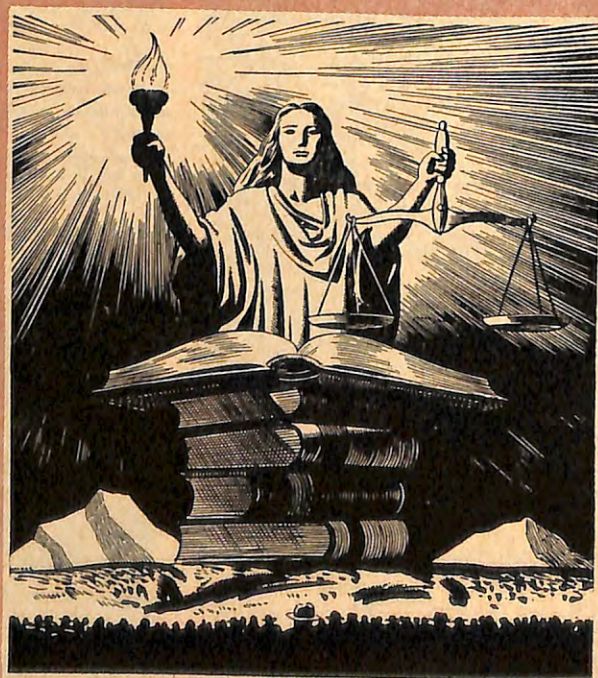


THE Elks passing through the city of Chicago on their way to and from the Grand Lodge meeting in New York should not fail to visit the Elks Memorial Building. This building is located on Lakeview Avenue, skirting the shores of Lake Michigan, one of Chicago's most attractive parkways, a fitting site for a Memorial of such unsurpassing dignity and beauty.

This month of July marks the twentieth anniversary of the Memorial's formal dedication, and in the language of the



Charity



Justice

late Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rush L. Holland, who made the dedicatory address, "It will stand until its solid rock, marble and bronze are buried in the dust of ages, e'en then silently proclaiming our love of liberty and our devotion to those who gave us the heritage and those who have made whatever sacrifice was necessary that it might not perish."

The years have dealt kindly with our beautiful Memorial Building. Time has softened its lines and mellowed its beauty and it stands today as it stood twenty years ago, symbolizing the loyalty of the Elks of America and their gratitude to those who served, and died to preserve America's freedom.

This building will soon be re-dedicated to the memory of those who in World War II died for the liberty it was vainly hoped had been secured by the blood of those who fell in World War I. This ceremony of re-dedication will bridge the chasm 'twixt two great global wars, joining the memory of the Elks who died for a hope unfulfilled, and that of the Elks who gave their lives in the struggle which the world prays is a prelude to lasting peace.

During the Grand Lodge meeting the building will be opened throughout the day and during the evening that all may have opportunity to visit this beautiful memorial to our departed.

The Dean Departs



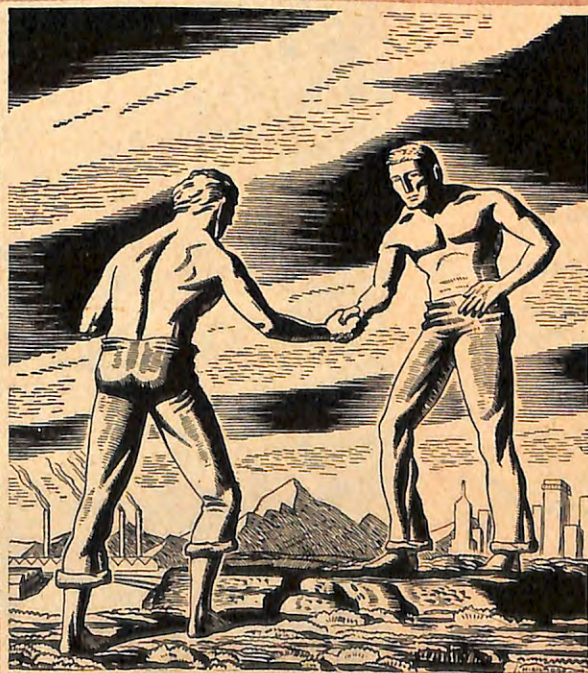
THE Eighty-second Session of the Grand Lodge will inscribe upon "tablets of love and memory" the name of John Kinley Tener, dean of Past Grand Exalted Rulers, whose long years of active service came to an end on May 19th last.

John K. Tener had a long and varied career. Brought to America by his parents as a small child, he was orphaned at

the age of nine. Big of body, a lover of athletics, he turned to baseball in his young manhood, was recognized as one of the great pitchers of his day, and became president of the National Baseball League. Entering upon a business career as a clerk, he became a bank president. He embarked upon a political career as a member of Congress and became Governor of the great State of Pennsylvania. He was a pioneer in the movement for better roads and lived to see a network of highways spread over our country. He entered the Grand Lodge little known outside of his own State, was elected Grand Treasurer in 1904 and unanimously chosen Grand Exalted Ruler in 1907. In no other country could a poor immigrant boy achieve distinction in so many fields, and none but a man of John K. Tener's ability, courage and faith in America could carve out such a career.

From the time he assumed Grand Lodge office until his passing Mr. Tener was a working Elk. Throughout his busy and many-sided career his interest in the Order never faltered and his activity never ceased. He was Chairman of the Elks War Commission of World War I, and of the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission, of which he was Vice-Chairman at the time of his passing. This Commission was charged with the erection of the Elks Memorial Building and the creation of *The Elks Magazine*, of which he was Executive Director until advancing years caused him to relinquish its active duties.

The spirit of John K. Tener lives in the Elks Memorial Building to the construction of which he contributed so much of his time and ability, and in *The Elks Magazine* which he assisted materially in bringing into the world, and guiding on its successful career. His memory lives also in the hearts of thousands who knew and loved him as a kindly gentleman, whose life was a constant exemplar of the virtues of the Order to which he gave the fullest measure of devotion.



Brotherly Love



Fidelity

Assignment Accepted



GRAND LODGE **BENEVOLENT** **ORDER OF ELKS**
AND **PROTECTIVE**
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

ELKS WAR COMMISSION

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE ORDER

There appears on the opposite page an appeal from Major General H. N. Gilbert, U. S. Army, Assistant The Adjutant General for Military Personnel Procurement, to our Order to perform another great patriotic service.

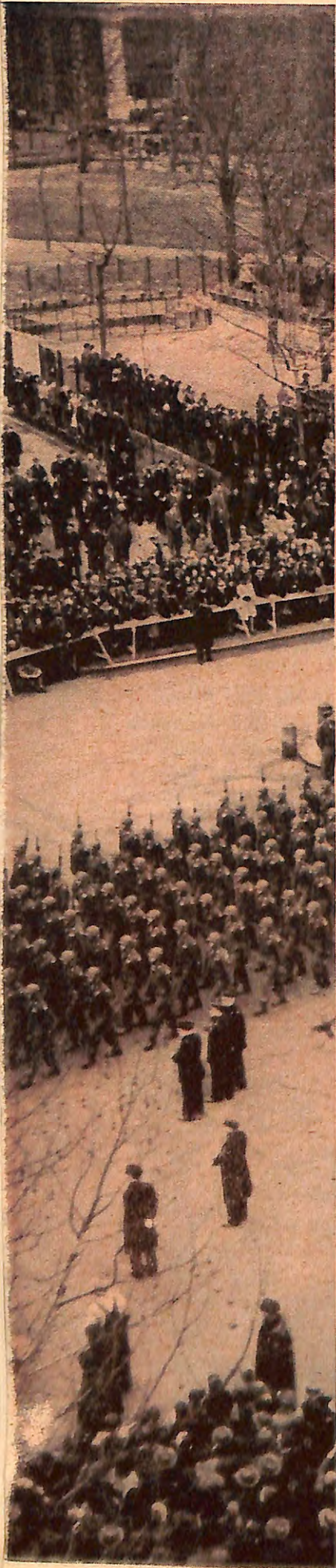
In the name of the Order, the Elks War Commission has accepted this assignment and has appealed to the Exalted Ruler of every subordinate lodge to appoint a committee to carry on an aggressive enlistment campaign.

There is an opportunity for every member of the Order to take part in this vital work. We appeal to every Elk to get in touch with and cooperate with the Enlistment Committee of his lodge.

The members of the Elks War Commission are confident that the Elks will carry on in this assignment in keeping with the traditions of the Order.

James R. Nicholson

Elks War Commission
James R. Nicholson, Chairman



Assignment Accepted

WAR DEPARTMENT
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

Elks War Commission
Att: Mr. James R. Nicholson, Chrm.
292 Madison Ave.
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Nicholson:

I recall the magnificent and generous cooperation and help which you and the Order of Elks gave to the Army Recruiting Service when we were building up our Army and Air Forces prior to the war.

The War Department's policy now is to strive to make a new Army, an Army of Volunteers as rapidly as possible. Congress has provided a number of new inducements which make service in the Army more attractive today than ever before.

I seek your help in speeding up this drive for volunteers for the Regular Army. Your membership has proved in the past that it can do a real job in spreading word of the opportunities in Voluntary Enlistment and in helping direct prospects to the Army Recruiting Service.

I request your cooperation specifically on two points:

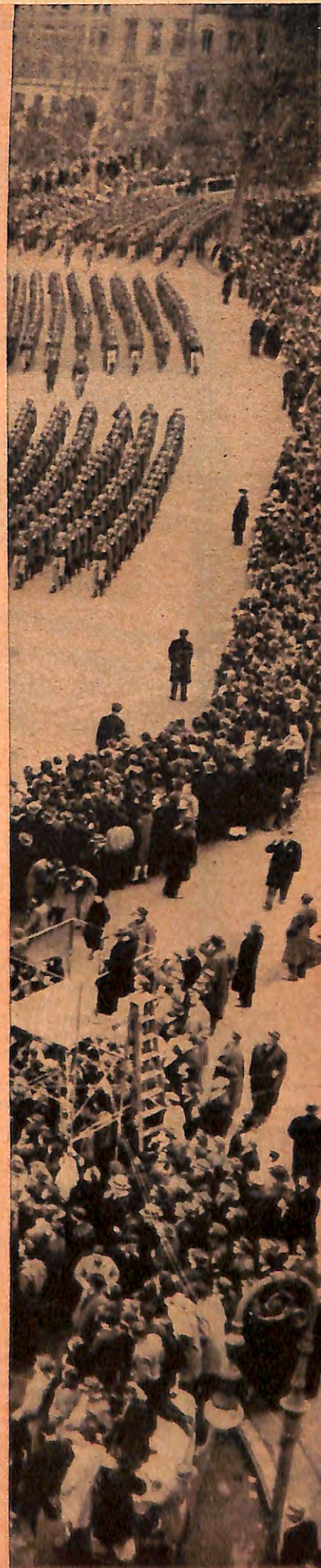
1. Passage of a resolution indorsing the Army's Voluntary Enlistment Program.
2. Development of a plan of cooperation whereby the local Elks lodges throughout the country would work with the local Army Recruiting Force in their communities with a minimum objective of attempting to deliver one volunteer each month for each 100 members of the lodge. I believe that as a minimum objective, it can be readily accomplished. When applied to your total membership on the basis of one volunteer procured per month per 100 members it would add materially to the number sought.

I thank you for your interest and consideration.

Sincerely yours,



H. N. GILBERT
Major General, United States Army
Assistant The Adjutant General for
Military Personnel Procurement





JOHN K. TENER

Past Grand Exalted Ruler

THE dean of Past Grand Exalted Rulers, John Kinley Tener, a member of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494, passed away at his home in Pittsburgh, Pa., in his eighty-third year, on May 19th. His death occurred as the result of a heart attack suffered the first day of that month during which, forty-seven years before, he had become a member of the Order of Elks.

John K. Tener became an Elk in May, 1899, was elected the first Treasurer of his lodge and in 1902 its Exalted Ruler. Mr. Tener attended the Grand Lodge Session at Baltimore, Md., in 1903 as representative of Charleroi Lodge and in 1904 at the Session in Cincinnati, Ohio, was elected Grand Treasurer, a title he held for three years. He gained the highest office in the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks in 1907, when he was elected Grand Exalted Ruler.

Mr. Tener was appointed Chairman of the War Relief Commission in World War I by Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor in 1917 and later was Chairman of the National Memorial Headquarters Commission until 1931, then Chairman of the National Memorial and Publication Commission from 1931 to 1937. He was Secretary-Treasurer and Executive Director of that Commission for the year 1937-38, and at the time of his death he was Vice-Chairman and Executive Director of this group, which publishes *The Elks Magazine*.

Born in County Tyrone, Ireland, July 25th, 1863, one of the ten children of Susan W. and George Evans Tener, Mr. Tener came to this country at the age of nine. He was educated in Pittsburgh's public schools before his business affiliation with several manufacturing companies. In 1889 he married Harriet J. Day who died in 1935. In 1936 he married Miss Leone Evans who passed away the following year.

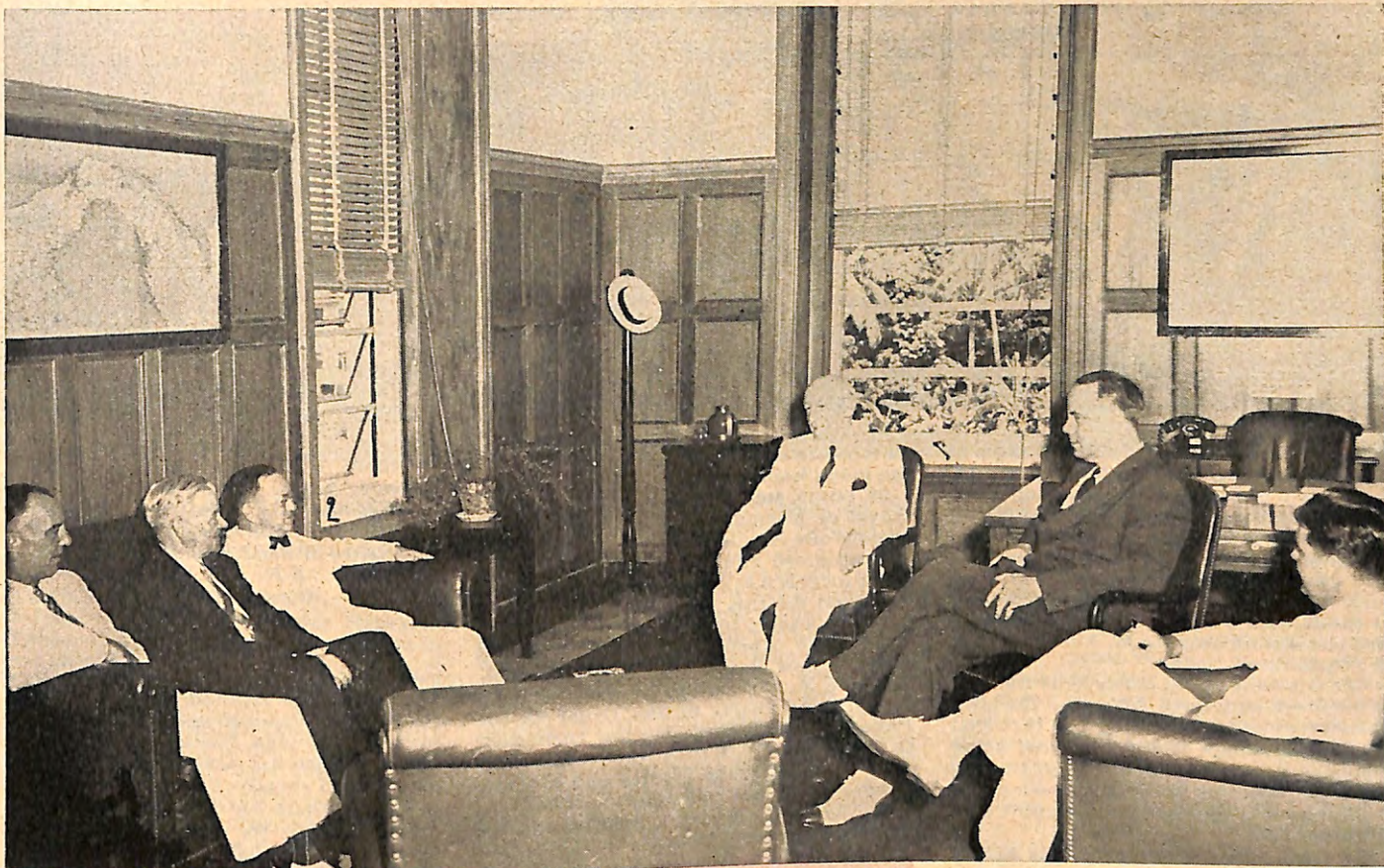
Through his long and varied career he divided most of his time and effort between the Order of Elks,

banking, business and the great sport of baseball. Mr. Tener was one of the pioneers of this peculiarly American game. Six feet four inches tall, he was a great pitcher and was picked by the Pittsburgh club of the old Players League as first baseman, after which he became affiliated with the Baltimore Orioles. He was released to the Haverhill, Mass., team of the New England League as a pitcher and then went to work for the Chartier Valley Gas Company in Pittsburgh where he continued to play ball. In 1888 Adrian C. Anson signed him up for the Chicago Nationals for whom in two seasons he first won seven and lost five games, then won fourteen and lost nine. In 1889 he was member, pitcher and treasurer of the A. G. Spalding team which made the first round-the-world baseball trip. Mr. Tener liked nothing better than to recount his adventures on this junket.

Following his connection with the short-lived Players League, Mr. Tener moved to Charleroi and became cashier of the First National Bank there in 1901. He worked diligently and became President. At the same time he engaged himself in the real estate business, dealt in coal lands, built houses, founded a bridge company and organized a bank.

In 1909 he was elected to the House of Representatives on the Republican ticket from the 24th Congressional District in western Pennsylvania. He was elected Governor of that State in 1911 and when his term expired in 1915 he was famous for his acts of justice and for his great interest in and active promotion of State highways. A forward-thinking man and a great believer in the future of the automotive industry, the Governor did a great deal to make the famous roads of Pennsylvania something his State could be proud of for many years. He was responsible for many reforms,

(Continued on page 38)



Above, left to right, are: P.D.D. J. A. Wright, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, P.D.D. G. F. Bohan, U. S. Ambassador Frank T. Hines, Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner, and D.D. James O. Des Londes during Mr. Kepner's and Judge Hallinan's visit to the Panama Canal Zone.



**GRAND
EXALTED RULER'S**
Visits

Below: Mr. Kepner, seated center, is photographed with officers and members of Washington, D. C., Lodge.





Above, at Baton Rouge, La., Lodge, were, left to right: Mayor Powers Higginbotham, Past Grand Tiler Sidney Freudenstein, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor, Mr. Kepner, E.R. L. A. Fitch, Secy. L. J. Ricaud, and D.D. C. A. Blanchard.

THE officers and Past Exalted Rulers of **WASHINGTON, D. C., LODGE, NO. 15**, were hosts to Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner at a dinner held recently at the Mayflower Hotel. Several officials and prominent Elks from nearby lodges were also guests. After dinner, the party returned to the home of No. 15 where a class of candidates was initiated, one of whom was the son of Secy. L. M. Young, P.E.R. of Washington Lodge.

The Grand Exalted Ruler delivered one of his finest addresses, following the initiatory ceremonies, stressing the fact that the Grand Lodge would continue sponsoring an entertainment program for wounded veterans as long as necessary. Washington Lodge has done a great deal in this respect.

Elks from 16 Southern Illinois lodges gathered at **HARRISBURG LODGE NO. 1058** to hear the highly inspirational talk given by Mr. Kepner March 27th. Following the opening of the lodge session the Grand Exalted Ruler was escorted into the lodge room by an honor guard composed of D.D. T. H. Hall and P.D.D.'s Gordon Franklin, Ray Moore, Dolph Bradshaw, A. W. Jeffreys, Walter Moreland, Charles Thetford and Frank P. White, Executive Secretary of the State Elks Crippled Children's Commission. He was introduced to the gathering by Dr. H. J. Raley, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee. Later

Below are some of those who attended the shrimp luncheon given for the Grand Exalted Ruler by Morgan City, La., Lodge.

on lunch was served in the basement of the lodge home.

ST. LOUIS, MO., LODGE, NO. 9, had a huge crowd of Missouri Elks on hand to welcome Wade Kepner March 28th, as well as distinguished officials of the Order from other lodges. A special reception had been arranged for this occasion and it turned out to be a huge success.

Early in April Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, accompanied the present leader of the Order to the Panama Canal Zone. During their visit to the lodges there they were escorted by D.D. James O. Des Londes and P.D.D.'s Grover F. Bohan and John A. Wright.

Mr. Kepner and Judge Hallinan arrived by plane April 4th from Mexico City after what the Grand Exalted Ruler described as a delightful trip viewing volcanoes. Friday morning they called upon the Canal Zone's Governor, J. C. Mehaffey; Lt. Gen. W. D. Crittenger, Commanding General of the Panama Canal Dept.; Hon. Frank T. Hines, U.S. Ambassador to the Republic of Panama, and Provisional President Enrique Jimenez of the Panamanian Republic. In the afternoon Mr. Kepner discussed plans with E.R. Harvey Smith and P.D.D. Vincent Clarke for the new home of **CRISTOBAL LODGE NO. 1542**. That evening the officers of **PANAMA CANAL ZONE (BALBOA) LODGE NO. 1414** entertained the visitors at dinner in the Tivoli Hotel and later they attended a reception at the lodge home.

Over 250 members and their friends enjoyed a dinner-dance at the Panama Golf Club Saturday evening and an inter-

esting address by Mr. Kepner. The next day the Grand Exalted Ruler had to return to the States to continue his official visits, but Judge Hallinan remained to call on Cristobal Lodge where he was entertained royally, then he too returned to New York on April 8th, via Miami, Fla.

CLARKSBURG, W. VA., LODGE, NO. 482, had the honor of Mr. Kepner's presence on April 23rd at a banquet attended by 450 local Elks together with members from nearby lodges. After the banquet a general get-together took place in the club rooms where those present had an opportunity to greet personally their distinguished fellow-West Virginian.

On April 29th **LANSING, MICH., LODGE, NO. 196**, welcomed the Grand Exalted Ruler at 3:30 p.m. He'd had breakfast in Detroit and luncheon at Ann Arbor. A police escort accompanied him from the city limits to the Hotel Olds. He was guest of honor at a dinner attended by lodge, State Association and Grand Lodge officials. Immediately afterward, a meeting was held with the State Championship Drill Team of No. 196 giving an exemplary rendition of the ritual.

May 3rd found the Grand Exalted Ruler at **GREAT BEND, KANS., LODGE, NO. 1127**,





Above: Grand Exalted Ruler Kepner is pictured with the officers and Drill Team of Lansing, Mich., Lodge.

at a dinner held in his honor and in honor of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner of Dixon, Ill., who had arrived in that city after instituting Kansas' newest lodge at **BROKEN BOW** on May 2nd.

The dinner there was followed by a lodge session when 20 candidates were initiated. Both the Order's present and former leaders addressed the 500 Great Bend and out-of-town Elks.

When Mr. Kepner left Great Bend he aimed for Oklahoma City, Okla., stopping en route for a brief visit to **HUTCHINSON, KANS., LODGE NO. 453**. He was greeted by Secy. Charles Gray and E.R. Dr. Paul L. Leeper; later the guest of honor enjoyed a steak dinner given by the local Elk officers and veteran members.

A committee of four Hot Springs Elks flew to Little Rock, Ark., in two special planes to escort the Grand Exalted Ruler to their town so that he might make his

official visit to **HOT SPRINGS LODGE NO. 380** on May 6th. The high school band of 110 pieces was on hand to provide a musical landing for Mr. Kepner when he arrived to meet more than 200 Elks and their wives. A combined police and military escort blazed the path from the airport. Mr. Kepner conferred with members from Arkansas and other States from noon until one p.m. when he was guest at a luncheon in the Fountain Room of the Arlington Hotel. At that time he was commissioned an "Arkansas Traveler" by Secretary of State J. G. Hall, a member of the Order. Following this interesting development the Grand Exalted Ruler was taken on a tour of the city, visiting the grave of P.D.D. Leonard R. Ellis. At dinner that evening Mr. Kepner was the guest of the lodge officers and at a special

session later he witnessed the initiation in his honor of a class of 18 candidates. After spending the night in town, Mr. Kepner left the following day for the State capital.

Texas Elks welcomed Wade Kepner on May 9th when he visited **HOUSTON LODGE NO. 151**, speaking at a meeting which climaxed two days of business sessions and entertainment for the Grand Exalted Ruler as well as Chairman Charles E. Broughton, Vice-Chairman John E. Drummey, Secretary George I. Hall and Hugh W. Hicks of the Board of Grand Trustees. State Pres. Raymond L. Wright, along with almost all the other State Association officers, headed the Texas Elks.

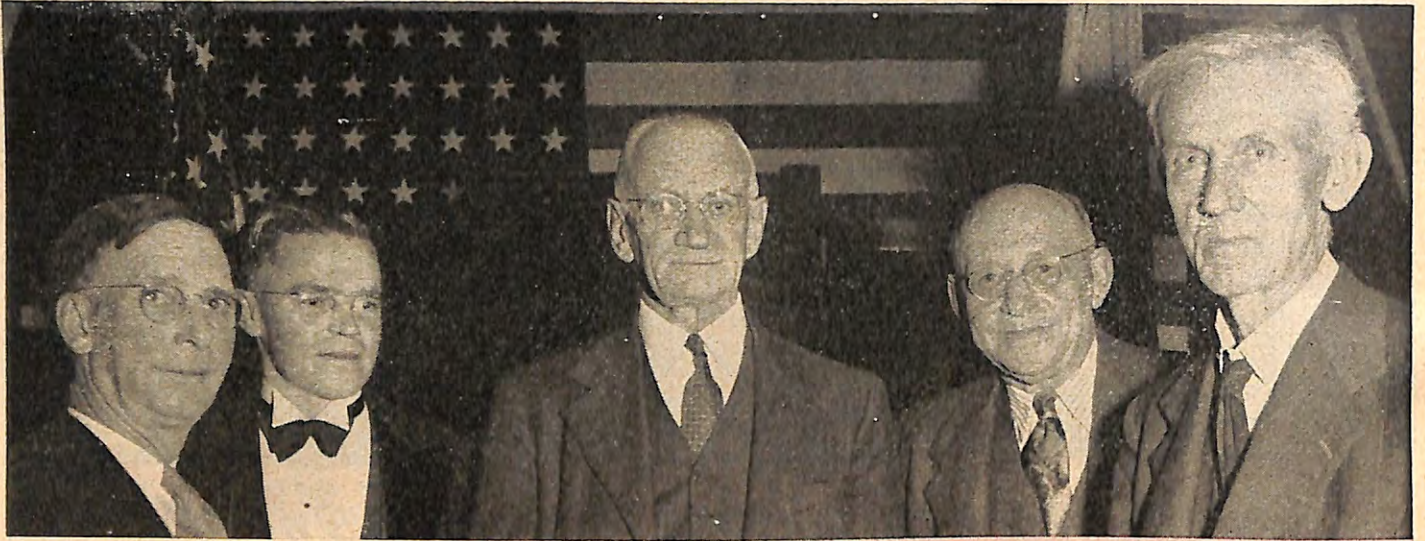
A highlight of the meeting was a boat trip down Houston's busy ship channel to San Jacinto battleground.

Right: Mr. Kepner, seated center, is pictured at Houston, Tex., with four members of the Board of Grand Trustees. Standing, Hugh W. Hicks, Member, and John E. Drummey, Vice-Chairman, and seated, Chairman Charles E. Broughton and Secretary George I. Hall.



Below: Mr. Kepner, third from left, with Elk officials on his arrival at McLaughlin Field before visiting Hot Springs, Ark., Lodge. His pilot was former Col. Earl Ricks who flew the C-54 carrying the Jap envoys to Manila for preliminary peace conferences with Gen. Douglas MacArthur.





Above is a photograph taken when Byron T. Mills, extreme right, pioneer member of Las Vegas, N. M., Lodge, presented his check for \$1,000 to the Elks National Foundation. D.D. C. M. Barrett, extreme left, accepted the check on behalf of the Foundation.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES THROUGHOUT THE NATION

TROY, OHIO, Lodge, No. 833, sent a very happy boy riding home on a brand new, shining, completely-accessoried bike recently.

When Franklin Delano Chronaberry, 12, was left partially paralyzed after an attack of infantile paralysis his orthopedic physician advised a bicycle for him to strengthen his leg. Chairman Harley Enyeart of No. 833's Welfare Committee, himself a polio victim, took up the problem with his fellow members and no time was lost in purchasing the newest and best bike obtainable.

Troy Lodge has a novel war distinction. A *Newsletter* issued monthly by No. 833 and printed on heavy enamel paper was mailed to all members of the lodge including those in the service all over the world. The first *Newsletter* Lieutenant Donald Bagford received after arriving in China played an important part when the lieutenant and the rest of the crew of a C-47 were almost convinced they would have to make a crash landing. When the hydraulic system of the landing gear failed, it was discovered that the fluid had leaked out. Lieutenant Bagford said he rolled No. 833's *Newsletter* into a v-shaped funnel and his companions poured the remaining can of fluid into the hydraulic container, thereby getting up enough pressure to make it work. They then managed to set the plane down like a crate of eggs.

BILLINGS, MONT., Lodge, No. 394, is doing nicely, thank you. A class of 30 was initiated recently, making a net gain of 159 members during the past year, and bringing the membership rolls up to 868. Billings Lodge's assets have increased by nearly \$40,000 and now amount to \$179,412.98. Plans have been completed for \$80,000 worth of improvements on the new lodge home and will be under way as soon as materials are available.

Right are those who made up a recent class of candidates of Boonton, N. J., Lodge.

NEW JERSEY STATE ASSN.'S HOSPITAL UNIT is still getting emergency calls for entertainment of hospitalized servicemen—and answering them.

On Saturday afternoon, May 11th, just as the group was about to leave to put on a show for the boys at Fort Monmouth, the Red Cross at Camp Kilmer telephoned to say that a show scheduled for May 13th had been canceled and that the men in the hospital there badly needed recreation. Everyone in the group agreed immediately to go to Kilmer, and the reception the recreation hall and ward entertainment units received was really terrific.

The New Jersey Elk Unit completed its third full year of hospital activities in June and it is still entertaining at least once a week. There is just as much, if not more, hospital work to be done now that the war is over, since the State's hospitals are well filled with wounded and disabled veterans.

GALESBURG, ILL., Lodge, No. 894, liquidated the indebtedness on its home at a gala three-day celebration recently. The first evening saw the initiation of a class of more than 100 men and the following night, before the actual burning of the mortgage in which Vice-Pres. W. A. Olson of the Galesburg Elks Building Assn. and E.R. Archie Guenther played the leading roles, dinner was served to several hundred local and visiting Elks from Pontiac, Rock Island and Moline. Guests of honor were D.D. William Kurtz, State Pres. Dr. Marcus Archer, both of whom spoke, and State Vice Pres. R. Byron Zea, P.D.D.

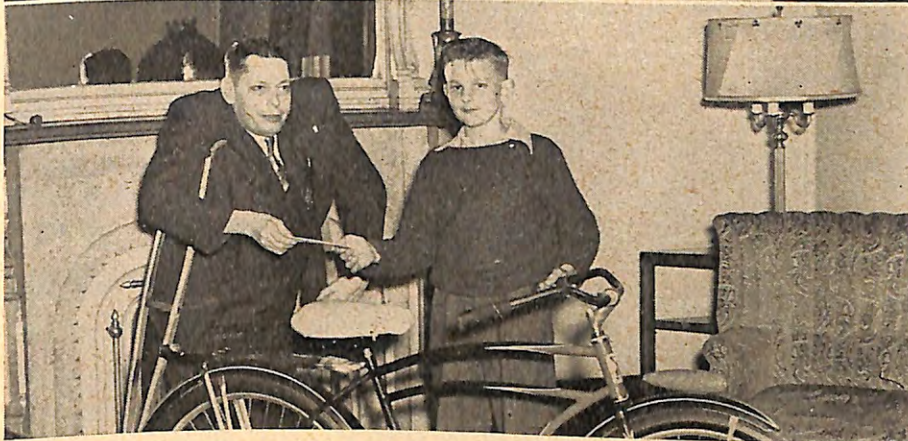
Following the speaking program, top-flight entertainment was provided by a group from the local radio station, with P.D.D. Harry Greer as M.C. P.E.R. C. A. McDonald had presided in this capacity earlier in the evening.

The Galesburg Elks ended its celebration with a dance in the lodge ballroom.





Above are those who were on hand when Waterville, Me., Lodge presented a wheel chair to a young girl who has been bedridden for 14 years.



Above: Chairman Harley Enyeart of the Elks Welfare Committee of Troy, Ohio, Lodge, presents a bicycle, the gift of his lodge, to Franklin D. Chronaberry, right, an infantile paralysis victim.

Below are the officers of Lynn, Mass., Lodge, photographed with a class of candidates which was initiated recently at a meeting attended by many out-of-town as well as local members of the Order.

CORVALLIS, ORE., Lodge, No. 1413, is solidly behind the "Keep Oregon Green" campaign going on out there now. Over 400 members traveled eight miles recently to the Peavy Arboretum, an outdoor forest laboratory for the Oregon State College School of Forestry, for the first annual Loggers' Day.

Experienced loggers gave demonstrations of topping and felling huge Douglas fir trees, the use of bulldozers and other equipment and techniques in modern logging operations. At noon a barbecue lunch was served. Ed Albertson, John Thompson and Vern Daniels were co-chairmen for this affair which was so popular that No. 1413 will make an annual thing of it.

MINNESOTA STATE ELKS ASSN. St. Cloud Lodge No. 516 was a beehive of activity May 4th and 5th when the Spring meeting of the Minnesota State Assn. took place there.

The conference got off to a musical start featuring the Elks Male Chorus of Faribault Lodge. Representatives from twenty-four lodges, including most of the Association's officers, were on hand to hear the report of Chairman William P. Faley of the Veterans Committee for the past six months. Immediately after the meeting the delegates inspected the Association's activities at the St. Cloud Veterans Hospital.

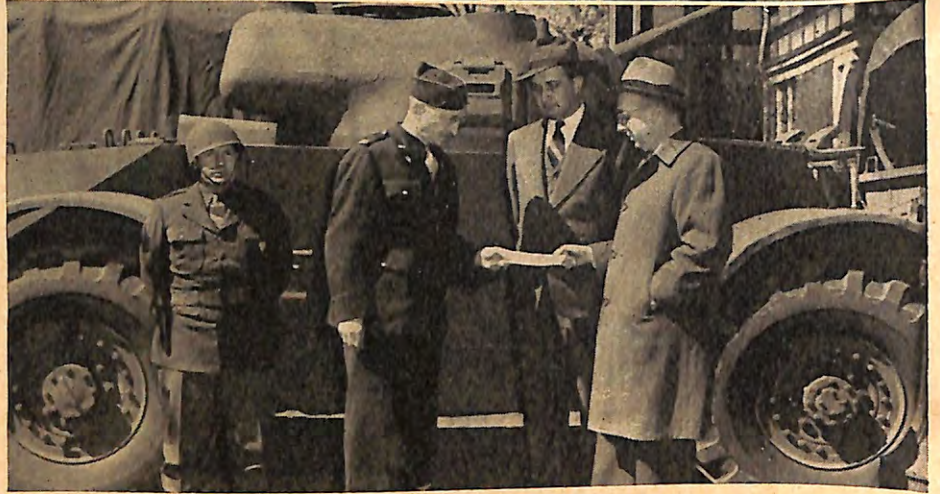
Below are Jacksonville, Ill., Lodge's bowling teams as they left for the Elks National Bowling Tournament at Detroit, Mich.





Above are some of the 120 junior and senior high school boys, winning teams in the basketball league sponsored by San Diego, Calif., Lodge, who were entertained by the lodge at a special dinner.

Right: Carlisle Carver presents Lansing, Mich., Lodge's \$200 check to Capt. Rex Estelle of the Michigan State Troops for use in their current recruiting drive. E. R. L. V. Glazier looks on.



LYNN, MASS., Lodge, No. 117, initiated a fine class of 15 men into the Order recently at a meeting attended by a great number of visiting Elks. Members representing Biddeford-Saco, Me., and Leominster, Lawrence, Haverhill, Quincy, Salem, Peabody, Revere and Attleboro, Mass., Lodges were on hand for the ceremonies as well as for the good food served later.

ELKS NATIONAL HOME. The residents of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., observe each Mother's Day with special exercises. This year the program, held in the auditorium, was largely attended by the general public as well as the Home members. The musical part of the service which was particularly beautiful, included the singing of several selections by the choir of the Bedford Christian Church and a duet by Miss Joanne Ayers and Mr. Bryant Rowlette.

The Elks who participated were E.R. Daniel F. Edgington, Wichita, Kans., Lodge, who opened the program and rendered "A Tribute to Mother"; Esq. Wm. Morrisey, Wilksburg, Pa., Lodge, "Re-

membrance"; Est. Lect. Knight Jehu A. Peters, Des Moines, Ia., Lodge, "Benevolence"; Est. Loyal Knight Robert M. Navin, Peru, Ind., Lodge, "Protection", and Est. Lead. Knight J. E. Pedigo, Danville, Va., Lodge, "Inspiration". Rev. A. W. Potts, Pastor of the Bedford Methodist Church, delivered an address and the program closed with the singing of "God Bless America" by the choir and the entire assembly, after which Chaplain Malcolm E. Landberg, Green Bay, Wis., Lodge, dismissed the audience.

ILL. NORTHEAST DISTRICT. The outstanding event of the Northeast District of the State Elks Assn. meeting at Des Plaines Lodge No. 1526 recently was the Ritualistic Contest. Teams from Elgin, Blue Island, Evanston and Des Plaines Lodges competed, with Evanston grabbing the championship.

Officers were elected and a buffet luncheon was served to an overflow crowd of Elks and their guests.

PORTLAND, ORE., Lodge, No. 142, isn't going to let the name "Jolly Corks", pass into oblivion.

The brain-child of E.R. R. W. Hibbitt, the latest Western version of the Jolly Corks has taken the form of a luncheon club made up of members of No. 142. The first meeting held late in April in the dining room of the lodge home was a terrific success, such a success in fact that there was an overflow of 20 disappointed Elks who could not be accommodated. Mayor Earl Riley played a leading role in the inaugural luncheon.

SEATTLE, WASH., Lodge, No. 92, initiated 29 new members at a special meeting recently. The class included three candidates for neighboring lodges, as well as close relatives of several Seattle Elks.

The attendance record for No. 92's buffet dances was broken recently when such a crowd showed up—334 persons—that the doors were closed at 11 p.m. because the place was jammed.

Below are lodge officers and a class initiated by Past Exalted Rulers of Adrian, Mich., Lodge on P.E.R.'s Night. Over 200 attended.





Above are some of those who attended Ocala, Fla., Lodge's dinner-dance which netted \$1,000 to liquidate entirely the mortgage on the lodge home.



Left: P.E.R. Jerry Hawkins presents Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge's \$1,500 check to Rt. Rev. Monsignor O'Dwyer, Superintendent of the city's new St. Francis Hospital. Dr. Carmody, the Hospital's Chief of Staff, and Past Exalted Rulers of the lodge look on.

ST. MARYS, W. VA., Lodge, No. 1701, was instituted Sunday afternoon, April 28th, at ceremonies led by D.D. Richard T. McCreary, assisted by the officers of Sistersville Lodge No. 333.

The Sistersville Ritualistic Team initiated a class of 40 into No. 1701, after which Mr. McCreary delivered an address to the candidates. When this part of the ceremony ended, the officers of the new lodge were elected and installed.

Past State Pres. Roy C. Heinlein, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler, was present and spoke to the crowd, bringing Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner's best wishes to this new branch of the Order.

At the close of the meeting the St. Marys Elks served a delicious supper to their guests.

NORWICH, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1222, really put on a show for 58 veterans of World War II when it welcomed them back on May 19th.

At an indoor clambake attended by about 300 Elks, including officers and members of Cortland and Oneonta Lodges, County Judge Frank W. Barnes, P.E.R., presided as Toastmaster and Judge David F. Lee and Frank R. Wasung, formerly of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, were principal speakers.

The day opened with breakfast at 11 o'clock and the main 'bake at 2:30 p.m. Music was played throughout the program.

E.R. J. J. Scanlon was assisted by Robert J. Brown, American Legion Post Commander, in presenting to each veteran the lodge's gift of a billfold inscribed with his name and the Elks emblem.

GETTYSBURG, PA., Lodge, No. 1045, reached deep into its pockets at a recent meeting and voted a cash appropriation of \$10,000 to the Annie M. Warner Hospital for the purchase of a deep therapy X-ray machine. This is the second largest cash donation ever made to that institution and was approved by unanimous vote of the membership at one of the biggest meetings in years.

The machine is one of the most modern pieces of medical equipment developed by science in recent years and among its important uses will be the treatment of cancer. It is specified that the machine will be made available to all patients who need it. Those who can pay are expected to do so; others may be able to pay only part or nothing at all—but all will receive the same treatment.

Below is Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge's 50-piece band which broadcasts a program each Wednesday evening over Station WDG.



It's a Man's World



by Kent Richards

WE PAUSE at this point for columnist identification. I'm the guy who told you some time ago that a couple of light-weight slack suits would fit pretty well on the tired old body this summer. Well, wet your finger and hold it up to the wind one of these July days and see for yourself whether Richards is a veritable forecaster or just a dirty prognosticator.

I mention the slack suits to insure your receptivity to further advice which I am about to impart. When I wrote about slack suits it was cold outside. My good friends, flitting about on ice cakes like carefree polar bears, little thought that dread summer would ever come again. Now, with the world full of Nature's warmth, which among you grasshoppers will prepare for winter.

My advice is to lay away a few pennies now so that come September you'll be set to invest around \$125 in a camel's hair topcoat or overcoat. That seems like a lot of dough, I know, but when you turn the figures inside out they look different. For instance, any kind of a rag-tail coat will probably cost \$60 to \$75 and, after the usual three years of wear, resembles a horseblanket which has been tenanted by several families of voracious moths. But put about twice as much money into camel's hair and you've got a soft, luxurious coat that will last ten years (no kidding) and all that time you can look as influential as a labor leader instead of an old beat-up capitalist.

Most camel's hair coats are made into sport jobs with a belt around the middle, and dyed a light tan. It looks good on a Yale sophomore. If you can afford an extra sport get-up then that's for you. But I'm suggesting a brown coat, either light or dark, and cut conservatively with a belt in the back only. Sort of thing you could wear into the Banker's Club in New York without throwing the doorman into a dead faint. After a few years of wearing it as brown, you can do as a friend of mine did—dye it black. With a few minor alterations for style (cost: \$6.50) he had what was, in effect, a new coat. Lay away a few sawbucks, brother, and be set come September. Order early though. Camel's hair is scarce and these coats won't be easy to get.

I'm not trying to reform people by inculcating habits of thrift or stuff, but I've another item of questionable taste to spread among my hedonist readers. For some years now I've watched the growing popularity of a device which gives nicotine a mercy killing, euthanasia. It is a handsome cigarette holder which looks completely harmless but inside it has a renewable crystal capsule which filters out around 80% of the nicotine and tars (whatever they are) from cigarette smoke. That 20% which is left apparently is just enough to give you enough swish to make smoking worth while.

One of the original proponents of denicotinization was Miss Anne Morgan, ubiquitous sister of J. P. Morgan, who, though no prude,

thought it a good idea and passed the holders out among her friends. From these exclusive beginnings the thing finally fell into the hands of a tobacco tradesman, who began to commercialize it, right off, as might be expected. If you don't mind dealing with such people you can buy one with a six-months supply of filters for \$2 to \$5. If you don't like to be seen coming out of a tobacconists maybe you can get one from Miss Morgan personally. She is usually in Paris, London or Tierro del Fuego, so it may take a little time for her to wrap one up and get it mailed.

When you want to know more about a product mentioned in this column, a note addressed to our Reader Service Department will bring you info pronto.

Those depraved souls who will take their nicotine straight but still like a holder to chew on (holders can become a pleasant habit, too) can now get one which cools the smoke and makes it possible to consume a pack or so a day without charring the tip of the tongue. At \$2.50 the manufacturer has something in the way of a holder that may one day rate with their famous pipe. The pipe is popular among what the chi-chi magazines call discriminating smokers. Men who use them maintain that they should get a Nobel Prize or something for developing a pipe that delivers a cool smoke, unspiced with bitter saliva globules, not unlike that achieved through a long-stemmed but unportable meerschaum.

Some pipe smokers shy off from a metal-stemmed pipe, evidently figuring that it resembles a gadget. But those who are more concerned with a good smoke than they are with getting tapped for a whiskey ad say that Sir Walter Raleigh would have used one, if they'd had them then. This, incidentally, is something a woman can safely give her pipe smoking husband. If she didn't think of it for Father's Day, she can give it to him for no reason at all. He'll be so surprised he'll probably take her to a movie, bless his generous old heart.

Another word or two is in order on the subject of spontaneous gifts. A generous majority of married men wish to have it known that they love their wives or cherish them or whatever it was they agreed to do when they got married. I think this is silly, personally, because my wife and I get along much better if I beat her occasionally. Anyhow most men prefer the love angle partly because it's customary and partly because they want three squares a day served hot and on time.

What they do about building up the love angle, though, would land them in cruelty court for neglect if they tried it on a dog. Women are funny people and one of the things

(Continued on page 46)



"MAKE IT A MILLION!"

Since last September over three-quarters of a million men have joined the Regular Army as volunteers. Many are veterans of World War II, who know and like Army life. Others are younger men — alert and ambitious — who have recognized their responsibility to serve their country and to relieve men who took up arms against our enemies.

Never before in American history has the Army had so much to offer in good pay,

travel, education and adventure. And never before in peacetime has your country needed such a strong and modern Regular Army for world-wide protection of peace and security.

If you are qualified, mentally and physically, for Regular Army enlistment, you have everything to gain and nothing to lose by *finding out* all the advantages the Army has to offer you. Stop at your nearest U. S. Army Recruiting Station today!

AIR FORCES—GROUND FORCES—ADMINISTRATIVE AND TECHNICAL SERVICES

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE ARMED FORCES VOLUNTARY RECRUITMENT ACT

1. Enlistments for 1½, 2 or 3 years. (One-year enlistments permitted for men now in the Army with 6 or more months of service.)
2. Enlistment age from 18 to 34 years inclusive (17 with parents' consent) except for men now in Army, who may reenlist at any age, and former service men depending on length of service.
3. An increase in the reenlistment bonus to \$50 for each year of active service since such bonus was last paid, or since last entry into service, provided reenlistment is within 90 days after last honorable discharge.
4. Up to 90 days' paid furlough, depending on length of service, with travel paid to home and return, for men who reenlist within the prescribed time after discharge.
5. A thirty-day furlough each year with full pay.
6. Mustering-out pay (based upon length of service) to all men who are discharged to reenlist.
7. Option to retire at half pay for the rest of your life after 20 years' service—increasing to three-

quarters pay after 30 years' service. All previous active federal military service counts toward retirement.

8. Benefits under the GI Bill of Rights for men who enlist on or before October 5, 1946. A 4-year college, trade or business school course, with expenses paid, at the end of a 3-year enlistment.

9. Choice of branch of service and overseas theater (of those still open) on 3-year enlistments.

★ Listen to

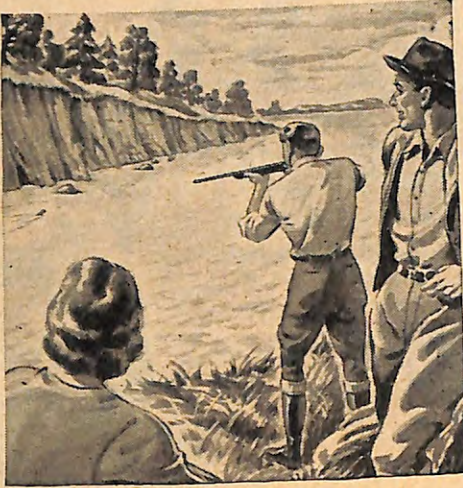
"Warriors of Peace"
"Voice of the Army"
"Proudly We Hail"

On Your Radio

A GOOD JOB FOR YOU
U. S. Army
CHOOSE THIS
FINE PROFESSION NOW!

**Enlist Now at Your Nearest U. S. Army Recruiting Station,
or Any Army Post or Camp**





"Plinking" IS FUN FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

Summer's the time when "plinking" with a Winchester 22 brings happy hours to thousands of families. Your family will like it, too... get a gun and have some fun.

For high all 'round satisfaction and low ammunition expense, choose a Winchester Model 74 Automatic—a lightning-fast self-loading 22 rifle. Ideal for shooting at turtles, tin cans, chips, sticks, and for running small game. But be sure that when you shoot there is a *safe back stop*.

The Model 74 is chambered individually for either 22 Long Rifle only or 22 Short Rim Fire cartridges only. As fast as you can press and release the trigger, it fires either 20 Short or 14 Long Rifle cartridges. Winchester Repeating Arms Company, New Haven, Conn., Division of Olin Industries, Inc.



THE RIGHT CARTRIDGES—For that invaluable confidence which comes from having every cartridge perform with uniform accuracy, shoot Winchester Leader 22's.



WINCHESTER



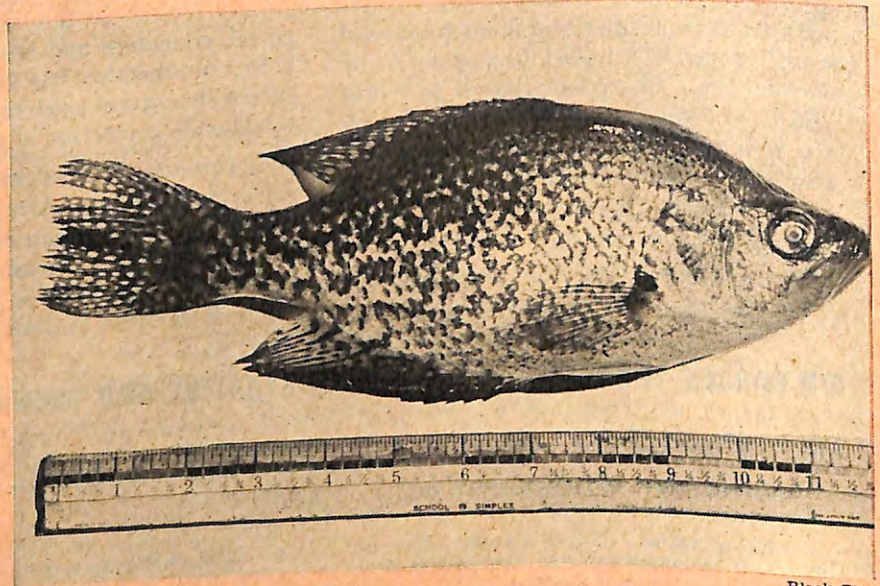
RIFLES • CARTRIDGES • SHOTGUNS • SHOTSHELLS
FLASHLIGHTS • BATTERIES • ROLLER SKATES

Rod AND Gun



Below is the kind of calico bass you can catch in the Midwest—just like the author, left, says here

By Dan Holland



Black Star

SO YOU think you're a good fisherman? You know how to catch 'em; you've been doing it for years. If you don't take your limit of bass on opening day, it's only because there aren't enough fish to go around. That's it—there are not enough fish.

Well, hold on to your bootstraps. You've fooled yourself long enough. Extensive studies in Ohio, whose bass waters are as heavily fished as any in the U.S.A., prove that only about twenty per cent of the fish in any body of water are ever caught. The other eighty out of the hundred reach a ripe old age and die a natural death, untouched by human hands.

That, in the opinion of the Ohio Department of Conservation, is an inefficient use of a valuable crop, both from the viewpoint of sport and from the strictly practical outlook of food. This waste of food and game fish has them concerned—so concerned that they have

undertaken a revolutionary experiment. Instead of placing more limitations on the fisherman, as has been the practice for years, they have set aside nine of their lakes and one river and freed them of all restrictions. No holds are barred. Fishermen are not only allowed to fish at any time of year and keep any size and number of fish, but they are encouraged to do so.

What are they trying to prove? Simply that there are plenty of fish to be caught and that it is possible for the fishermen to take advantage of the fact. They illustrate their point graphically by use of nets in the experimental lakes to show that the fish are actually on hand both in numbers and size; then they go a step farther and attempt to teach the fishermen ways and means of outwitting them. Along with Ohio, other heavily fished Midwestern States, such as Michigan and Mis-

souri, are making similar tests to determine just what the traffic will bear. Missouri goes so far that instead of making it illegal to catch a fish they make it illegal to turn one loose in the experimental lakes.

It is doubtful if such a practice would ever be wise with trout. Good trout waters are generally so restricted in area that without seasons and limits the concentration of fishermen would prove to be more than the stream could handle. But in many bass and warm-water fish lakes throughout the Midwest and South the environment and food conditions are so ideal that no sport fisherman yet has been good enough to keep up with the supply. That's what these states eventually hope to teach the public—there are more than enough fish in their lakes and streams; it's up to the fisherman to catch them.

You can always tell a fisherman, but you can't tell him much, the old saying goes. Unfortunately, it is pretty true. Fishing, one of the oldest sports known to man, is still in the early stages of development. It is a subject so steeped in tradition that many feel that unless their grandfather caught fish by a certain method it is no good. It is this type of thinking which persists in believing that the lad with the bent pin, grocery twine and willow pole will catch more fish than the slicker with all the fine tackle. If he does, it is because he knows a whole lot more about fish, not because he uses a bent pin.

The bait-casting reel, developed a hundred years ago in Kentucky, was the atom bomb of the fishing world. It opened a new era in sport fishing. If the great thinkers of the day had turned their attentions to this little device and studied its potential deadly effect on the bass population, they likely would have forecast the doom of the bronzeback race. Such was not the case. Fishermen paid no attention to it. For at least fifty years it remained very obscure, and even today literally thousands of bass fishermen refuse to accept casting as a necessary addition to their fishing lore. They persist in sitting like a bump on a stump with the patience of Job waiting for some hapless fish to wander their way.

In spite of this reel and the many developments to follow through the years, the mighty black bass continues to thrive and fight back with as much vigor as ever. Apparently the fish have kept abreast of developments better than the fishermen. Of course this is not a conscious reaction on the part of the fish, but a natural law generally referred to as the survival of the fittest. Where the fishing is intensive, only the cautious survive. Their children and children's children are not as easily fooled as the fish that once filled the smokehouses of the early settlers.

Luckily, though more cautious, black bass have lost none of their pugnaciousness. Of the fish tribe they are still those that "rush in where angels fear to tread". Their vicious, bulldog quality which keeps

them close to the hearts of fishermen is still uppermost and no amount of fishing is going to develop a race of wallflowers or endow them with the shy, retiring habits of the trout. Once fooled a bass will smash a lure with a jolting strike and fight with his long-famous spectacular tactics. But he is not so easily fooled. That's the key.

The first thing the modern bass fisherman should master is the more cautious approach. Though not a timid fish, the bass has nevertheless associated man with something not too pleasant. The sight of a fisherman blundering along will make a bass lose his appetite as effectively as a rough day at sea does some voyagers.

Rule number one, then, is to keep out of sight as well as possible. This is particularly necessary when fishing the pools and eddies of a bass stream or when approaching a likely spot in a lake via the shoreline route. With a rowboat or canoe the only thing to remember is to move along without too much commotion and splashing.

In shore fishing, use what shelter is available in working up to a sure spot. If there is none, start learning how to make a longer cast so as to be able to fish a good spot without approaching too closely. When there's a choice it is somewhat of an advantage to keep the sun at your back—as long as your shadow doesn't cross the fish. He has as much trouble looking directly into the bright light of the sun as you do.

In fishing a stream, make the current do a lot of your work for you. Let the stream carry your lure or bait down to the fish. This serves a double purpose. It gets the lure a safe distance away from the fisherman, and, even more important, it is apt to take the lure directly to the fish since a feeding fish will lie in a position where the current will bring the food to him.

Fishing cautiously is a prerequisite to success wherever bass are found, but this is especially necessary in some of our Midwestern states, like Ohio, where the bass is king and where his attentions are much sought. Anyone who has fished the Portage Lakes near Akron or the Muskingum River system knows what this means. Cleveland fishermen, too, who have fished Rocky River or any of the other tributaries of the Ohio are well aware that bass can be pretty well educated. In big waters, like Sandusky Bay and the Bass Islands, with all of Lake Erie to supply them with fish the bass are not quite so inclined to be suspicious even though fished hard.

A good working knowledge of bass and their habits—their whereabouts, their food, their inclination to be wary under certain conditions—is the most important single factor in fishing success. After that comes a knowledge of tackle and methods of using it.

The most common mistake made by bass fishermen is using tackle



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which is far too heavy for the job at hand. Lighter tackle all around is the order of the day. Many men use a casting line testing twenty or thirty pounds in spite of the fact that the largest bass they hope to catch would weigh around four pounds. Using a tarpon line for bass is just about as bad as using a tennis ball

for ping pong. Similarly it is foolish to use a casting rod so stiff that it is necessary to lay into each cast like heaving the shot put. A light rod and line will make it possible to cast farther and more accurately with just a flip of the wrist.

An added advantage of lighter rod and line is that it makes possible the

use of smaller bait-casting lures, the answer to the success of many of the better bass fishermen. In clear water, especially where small-mouths are prevalent, small, under-water darting plugs, wigglers, pork-rind baits, weighted spinner lures and other minnow imitations are effective.

John K. Tener

(Continued from page 24)

the revision of the school code and the re-organization of many State institutions. It was he who pushed through the Workman's Compensation Act.

The Governor was ever a ball player, however; when he was about to sign a piece of legislation on one occasion, one of the bill's jubilant supporters said, "Governor, this will be a monument to your career."

"What are you saying?" the Governor replied. "I shut out the Giants once."

In December, 1913, Mr. Tener was chosen President of the National League, accepting on condition that he would not devote all his time to League affairs nor accept the salary of \$25,000 a year until his term as Governor ended. He was the eighth President of the League and the first to be elected to a four-year term. The League laws were amended to give him almost absolute power and during

his reign he demanded complete honesty of owners, sound business policies and full regard for the interests of the players. He brought diplomacy and firmness to the game, straightening out squabbles between owners of players with Solomon-like efficiency.

He was reelected President of the League in December, 1917, but, on his own insistence, for a one-year-term only. He resigned before the end of this period. In 1931 he was elected a director of the Philadelphia National League Baseball Club.

Other facets of the bright career of John Kinley Tener were his holding of the office of President of the Permanent Highways Corporation and, during the latter part of World War I, his dollar-a-year-man service to the Department of Justice. He was active in the insurance firm of Tener & Lowry until his death.

On the evening of May 21st Charleroi Lodge held Memorial Services for Past Grand Exalted Ruler Tener which were widely attended by delegations from western Pennsylvania, eastern Ohio and northern West Virginia. Eulogies were delivered by Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters.

Funeral services on May 22nd at the H. Sampsons Funeral Home were attended by Grand Exalted Ruler Kepner and Grand Secretary Masters, Past Grand Exalted Rulers Bruce A. Campbell and James R. Nicholson, as representatives of the National Memorial and Publication Commission, and Assistant Grand Secretary F. J. Schrader, as well as many civic and big-league baseball officials.

The members of the staff of *The Elks Magazine* share the deep sorrow of Mr. Tener's family and friends at his passing.

Vacations Unlimited

(Continued from page 12)

ward Island and Nova Scotia.

This year too, as for several years past, Canada has the lure of low prices. The American dollar still buys literally \$1.10 there. Resort rates have stayed comparatively low, and in crowded districts there are opportunities for camping and outdoor life for those who come prepared to take advantage of them.

From the traveler's viewpoint modern Canada can be divided into three parts. In the east, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick and southeastern Quebec form a distinct region. Nova Scotia, long famed among anglers for its swordfish and tuna, was originally settled by the French in 1604, and it was on their expulsion in 1755 that Longfellow based the story of Evangeline. Grand Pre, a village set among the apple orchards of the Annapolis Valley, is forever linked with her name; there can be seen her well, and little churches such as she knew, and the statue of the sorrowing girl herself, looking back in farewell to the happy Acadia she would never see again.

Cape Breton Island, northeast of Nova Scotia, had a great influx of Scottish settlers in the early eighteenth century. Even today they preserve many Old World traditions, and the Highland games at Antigonish, on July 17 this year, and the Gaelic Mod and Highland gathering at St. Ann's July 25 and 26 are events not to be missed.

The city of Quebec, which guards the St. Lawrence river and was long

called the Gibraltar of the New World, appeals particularly to Americans as one of Canada's closest links with both the history and the architecture of France. The narrow streets of its older sections, the horse-drawn carriages in which everyone goes sightseeing, and the Plains of Abraham, where cows grazed long before Wolfe won on them the American empire of France, have endeared themselves to generations of travelers.

There are innumerable tours to be made in this part of Canada. Some tourists prefer to spend their entire holiday in Laurentides Park, a forest area of 4,000 square miles and some 1,600 lakes teeming with trout. Others cruise along the St. Lawrence and into the Saguenay; daily sailings are again available on Canada Steamship boats from Montreal. Still others prefer the Gaspé tours operated daily during July and August from Mont Joli.

The second great vacation region of Canada takes in the plains of Ontario and sweeps west through the grainlands and prairies of the central part of the country to the Rockies. It includes the Thousand Islands in the province of Ontario, which alone entertains as many as 9,000,000 American visitors annually; it is the region of the Lake of the Woods, and of such great modern cities as Ottawa, Toronto and Winnipeg; it is the country where 25,000,000 acres of wheatland produce between 30 and 40 per cent of

all wheat entered in world trade.

Two national parks in this region are outstanding. Riding Mountain, 125 miles north of the international boundary, extends nearly 70 miles and is situated on a vast plateau rising to 2,200 feet above sea level. Both it and Prince Albert National Park, in Saskatchewan, are regions of lakes and are famed for their wild life. Prince Albert alone has literally hundreds of bodies of water, ranging in size from overgrown ponds to lakes nearly 20 miles long. Canoe trips of several days are very popular in this park, and travelers faced by lack of advance reservations in hotels will do well this summer to consider a canoe and outdoor-living trip there or elsewhere in Canada.

One of the most unusual of Canadian vacations originates in this central part of Canada. It is the rail tour to Hudson Bay, available again this summer for the first time in several years. The trip will start from Winnipeg August 9 and throughout its six days the train will serve as a hotel. Highlight of the journey, as in the past, will be the ball at Churchill on Hudson Bay. The ball is the greatest event of the year in the Far North, and to it flock trappers, prospectors, Indians and Eskimos for hundreds of miles about.

The third great vacation area of Canada comprises the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Coast. Banff and Jasper National Parks in this region are famed not only for their

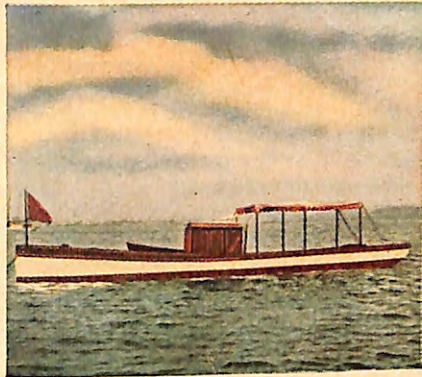
(Continued on page 51)

Motorboat in your future ?



1887 In this year, which was Corby's 29th as a famous Canadian name, the noisy naphtha launch was everywhere. You had to carry a steam engineer's license to run your six horsepower engine. Explosions and fires were frequent, but improvements were on the way . . .

PHOTO—MORRIS ROSENFELD, N. Y.



1892 An inventor named Daimler worked with an American piano maker to prove gasoline engines practical for boats. Electric boats made their appearance when Corby's had been a Canadian tradition for 40 years, but gasoline was the power of the future . . .

PHOTO—MORRIS ROSENFELD, N. Y.



1941 Borrowing some of the ideas of the auto makers, motorboats came into their own. Light, fast, roomy, several hundred thousand runabouts roamed the waters of the U. S., as Corby's reached its 83rd year of Canadian renown. And the best was yet to come . . .



1946 Four years of wartime building advanced boat construction further than all the 54 years since Daimler's day. *There may be a motorboat in your future when you see the new models now on drawing boards.* But whether you cruise in your own boat or in your armchair, there'll be Corby's in your future once you taste this light, sociable whiskey with the grand old Canadian name. Plan to try Corby's soon.



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Penny Wise, Pound Foolish

(Continued from page 14)

race-track promoters what they did with their profits. Maybe it's about time somebody did, because racing is now and has been for several years the most obscenely profitable sport of them all. To put it another way, maybe it's time somebody pointed out some of the things race tracks don't do with their profits, and thus call attention to an aspect of racing which the public hardly ever notices.

TO THE average racing fan, the groom is just an old gaffer in stained dungarees who leads a horse from barn to paddock and then, if the Pinkertons aren't watching, tries to slip into the crowd and tout somebody for a two-dollar ticket. Actually he is one of the most important figures on the track, a trained specialist in one of the most highly skilled professions in the world.

Technically, the trainer is responsible for the condition of all horses in his care but in practice the trainer of any sizable string must rely heavily upon his stable hands. It is the groom who must watch the horse the clock around and know his moods and recognize the signs when the beast is fit or ailing, who must muck out the stalls and supervise the horse's feeding and keep his coat unblemished and tend his feet and treat his fragile legs.

A green hand would send a horse to the post with a temperature of 105, which probably would kill both the animal that ran and the people who bet on him. The experienced groom may be an ignoramus who couldn't read a scratch sheet but he forgets more about horses in a day than most racing commissioners learn in a lifetime, and to a large

extent the way a horse runs depends on the care he provides.

When his day's work is done the horse still must be under surveillance, so the groom sleeps in the stables. At most tracks, he sleeps in that part of the stables which the horses don't need, or which is considered unfit for horses. If the weather is cold and wet, he is cold and wet unless he crouches over a forbidden stove. Whenever you read of a stable fire destroying a half-million dollars in horseflesh, you can lay odds it started because someone neglected to provide \$5 worth of comfort for the help.

HORSE parks in and around big cities today are up in the ninety percent excess profit tax bracket. For reasons they have never explained to the public, they have chosen to turn over the loot to the Government rather than spend it on decent accommodations for the stable help. A notable exception is Belmont Park, where new barns are being built with modest living quarters for the hands.

Chances are that if other tracks had spent just a little of the gravy to provide the help with a warm place to sleep and toilet facilities and a recreation room for the off hours such as Pimlico has, there never would have been a complaint from the grooms, whose wants are simple. Instead, the promoters waited until there was a squawk from the stables and then they tossed out a bone.

When grooms and exercise boys organized to demand a share of the wealth they saw around, the tracks set up a schedule of special awards—so much for each groom who led a horse to the paddocks, so much more for each groom and exercise boy

whose horse won a race.

That kept things quiet until the track managements discovered they were paying bonuses to men who didn't work for them, for the owners and trainers employ the stable help. We must, the racing associations told themselves, prepare for the day when profits will dwindle. So they quit giving the awards and increased purses by \$500, the implication being that winning owners should pay the awards out of all of this extra purse money.

Most owners went along because, as a matter of fact, most owners always have taken care of the help when the barn had a bit of luck. For example, on the day that Colonel Ed Bradley's Bimelech won the Preakness, the race was hardly over before a telegram was on its way from Pimlico to Bradley's Idle Hour Farm near Lexington, Ky.

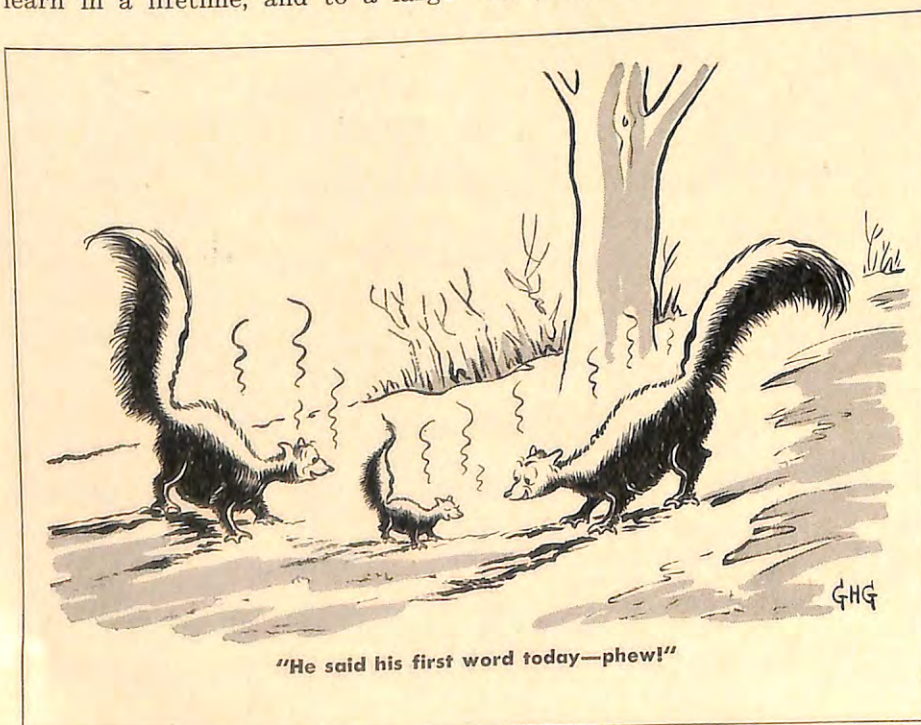
The instant the wire arrived, somebody whanged a big bell that hangs on the farm, and at that moment every soul on the whole 1,290 acres knew the "big horse" was home free and there'd be something extra in the payroll that week.

But not everybody does business like that, and some stables refused to accept the responsibility of paying specified bonuses. So the grooms and exercise boys readied up for another strike, whereat the New York Racing Commission stepped in. The commissioners said they wanted that extra \$500 put into a fund to pay the awards, and they threatened punitive action against any stables that might refuse.

This was an outrageous evasion. For it was the tracks, not the owner-trainers, that instituted the awards in the first place. When they realized they had a tiger by the tail, they flung him into the owners' laps. And the owners know there'll come a time when purses are reduced \$500, and it will then be up to them to tell the help that the gravy train has been derailed.

Meanwhile, other interests have come clamoring for their share. The blacksmiths organized and demanded a \$25 bonus for putting shoes on a horse that wins a race. A set of aluminum plates costs the owner not more than \$4.50 and the smithy gets \$8 for his half-hour's work in putting them on. It is patently ridiculous for him to expect more if the horse happens to win. But with everyone else getting rich, he naturally wants some too.

That's how things stand at this writing. The tracks, penny wise, pound foolish, created the problem. The racing commission is diligently passing the buck, yet the commission has no authority to tell an owner how he must divide his purses. The public lives and bets in blissful ignorance of the row behind the scenes. But the public ought to know.



"He said his first word today—phew!"

Outboard America

(Continued from page 18)

anywhere from about \$135 for a Class "M" Jacoby to \$300 or more for a big Class "F" Neal. Hull weights are limited for each class; motor classification depends on cubic inches of piston displacement. For those who would be interested, I've taken a lot of miscellaneous statistical information and stitched up this table showing class, piston displacement, hull weight, approximate hull cost and maximum motor prices. Included free with the admission price is the official five-mile competition record for each class. Although runabouts race, using stock racing motors, this table is concerned with racing hydroplanes only.

Class	Cu. in. Piston Displacement	Hull Weight	Approx. Hull Cost
M	under 7½	50 lbs.	\$165
A	7½ to 14	100 lbs.	\$190
B	14 to 20	100 lbs.	\$205
C	20 to 30	150 lbs.	\$240
F	50 to 60	190 lbs.	\$300

Class	Max. Motor Price	Official competition records Amateur	Pro.
M	\$150	37.527 mph	
A	\$250	46.899	47.344
B	\$350	54.448	52.724
C	\$450	54.447	55.419
F	\$550	58.785	58.594

Many leading drivers include more than one outfit in their string, since they can race in more than one class at a single regatta. Such an outfit as that of international record-holder Paul Wearly, of Muncie, Ind., includes hulls for Classes A, B and C and two engines for each class, altogether, Wearly estimates, his "stable" is worth more than \$3,500.

After you've got your outfit together, of course, you find that participation itself is expensive. It has been estimated that driver-owners of international renown such as Gar Wood, Jr. (holder of the world's unofficial outboard record of 85 mph) and Fred Jacoby, Jr., spend as much as \$20,000 to \$25,000 a season. Wood is an amateur, so his prizes are cups and so on; even the cash prizes paid professionals usually are small. And when you get right down to it, racing is a sober business, even though it's full of thrills, spills and heartaches.

During the Class "C" National Championship Contest at Chattanooga in 1938, Paul Wearly nearly cried his heart out when, leading the field by a half-mile with the championship in the bag, his steering wheel froze on the final turn of the final lap of the final heat. He fought the wheel, trying to turn, till he tore the spokes out, finally was forced to drive out of the course and see another win the race.

Drivers take their sport so seriously, become so preoccupied with the multifarious details of improving their motors, that they put the well-worn absent-minded professor to shame. Eddie Willard, a Fort Worth newspaperman, was testing his motor one evening on the ship canal that runs from Brownsville, Texas, to the Gulf of Mexico. The motor

conked out and, unnoticed by the intent Willard, the boat turned 180 degrees before he got started again. Screaming along at a hell-bent 50 or more miles an hour, Willard ran clear into the Gulf—and out of fuel—before he noticed his error. He had time to think it over. Hours later when a patrol boat found him bobbing disconsolately in the darkness, he didn't even try to explain!

Although it's easy to spend a good deal of money on racing, the Class "M"—for Midget—contests are limited to outfits whose very smallness helps keep hull and motor costs down. Whereas a good Class "A" outfit, including trailer and extra equipment, might cost \$650, a Midget motor and hull and equipment shouldn't cost much more than \$350. Even blasé professionals find "M" an exciting class—a good outfit can turn up 40 mph with satisfactory regularity.

Most of all, outboard racing, with its high-speed, skidding turns, frequent spills—usually with no serious consequences—is a sport to watch, one of the most thrilling of all spectator sports. Regattas, whether or not accredited by the American Power Boating Association, a national arbiter of racing, are excellent drawing cards for fund-raising events and civic celebrations sponsored by men's clubs, chambers of commerce, and so on. Suggestions for handling such regattas are available for the asking from the APBA, and prizes and trophies are not necessarily too costly. And, no matter how dangerous it looks to the viewer, outboard racing is relatively safe. Lifejackets and crash helmets are compulsory in all races, and although even veterans spill sometimes—Wearly has been dunked 22 times in ten years of driving—injuries are rare.

If racing is for experts—well-heeled experts, at that—outboarding in general is for everyone. Most outboard users are content with a simple and comparatively inexpensive means of getting from here to there and back by smallboat without the labor of rowing. At least that's all the average sport-fisherman wants—a handy, lightweight little motor that will push his boat no more than six to ten miles an hour; that's faster than rowin', isn't it?

The average outboarder can get afloat for not much more than \$100. If he wants, of course, he can invest in a larger motor, hang it on a larger, more expensive hull—in which case he gets quite satisfactory speeds at a price far under the cheapest inboard runabout. And outboard runabout hulls for the big Class "C" and Class "F" motors sometimes claim 35 to 45 mph—a respectable rate by any standards.

Whatever their particular needs and choices so far as equipment is

(Continued on page 51)



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Gadget & Gimmick Department

By W. C. Bixby

I HAD a horrifying dream the other night which nearly turned me against the 20th Century entirely. In my dream I was suddenly projected into the year 1999. I was in a bare room with one light and one switch. A sign over the switch said, "This is it!" I perspired, pulled the switch, and all hell broke loose. Things popped out of the wall, and back in again. Toasters, streamlined cars, microphones, atoms, movie cameras, councils of scientists, diplomats and politicians, all of them popping in and out. Needless to say I woke up screaming. Thank God it was only a dream. It's a comfort to know that such things can only happen in dreams and that our leaders have the situation well in hand—I hope.

But let us forget these fantasies and occupy ourselves with some nice progressive gimmicks.



HOW about your aching back when you've finished weeding the lawn? Sure hurts, doesn't it? But the aching back becomes a thing of the past now, with this new lawn

weeder. The people producing it are so enthusiastic about the new gadget that they even say it makes weeding a lawn a lot of fun. Personally, I think that's mighty thin ice on which they're walking. The first thing that induced a statement like that was the fact that you can now weed the lawn while standing erect. The next and most revolutionary idea is the way in which you shoot the weeds into a basket placed several feet away. That's what I said, "shooting". The weeder is made of two telescoped tubes with a curved handle on one end and steel prongs on the other. When the prongs are pushed down around a weed a collar slides upward, closing the prongs around the roots of the weed. At the same time it sets a trigger and puts tension on a spring. Pull out the weed, point the weeder at the basket, and let 'er go. It does sound almost like fun, doesn't it? The real result however, is that Junior will probably want to try it and you can stay in the hammock in a, shall we say, supervisory capacity?

TWO things upset the nerves of tired business men more than anything in the world. One is a scream and a thud from the kitchen, and the other is a scream and a thud from the nursery. These cruelties are brought about by people (wives and children) who are too short for reaching things that are too high. To banish such occasions forever they've built a set of non-skid metal steps about ten inches high that are light enough for anyone to move from spot to spot. The steps will permit your wife to get the last can of beans from the top shelf without falling and let Junior climb into bed, reach toys on shelves, and clothes on hangers without disaster striking. And you can relax behind your paper.



Talk About the Old Swimmin' Hole . . .

Yes, you can talk about the old swimmin' hole and enthuse over it, but your words can never make your listeners *live* those happy, noisy, daredevil hours that you spent with the old gang. Today, you may enjoy an afternoon on a sun-drenched beach or an hour in a white-tiled pool . . . but where is the thrill of that grand old swimmin' hole? That was something unto itself.

In fact, all of the things that make life pleasant must be experienced to be appreciated. For example, a tall glass of cold Budweiser. Other beers may look as clear, as golden, with foam as snowy white . . . but words could never do justice to the elusive bouquet or delicious taste of Budweiser. No wonder Budweiser is the most popular brew the world has ever known.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH • • ST. LOUIS



Every sip tells you what words can't

Budweiser
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

is something more than beer

...a tradition

GOOD God-frey, what they won't do next! No matter where you turn machines are replacing people. This one is a shoe shining machine which



does everything but ask for a tip. It seems you risk your foot in a contraption that has a set of brushes for either black or tan shoes. Press the correct lever and with a whirring and a grinding the gimmick gets in gear. It automatically applies polish and then the brushes go to work on you. When they're through there is a brief pause and a special high-polish wax is applied. Then with increased vigor a high-speed brush puts the finishing touch on—an eye-blinding polish to the toe. It seems the brushes are placed so they get all parts of the shoe fixed up for you, and all of this takes place in the space of half a minute per shoe. If you are wearing summer two-tone shoes, however, I wouldn't recommend this gadget. And by the way it is of no help to the wives. To make a machine that would take care of all styles of female shoes would, it seems, tax Al Einstein's brain.

STRIKE me once, and strike me twice and strike me once again, I'll last a long, long time. So it goes with the newly released ever-lasting match. I presume this gadget, which has been kept under cover for a long time, will not char and cover the hand with great quantities of soot. It would be unfortunate if, when you thrust your hand into the pocket for the match, your hand returned all full of charcoal. It is said to be usable several thousand times before wearing out. The match, to my knowledge, isn't being produced yet, but it seems anyone who wants to can begin to manufacture it. You could make a great quantity of these matches, close the factory and go on vacation for a year or so. That's a business I'd like to try.



ARE you often called "Blue-beard"? Regarding your chin, we mean. If you are, and I'm certain some of you are, the new dry razor to fit the vest pocket is the answer to your prayer. It is about

Get Me A Gadget

Our Reader Service Department will help you get that gadget or gimmick . . . if it's listed in this column. Drop us a note; we'll be happy to tell you who makes it.

the size of a cigarette lighter and the story seems to be that you just pull it from the pocket and scrape the beard away. It's something I've always wanted to try when the lady with whom I've dined pulls out an over-sized cosmetic counter and proceeds to pluck eyebrows and arrange lipstick while grimacing in the mirror. Next time she tries that on you, pull out this gimmick and shave while she primps. There should be some result. The razor has blades which are easy to insert and this also can be done while the lady grooms herself.

AIR developments for Junior are progressing too. In keeping with all sorts of things, they have developed model jet airplane engines. As a result there will be a rise in the sale of welders' helmets. This is a logical result because who can sit unprotected reading a paper while Junior winds up with a jet-engined aircraft and lets it fly about in the room? The engine itself is 21 inches long and less than a pound in weight. It burns two or three ounces of gasoline or kerosene a minute. There are no statistics on the average bills for repair in homes that have suffered attacks from this toy. You're on your own when Junior hurtles past you in his model jet plane.



THESE next items are for Junior himself. The last word in toy electric trains will make it even more impossible for the little fellow to get near the track you bought him for a present. While he is over in the corner sulking and asking Mommy why Daddy plays with the toy train all the time, or vice versa, you can

enjoy scientific advancement at its height. All the new features are worked with electricity (bless Tom Edison) and include such refinements as coupling and uncoupling cars anywhere on the track. Tiny receivers in each car do all these amazing things. Whistles blow, cars are backed onto sidings and coupled or uncoupled depending on your mood of the moment. Formerly these things were possible too, but only on limited sections of track. Now you can uncouple anywhere you choose.

WHEN next you chomp down on a piece of gum, who knows, it may contain penicillin. They're making it that way now, you know. Each piece contains 25,000 units of penicillin all of which is supposed to be good for trench-mouth victims. And speaking of chomping, they have revolutionized peanut butter, among other things. Instead of scooping it out of jars they are making it in the form of bricks so you can slice it like cheese. I approve of that step but the next peanut butter idea I can't quite see. Instead of just plain old plebian peanut butter with one taste, they are flavoring it with such things as chocolate, vanilla or orange. I don't know who thought up that idea, but whoever he is, I certainly don't approve of his taste. Tell me—would you like chocolate-flavored peanut butter? That's what I thought.



THERE has been a nice development in the cutlery line lately. It's a rack which holds all your knives and when you pull them out or replace them there is an arrangement whereby they're sharpened. This keeps a good edge on things and life will never be dull. The rack can be fixed to the side of a cabinet in several comfortable positions and the thoughtful makers of this thing (which, we are assured, none of us can be without) have made the sides of the rack out of glass. This is done so you can see which knife to pull out, a relatively obvious point. The rack holds six knives and all they leave for you to do is find the butcher with the meat to cut up with these knives. You have to do something on your own, you know.



This stands for honorable.



service to our country.

In the DOGHOUSE

with Ed Faust



Faust pulls an Emily Post for dogs on holidays.

A FEW weeks ago, bound for a salt-water weekend, I stopped at a tidy little restaurant at the half way of our journey. I was with my old fishing friend Finnegan. As we pulled up in front of the door my companion cocked an appraising eye at the pretty girl who gazed from one of the windows.

"She looks right good, Ed, eh?" As we had talked nothing but food for the past half hour I wasn't sure whether he referred to the gal or the cookshop. But on both counts he was right. Both did look good. Withal, (I like this word; fancy and the kind you find in books) a wicked world long, long ago taught me that all is not gold that you know what. So the appearance of the joint didn't mean as much to me as it did to my friend. As for the gal, she bows out right here with no further comment. Sometimes my wife reads these things.

"All right Fin, let's give it a whirl, although it wouldn't surprise me if we find the usual roadside menu of fourteen items meaning hot dogs or spam. Nor would I be further surprised if we find the joint full of flies—the homing kind." Cheerful guy this Faust, what? Actually, everything was okay, the place was neat and the menu told no fibs. But we were not to be blessed with uninterrupted bliss. Along with the desert a passel of vacationers entered the room and they came in like a herd of Barnum's elephants. They took over. They and two of the raggedest looking hounds you ever saw. Admittedly this was none of our business—I

mean the dogs. But when one of those lady super-dog-lovers in the group put her soiled plate on the floor along with another from that table, for those purps to lick clean—that was more than I could endure. Finnegan's fussy this way too. We promptly left the place. It had been plain that the manager, not wanting to offend such a large party, had to endure this. Now I do know some few folks who would ask me, "What's wrong with a dog cleaning a platter?" The answer of course is, "Nothing—if you think it's all right". You don't catch Faust going around trying to revamp people's habits. But I could point out that it might be well to consider that a dog has to do everything with his tongue and mouth that a human being does with his hands. Little Willie's wishes to the contrary, hands do get washed now and again.

In the car once more, my friend and I rode for some time in silence until he exploded. After he finished letting off steam, he heartily voiced the fervent wish that if he ever ate in that place again—well, he just never would as long as he lived. Which was hard lines on the keeper of that restaurant because Finnegan had recently bought a house along the shore and could be expected to make many a trip along that road in the future.

It is the little thoughtless things of this sort on the part of some dog owners that have done anything but win friends for dogs and for a long time have made the taking of a dog along on a vacation very much a problem for many. Fortunately, most people are more considerate and are



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growing more so, hence more hotels and restaurants are letting down the barriers against dogs. A pup can be taken on vacation along with his boss and there's no reason why it shouldn't be a pleasant experience for all concerned.

Now that the world has decided to behave itself and gas, oil and rubber can be had, America will again crowd the roads vacation-bound. Many will take their dogs with them.

Those vacationers will do well to inquire whether their dogs will be welcome. Let's see what should be done when your dog goes with his boss on vacation.

Now maybe your dog hasn't yet made a long trip by car and so it's a good idea to condition him to this by having him ride with you often some few weeks in advance. If he hasn't ever ridden before then you'd best start this training now, and bring along plenty of old newspapers and a discarded bath towel. Some dogs never get car sick but unfortunately quite a few do. If so, then it's worth while taking him to a vet who can prescribe a remedy. When the time comes to shove off on the Big Trip pack along a few newspapers even though the dog has gotten accustomed to the car.

To a person who thinks it is smart to plant his dog on the running board of the car, for most dogs this is a tough ordeal and one of the most hazardous to their lives.

If you travel by train it's no trouble to take the dog along. You can ship him by express or baggage car. If he rides on your train and the trip is an extended one this permits you to go forward and attend to him yourself. Some roads permit the dog to ride in the same car with the owner, in a hand crate or basket. But if it is a large pooch, some of the railroads insist that the dog be confined throughout the journey. I meant to add that if you ship your dog on a train where you can't attend to him be sure to tack a card on the crate giving feeding instructions and of course include sufficient food for the journey. If the dog is the big kind that has to be chained, then attach a

card or tag to its collar giving full instructions.

If you plan to travel by boat, the same restrictions apply as for trains. If the journey is of such length as to make it advisable to exercise the dog it is best to keep it away from strangers. It isn't likely that you'll be permitted to keep the dog in the cabin with you without paying an extra fare.

Now maybe you plan to stay at a hotel or indulge in country board. If you do and you want the dog with you, be sure to write fully about him when making your reservation. Quite a few hotels today no longer frown on dogs. Some provide kennel space. But if there isn't a special place to file away Fido, then watch his conduct. If the management permits you to keep him in the room it is only fair to the hotel and other guests that you surpress any of that pup's tendencies toward insomnia—and barking. Now if the dog prefers your bed at home the hotel management won't exactly love you for this. In other words, nothing doing. If yours is one of those pups that just must chew things then be prepared to pay for any damage he does to the hotel property or, better still, leave that kind of guy parked at home or in a boarding kennel while you're away. If you want to stay popular with your fellow playmates, don't let the dog run all over the hotel and keep him out of the lobby unless on leash. And those swell people you meet, who just must pay you a visit sometime when vacation is over—keep the dog away from them until you are sure they like him. And be darned sure the pooch will be welcome in the dining room before attempting to bring him there and as for feeding him in that place—

Before beginning your auto trip or any other way you travel, it is best to withhold food and water from the dog for at least two hours before you start. Keep withholding the food until you break your journey at the end of the day. You can give him water but not as much as while at home. If water has a tendency to make him car-sick, then no water for

that pup until you come to the end of your day's journey.

Whenever you take the dog out following rain be sure to dry him down thoroughly before returning to your hotel room.

While traveling, it is best to bring along the usual food that the dog eats at home to be given when you reach your destination at night or as a supply while you are away if this customary food isn't to be had where you are going.

Bring along a few of your friend's toys and his comb and brush and any other belongings that you may think he'll want or need. If you go into country where the dog can run free but happens to return to you with a coat full of burrs—don't try to comb these out; you'll tear out too much hair. Separate the tangles with your fingers.

Curb that impulse to overdo the business of throwing sticks into the drink for your dog to retrieve. Too much of this may exhaust the dog and some have been known to drown this way. Don't toss your dog into the water if he has never been in swimming before. All dogs can swim but this is a sure way to start him off with a fear of the water. Unless he is a big, strong dog, keep him out of surf. It requires a lot of strength for most dogs to battle the breakers if the water is rough or if the undertow is strong. And don't try any stone or stick tossing in any but calm salt water.

As always, summer or winter but particularly summer, be sure that Fido has all the clean, cool water he can drink.

It isn't a bad idea to bring along a few things for Fido's medicine chest as you may go where such fixings can't be had. So bring along a few rolls of bandage, a small bottle of iodine and two rolls of adhesive—one narrow, one wide. A little boric acid for his eyes won't be out of order.

Only a few months ago in these pages I sounded a warning about permitting the dog to roam where there are poisonous snakes or any of those cute little black and white woods kitties—you know the kind I mean.

It's a Man's World

(Continued from page 34)

they are funny about is they like affection. Naturally that's more than any man in his right mind will part with. 'Tain't manly, and what is there left after honor is gone?

What I suggest therefore is a substitute. It is a sort of a symbol of affection—an occasional gift to the little woman that isn't delivered under the force of some compelling circumstance such as her birthday, Mother's Day, Christmas or a wedding anniversary. Just pick any old date off this month's calendar and

buy her something. But don't turn up with handkerchiefs, a new toothbrush or an ironing board. Get something so impractical that it makes you unhappy to spend the money. Buy an orchid that'll last only a couple of days or perfume that lasts forever because it's too good to use, or a piece of antique bric-a-brac that your grandmother would have thrown out as useless but which your wife will cherish as a treasure.

I call the above treatment the Richards Home Fire Kindler. It has

been used with success by thousands of satisfied customers. Mr. H. D. of Seneca, New York, writes: "I used your Home Fire Kindler method once five years ago and me old lady has brought me breakfast in bed every morning since. I'm going to try it again soon and see if that'll get her to cook the breakfast before she brings it to me."

I was startled awake the other night by the awful thought that even though the suit-and-coat industry didn't seem able to manufacture

enough men's clothes to outfit a midget monastery, there was nothing to prevent their designers from concocting all sorts of outlandish costumes to foist off on unwary males once the country decides to go back to work again. Quickly climbing into my emergency pyjamas (blue with red piping, kept handy in case of fire) I rushed about to find out precisely what it was they were designing. After forty consecutive, harrowing hours with nothing to eat but asparagus hollandaise, mushrooms under glass and roast capon, I can report that our world isn't going to hell in a straw hat, after all.

Out in California, where the best of the kind of clothes men really enjoy are being designed, the dream-up boys are dabbling in ideas no more revolutionary than Polynesian tapa cloth prints and variations on Indian art themes. If that scares you remember they've been fooling around with adaptations of Mexican and South American stuff for years now and nobody has gotten much hurt.

The style lads are brim-ful of psychology, I learned, in doping out what we are going to have to wear. For example, here's how they figure the Polynesian trend is hot. A lot of guys spent a lot of time during the war on remote Pacific islands. These men, my current copy of California Men's Stylist confidently avers, were exposed to native types of dress which include tapa cloth designs, "seashell jewelry, feather coats, painted war shields, carvings on canoe paddles, wooden bowls and other utensils". These exotic symbols of the Pacific paradise, the Men's Stylist goes on to say, "present a rich source of designs and motifs that can be adapted to woven and printed fabrics. So far so good. But by psychologizing some they conclude that soon ex-GI's who served in the Pacific will get nostalgic for tapa cloth, feather coats and painted war shields. Then they'll go out and buy quantities of neckties, shirts, shorts, trunks, sport coats and stuff designed along those lines.

Well, maybe so. But most of the soldiers in the Pacific didn't see much tapa cloth, outside of Honolulu, and not one in a hundred thousand saw a feather coat that some bird wasn't

wearing at the time. As for painted war shields and carved canoe paddles—well, Mr. California Men's Stylist, it sounds like you were in that souvenir-hunters' parade in the European Theater of Operations.

In fifteen months in the Pacific I was on fourteen islands or atolls. That isn't many but as they were spread over an area about three times as big as the United States they took in a lot of territory. From my observation, if the California style designers want to touch off nostalgia in Pacific veterans they would do better to base their concepts on patterns such as those made by broken amphibious craft strewn along a beach. Or the symmetry of a supply dump of five acres of black oil drums. Or a coral beach lined for a mile with little homemade windmills, each furiously churning in a five-gallon can the washing of some soldier.

They might also do something interesting by interpreting how a tiny patch of sea-rimmed sand looks from the air to a man who has just flown 2,000 miles over water with maybe an engine missing. To most people perhaps it would look just like an airstrip and a few shattered palm poles. But to Pacific fliers a necktie patterned with minute coral patches just big enough to land a B-24 would stir memories with sales appeal.

The natives on many of the small Pacific islands won't be of much help in influencing our styles, I fear; their own styles have been influenced almost out of existence by free GI clothing. A picture many veterans remember of their Pacific battleground is of evening movies. Natives attended regularly, dressed in their GI cotton finery and soaked up the impression that all Americans not in the Army live in the Waldorf or in chromium-lined penthouses, and dance and sing their way through life dressed in soup and fish and low-cut gowns or filmy negligees. Talk about Polynesian tapa cloth influencing our tastes—why, the native women on Nanoumea would run a tapa cloth salesman off the atoll on a rail. "And don't come back," they would shout at him, "until you've got something like Ginger Rogers wears—like oomph."

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 19)

on their districts, Grand Est. Lecturing Knight Oliver F. Ash, Jr., was also present and spoke briefly at both sessions.

The Missouri State Elks News, official publication of the Association, which is edited by Lloyd King, will be published quarterly during the coming year and will reach approximately 8,000 Elks.

The men who will head the Association for the next twelve months are: President, John M. Cosgrove, Kansas City; Vice-Presidents: Dr. C. J. Benning, Springfield; Dr. C. R. Shale, Macon; Emmett Bartram, Maryville, and John T. Dumont, St. Louis; Treasurer, M. F. Thurston, Columbia; Trustees: Carl F. Urban, Sedalia; H. H. Russell, Warrensburg, and L. B. Pratt, Jefferson City.

The State Associations Committee Reports the Following Convention Dates for 1946

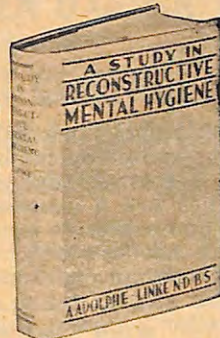
Association	City	Date
Montana	Missoula	July 25-27
Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia	Frederick, Md.	August 11-14
Virginia	Portsmouth	August 18-20
Wisconsin	Milwaukee	August 22-24
Ohio	Cedar Point	August 25-29
Pennsylvania	Allentown	August 26-29
Colorado	Canon City	September 6-8
Michigan	Fort Huron	September 6-8
California	Los Angeles	*
Tennessee	Columbia	*

*Date not yet set

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KLUTCH CO., Box 4655-G, ELMIRA, N. Y.

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 13)

our number-one national noise-maker, the radio-advertising business.

Let us say that you who read these lines are a successful businessman. You have pride in your business. You are hardworking. You have a little more than your share of worries, and you haven't taken a long enough vacation in years. But your digestion is okay, and when you come home at night you can relax with your family, enjoy your hobby. You are your own man. You turn on the radio and listen to the big commercial programs. Perhaps you think the radio-advertising business is very much like yours. The answer is uh-uh or, in a word, no. There are similarities, but the less similarities, the happier you.

Would you like to know if you are qualified to be a big operator in radio-advertising? Listen to our hero, Vic Norman, a good man, as he angles for a \$25,000 job in a top agency:

"I'm not mixed up," Vic tells his prospective employer on page 11 of *The Hucksters*, "about what it takes to make money in this business. Certainly not more than average brains. But a man's got to look bright, act like a Racquet Club member even if he isn't, have two or three simple but good ideas a year, learn how to say yes sir all the time, and no sir once in a while, and ever so often have guts enough to pound a client's desk and tell him that's the way it's gotta be . . ." It later develops that you also have to have a cast iron stomach, an adjustable conscience, and invulnerable armor against fear.

Back in the innocent Twenties "advertising" was a word to make the American blood sing. Now, thanks to the tiny minority of ad men and sponsors who use some of the more powerful air waves, the word "advertising" generates a pungent aura not of spice but of bicarbonate. But tough as high-pressure advertising and the endlessly repeated double-talk commercial may be on the perhaps over-sensitive dial twister, it is (according to *The Hucksters*) even tougher on the men who work in the agencies. Hundreds of young account executives who make a lot of money but can't enjoy a good rare steak because of their jitters, must be getting out of a lot of vicarious satisfaction out of Frederick Wakeman's fast-reading blitz treatment of their profession.

As a matter of fact any agency man will take this book to his heart because the villain, ostensibly, is—The Client. And in this case the client is a peculiarly merciless promotion genius who spends \$12,000,000 a year to keep America conscious of his Beutee Soap. Old Man Evans believes that the more irritating your commercials are, the more you torture radio listeners with interminable repetition of a wacky slogan, the

more Beutee Soap you sell. "Love that soap," the radio screams all through the day, "Beutee is as Beutee does. Love that soap." Because the American consumers seem to bear out his sales philosophy only too well, Old Man Evans holds them in contempt. "Somehow or other," he says, "I always think of people in the ten thousand bracket and under like they were animals." In his own organization Evans surrounds himself with terrified semi-competents who draw salaries in five figures for yelling, "Right!" every time he opens his mouth. At Kimberly & Maag, the Agency which has the privilege of spending Evans' \$12,000,000 a year, the entire personnel from Mr. Kimberly down gibbers with terror at the very name of the Old Man.

Into the demented atmosphere of Kimberly & Maag comes our hero. Vic Norman is intelligent and attractive, a good man in a bad spot. He has a conscience. He wants a slice of that juicy radio money. A big slice. His minor virtue is that he knows when he's being a heel. His major virtue is his determination to remain his own man, to be mastered by no one. Vic becomes account executive for Beutee Soap, and between him and Old Man Evans there develops a furious, desperate battle of wills, with all the sound effects and no holds barred. For it is Evans' instinct to master and reduce to abject fear any human being he confronts. But Vic is a pretty slick operator. You'll have a good time watching him outsmart the monster, although you may shudder a little as you sit in with Vic on some pretty fast deals. By sheer will power Vic remains relaxed and unafraid of Evans until . . . until . . .

Vic's love life is pretty casual until he meets Kay Dorrance and her two children. And when he falls in love with Kay and decides to marry her and support her in the very, very luxurious style to which she is accustomed, a strange thing happens to him. He becomes just a little frightened of Evans, and then just a little more frightened, and then . . . and he learns that it is one thing to tell the world to go to blazes when you have only yourself to look out for, and quite another thing when you are responsible for others. The love story itself is indifferent compared to the rest of the novel. But it is necessary to the plot, so don't let it bother you. I won't tell you how the contest between Vic and Old Man Evans turns out. I do advise you to brace yourself, and read the book. The dialogue is speedy and explosive. Watch out for the Humpty-Dumpty handling of the word "sincere". You'll be thoroughly entertained though you may end up in a state of shock. Certainly I'd recommend this

novel to any young man headed for the entertainment-ad business. (See note above re labeling vicarious experience). It is, as you shall see, comparable to Machiavelli's little book, *The Prince*. And now back to Somerset Maugham and his new novel:

THEN AND NOW

A novel of the Renaissance
by W. Somerset Maugham
Doubleday \$2.50

For some years Somerset Maugham had been thinking of writing a historical novel about Niccolò Machiavelli, the famous 16th century Florentine whose name has come to be a synonym for devious diplomacy. Seeking for a plot around which to develop his protagonist's character, Mr. Maugham came across a comedy called *The Mandrake* that Machiavelli had written. It was fairly bawdy "but," says Mr. Maugham, "since a pope and his cardinals laughed heartily when they saw it, there is no great reason for us small fry to be shocked by it." During the early days of his writing career Maugham himself wrote many plays which were elaborations of his own experience. So he set himself to imagining what incident in Machiavelli's personal life had prompted him to write *The Mandrake*. The incident Maugham invented forms the love story in *Then and Now*. "I am practically convinced," says the author, tongue-in-cheek, "that I have got the facts straight."

The novel, then, tells of a brief period in the life of Machiavelli. The republic of Florence, endangered by the fantastic military and diplomatic coups of Cesar Borgia, who was operating like a 16th Century preview of Hitler, sent Machiavelli on a mission to that cruel and brilliant tyrant who later served as a starting point for Machiavelli's most famous book, *The Prince*. (*The Prince*, as you know, is a handbook for dictators that is said to have been read with profit by every one of that breed from Napoleon to Mussolini and Hitler.)

Accompanied by an 18-year-old lad whom he was sponsoring for the Florentine government service, Machiavelli arrived at the bustling boom city of Imola which served as Cesar Borgia's headquarters. Machiavelli, whatever his sins, was perfect in his loyalty to the free republic of Florence. In defense of his beloved city he engaged in a subtle battle of wits with the magnificent Borgia, a man so consummately unscrupulous—he thought nothing of murdering a loyal retainer for political advantage—that even Machiavelli was shocked by him. While engaged in trying to save his homeland from Borgia's clutches, Machiavelli became enamored of the beautiful and virtuous

Aurelia, wife of a dull-witted merchant twice her age. And with great confidence in his attractions for the opposite sex, to whom he could be very charming when he chose, he set in motion a highly complicated intrigue whereby to entrap her virtue. What happens to his wicked plans for Aurelia and his courageous efforts on behalf of his city, are the materials of *Then and Now*.

This is by no means Maugham at his best. It is not in the same class with *Of Human Bondage*, *Cakes and Ale*, *The Moon and Sixpence*. Entertaining, yes, but thinly so. It is a protracted anecdote told with dry urbanity by a gifted, worldly raconteur who is incapable of being dull. Taking due note of the fact that his lucid style seems deceptively easy, I think Somerset Maugham wrote this novel with one hand tied behind his back. Indeed, of his writings in recent years, the critical essays like the speech discussed at the beginning of this review, and his wonderful autobiography, *The Summing Up*, have been the most enjoyable.

THE HORIZONTAL MAN
by Helen Eustis
Harper \$2.50

Here is a first-rate murder thriller, beautifully written, with three-dimensional characters and a solid background. The scene is a woman's college in New England, and I cannot remember a novel, with or without murder, that so admirably and amusingly portrays college life. Sudden death, in this case, comes to Kevin Boyle, the glamor boy of the faculty, a handsome, romantic English instructor. Among the suspects are a sad unpopular little college girl who had a crush on Boyle, an elderly scholar of international reputation, now grown old and weary, a striking rather overpowering woman instructor who was a belle in the wild Twenties and who still flirts, instinctively, with any attractive male. Then there is the amiable, harried college president trying to keep the scandal-hungry news-hounds off his campus. And best of all, you'll meet Kate Innes, the chubby editor of the undergraduate newspaper. Kate may be a little messy; her idea of the only proper attire is a pair of tired old slacks and a sweatshirt. But she has wit and integrity. Kate, like everyone else on the campus, plays detective. And what they finally discover is as horrifying a solution as ever made your spine tingle. The faculty intrigues and the undergraduate chatter are alone worth the price of admission. In addition there is grade-A suspense from the first page to the last. Helen Eustis, whose first novel this is, has written short stories for *The New Yorker* and *Harper's Bazaar*. She's an author to watch.

BRITANNIA MEWS
by Margery Sharp
Little Brown \$2.75

Britannia Mews was built in 1865 to accommodate the carriage-horses,

coachmen, and other respectable dependents of the ten houses in Albion Place. Later on, when private horse-and-carriage vanished away, and the well-to-do families moved from Albion Place, Britannia Mews became a slum. Still later it grew into a London counterpart of Greenwich Village. The rackets old houses were remodeled, and the bright young things with bobbed hair, who thought it so smart to live in a converted stable, moved in. This novel is the story of Britannia Mews and of Adelaide Culver whose life was intimately bound up with the Mews from the time she was a proud, secretive child of eleven (in 1875) until the days of World War II when Britannia Mews lay vulnerable to German bombers, and Adelaide's composed and distinguished old face bore no witness to the stormy life she had lead. No one could tell from the manner or appearance of this majestic elderly lady that as a rebellious young girl she had eloped from her sheltered home on Albion Place with her drawing master, a weak, penniless, charming adventurer. With him she lived, cut off from her family, in Britannia Mews, now a degraded slum. Fired with faith in his genius, she bent the full force of her passionate will to making a successful and distinguished painter of him. When she decided at last that he was nothing, and would always be nothing she was consumed with hatred for him. He died by her hand. Whether it was an accident or deliberate murder, Adelaide herself never knew. For the rest of her life she strove bitterly for the respectability she had scorned as a girl and in the end she found it, and love too.

This is an expert tale of a proud and very passionate woman who pulled herself up by her bootstraps into serenity, and lived to calm the rebellious heart of a young girl of our own days. In the Greenwich Village period of Britannia Mews Adelaide and her second husband win fame as puppeteers of distinction. The author makes no comment on the fact that the prize puppets of the collection, the beautiful ones that started the theater and delighted art connoisseurs, were made by Adelaide's unlamented first husband and were partly responsible for making her despise him. In contrast to Adelaide's tumultuous life, we see the placid unexciting existence of the respectable community she deserted, and in the end the parted threads are knotted again.

This is a very novelish novel. It is full of incident, and the author juggles a variety of characters respectable and raffish, with skill. Though the action is limited to the Mews and a few other houses, the effect is that of a broad canvas. And of course in terms of time and changing manners the canvas is broad. Somerset Maugham would, I think, approve of this novel in principle. It's a yarn. It reminds me of Arnold Bennett's *Old Wives Tale* in its rich, action-packed portrait of a whole life. Neverthe-



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less, there is something wanting. Perhaps it is too cold. It lacks the warmth of Miss Sharp's *The Nutmeg Tree* and *Cluny Brown* which were far less ambitious. Perhaps I liked

Adelaide herself too little to be altogether satisfied that she should get off so cheaply. That's it, I guess. Adelaide is about as cuddlesome as the Rock of Gibraltar. From child-

hood you regard her with awe, but you don't love her. She will, nevertheless, be a much talked-of lady. *Brittania Mews* is the Book of the Month Club selection for July.

Union 1787-1946

(Continued from page 7)

seems obvious. It is clear that the states needed a federal union and they needed effective machinery to settle their differences without bloodshed. To us it seems clear that compared with the advantages to be reaped from cooperation, the quarrels between the states were really small potatoes. But, due largely to the fact that the people were insufficiently informed and basically distrustful of each other, the solution did not seem so clear in 1787. Even the calling of the Constitutional Convention of 1787 was not the result of a consensus of feeling on the part of the people that a new strong federal union was needed. The Convention was called at the instigation of a few of the country's leading men ostensibly to consider revising the Articles of Confederation only as they applied to interstate commerce. The convention grew out of a prior unsuccessful meeting at Annapolis which had been called by Maryland and Virginia to resolve a dispute between those states as to the commercial rights to the Potomac. When the five states which bothered to send representatives to Annapolis finally showed up, Maryland, one of the parties to the controversy, was among the missing. The dismal failure of the Annapolis Convention convinced Washington and Hamilton and others of their ilk that drastic action was needed. Hence the calling of the convention at Philadelphia. But the country as a whole was still indifferent to the perils of disunity. Rhode Island, convinced that a federal government having any military power was the death knell to liberty sent no delegate to the Constitutional Convention at all. It took days at the convention before a quorum of the states was represented. Out of sixty-five delegates elected to attend the convention, ten refused to waste time by going to Philadelphia. Jonathon Dayton, the youngest member of the Convention (27) was there by virtue of the fact that his father who had been elected to attend, had not thought it worth the bother and sent his hot-tempered son instead. Of the fifty-five men present, thirteen left in disgust before the convention was over. It is amusing to recollect that this venerable assembly was torn by such conflict that they indulged in a bitter dispute on Benjamin Franklin's suggestion at one point that they request a clergyman to bless the deliberations of the delegates. Even on that Godly issue, no agreement could be reached, the arguments in opposition ranging from an objection

to the high charges of ministers "even for short prayers" to the insistence of some delegates that invoking the assistance of God in the middle of the convention would imply that it had been irreligious up to that point.

After weeks of bickering and bargaining with only Dr. Franklin's influence keeping the convention from disbanding many times, the Constitution was at last signed. Only three of the remaining delegates refused to sign. And it would seem that the major part of the battle was over then. After all, most of the delegates were leading citizens; forty-one of them had served in Congress during the Revolution or under the Articles of Confederation; eight had signed the Declaration of Independence and seven of them had been governors of states. These men could reasonably be expected to know what the country wanted. But when time for ratification of the Constitution by the states came around, it became quite apparent that they had not been aware of the one great guarantee without which the people wanted no part of a federal union—a bill of rights. This omission, coupled with the fact that the same interstate antagonisms which created such difficulty at the convention came to the fore again when the states were asked to ratify the Constitution, led to ratification by a very narrow margin.

Rhode Island did not ratify until 1790 and then only because the Senate was considering measures to isolate the state economically. Massachusetts probably would not have ratified if John Hancock had not been promised that if he would exert his influence (he was the wealthiest man in the states) he would be nominated for President if Virginia did not join the Union, and for Vice-President if she did. This was probably our first major political double-cross, because Massachusetts came in by a close vote of 187 to 168 and Hancock was never either President or Vice-President. New York came in by a margin of only three votes at the state convention only because there were rumors that New Hampshire and Virginia had already ratified and that they would refuse to let New York market her goods in the states of the Union unless she did likewise. Vermont at that time was negotiating with England for recognition as a separate nation.

Even after ratification, the new nation's troubles were not over. In 1814 a convention was held at Hartford at

which a serious attempt was led by Massachusetts to dissolve the Union. I have often thought that if that Hartford convention had been possessed of but one colorful leader, the initial experiment of the United States might have ended—at least temporarily—at that meeting in 1814.

In many ways the United Nations problems, while similar to those of the colonies seem much more hopeful of solution. Our improved methods of communication and the ease of travel between nations are tremendous assets in promoting mutual understanding and confidence, an asset which the colonies did not have. Traveling was so difficult that few people (other than those who had served in the army during the Revolution) had ever been out of their own states. James Madison once said, "Of the affairs of Georgia (the misspelling is Madison's) I know as little as of those of Kamchatka." And Madison, remember, was as close to being a national figure as anyone of his day. The differences and antagonisms of the states were encouraged by the fact that communication between them was so primitive that the interchange of ideas was difficult and traveling for most people impossible. At the time of our Constitutional Convention, there were only seventy-five post offices and less than fifteen hundred miles of passable road. When George Washington died in 1799 at Mount Vernon, the news was rushed northward at maximum speed, but it didn't reach Boston until ten days later. It took a man a day at least to travel as far as he could travel today in an hour. At the end of the Revolution, it took two days to travel the 90 miles from New York to Philadelphia by sailboat and stagecoach—and this was one of the best-developed routes in the country. Canada might well have been the fourteenth state in the union were it not for the fact that the roads there became impassable in bad weather.

Seventy-five per cent of the people could not read, and even if they could, it would not have helped much. Books were the province of the wealthy and the largest library in the country consisted of a scant 3,000 volumes. Mail was not only slow but uncertain. Letters were sent from Massachusetts to Georgia by way of England because it was faster than the overland mail. Madison and Jefferson corresponded in code because of hijacking and many sent mail C.O.D. because the chances were that

the letter would never reach its destination anyway. Small wonder that with so little opportunity to learn the mores and problems of other states either by personal contact or through reading, the states did not know, trust or understand each other. Patriotism was defined in terms of the way a man felt about his state, not about twelve other alien territories. Edmund Randolph, the governor of Virginia, expressed the attitude of most colonists when he declared, "You see, I am not really an American. I am a Virginian." By comparison the UN with all the advantages of modern communication, has an easy job of promoting international understanding. The problem of the free exchange of ideas is still before us, however, in a slightly different guise. Insofar as any government prohibits freedom of expression among its own people or censors the activities of foreign correspondents, we are still faced with the impossible job of trying to understand each other's problems with insufficient information at our disposal.

Distrust, economic warfare, local loyalties, traditional antagonisms, lack of understanding—all the same

problems are there. Regardless of whether we find the same solutions, we can still be heartened by the remembrance of the success of other men in coping with the seemingly insoluble. We stand at the same kind of crucial starting point which induced Benjamin Franklin to rise at the end of the Constitutional Convention and address George Washington, the chairman, in these words:

"Sir, for four months, I have been observing that picture painted on the high arch of your chair. More than anyone in this chamber I have gazed at carvings and paintings of artists of all lands. In the galleries and salons of England and France I have seen innumerable attempts of artists to depict that greatest of planets, the sun. Artists have always found it difficult to distinguish a rising from a setting sun. I have often and often, in the course of these sessions and vicissitudes of my hopes and fears as to its issue, looked at that sun behind the president of this convention without being able to tell whether it was rising or setting. But now at length I have the happiness to know that it is a rising sun and not a setting sun."

Vacations Unlimited

(Continued from page 38)

magnificent Alpine scenery but also for the superb accommodations at Banff Springs Hotel, the chateau at Lake Louise and Jasper Park Lodge. The two parks adjoin one another and are made up literally of a "sea of mountains", many of which tower to 10,000 and as high as 13,000 feet. Within the parks is the great Columbia Icefield, more than 150 square miles in extent, and also hundreds of glaciers, now slowly melting and decreasing in size each year. The two areas are traversed by a fine highway opened only in 1940, and between them they also boast about 1,500 miles of saddle pony trails to beauty spots not accessible by automobile.

The final section of this Rocky Mountain area is western British

Columbia, a region of dense, lush vegetation where the giant cedar and the Douglas fir grow to enormous size and height. Vancouver and Victoria are its chief cities, the one a great seaport and the other a corner of England itself, where American visitors soon learn that downing cup after cup of tea is an indispensable part of social life. Vancouver is a cosmopolitan center with its own Chinatown and even a colony of Hindus. Victoria, on the other hand, is a city of flowers and scenic drives and the famed Butchart Gardens. Both of them nevertheless have that subtle but sure tinge of foreign places, that flavor which Americans have found irresistible not only in these particular spots but also in all Canada.

Outboard America

(Continued from page 41)

concerned, many outboarders who belonged to the National Outboard Association automatically have become members of the newly-organized successor, the Outboard Boating Club of America. For that matter, anyone at all can join OBC upon payment of the dollar-a-year dues.

Through established and now-organizing local clubs, the member will participate in a national program of service to outboard-motormen, will receive the club publication, *Outboard Boating*, and, if he hasn't before, very soon will develop, it is assumed, an earnest, even enthusiastic yen for more and better outboarding, new and better equipment. On hand

for just such a contingency are OBC's sustaining members—motor and equipment manufacturers—who also serve on the Advisory Committee, and the sponsor members, who are qualified dealers in boats, motors and equipment and supplies.

The refinements you'll find in the 1946 outboards grew to a pattern somewhat like that in auto. The new Evinrudes, for example, are not radically unlike Ole Evinrude's first motor. When Evinrude placed his first motor on the market, a job called the Waterman Porto Motor had been for sale for some years with the somewhat tentative advertising slogan "Don't Be Afraid of It". Mrs. Evin-

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rude, on the other hand, came up with the advertising caption, "Throw Away the Oars!" which shows a nice change of attitude if nothing else.

This early erasing of competition has been repeated often during the past several decades. Lockwood and Caille are only two of the better-known makes now off the market; the former was absorbed by Outboard, Marine about 1929; the latter simply ceased manufacture. And the ease with which the Evinrude and Elto (initials of Evinrude Light Twin Outboard) and Johnson demonstrated their superiority to almost all comers led Outboard, Marine & Manufacturing Company's predecessor firms to suffer some years ago from what *Fortune* magazine has aptly called delusions of grandeur and fatty degeneration of the competitive organ—and the complacency common to many another monopolistic enterprise.

Outboard motors went into combat early in 1942. The Navy used Kiekhaefer, Evinrude and Johnson models of regular commercial design for its seven- and ten-man rubber boats. The LCP(N) Landing Craft Personnel (Nested), a 36-foot plastic boat, was planned for use with a 50-horsepower motor of special design, although the craft was developed too late for combat use. On all fronts, of course, lighters, barges and, most of all, bridge pontoons, were powered by outboards of 22, 55 and all the way up to 155 horsepower.

First extensive Army use of outboards came with the movement of supplies through the Canadian Northwest for gigantic construction programs including the building of the Alcan Highway. On rafts made up of ponderous bridge pontoons and powered by outboards, vast quantities of gear ranging from food to the inevitable bulldozers were carried over a network of waterways more than a thousand miles in length.

Unquestionably we'll hear more about these 22 and 55 h.p. jobs from now on. The 22, made by Johnson, featured steering control through 360 degrees. With it a skilled operator could move backwards, sideways, or hold the ponton or raft motionless in a current simply by rotating the motor on its mounting bracket to give propeller thrust in the right direction. Tagged POLR-15 (Army), some of these motors are being offered unsuspecting buyers by surplus goods dealers, even though they are not adapted to civilian use. To convert the POLR-15 to the 22 h.p. PO standard motor (Class "C") calls for a shorter driveshaft and housing, among other things, and will cost about \$100 including labor.

The big 55 h.p. Evinrude, though very fast, possibly will be found handy for some of the heavier peacetime jobs all outboards were shown capable of handling in wartime. Commercial fishermen, for instance, always have been big users of outboards, the bigger the better. And the big outboard assemblies for use

with detached, inboard engines, such as the Murray & Tregurtha mentioned before, may very well revolutionize handling of harbor utility work and heavy traffic on all inland waterways.

"All inland waterways" means, in this case, all over the world, for by now our outboards are familiar everywhere. On China's waterways alone, the Army had a fleet of 500 sampans powered by outboards, carrying military traffic of all kinds. Bags of rice alternated with bombs in the cargo, and to the grunts and chants of tow-line coolies, the high-pitched splutter of the motors added a new sound.

The outboards' high-pitched song, as a matter of fact, sometimes sounds in the darnedest places. Early in the game amateur, and sometimes professional, mechanics discovered the outboard to be a truly versatile little powerplant. Modifications of standard outboards have been used to pump water, to drive saws and other machinery, to power generators and, on the lunatic fringe, to power the midget racing cars whose pell-mell speed drew such enthusiastic audiences before the war. Most people use outboards, of course, for boating, but you're naturally free to use yours for anything you wish.

Exactly what changed costs are going to do to this year's prices on new motors isn't clear yet. Twenty years ago, Evinrude was offering a "big, husky 4 h.p." twin for \$160, a 2 h.p. single for \$110, a 40 lb. "Sport Twin" for \$145, and Johnson's prices were about the same. Eight years ago you could pick up a single-cylinder, 14 lb. Elto "Pal" for a mere \$37.50. It's extremely unlikely, of course, that such prices will obtain this year.

One important factor that will change the complexion of the market this year, however, is something we mentioned a while back: Competition. A 3½ h.p. "Firestone" motor is on display at my neighborhood Firestone store, priced at \$69. Before the war the Firestone stores handled motors made by Champion. Large-scale distribution such as this is bound to affect the market. Champion, Bendix, Muncie Gear and Kiekhaefer long have made motors popular with a segment of the outboarding fraternity, and Kiekhaefer, Champion and Scott-Atwater already have launched sizable advertising campaigns for their motors. The Kiekhaefer "Mercury" ranges in size from 3 to 25 h.p., boasts such improvements as streamlined design, anti-friction bearings and so on. Indicative of the continuing trend towards light, small motors—a trend that began about 15 years ago, after the mania for bigger and faster engines had spent itself—is the new Scott-Atwater, made in two single-cylinder 3.5 h.p. models, two 5 h.p. twins, and featuring as standard equipment a handy carrying rack and stand. The Lauson is a single-cylinder, 2.5 h.p. job; Champion lists a 4 h.p. single, and 5.8 and

7 h.p. twins. The Metal Products Corporation's "Flambeau," Martin Motors' new "60," and Muncie Gear Works' "Neptune" are three other 1946 motors to keep your eye on. And for those who want slower speeds, still lighter weight and no noise, at least two electric motors are available, the Minn-Kota at \$42.55 f.o.b. Moorehead, Minn. (batteries extra), and the \$74.50, .55 h.p. Silvertrol made by Silver Creek Precision Corporation at Silver Creek, N. Y. All horsepowers are OBC Certified Brake Horsepower at 4000 r.p.m.

Big motor and highest-speed fans have good reason to take heart, too, despite the profusion of small motors, because big motors will be available for those who want them. And to top it off, war-born in the Gar Wood shops, is a huge new six-cylinder, four-cycle (most outboards are two-cycle), super-charged monster. Just what plans the Water Speed King and his Outboard Speed King son have in mind for their new motor is hard to guess, and for the time being they're playing it cozy. There are vague murmurings about 100 mph speed, however, and probably big-boat owners, or possibly commercial fishermen seeking ever-larger motors, will find the geared-down power of the six-cylinder job especially to their liking.

Such potential power and speed, of course, presents new problems for solution by the hull builders, but it's safe to give odds they have the situation well in hand. Commercial boat makers meanwhile have announced new lines of hulls for every outboarding need. Thompson, Century, Dunphy, Lyman, Ventnor and Wagemaker, among the big, old-line firms, are sticking pretty much to conventional materials with the possible exception of more use of some of the new, bonded plywoods. Two new firms, however, Western Plastics, Inc., and Winner Mfg. Co., have all-plastic hulls on the market and, after all, when you get right down to it, isn't a heat-bonded plywood a plastic? "Car-top" boats of many shapes and sizes are announced by many established hull builders; one-piece, sectional and collapsible models among them. All you need is a good motor, a car-top boat—and you can carry your boating wherever you can drive! Other innovations this year are the all-aluminum dinghy produced by Reynolds Metals Company (12 ft. long, 150 lbs.) and the line of "Dowcraft" magnesium hulls made by Dow Chemical Co. (12 ft. long, 75 lbs., carries five adults, is priced at \$325). Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corp., of course, had its light, handy, all-aluminum canoe on the market last year; a boat that can, in a pinch, be outboard-powered.

But you don't need to be fancy—you can attach your outboard to a raft, a log, or a bathtub (if you can locate a bathtub) if you wish. There is not much doubt that the Common Man in his Century has been handed motorboating on a silver platter. Outboarding's for everyone!



PRESIDENT-ELECT WASHINGTON CROSSES FLOATING BRIDGE (GRAY'S FERRY) ON INAUGURAL JOURNEY, PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 20, 1789*

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