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THE

ELKS

MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER 1946



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A letter from the President

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

U.S.S. WILLIAMSBURG
August 22, 1946

Dear Brother Campbell:

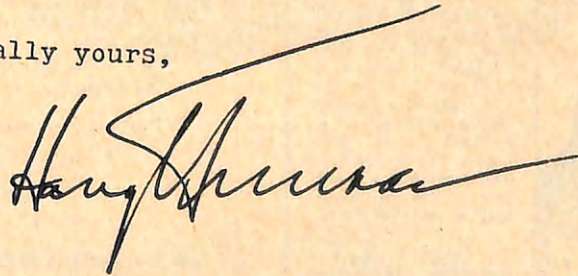
I can think of nothing more fitting than the rededication of the stately Elks National Memorial Building in Chicago to the end that this impressive edifice shall commemorate the valiant Elks who served in World War II, as well as those who served in World War I. I should consider it a distinct honor and privilege if my official duties would permit my attendance in person at the exercises of rededication.

The response of the Elks to their country's call in both wars was magnificent. Whether serving in far-flung battlefronts or maintaining the equally important home front they supported the cause of freedom and democracy with energy, valor, and patriotic fervor.

We shall not forget that in World War I some seventy thousand of our members saw service, of whom more than twelve hundred made the supreme sacrifice. Burned into our memory also is the fact that more than one hundred thousand of our fraternal Brothers bore arms in World War II, of whom more than eighteen hundred gave their lives.

Great as was that sacrifice and magnificent as was the contribution of the Elks to the all-out war effort, perhaps the hardest task remains ahead. We must not forget that winning the war and winning the peace are closely related parts of the same problem.

Fraternally yours,



Mr. Bruce A. Campbell,
Chairman,
National Memorial and Publication
Commission, BPOE,
East St. Louis, Illinois.



SARAH BERNHARDT KNEW HOW

"The Divine One" knew how to create a great performance—and a great Manhattan—with the help of America's great bitters!

My father used to chuckle as he recalled what the great actress used to say about Manhattans. "Ziz ees a secret anybody can know, Miss B. would say, "Abbott's Aged Bectairs ees zee ansair!"

The Divine Sarah was right—for this fine aged bitters from Maryland has been making good cocktails great for nearly a century.

Abbott's Aged Bitters achieves its magnificent mellowness through careful, thorough ageing. In the ageing, all sediment is removed, so that you get a clean bitters. Try the bitters that outsells all others in Maryland, home of fine and gracious living

C. W. Abbott

MANHATTAN

1/3 Jigger Sweet Vermouth, 2/3 jigger Rye or Bourbon. 1 or 2 dashes Abbott's Aged Bitters, depending on body of whiskey. Pour into mixing glass with lump or cube ice and stir. (Do Not Shake). Strain and serve in cocktail glass with cherry. Write for Free 38-Page Recipe Booklet containing recipes of distinction.



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C. W. ABBOTT & CO., Inc.
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

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

THE ELKS NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

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NOVEMBER 1946



Cover Design by Homer Hill

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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. 6, November, 1946. Published monthly at McCall 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—**

OUR cover this month, by Homer Hill, is one of those little scenes in which we are prone to indulge now and again. You will probably get another one for Spring or one for Summer. Mr. Hill is our idea of a man who knows how to paint the countryside, although he occasionally leaves out vital bits of machinery.

We start this column off with Mr. Hill's cover because it is the first thing you see. However, our most important message this month comes from Harry S. Truman, the President of the United States, whose greeting to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell appears on page one. Mr. Truman, in his letter, proves himself once more a stalwart member of the Order.

There is a plan afoot to present the views of the United States Government, and its people, to the other peoples of the world. This plan must be implemented by a strong public relations policy on the part of the United States. Mr. Dickson Hartwell, on page four, briefly briefs you on the problem which presents itself to us at the end of World War II.

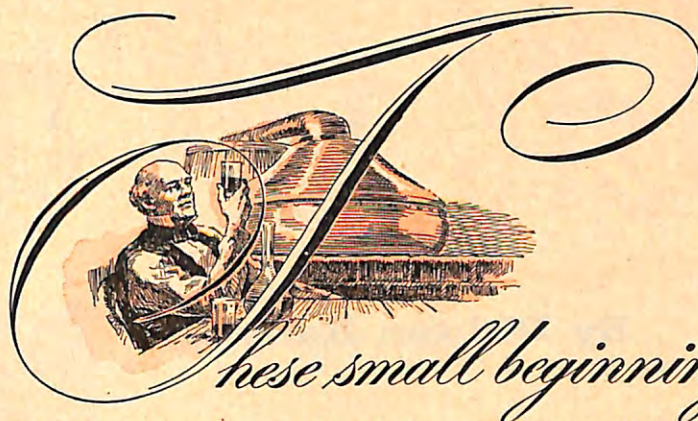
A young lady named Pauline M. Barrett has bobbed up with a story concerning a Chinese coolie, illustrated by Mario Cooper. Miss Barrett's account of how Mr. Ah Pang finally became rich goes a long way toward expressing why we Americans find the Chinese people so endearing.

One of our spies, Clarence Weinstock, has investigated those people who continually go about breaking their necks. He arrives at an astonishing conclusion—no less astonishing than the illustrations of our good friend, George Price. Psychosomatics please take note, you are liable to slip on your nose in the bathtub.

The most notable event of our fraternal year was the rededication of the Elks National Memorial to the veterans of World War I and II. An account of this impressive ceremony, held in Chicago on September 8th, appears on pages 14, 15 and 16 of this issue. We could not, because of space limitations, reprint the words and sentiments of those who addressed the assemblage, but we have tried to give a brief journalistic account of this historic meeting.

Once again our fraternal section is rich with news of the Order's activities. On page 17 the Grand Exalted Ruler delivers an expression of his appreciation to his District Deputies. The activities of the lodges are presented on subsequent pages, and the visits of Mr. Broughton to some of the lodges also receive attention.

Mr. Faust is busy barking at his dogs, and Ted Trueblood is out shooting poor little birds who fly faster than he can. Also our merry little cutups, Kent Richards and W. C. Bixby, continue to express their distaste for the postwar world in a manner which we consider not-too-subtle. C.P.



These small beginnings
LED TO THIS GREAT WHISKEY

Here, in a little log cabin distillery,
over a hundred years ago, James Crow perfected the whiskey
that was destined to win fame throughout the world.



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We'll tell the World

By Dickson Hartwell

A FAMOUS international banker flew home to New York recently from a world inspection trip. Reporting to his board of directors he ended on a solemn note, saying, "The most serious handicap to our future business abroad is what foreigners think of us. You won't believe this but nearly everywhere Americans are considered to be generally lawless, invariably divorced, and unspeakably rich. They think we belong to organized lynch mobs. And our only interest is sensual pleasure." The banker paused. "Now who wants to do business with people with that kind of reputation?"

The banker might have added that the rest of the world credits us with a genius for production but little else. Our United Nations efforts are held in contempt. People abroad believe us as naïve in international politics as we are corrupt in our domestic government. Which, they leave no doubt, is plenty.

These are not the ideas of Borneo pygmy tribes. They are the deep-seated convictions of western Europeans. They are not representative merely of the few the U.N.R.R.A. hasn't fed. They are the general opinion, held by those who tolerate us as well as those who don't.

Such attitudes have a technical name. Students of propaganda call them stereotypes. They may seem ridiculous. But they are a formidable barrier to our gaining world good will. To a powerful nation like our-

selves they might be amusing except for three points. They cut seriously into our foreign trade. They upset essential hemisphere solidarity. They frustrate our honest efforts to achieve world peace.

Obviously we must do something to dispel these mass misconceptions. We are doing something. But the job is so vast as to be almost beyond comprehension. Try to imagine the task of changing American opinion on the story of George Washington and the cherry tree. There isn't a word of truth in the pleasant little fable about his staunch refusal to tell a lie. The beginnings of the myth have been researched; it was made up out of whole cloth. Washington's veracity was fallible. But try and convince the American people that the story is untrue!

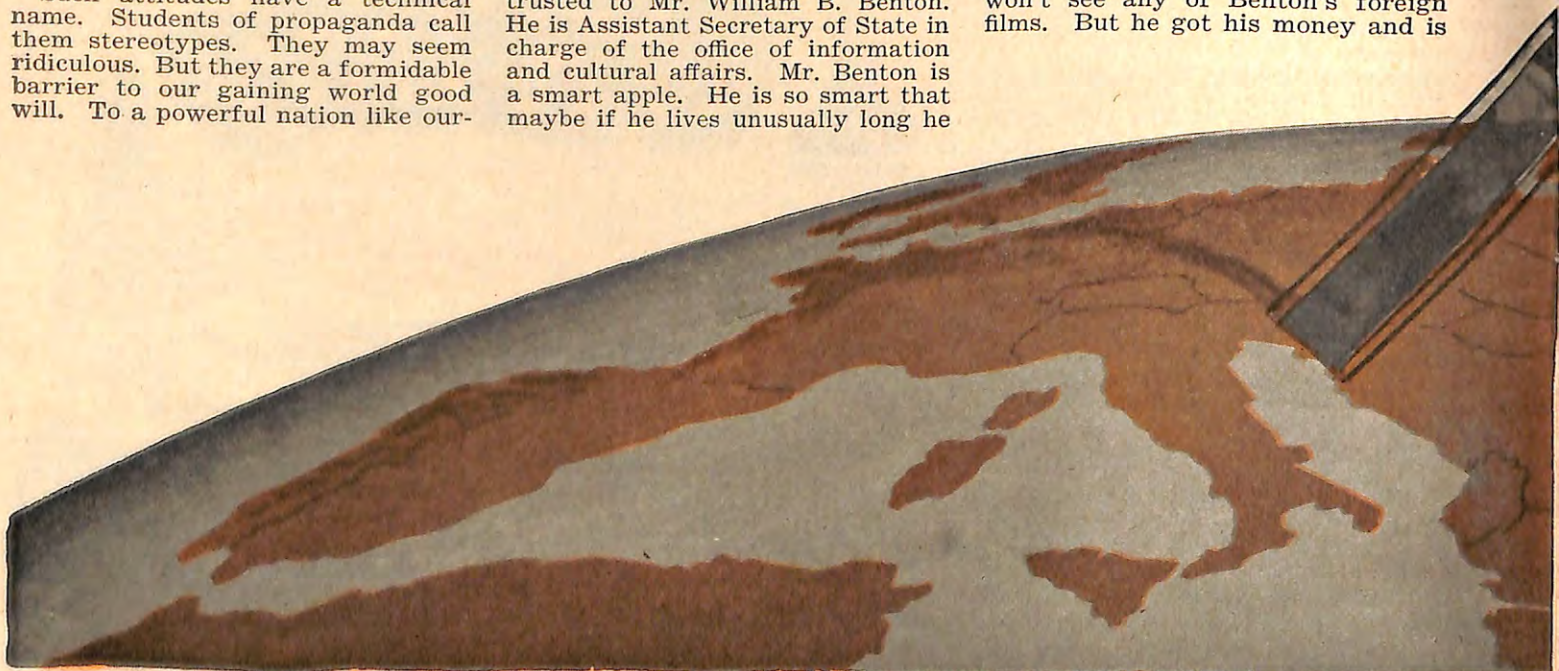
The job of changing foreign attitudes about us is concerned with more than one minor myth. Involved are a dozen ingrained points of view, the more firmly held because we sold them to the rest of the world, as will be shown later, through the most compelling sales medium ever developed—our motion pictures.

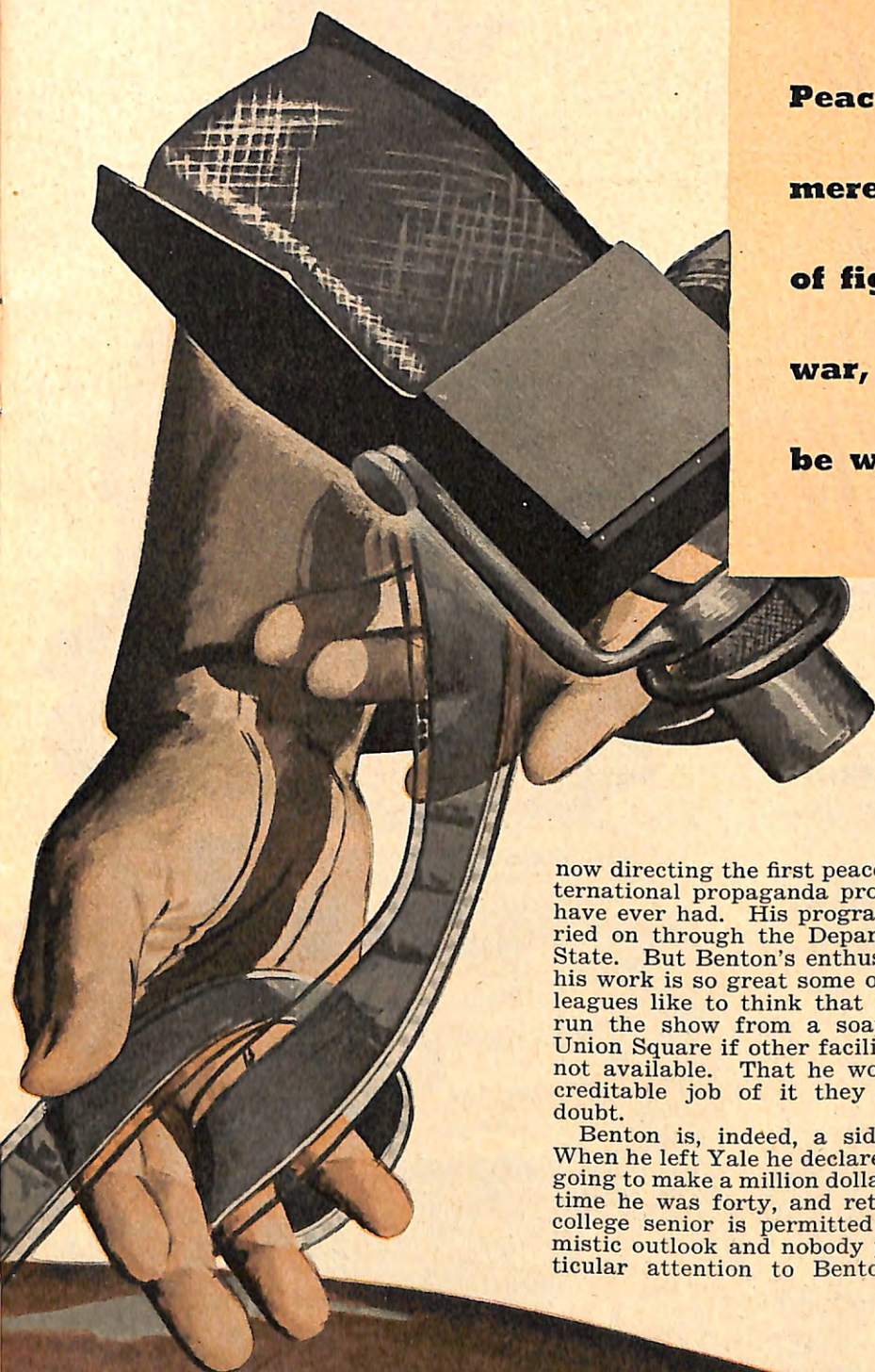
The key job of creating a world picture of us as a nation of honest, persevering home folks has been entrusted to Mr. William B. Benton. He is Assistant Secretary of State in charge of the office of information and cultural affairs. Mr. Benton is a smart apple. He is so smart that maybe if he lives unusually long he

can do the job. Recently, for example, Benton was explaining to a congressional committee why he wanted \$25,000,000 as a starter for the job. Part of the money would be spent, he said, for short, simple documentary films, depicting American farm life and other homely scenes vastly different from foreign opinion of us.

At this point one of the congressmen, a born showman, was blessed with the startling idea that it would be a good idea to show such films to American audiences. Benton explained politely that the films would be simple things, designed for foreigners, with commentary in appropriate foreign languages. The congressman persisted that American audiences would find such pictures delightful. Benton, once an advertising executive of some note, has seen the best travelogues empty many an American theater. He could readily imagine what one of his little numbers, designed for Liberia, would do in Loew's State. But he wanted \$25,000,000 more than he wanted to win an argument so he said simply, "Mr. Congressman, I agree with you. That is a very interesting idea."

It is a safe bet that Americans won't see any of Benton's foreign films. But he got his money and is





**Peace is not
merely the absence
of fighting, like
war, it must
be waged.**



now directing the first peace time international propaganda program we have ever had. His program is carried on through the Department of State. But Benton's enthusiasm for his work is so great some of his colleagues like to think that he would run the show from a soap box in Union Square if other facilities were not available. That he would do a creditable job of it they have no doubt.

Benton is, indeed, a side-winder. When he left Yale he declared he was going to make a million dollars by the time he was forty, and retire. Any college senior is permitted an optimistic outlook and nobody paid particular attention to Benton's exu-

berance until at slightly less than forty and with something considerably more than a million, he did retire. Though other men have matched his success, the fact that Benton called his shot, so to speak, gave him a special importance, one which still enhances his prestige.

Benton's retirement was short-lived. Soon he took a job as vice-president of the University of Chicago, in charge of public relations. As a sideline he bought the Encyclopedia Britannica and started putting that on its feet. As another interest he owns Muzak, the company which pipes dulcet music into cafes. The development of this idea alone has won him the eternal gratitude of people who seek solace in the better bars.

When Benton stepped into the State Department last Fall he inherited considerable trouble. Part of it was in the overseas operations of the Office of War Information, which was being liquidated and which Benton

(Continued on page 39)

Illustrated by KENNETH THOMPSON

As Luck Would Have It

By Pauline M. Barrett

Illustrated by MARIO COOPER

**What makes a man rich?
Dollars! Ah Pang made
his the lucky way.**

PLAY ran high at the Golden Dragon. Back and forth across the noisy tables went the money, in fives, and tens, and hundreds of dollars. Ah Pang the coolie, in black cotton trousers and worn white tunic, unnoticed by the players, carefully guided his bamboo broom among the shuffling, slippered feet, sweeping away the cigarette-ends, the scraps of crumpled paper scrawled with figures, the melon-seed husks—all the dusty litter of the Clu-Clu house. No feeling showed in his thin young face, no sign that he saw the players or watched the play. But with every movement of his broom Ah Pang was wishing—wishing with a passionate intensity—that he was a rich man, with money, real money, to spend or save or squander as he pleased: rich as these Clu-Clu players, who night after night could gamble their hundred-dollar bills on the throw of three little dice.

Clu-Clu . . . A table with numbered squares, three dice and a plate to hold them: a croupier to shake the dice and a glass bell to control the throw. Lay your money, guess the turn-up as closely as you can, and the closer you are the more you win. But the house always won the most, in spite of the elaborate systems worked out by the regular players—those mysterious calculations on bits of paper, to see whether fives were running, or threes, or sixes; whether the dice were throwing high or low. And all the time the perpetual nibbling of melon-seeds, the endless cigarettes, the husks and butts for Ah Pang's rhythmic broom.

What makes a man rich? Dollars. And more dollars. Thousands of dollars. How many thousands of dollars?



Five . . . six . . . seven . . . eight. Eight; there was a good number, as every Chinese knows. Eight thousand dollars . . . eight thousand dollars.

Ah Pang never knew just when the resolve was made, but there it was. He knew that a coolie does not easily become a rich man, but once his mind was made up time meant nothing to him. He was young. It was only three years since he had left his village to seek a living on the coast. And there was Siu Ling. Only three years—though sometimes it seemed a lifetime—since he had whispered goodbye to little Siu Ling and promised

He whispered goodbye to little Siu Ling and promised to come back and marry her one day.



to come back and marry her one day.

So Ah Pang made his resolve. Some day he would go back to his village with eight thousand dollars in his innermost money-belt, and he would marry Siu Ling and live the rest of his days like a mandarin, in honorable leisure, with many sons.

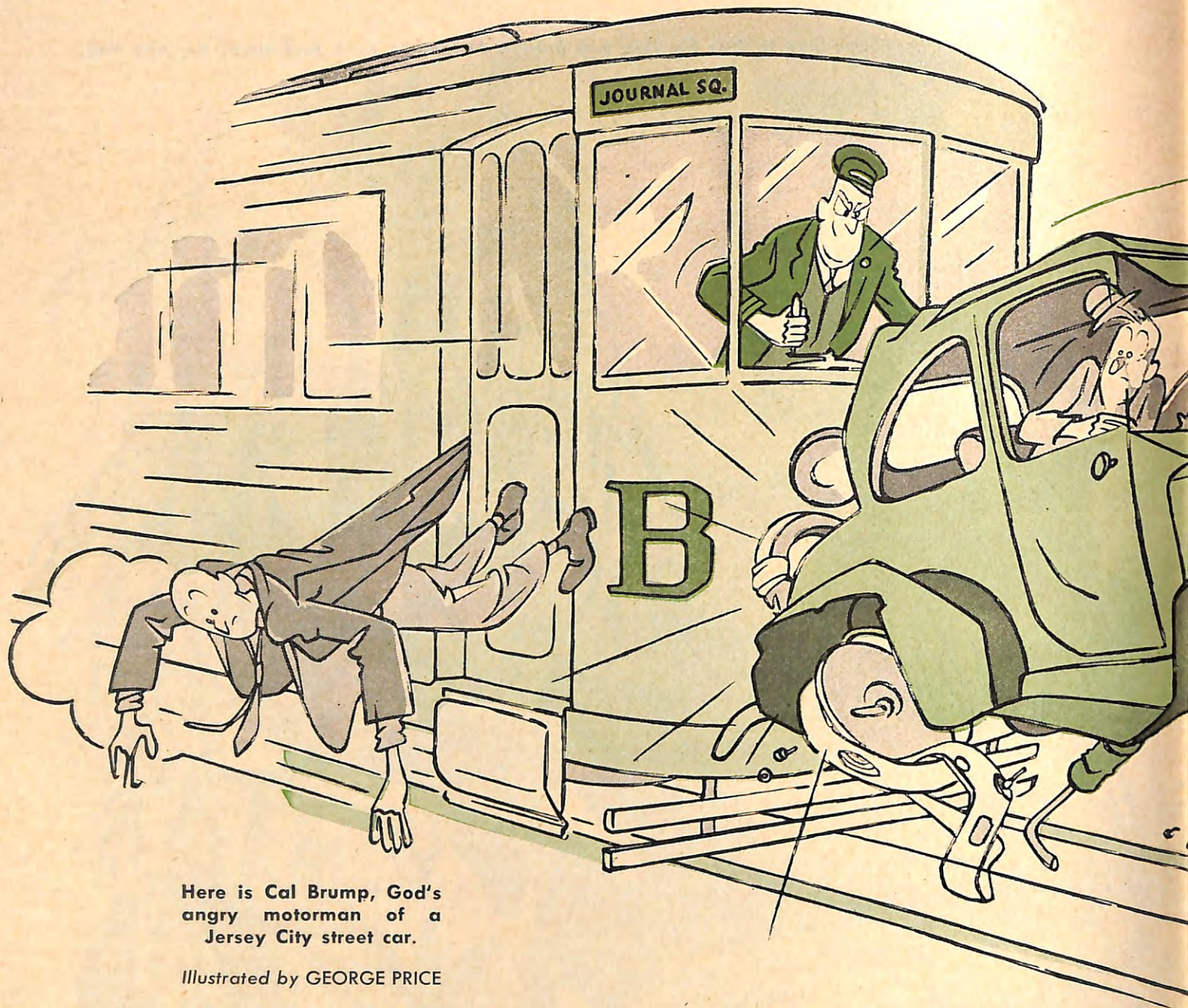
Slowly an idea formed in his mind. It would take time, this scheme, but it had everything to recommend it,

even that it meant pitting his wits against the wits of others. And he was satisfied that it could hurt no one; he would be the richer by thousands of dollars, but no unfortunate individual could call himself the loser of it.

It was at the time of the Lunar New Year—a lucky time to launch new ventures—that Ah Pang worked out the final details of his plan. The

Clu-Clu tables were at their busiest, and the winning patrons were generous with their tips. He worked long hours and he worked hard, getting together every cent he could against the future, when he would have a roof over his head, a corner in which to unroll his bed and sleep, a bowl of rice twice a day, but no money.

So early in the New Year began
(Continued on page 57)



Here is Cal Brump, God's angry motorman of a Jersey City street car.

Illustrated by GEORGE PRICE

WHEN Elmer Buttonfist of Muncie, Indiana, brushed his teeth so fiercely one morning that he dislocated a vertebra in his neck, the neighbors merely said, "There's old Elmer at it again."

Some friends even blamed Clarissa Buttonfist for the accident. "That wife of his is worse luck for Elmer than a short circuit."

Mrs. Buttonfist's mother came closer to the truth, however, when she declared, "I believe Elmer did it to spite Clarissa."

Since the first of the year Mr. Buttonfist has fallen and sprained his right wrist, caught his fingers in the electric fan, dropped a bowling ball on his toe, twisted his right hand while carrying a box, turned his ankle walking upstairs, poured a kettle of boiling water on his left foot, caught his hand in a wringer, dislocated his right knee getting out of a car, and wrenched his back badly when a stove he was taking to the cellar slipped out of his arms.

Each of these mishaps occurred after a quarrel with Mrs. Buttonfist. A psychiatrist might say that what Elmer really wanted to do was to slap her down, but being a gentleman he felt guilty about his natural desire and punished himself instead. Or that, without being aware of it, he decided that the best way to hurt her was to make her feel responsible for his misfortunes. "See what you did," Mr. Buttonfist could say. "You made me slip in the gutter and get run over."

In the course of his stormy married life, Mr. Buttonfist has become what is known as "accident prone". His type—the repeater—is no mean problem in factories, in the army, to his family and to insurance companies. Such a person seems predisposed to have accidents, either because of certain inherent characteristics or due to a mental conflict which drives him to self-destructive behavior.

If this sounds weird take a look at

the even stranger figures on accidents. Four million workers were killed or seriously injured in 1941 as the result of mishaps. Psychiatrist Helen Flanders Dunbar estimates that 400,000,000 man-days were lost as a result, enough to build 20 battleships, 100 destroyers, 9,000 bombers, and 40,000 tanks. Only ten to twenty percent of these accidents was due to mechanical causes. All the rest involved the human factor, the "X" of personality.

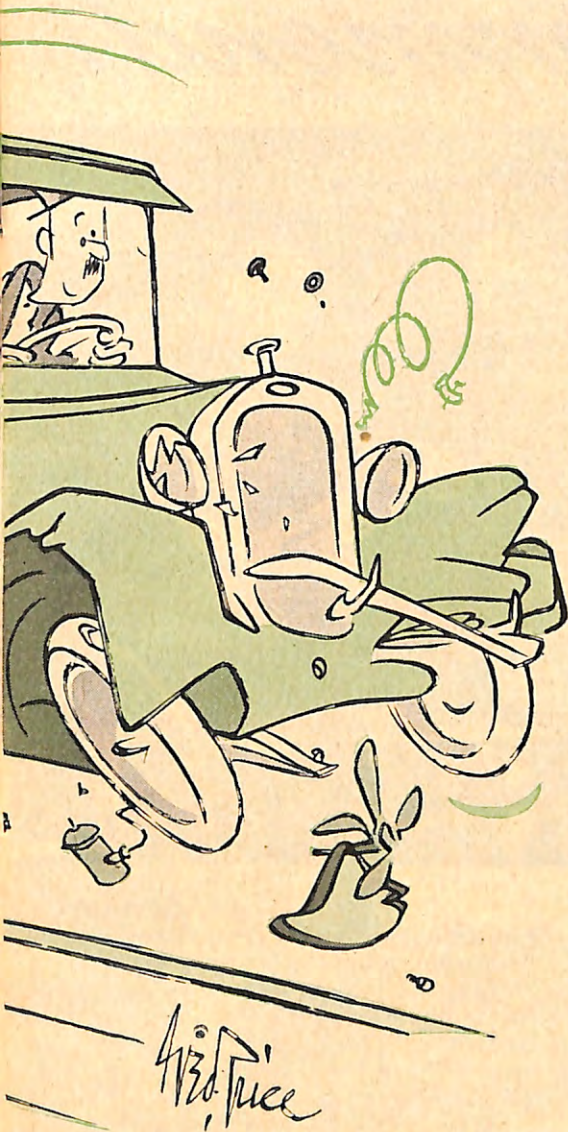
In some plants one quarter of the workers have three fourths of the accidents. A survey on the Boston Elevated Railway showed that one half of the accidents happened to one third of the operators. A study of the National Safety Council disclosed that of 64,000 New York car drivers, those having three accidents were three times the number to be expected by chance distribution.

Evidently accidents are not "accidental" and they don't just happen to strike some folks more than oth-

HARD LUCK CHAMPS

By Clarence Weinstock

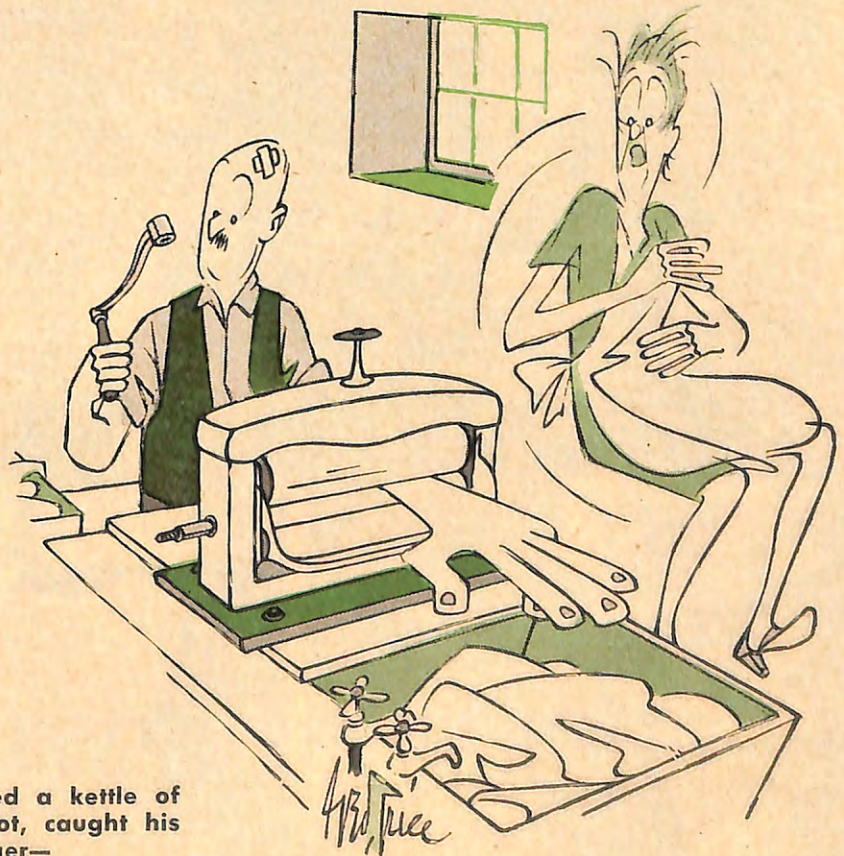
Accidents don't just happen like Topsy. Hundreds of thousands of them are caused by people's social and personal insecurity.



ers. The more accidents a man has the more he is likely to have. In a sense he is looking for them.

Here is Cal Brump, God's angry motorman of a Jersey City street car. Mr. Brump had thirty-five accidents in one year. He was a menace to himself and his passengers. He used to stop his trolley so abruptly that taxi drivers broke their fenders on the rear end. He loved to race up to a cautious driver trespassing on his track and give him a vicious push. Often he refused to hear the bell when someone wanted to get off. If a lady was slow in entering he would stare at her until she tripped on the step or dropped her nickel. His savage starts made the clients sway like ripe wheat in a tornado. A departing rider always risked having his coat caught in the door which

(Continued on page 42)



Mr. Buttonfist has poured a kettle of boiling water on his foot, caught his hand in a wringer—

We Recommend:



Above: Eddie Dowling has jumped from actor to director. He is shown here, almost in retrospect, directing James Barton and Jeanne Cagney in Eugene O'Neill's new king-size opus, "The Iceman Cometh".



Left: The Morgan girls, Sybil Stocking, Rosemary Rice and Joyce Van Patten, form a protecting and vicious circle around their mother, Barbara Robbins, in the comedy, "The Bees and the Flowers".

Right: Basil Rathbone and Eugenie Leontovich compose the entire cast of a deft adaptation of the old Vernevil *tour de force*, "Jealousy", with the new provocative title, "Obsession".



AND SCREEN



Above: In MGM's "The Show-Off", Red Skelton takes his role so seriously he won't even let a dog with a mouth the size of this one yawn wider than he can. You may also see lovely Marilyn Maxwell watching the tonsil display with some disgust.

Right: Warner Brothers brings Errol Flynn out of mothballs to play a not very credible Santa Claus in "Never Say Goodbye" in which Eleanor Parker is ornamental and Lucile Watson contributes an expectedly adult interpretation of Grandma.



Above: "Undercurrent", another MGM production, is one of the finest motion pictures to come out of Hollywood since the war. The cast is impressive and Robert Taylor and Katharine Hepburn are, as one would guess, dynamite in the leading roles.

Right: Glenn Langan talks things over with Jeanne Crain, right, and Anne Todd in one of the latter-day scenes from the 20th Century-Fox film about high school life in the Twenties. The picture is called "Margie" and, while it never grows up as the reels roll by, the characters appear to grow old gracefully.



Vacations Unlimited

**The Islands of Bahama,
the Bermudas and the
Caribbean still have
their storied magic**



By Al Frantz

**Above: A corner of the lake
from which the Cuban re-
sort, San Jose del Lago, at
Mayajigua, takes its name.
Left: The bar at San Jose del
Lago, at Mayajigua, Cuba.**

SELDOM has the lure of foreign places stirred the blood of Americans as strongly as it does today. Hundreds of thousands of us had to postpone our trips during the war, dreaming instead of vacations to come in Europe, of leisurely voyages to South America and of cruises to the ports of the West Indies.

This winter part of the dream, at least, can come true, for Bermuda, Nassau, Puerto Rico, Cuba and other islands of the Caribbean are again very much on the travel map. Thanks to the airlines, Cuba, for instance, is now only 90 minutes from Miami, and Pan American planes take off practically every hour to wing across the Florida Strait to Havana, its capital and for many years the most popular spot with American travelers to the West Indies.

If you have always wanted to visit Latin America,

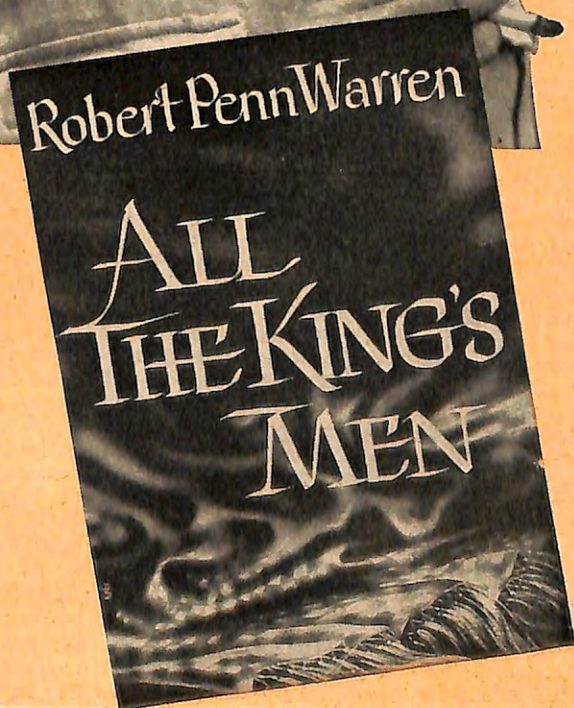
try Havana first, for there you may sample everything characteristic of the New World regions originally settled by the Spanish. Havana has the narrow streets common to old Latin cities; its monuments are as elaborate and as plentiful; its downtown section is dotted with the same refreshing, green plazas, and even its street noises are remarkably like those of Buenos Aires or Mexico City.

Havana was crowded even last winter and doubtless will be so this year. For that reason it will be wise to make your travel arrangements well in advance, through your local travel agent who can secure your airplane and hotel space at no added cost to you, since his commissions are paid by the travel organizations themselves. Hundreds of Elks are
(Continued on page 59)

What America is Reading

by **Nina Bourne**

The Lady and the Hurricane, some E. B. White Magic, a Huey Long Novel



THE SUDDEN GUEST

a novel by Christopher La Farge
Coward McCann, \$2.50

Miss Carrel Leckton, rich, imposing, well-connected, was fifty-four when the disastrous 1938 hurricane blew toward her seaside Rhode Island summer home. With the hauteur of a Canute-in-reverse, she bade the unruly tidal wave recede.

It did not.

The wind and the waves clamored for admittance into the old Leckton house. And so did a lot of local people, some of them badly frightened, some of them not at all "nice". Miss Leckton was outraged. What right had that riff-raff to demand sanctuary from the storm in her house? Was not the road plainly marked: "Absolutely No Trespassing"?

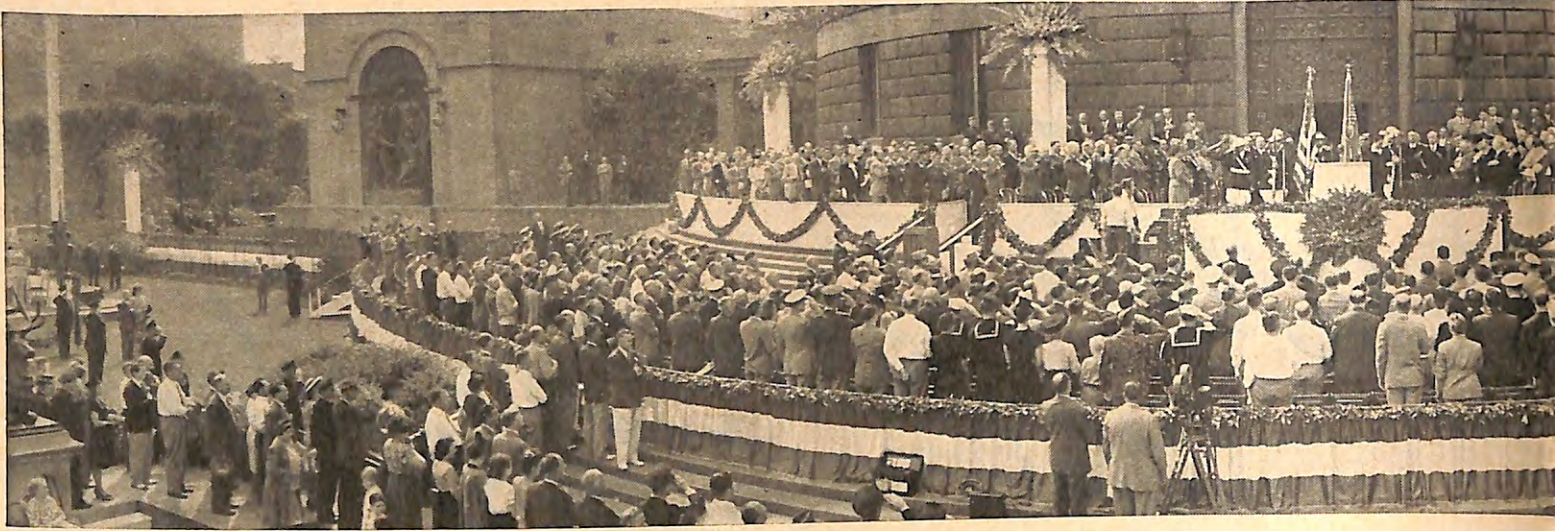
The first man who came had a vulgar Providence accent. Miss Leckton was able to persuade him to go back into the storm and seek shelter for his sick wife in a more suitable place. But the others who came later were not so easily put off. It was hard lines for anyone as—shall we say—*fastidious* as Miss Leckton to have her privacy invaded not only by the elements but by all those intolerable strangers who were so ill-bred as to consider a mere hurricane sufficient excuse for entering one's house without invitation.

And wouldn't you know that Herbert Golotz would choose that very day on which to arrive, also uninvited. He wanted to marry Miss Leckton's orphan niece for her money and position. Of this Miss Leckton was convinced, although the girl, a mere child of nineteen who owed *everything* to her aunt, claimed they were in love. Miss Leckton decided she'd break that up all right.

So you see she had a lot of things, a lot of irritations on her mind that day in 1938. And the way things worked out, it wasn't a day she would soon forget.

(Continued on page 60)

At left is Robert Penn Warren, and the jacket of his potential best-seller, "All the King's Men".



The Elks Rededicate Their Memorial

The Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago is rededicated to the memory of Elks lost in World War II.

ON JULY 14, 1926, in the presence of thousands of Elks who came from all over America to attend the Grand Lodge Session, and a vast assemblage of the people of Chicago, the majestic Elks Memorial Building was, in the words of Judge William Hawley Atwell, then Grand Exalted Ruler, "dedicated to the uses and purposes of our Order; as a perpetual memorial to the loyalty and devotion of our Brothers in the hour of our country's need, and as a continuing pledge of the unfaltering patriotism of every faithful Elk, no less devoted in times of peace than valiant in times of war."

It was a great occasion. The smoke of battle had cleared away. Order was emerging from chaos. The world was looking forward to long years of peace. The Memorial, the most beautiful building of its kind in the world, was a fitting tribute to the Brothers whose blood had purchased freedom and democracy for mankind.

Few among those who witnessed this solemn and impressive ceremony of dedication knew that even then the ferment of war was at work in

the foreign offices and chancelleries of Europe, nor did any dream that within their lifetime a second World War would call upon their sons to give battle to the most destructive forces that ever threatened American liberties.

But twenty years later, on September 8, 1946, another great assemblage gathered, this time for the purpose of rededicating the beautiful Elks Memorial Building to the memory of 1,800 Elks, who in World War II found their place on "Fame's Eternal Camping Ground", beside 1,100 Brother Elks who fell in World War I.

The guests of honor at the rededication were 3,000 veterans of World War II, for whom seats were provided on the broad terrace. There were also present Exalted Rulers or representatives of every lodge in Illinois and the adjoining States of Wisconsin, Michigan and Indiana, all Midwest District Deputies, Grand Lodge Officers, Past Grand Exalted Rulers, Elks from all over the country, officials of nation, state and city, and a great throng of citizens of Chicago.

The simple but impressive ceremony of rededication was presided over by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, Chairman of the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission and of the Rededication Committee. Promptly at three o'clock the note of a bugle announced the Color Guard, American Legion veterans of each war, and the speakers. The colors were posted and the Guard divided, one file proceeding to

the North and one to the South, where flags were raised simultaneously by Brother John H. Bradley, one of the six heroes of Iwo Jima who raised the flag on Surabachi when the Marines invaded, and Brother Paul Cyr, holder of the Distinguished Service Cross and Bronze Star Medal of the U.S.A. and numerous foreign decorations. As the flags broke out the audience sang "The Star-Spangled Banner". Then twenty thousand voices joined Chairman Campbell in reciting the Pledge of Allegiance, and Grand Chaplain Rev. George L. Nuckolls delivered the Invocation, a prayer for brotherhood, understanding and peace.

The Chairman, outlining the purpose of the ceremony, emphasized the Order's gratitude to those who fought our Country's battles, and the will of its membership to enshrine within our beautiful Memorial, with equal reverence, the memory of the men who in both wars laid down their lives that America might remain free.

The Chairman read a letter from the President of the United States, Brother Harry S. Truman, expressing his regrets that he could not be with his fellow Elks upon so memorable an occasion, and acknowledging the effective work of the Elks in peace and in war.

Judge Harold Ward, Chief Justice of the Criminal Court of Cook County, spoke for the City of Chicago and expressed the pride of the citizens of the city in the majestic monument to American fraternity erected by the Elks in their midst.



Above is a photograph taken at the rededication ceremonies of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, Chicago, September 8th, during the trooping of the colors. A great assemblage was present to witness the services.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick, a veteran of World War I, with a record of distinguished service, told of the contributions of the Order to the war effort in the first World War, and spoke of World War II, urging that America be kept strong and vigilant to preserve her precious liberty and peace.

Rear Admiral F. L. Conklin, 9th Naval District, expressed the Navy's appreciation of the Elks' cooperation in the war effort. Major General Louis A. Craig, Deputy Commanding General of the 5th Army, voiced the gratitude of the Army for the work of the Order in many fields during the War, and for its present efforts to aid the enlistment of a voluntary peacetime army.

Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton was introduced for the purpose of presenting the Memorial for rededication to the memory of the Brother Elks who died in World War II. Mr. Broughton said, in effect: "Today we are keeping 'faith with those who sleep' as is testified by this program of rededication. The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks is proud of its identity with the nation that translates its democracy in terms of true Americanism; we are proud that we can carry on to the end that the injured in hospitals shall have our every support. Our job will not be finished until the last veteran has left the hospital. It may be, it will be years, but time will not lessen our efforts. It is not enough that we aid our veterans; we must defend the principles for which they fought and for which thousands died. We cannot bring them back, but we can, with a strong peacetime army, strengthen the cause for which they gave their lives. I now present this Memorial for rededication in the earnest hope that in the fleeting years our faith will grow and strengthen in the rich heritage that has been handed down by the founders of our country. To you, the veterans here today, I say we will not forget, and I pledge the faith and strength of this, our Order."

Chairman Campbell introduced U. S. Senator Alben W. Barkley,

Paducah, Ky., Lodge, No. 217, to deliver the rededicatory address. He said, "The Senator is an old friend whose life has been one of service. He is a distinguished legislator, an able administrator, a loyal Elk of thirty years' standing. We are honored by his presence."

Brother Barkley began his address with a tribute to the patriotic service rendered by the Order of Elks in time of the nation's most urgent need, and to the heroism of the young men to whose memory the Order paid tribute in the ceremony of rededication. He warned America that the fighting was over on the battlefields,

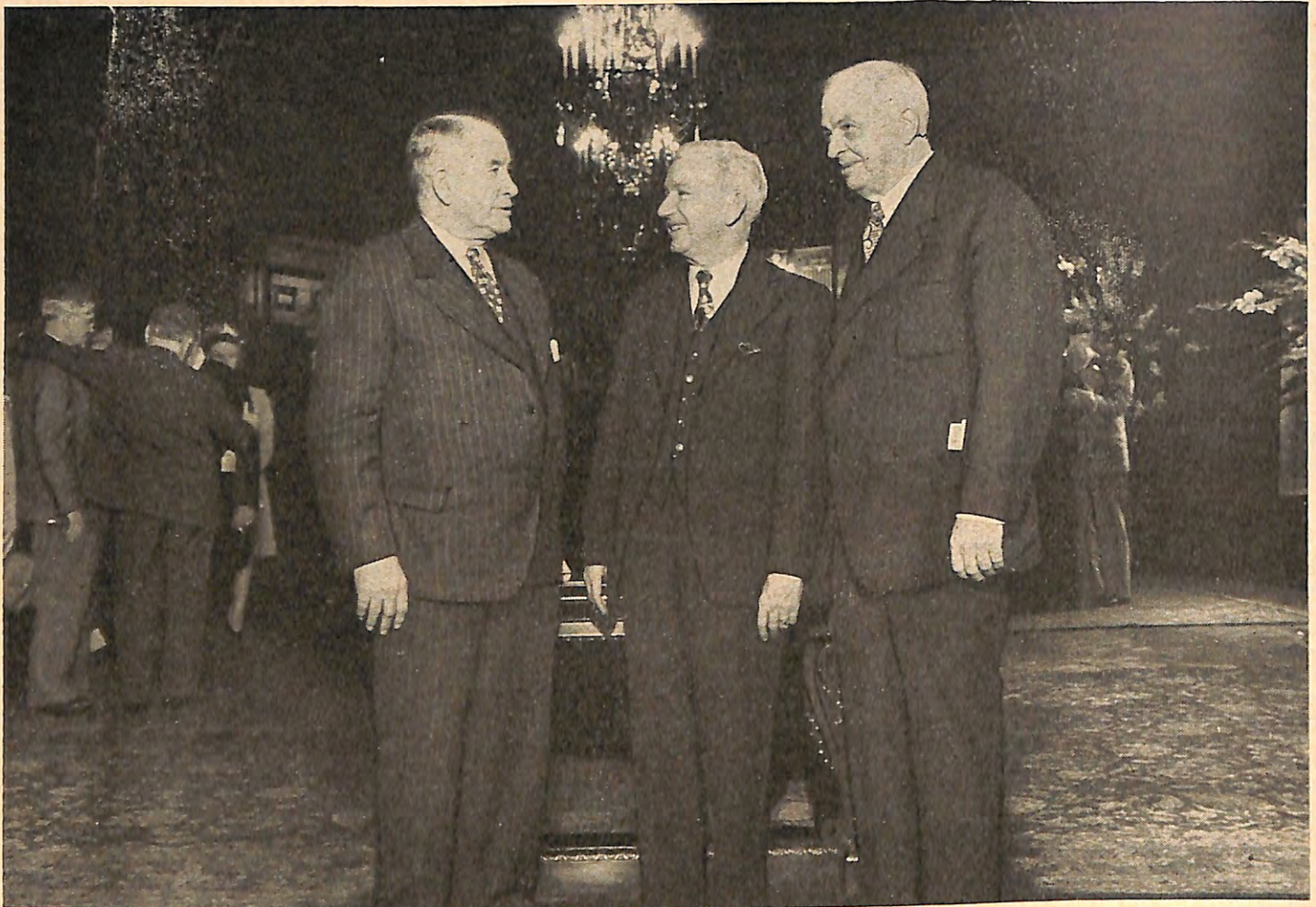
but peace had not been won, and that only a strong America could hope to bring out of the conflicting passions and widely different conceptions of democracy abroad in the world today, a just and enduring peace.

Major Paul Cyr, Gary, Ind., Lodge, No. 1152, responded eloquently to the address of rededication on behalf of his comrades of World War II, pledging that those who offered their lives for the preservation of the ideals of America, and the maintenance of human liberty, would do their part to keep America strong

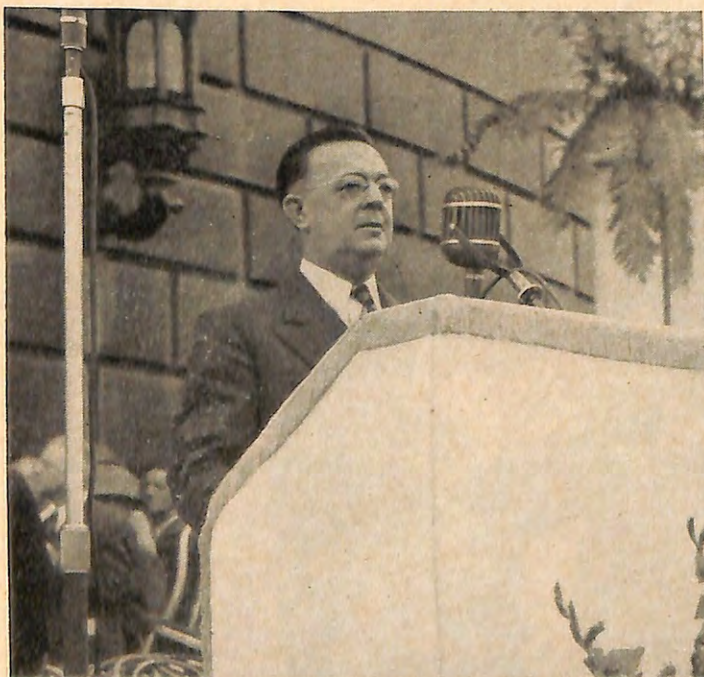
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(Photographs continued on page 16)



Above: John H. Bradley, of Appleton, Wis., Lodge, one of the six young men who hold the distinction of raising the famous Flag on Surabachi when the Marines invaded Iwo Jima, raises the Flag on the North Lawn of the Memorial Building grounds.



Above are three distinguished gentlemen who attended the Order's rededication of the Memorial Building. Left to right, in the Reception Room, are Senator Alben W. Barkley, Majority Leader, who delivered the principal address at the ceremonies, Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton who rededicated the Memorial and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, General Chairman of the Rededication Committee.



Above: Dr. Edward J. McCormick of Toledo, O., Past Grand Exalted Ruler, who, in an address programmed as "Turning Back the Pages of History in Elkdom to World War I", was photographed while delivering his memorable discourse.



Above: Major Paul Cyr, a member of Gary, Ind., Lodge, accepts, on behalf of the Elk veterans of World War II, the dedication of the Memorial Building to his fallen comrades. Major Cyr's address was an outstanding feature of the program.

A Message from the **GRAND EXALTED RULER**



THIS IS OURS TO SERVE

NO FINER group of men ever assembled at a District Deputy Conference held by a Grand Exalted Ruler than those who met at Salt Lake City, Utah; Bedford, Virginia, and Chicago, Illinois. At these gatherings instructions were given, and you have gone to work determined that your visitations will be completed by December 15th, the deadline.

It was a proud day for me as head of the Order to welcome you and to note the earnestness with which you approached your duties, each imbued with the idea of making a contribution to the welfare of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

Included in the one hundred and forty District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers are men in every walk of life, ready and willing to give of their time for a two-month period, and at no small sacrifice. They represent the highest type of business and professional men. How proud I am to have this family as an aid to me during the year that I am privileged to head the Order.

This will be a year of activity, and as these men go into the more than fourteen hundred lodges, they will better sense our accomplishments as an Order. Each will tell the story of the Grand Lodge. How we answered the call of the veterans with one hundred and fifty-five Fraternal Centers as an achievement of the War Commission, and the postwar plan now being waged under the Elks National Veterans

Service Commission. This Commission will follow through in behalf of injured veterans. What an opportunity to serve your country as the representative of this great American Order.

Together we can make this one of the greatest years in the history of Elkdom. You and I have been selected for this pleasant task. We here and now affirm our faith in the Order, and march under one banner dedicated to the principles of aiding the underprivileged, the crippled children, and to inspire and renew faith in the United States of America, where freedom reigns because we are privileged to work out our own destiny. God give us strength to carry on to new heights of achievement for the betterment of mankind. You, my District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers, are the power behind the throne.

Fraternally yours,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Charles E. Broughton". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a large loop at the end.

**CHARLES E. BROUGHTON
GRAND EXALTED RULER.**

Editorial

Promote America!



GRAND Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton at the outset of his administration denounced in no uncertain terms the activities of the groups that are attempting to undermine our democracy by the streams of subversive propaganda consistently injected into Amer-

ican life. The Grand Exalted Ruler minces no words and spares no names in his denunciation of un-American activities. The red badge of the communist and the white hood of the klansman are equally abhorrent to him, as they are to all Elks.

As the enemies of American democracy become bolder, the time is ripe for our lodges to institute an active campaign to promote America. In furtherance of this, a program, suited to local conditions, might be inaugurated. It could be extended into the schools of the community by offering prizes to pupils submitting the best essays on historical subjects.

This program might include open meetings to which all the people of the community would be invited, with competent speakers to deliver addresses on the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence, and the early struggles of the

Fathers of our Nation to establish liberty in a world where human liberty was unknown.

Every day it grows more evident that these forces are attempting to penetrate every sphere of American life, in their efforts to undermine our democracy. In large cities the use of the freedom of speech guaranteed by our Constitution, and denied them in the lands of their masters, is employed to ridicule the traditions and the ideals of America and openly to advocate defiance of its laws. In smaller cities the forces are less vehement, but nonetheless insidious in their attempts to inject treasonable poison into the stream of community life. No organization is better fitted to combat these un-American activities than the Order of Elks, and no organization has done more to promote America and to fight for the preservation of its ideals.

The Order of Elks stands squarely against any of the "isms" that threaten the life of America. It is against those individuals and organizations seeking to undermine our democracy by planting the seeds of intolerance in minds they mistakenly hope are clouded by the uncertainty which follows war. It will not hesitate to act whenever and wherever it can do so to the end that America shall remain America.

The President of the New York State Elks Association is urging his lodges to adopt a "Promote America" program which is strong in its appeal to the lodges of this State, and may be equally appealing to other state organizations.

Let Us Give Thanks

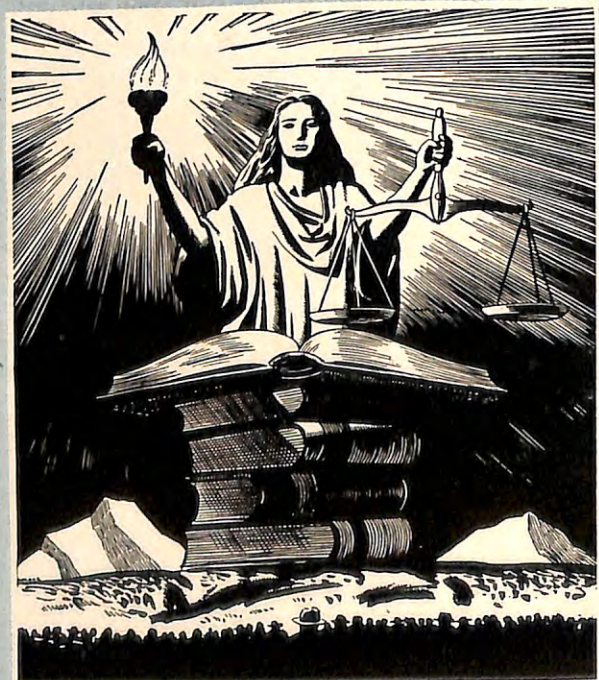


THANKSGIVING Day is America's oldest holiday and, next to Independence Day, its most distinctive.

It is a direct descendant of the day set apart by Governor Bradford in 1623 for the Pilgrims to give thanks for the "bounte-



Charity



Justice

ous harvests" and the blessings showered upon them in the new land they had—by toil, privation and hardship—created into home.

The approaching Thanksgiving Day will be the second to dawn upon a world free from war, but upon a world which cannot be called at peace. Starvation stalks the Old World—people are homeless, there is little progress toward reconstruction, and fires of human hatred are burning everywhere.

Only in America is there any semblance of real peace. Only here is there food, clothing, shelter and employment, and of all the warring countries, only America has escaped the terrible physical destruction of war.

True, America is troubled by many problems created by the War—shortages of housing, consumers' goods and scarcities brought about by failure of the very production which in time of war supplied the Allied Nations with the essentials of victory.

But in the best tradition of America, our people will find the way out, and may well give thanks for the manifold blessings they have received—for escape from the stark horrors of warfare carried on our own shores, from famine and all its attendant miseries.

The people of America may give thanks that their troubles at home are not irreparable, and that the light of reason will eventually break through the clouded aftermath of war to clarify perplexing problems and find their solution in the American Way.

And, while giving thanks for the blessings bestowed, let a prayer be offered for the guidance of America in her leadership along the paths of peace—and for the necessary strength and wisdom in dealing with the enemies who would consolidate the sinister forces of anti-Americanism working within our land.

War is hard and cruel. It always leaves a wake of suffering and sorrow. Peace must be paid for in "blood and sweat and

tears". But, in the not-far-distant future, under the leadership of a strong and united America, a Thanksgiving Day will dawn when all the world will give thanks for the blessing of Universal Peace.

It was Abraham Lincoln, in 1863, who issued the proclamation calling upon all our people to observe the last Thursday in November as Thanksgiving Day. It was in the dark days when the fate of a united America trembled in the balance. May the spirit of The Great Emancipator, Abraham Lincoln, enter the hearts of all people in this crucial period of human history and inspire them in his words: "to do the right as God gives them to see the right"—to the end that all the world shall be free.

Memorial Day



HE first Sunday in December will be observed throughout the Order of Elks as Memorial Day. It is the day when all lodges meet to give public testimony that "An Elk is never forgotten".

This ceremony presents to the public the serious side of our Order. It must be conducted with the dignity its beauty and sentiment deserve. The ritual provided should be delivered by the officers not from books, but from memory; the speaker should be selected for his knowledge of the Order and his appreciation of the spirit of Memorial Day as well as for his eloquence, and floral decorations should be in harmony with the spirit of memory, rather than funereal.

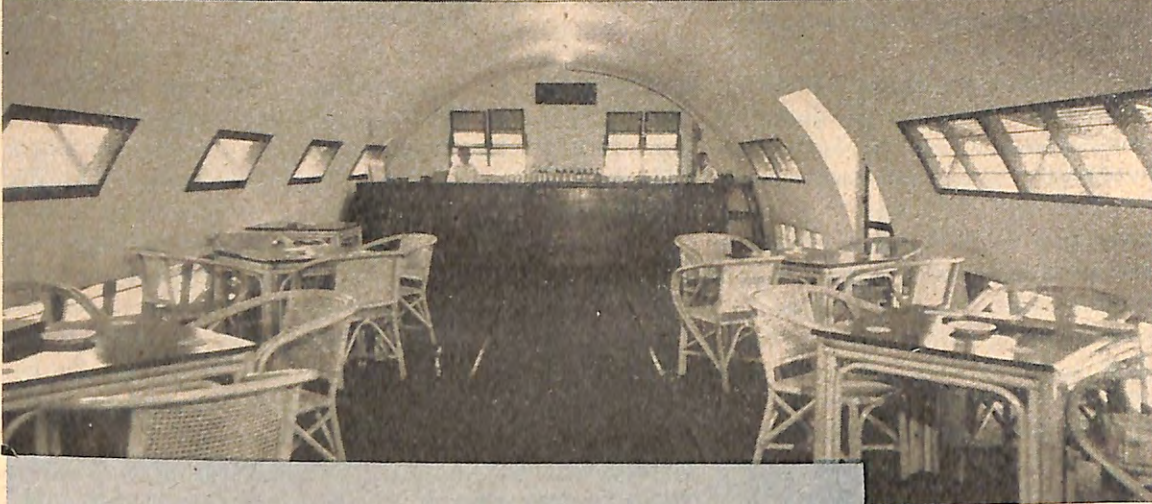
On Memorial Day, the Order has the opportunity to present its finer side to the community. No effort should be overlooked to impress the public, as well as to make it worthy of those to whose memory it pays tribute.



Brotherly Love



Fidelity



The two pictures at left give an idea of what those intrepid Manila, P. I., Elks have done to make a presentable lodge home for themselves, since the beautiful original was demolished during the war. These shots show the interiors of two of the Quonset huts which have been erected as temporary quarters. The top is the lodge room and the bottom the club room.

Under the ANTLERS



Below are some of those who attended Tampa, Fla., Lodge's recent banquet honoring its returned servicemen members, each of whom received a special citation from the lodge that evening.





Above is a photograph of those who attended Winston (Winston-Salem), N.C., Lodge's dinner given after the lodge sponsored a U. S. Army Air Exhibit witnessed by 70,000 in connection with the Army Recruiting Campaign. In the group are Major General Samuel Andersen, principal speaker; Colonel Kenneth Powell, CO Tactical Air Command; officers of the Tactical Air Command, the lodge's War Commission, and business and civic leaders of the city.



Above are some of the 75 patients from the Veterans Hospital at Rutland Heights who were entertained at a clambake sponsored by the Massachusetts State Elks Association's Hospital Committee. Many of the men had never attended a clambake before.

Right are some of the pleasantly diverted servicemen who enjoyed a Watermelon Feast given by Richmond, Va., Lodge recently for the patients at the Veterans Administration Hospital.



Left: "Miss Chicago", Cloris Leacham, was much appreciated by veterans at Hines and Vaughn General Hospitals when she visited them, along with entertainers, under the auspices of Chicago (South), Ill., Lodge.



Above: Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton is pictured in the chair of honor, with Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters on his right, and other dignitaries of the Order at Cumberland, Md., Lodge.



GRAND EXALTED RULER'S *Visits*

Shortly after this the Grand Exalted Ruler attended the meeting of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association at ALLENTOWN where he spoke to the delegates the morning of August 27th and then proceeded to CUMBERLAND, MD., BEDFORD and GETTYSBURG, PA., MARTINSBURG, W. VA., and WINCHESTER and HARRISONBURG, VA., LODGES, where he was met with warm welcome and acclaim by the great turnout of members at each lodge home.

EARLIER, on August 18th, the Grand Exalted Ruler enjoyed breakfast with the officers of OGDEN, UTAH, LODGE, NO. 719, and a number of members, when he stopped there en route to Chicago to board the "City of San Francisco". Past Grand Exalted Rulers John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, and J. Edgar Masters of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494, Grand Secretary of the Order of Elks, accompanied Mr. Broughton and his entourage which included Roy C. Heinlein of Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge, No. 333, who was secretary to Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner

Below: Grand Secretary Masters and Grand Exalted Ruler Broughton are shown, center foreground, at Gettysburg, Pa., Lodge.

ON FRIDAY and Saturday, August 23rd and 24th, Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton of Sheboygan, Wis., Lodge, No. 299, attended the meeting of his State Association at MILWAUKEE, and addressed the delegates at a splendid banquet held in his honor by the Wisconsin Elks who are so proud of what their fellow member has achieved in becoming the leader of this great Order.

An account of this meeting will appear in our December issue. However, we report here that an intermission was called during Friday's sessions when a luncheon in honor of Mr. Broughton was given by the Milwaukee

Press Club of which he is a member. Besides a large number of newspapermen there were present many Elks, including State Association and Grand Lodge officials.

Following the press dinner the officers and delegates journeyed to the Wisconsin Memorial Park when an Elks Memorial Rest was dedicated. Past State Pres. Frank L. Fawcett gave the dedicatory address and the Grand Exalted Ruler placed a floral tribute there.

At the Grand Exalted Ruler's Banquet that evening the Order's leader gave his first official address in his home state. Entertainment followed for the rest of the evening.



Right: Mr. Broughton is greeted on his arrival at Salt Lake City, Utah, while Past Grand Exalted Rulers John F. Malley, John R. Coen and Frank J. Loneragan, left to right at the right of picture, look on.

last year and is now acting in the same capacity for Mr. Broughton.

AT THE home of **CUMBERLAND LODGE, No. 63**, the Grand Exalted Ruler delivered a most inspiring address at the first regular lodge meeting he attended since his inauguration as the foremost member of this great Fraternity. Mr. Broughton and Grand Secretary Masters, with Past District Deputy H. Earl Pitzer of Gettysburg, Pa., State Trustee, were met at the State Line at 11:30 a.m., August 28th and, with a Maryland State Police Escort blazing a trail for them, proceeded directly to the Cumberland Fair Grounds for luncheon at the Jockey Club there.

In the party which greeted the visiting officials were Exalted Ruler Michael F. O'Neill Jr., Past District Deputy John H. Mosner, State Treasurer Harry I. Stegmaier and Trustees Walter W. Seel and Clifford Gainer, all of Cumberland Lodge. The group enjoyed the afternoon's racing program at Fairgo and Mr. Broughton presented the trophy to the winner of the "Elks Race", after being introduced to the 15,000 fans by Mr. O'Neill.

The Grand Exalted Ruler and his friends were entertained at a sumptuous dinner at the Ali Ghan Shrine Club and then attended a special meeting at the home of Cumberland Lodge.

The Grand Exalted Ruler also paid particular tribute to Frank L. Fisher, the only living charter member of Cumberland Lodge, who was initiated April 24, 1887, and has been an Elk for almost 60 years, being one of the oldest of the Order.

At the close of his address, the members of this lodge presented to him a scroll pledging the sum of two thousand five hundred dollars to be raised by them during the coming year for the benefit of the Allegheny County League for Crippled Children. The Grand Exalted Ruler spoke a few words of appreciation for this gift which he said he prized more highly than any other he could have received. The official party left the city the morning of August 29th for Bedford, Va.

AT THE **ELKS NATIONAL HOME** in Bedford, for the first time since the war, the second District Deputy Con-



ference held by Mr. Broughton took place Friday and Saturday, August 30th and 31st. About eighty-five officers, District Deputies, State Association Presidents and Exalted Rulers attended. Mr. Broughton and the Grand Secretary arrived a day ahead of Past Grand Exalted Rulers Robert South Barrett, Alexandria, Va.; James T. Hallinan, Queens Borough, N. Y.; John F. Malley; David Sholtz, Daytona Beach, Fla., and John S. McClelland, Atlanta, Ga., Vice-Chairman and Secretary George I. Hall, of the Board of Grand Trustees, a member of Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge, Home Member Hugh W. Hicks of the Board of Grand Trustees, a member of Jackson, Tenn., Lodge, and Special Deputy William M. Frasier, Blue Island, Ill., Lodge, who has been closely affiliated with the Elks War Commission, were also on hand and very busy during the meeting which was held in the lodge room of the Home at ten a.m. Saturday.

At three o'clock that afternoon a delicious picnic luncheon, with chicken, salad, and all that goes with it, was arranged by Superintendent Robert A. Scott of the Home, a member of Linton, Ind., Lodge, on the beautiful lawn, and this pleasantly occupied the attention of the distinguished visitors until evening, when the motion picture, "History of Elkdom", arranged and issued by the Grand Lodge, was shown in the auditorium which was filled to capacity.

The Reception Committee of the Home, composed of six diligent members who do so much to make new arrivals there feel comfortable and welcome, worked no less to do this for

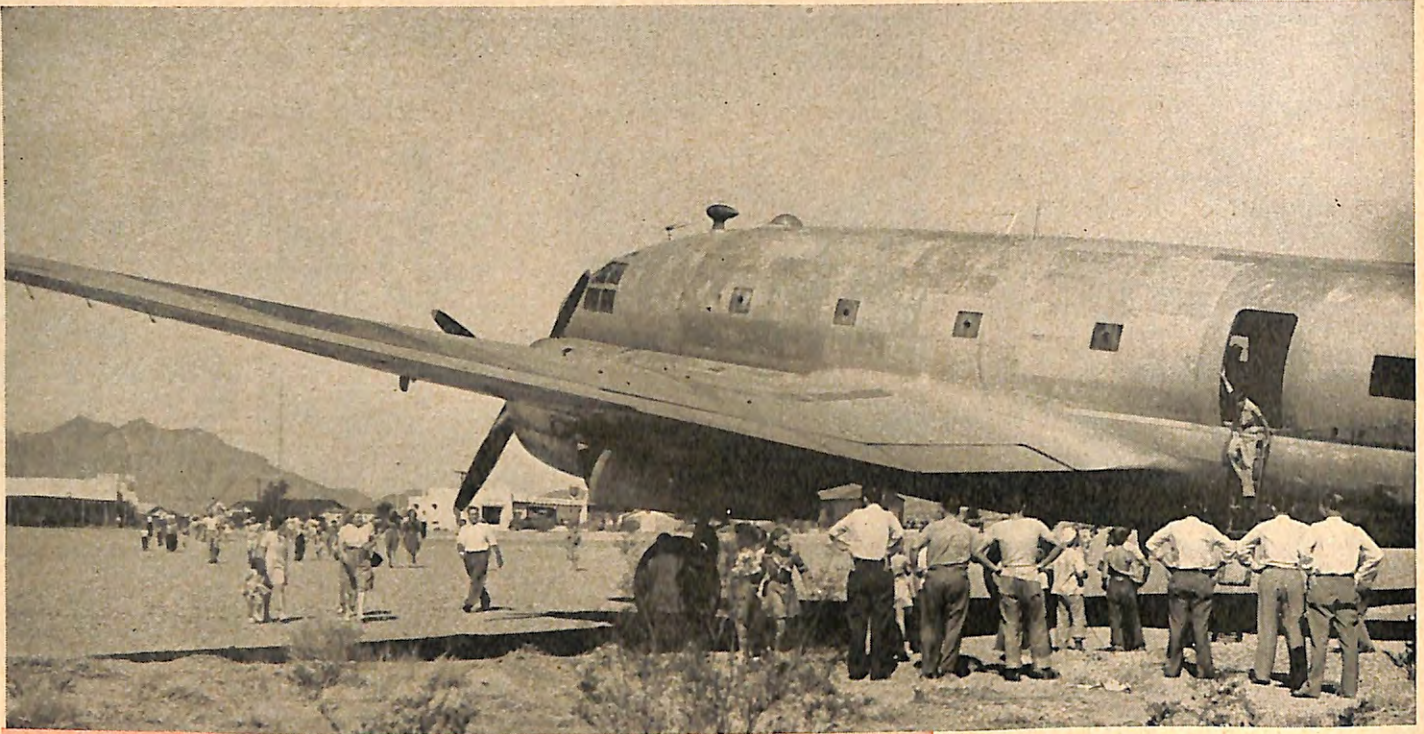
the dignitaries of the Order who spent such a busy weekend there. The members of this Committee have done much to bring perfect harmony to the residents at the Home and to keep present the true friendly spirit of Elkdom at Bedford.

ON SUNDAY this important meeting broke up and Mr. Broughton was off to continue his visits to the subordinate lodges at **MORGANTOWN, W. VA., HAGERSTOWN, MD., and HARRISBURG, PA.**

GETTYSBURG, PA., **LODGE, NO. 1045**, sent a motor caravan of local Elks, among them a great many officials, to Zora on September 1st to greet Grand Exalted Ruler Broughton, Mr. Masters, the Assistant Grand Secretary, F. J. Schrader, of Allegheny, Pa., Lodge, and Mr. Pitzer, and escorted them to the lodge home. Chief of Police Robert C. Harpster met the party at the outskirts of town and continued on with them. The Grand Exalted Ruler inspected the building and posed for pictures with the lodge officers. Later the visitors stopped at the famous Lincoln room to look over the relics there. During his stay in Gettysburg, Mr. Broughton received a number of Gettysburg souvenir books from Exalted Ruler George L. Bushman who made the presentation on behalf of No. 1045.

Below: Officials of the Order welcome Mr. Broughton on his arrival at Ogden, Utah. He is pictured in the center of the photo with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Malley on his right and Grand Secretary Masters on his left.





Above: The C-46 Army transport plane, purchased from Army surplus by Boulder City, Nev., Lodge as a clubhouse for the local Girl Scouts, attracts a lot of attention on its arrival there.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES THROUGHOUT THE NATION

EVERETT, MASS., Lodge, No. 642, always makes the best of a good thing and the anniversary of V-J Day wasn't to be overlooked as a fine time to start the enlistment campaign for a peacetime army, which every good Elk knows is the present patriotic plea of the Order.

The Everett citizens—4,500 strong—were treated to a band concert and block dance that night, as well as a look at young Frank Lionette, first-prize winner in the Elks National Foundation Most Valuable Student Contest.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Foundation, presented the \$700 check to Mr. Lionette, following which an Army colonel spoke on behalf of No. 642's recruiting campaign. Right then and there, three Everett boys were sworn into the Army and entertainment and dancing followed.

The program was most successful, resulting in a great increase in the number of the town's young men signing up for service.

WEST PALM BEACH, FLA., Lodge, No. 1352, never wastes time when it comes to helping someone out, but it broke all records recently with an iron lung the members purchased for the Palm Beach County Crippled Children's Home. The lung was used before it even got there.

Stricken with infantile paralysis, 15-year-old Daphne Schrieber was hurried to Good Samaritan Hospital and a rush call was sent out for a respirator. With the help of the Army Air Transport Command, No. 1352's gift to the P.B.C. Crippled Children's Home made a lightning detour to Good Samaritan and saved Daphne's life.

TAMPA, FLA., Lodge, No. 708, chose the evening of September 5th to honor those of its members who have returned year-old Daphne Schrieber was hurried from the Armed Forces, and put on a magnificent banquet for them in the attractive ballroom of the lodge home. Officers of No. 708 and their wives were hosts and hostesses for this occasion which was attended by about 115 Elks and their ladies.

During the evening the committee in charge presented to each veteran an attractive Certificate of Merit, similar to that issued by the Elks War Commission, expressing Tampa Lodge's gratitude and appreciation to these heroic Elks. Past Exalted Ruler D. B. McKay made the address of welcome and Lieutenant Commander A. E. Angle responded on behalf of the servicemen.



Left: State President Ronald J. Dunn, E.R. Griffith Morris and State Vice-President John L. Fleming, Jr., are pictured during the mortgage-burning ceremony at Whitehall, N. Y., Lodge.

Right: When Bronx, N. Y., Lodge celebrated its Forty-third Anniversary recently it also honored its three surviving charter members, standing, left to right: Patrick J. Hynes, J. Henry Herschl, and James M. King. Seated, in the same order, are E.R. Albert H. Vitale, D.D. Andrew C. McCarthy and Dr. L. Carson Spier, E.R. of New York No. 1 Lodge.



Below, right, is a group of boys Charlotte, N. C., Lodge sent to the North Carolina Elks Camp for Children at Hendersonville for this year's summer vacation period.



KENT, OHIO, Lodge, No. 1377, made its greatest single contribution to charity when it turned over a Davis-Bovie electro-surgical unit for special operations to Robinson Memorial Hospital at Ravenna. The unit is standard equipment in modern hospitals and will fill an important need at Robinson Memorial. It is used in specific types of surgery, and cost \$850. Thomas J. Huntson, Superintendent of the Hospital, accepted the machine with deep gratitude on behalf of his staff.

BELLEFONTE, PA., Lodge, No. 1094, has just finished a year's work on one of the finest projects ever undertaken—encouraging and aiding financially the School Safety Patrol which protects children at crossings as they go to and from the public schools and St. John's Parochial School.

The work was climaxed this summer when the Bellefonte Elks chartered two buses and took 58 boys and girls, faculty members and lodge officers to Pittsburgh where they saw a National League baseball game and went on a sightseeing tour of the city. They had such a good time that the word has spread around and school children are rushing to become members of the Patrol next year.

John L. Eisenhooth, chief of the city's Police Department and a member of the lodge, is responsible for the efficacy and smooth functioning of the Patrol. Last Fall he reorganized the Patrol and this

Spring it boasted the protection of 15 crossings and not one accident marred its record.

The Elks of Bellefonte provided equipment for the Patrol, which was presented at the high school auditorium last winter. Tedd R. Colgrove, a member of No. 1094, supplied life-sized plywood figures of patrolmen which are used by the children at busy intersections.

BILOXI, MISS., Lodge, No. 606, dedicated a recent meeting to the U. S. Coast Guard. Anthony Shimkus, recently retired from active duty in that service, was Chairman of the program and Aviation Chief Radioman Mack Britton of the Biloxi Base was the speaker of the evening, outlining the history of the Coast Guard in a very interesting talk.

Among the highlights of the meeting was the initiation of a class of candi-

dates. The Elks' ladies served a shrimp supper to the menfolks later on.

NEVADA, MO., Lodge, No. 564, recently took over the social life of the city when about 600 of them, their families and guests gathered at Pence Lake for the Elks' annual Fish Fry.

By the time they got back in their cars for the five-mile trip home, gargantuan quantities of fish, potato salad, corn, tomatoes and muffins had disappeared. Four superb cooks prepared the food and 30 persons were needed to serve the crowd. Later the guests gathered at the light-strung Pence Lake clubhouse for games and contests for which many prizes were awarded.

Among the out-of-townners present was John M. Cosgrove, President of the Missouri State Elks Association, who brought with him a party of friends from Kansas City.

Below: Photographed with the lodge officers are thirty-one new Elks of Norwood, Mass.





Above are the officers of Flint, Mich., Lodge with a large class which was initiated before an audience of three hundred.



Left are some of those who participated in Portland, Me., Lodge's "Westbrook Night" when a great number of men, most of them from Westbrook, became Elks.

SAN JOSE, CALIF., Lodge, No. 522, let things slide for a few weeks during the past summer, but got under way again at the first meeting of the new season with great plans for the Fall and winter. Bowling will be coming into its own once more with teams being formed left and right and a tournament started with the balls rolling on Tuesday nights.

One affair that took place during the summer was the Family Barbecue, the first since the war, which was thoroughly enjoyed by 400 Elks, their families and friends.

A community project which the members of No. 522 are backing financially is Boys' City. Its objects are to provide recreation for boys in order to keep their activities directed in the right channels, and to establish clubs for their own private use throughout the city. One club has already been organized, with forty boys of assorted nationalities and creeds on its membership list.

PRICE, UTAH, Lodge, No. 1550, has made ambitious plans for its new home which will be built on half of the property the lodge purchased recently. The other half was sold to the New Hotel Committee and business is expected to boom as soon as the two edifices are completed; it is expected that work on the lodge home will be started as soon as materials and labor are available in sufficient quantities to complete construction without any delays.

The main floor of No. 1550's new home will consist of reception rooms, ladies' lounges, dining room, kitchen, library and the Secretary's office, all accessible from the main hall running through the center of that floor. The second floor will house the lodge room as well as recreation rooms. The roof of the projecting first floor will be terraced for summer social activities.

Judge S. J. Sweetring recently resigned as No. 1550's Secretary after 12 years, owing to his increasing duties as judge of the city court.

CORVALLIS, ORE., Lodge, No. 1413, will help another organization at the drop of a hat, especially when it's for a worthy cause.

The Shrine Club in Corvallis is embroiled in a drive to raise funds for its hospital in Portland. The Elks held an all-day barbecue and entertainment atop Mary's Peak—the summit of the Pacific Coast range just west of Corvallis—and collected \$500. John Conlin, Chairman of No. 1413's Board of Trustees turned a check in that amount over to Jim Hedric, Chairman of the Shriners' Flying Squadron Ticket Committee, soon after.

LINCOLN, ILL., Lodge, No. 914, held a banquet in honor of its charter members recently and everyone who showed up had a grand time.

At the speakers' table were E.R. George F. Wolcott, Past District Deputy Edwin C. Mills and the principal speaker, Orlando A. Kuhle of Decatur Lodge, plus 13 of the 18 active charter members.

A delicious roast beef dinner was served by the lodge officers and their wives. Mr. Wolcott welcomed the guests and turned over the meeting to Mr. Mills who acted as Master of Ceremonies, paying tribute to the lodge and its charter members, among whom were three sets of brothers, the Corwines, the Landauers and the Trapps. Harold Trapp, on behalf of the charter members, thanked Mr. Kuhle and the lodge for their recognition and in his speech recalled the early days of the lodge. He pointed out the present strength of No. 914, its standing in the community, its valuable town club building and the unusual country club facilities afforded its members. He particularly called attention to the 72 stars on its Service flag and the one gold star, and to the fact that its membership has produced a congressman, two state senators, seven state representatives, three circuit court judges, six mayors and many other public officials.



Left: Trustees of Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge burn the \$20,000 mortgage on their home exactly 364 days after moving in.



EAST POINT, GA., Lodge, No. 1617, had 30% of its membership—181 men—in uniform during World War II, 90% of whom served overseas. Although several casualties were reported, not a single fatality was recorded.

During the time these men, who were relieved of payment of dues during their service, were scattered over the earth, No. 1617 knocked itself out keeping track of changes of address so that no warrior Elk failed to receive his quota of mail. "G" Boxes were sent to all of them each Christmas and, wherever possible, even their birthdays were remembered with appropriate cards.

In addition to doing all it could for its own servicemen, No. 1617 cooperated with the three other lodges comprising metropolitan Atlanta by entertaining veterans at Lawson General Hospital.

**Notice Regarding
Applications for Residence
At Elks National Home**

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

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

Above is the largest class ever initiated into Hartford, Conn., Lodge. The group was named in honor of the late Edward Langrish who had been affiliated with the lodge for fifty-eight years.

GLENDALE, CALIF., Lodge, No. 1289, organized a band in 1922 whose 40 fine musicians have been busy as beavers ever since. It's the official band of the city and has appeared at charitable shindigs all over the place. The members of the band have never refused a request to play and have given yeoman service at hospitals and sanitariums in and around Southern California.

The recent Grand Lodge Convention in New York City was the fifth such meeting the band has attended officially. It was the only Elk band in attendance this year and really went to town. On arriving in New York the musicians, under the direction of Arthur J. Babich and the managership of Curtis Burton, played at the California State dinner at the Roosevelt Hotel, in the Palm Grove Court of that inn and at the Commodore and Waldorf Astoria Hotels. Some 60,000 people who went to New York's Yankee Stadium July 11th to see the Yankees play ball with the Cleveland Indians were treated to a surprise when No. 1289's Band played for them and the famous Indiana Elks Chanters from Terre Haute raised their voices in song. The response was, of course, terrific.

The Band didn't just sit back and enjoy the trip, either. En route to the Big Town it played briefly at Tucson, Ariz., El Paso, San Antonio and Houston, Tex., New Orleans, La., and Atlanta, Ga.

MIAMI BEACH, FLA., Lodge, No. 1601, has really taken to heart the affairs of the patients at Nautilus Veterans Hospital. These Elks have provided underwater swimming goggles and swimming "fins" for the ex-servicemen recuperating there, of whom there are 350. No. 1601 also gave a dance recently for the personnel of the Hospital in the outdoor patio of the lodge home, and the Miami Beach Elks have just presented a bowling trophy to be awarded at the Hospital.

Left, above: Officers of Kent, Ohio, Lodge make the official presentation of a Davis-Bovie electro-surgical unit to Robinson Memorial Hospital at Ravenna.

Left is a photograph taken during the presentation of a portable inhalator, resuscitator and aspirator to Parkland Hospital by the Ladies Auxiliary of Dallas, Tex., Lodge.



Right: The vital step of typing blood is pictured here at the blood bank inaugurated by Danville, Ill., Lodge at a cost of \$2,500.



Below, right are some of the more than 300 boys who enjoyed a summer vacation at the magnificent Boys Camp operated by the North Carolina State Elks Association.

N. C. ELKS BOYS CAMP. The second season of the North Carolina Elks Camp for Boys near Hendersonville just closed with three hundred and eighteen deserving lads returning to their homes, healthier, heavier and happier.

The expense of operation, transporting campers and providing the boys with pocket-money while at camp is taken care of by the 27 lodges in the State Association whose members put out more than \$20,000 during the past year. They plan to make the 316-acre camp with its dozen buildings a national Elk shrine for the worthy boys of the country, in much the same way the Elks National Home in Bedford, Va., is a model residence for aged members of the Order.

The land on which this camp, with its huge "swimming hole", is attractively laid out, was donated to the Association by John Z. Cleveland, a member of Hendersonville Lodge, in January, 1945. Some \$2,000 was spent by the Association in readying the site for use that year and more than \$3,000 was expended in improvements in 1946. In order to retire the debt on the camp, State Secy. Ed W. Davis advanced his idea late in 1945 that an "Elks Camp Seal" campaign be conducted, with each North Carolina Elk receiving a sheet of 100 seals with a request for a \$2 contribution to retire the mortgage. The plan went through and the response was greater than anyone dreamed of, with gross receipts amounting to over \$9,000 from which \$8,000 of the debt was wiped from the slate. Another such campaign is planned for this month and should dispose of the entire mortgage, and, it is hoped, raise additional funds to construct a modern swimming pool.

In 1946—and it is expected that the number will be increased each year—each lodge was allowed to send a quota of 12 boys to the camp for periods of two weeks. Many lodges took advantage of this, with Kinston, Raleigh, Charlotte and Greenville sending the largest number of boys this year, and Asheville, Salisbury, Hendersonville, Raleigh, Gastonia and Greensboro topping the list in 1945.

A staff of 20 trained adults, including a trained nurse, operated the camp with one counselor for each seven boys. Activities were organized from a.m. to p.m., with instruction in crafts, swimming and other sports, and inter-camp games with other nearby camps. Besides all this, the boys were entertained in Hendersonville at shows and movies, taken on hikes and, through the cooperation of Hendersonville merchants, despite meat shortages, had beef once



a day and often twice daily. The milk bill alone for the eight-week 1946 season was well over \$1,200.

Although few illnesses were reported, State President B. A. Whitmore, Chairman of the Camp's Board of Governors and former member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, had the full cooperation of the Henderson County Medical Society in treating any boys who needed attention.

In the short period of its existence, this camp is a model to be followed by any other organizations interested in making life pleasant for deserving youngsters. Already several other

State Elks Associations have shown definite interest in following the example of these generous North Carolina Elks.

DEVILS LAKE, N. D., Lodge, No. 1216, recently sponsored a huge crippled children's clinic at the lodge home. At the one-day affair, the largest clinic in the State, doctors examined more than four hundred children. In addition to offering free examinations, the members of No. 1216 are following up the clinic with treatment and other assistance to those children in need of them.



Right: E. R. J. P. Wendler, left, presents Miami Beach, Fla., Lodge's bowling trophy gift to the executive officer of Nautilus Veterans Hospital for servicemen convalescing there.

Right is the handsome entry which won Auburn, Calif., Lodge first place for decorated floats in the '49 Gold Rush Revival Parade out there.

Below, right, is the Barbershop Quartette of New Philadelphia, Ohio, Lodge which sang at the Grand Lodge Convention at the invitation of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., Lodge, No. 758, at a colorful ceremony early in August dedicated the Elks "Memorial Court", honoring its 220 Brothers who served in World War II.

More than 500 members of the Order from Alexandria and surrounding areas attended the program which was followed by informal entertainment highlighted by local and visiting talent, including the Washington Elks Boys Band and Follies. Impromptu performances were put on by members of the local lodge, and a period of dancing rounded out the program.

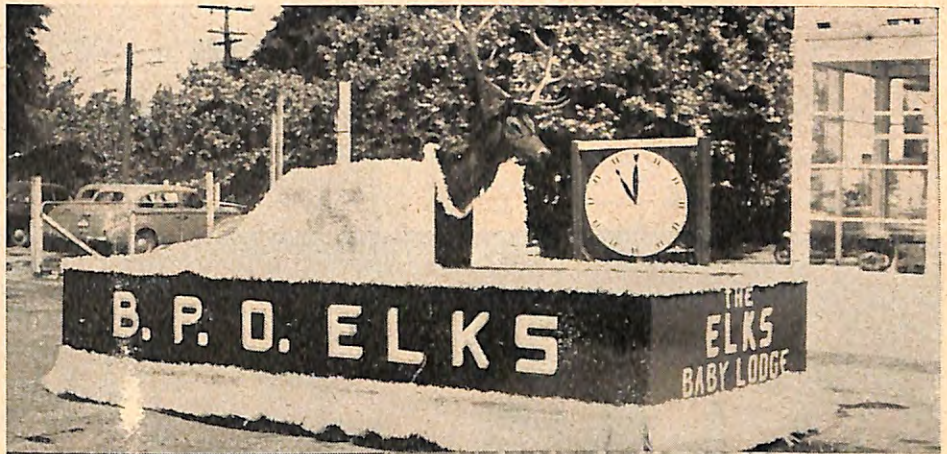
The court, which consists of an outdoor garden, barbecue pit and recreational facilities, was formally dedicated by Major John T. Winn, Chairman of the lodge's Veterans Memorial Committee. Mayor William T. Wilkins was guest of honor and one of the speakers who paid tribute to Henry Scott, one of No. 758's Board of Trustees, who first devised plans for the garden, Club Manager Will Moore who was instrumental in the inauguration of the project, and the other Trustees.

PUYALLUP, WASH., Lodge, No. 1450, mourns the death of its Secretary, Roy H. Edwards, a Past Exalted Ruler, who lost his life in an accident August 1st.

During the war, Mr. Edwards finished out the year of the Exalted Ruler who was called to the colors. He has been Secretary of No. 1450 for over two years, having presided as Exalted Ruler for one year some time ago. He was also Commander of his home post, of the American Legion and is a Past District Commander. He had hundreds of friends throughout the State.

Right: John Conlin presents Corvallis, Ore., Lodge's \$500 check to Jim Hedrick for the Shriners Hospital in Portland.

Below are dignitaries of the Order who attended Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge's 50th Anniversary banquet. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan is seated second from left, and Secretary George I. Hall of the Board of Grand Trustees is seated center.



SANDPOINT, IDA., Lodge, No. 1376, is one of the happiest groups of the Order at present, being the proud possessor of a new electric radio-phonograph carrying the legend: "To my friends, the Sandpoint Elks, Bing Crosby".

The gift arrived most unexpectedly with a large album of Der Bingle's records. Atop the radio is a tinted picture of Bing holding the 15 3/4-pound Kootenay rainbow trout he caught while fishing in Lake Pend Oreille in June

with Mayor L. G. Moon. The crooner described it not only as the biggest trout he ever caught but also the biggest he ever saw—though the local Isaak Waltons have seen, and caught, bigger—often, in fact, anything from a 20 to a 29-pounder.

A guest of the Sandpoint Chamber of Commerce, Crosby and members of his party were entertained at the Elks lodge home late in the afternoon of the day he tried his luck at the lake.



Elk Scholarship Winners



Above: Miss Emma Stewart receives from P.E.R. Charles C. Bowie of San Benito, Tex., Lodge the \$300 fifth-prize check in the Elks National Foundation Most Valuable Student Contest.

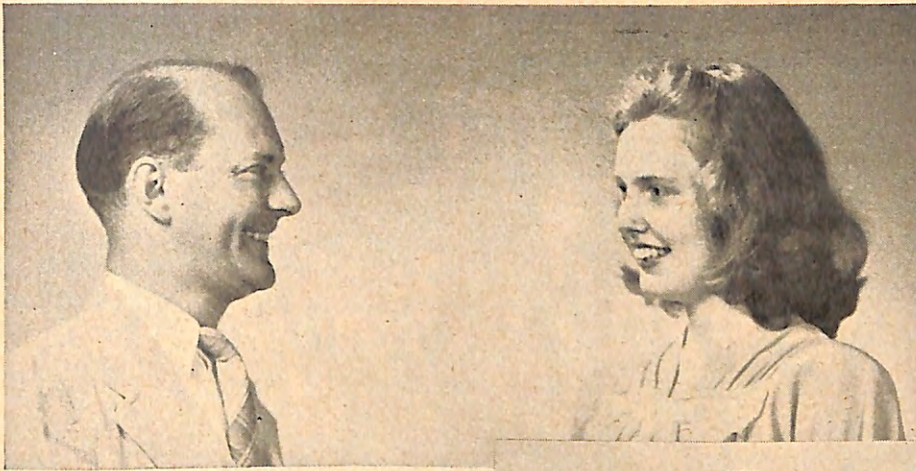


Left: Miss Charlotte Ann Williams, pictured with Elk and city officials of Peru, Ind., as she received a \$200 scholarship from the local lodge and the National Foundation's \$600 check.

Right: Miss Ruth Posin, a former Nazi prisoner, receives from J. E. Michelmore of the California State Elks Assn. Scholarship Committee, a \$100 scholarship as E.R. H. S. Johnson of Glendale, Calif., Lodge looks on. The scholarship is one of the awards given by the Elks National Foundation.

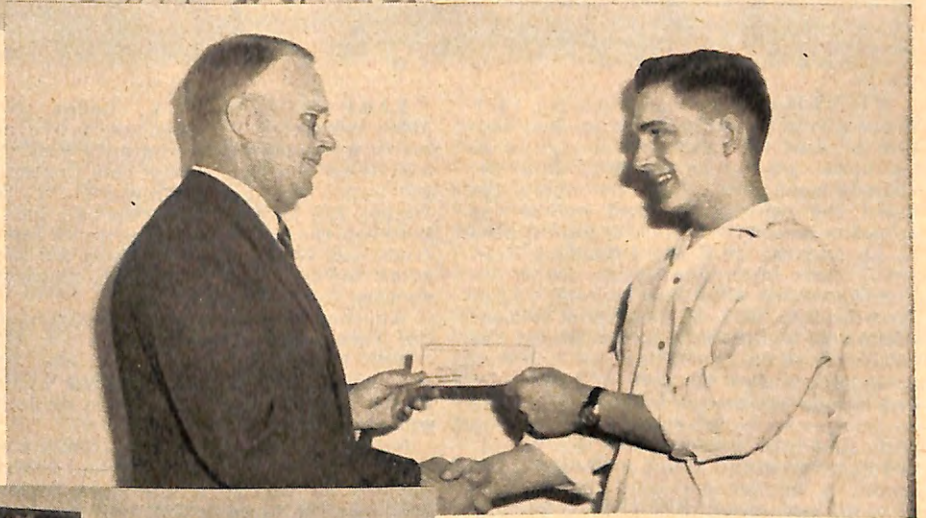


Left: E.R. C. A. Mackey of Eugene, Ore., Lodge presents a \$100 Merit Award to Wesley Nicholson, one of the luckier contestants in the 1946 Elks National Foundation Scholarship Contest.



Left: E.R. Chas. K. Ellison, Jr., of Danville, Va., Lodge, is pictured with Miss Anne Swain, honor student of the local high school. The Elks Scholarship Award of \$250.

Right: P.E.R. Y. H. Seaton of Alliance, Neb., Lodge presents the lodge's \$500 scholarship award to Harold Fronapfel as the boy's parents watch happily. The presentation took place at a dinner held at the lodge home.



Left: Miss Mary Ellen Roer receives from Acting E.R. J. H. Rockford a \$100 check as a gift of Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge, accompanied by a personalized billfold. P.D.D. W. V. Ammons, seated, right, presented the \$100 Merit Award of the Elks National Foundation to Miss Roer at the same ceremony.

Right: Willard Harnden, Chairman of the Local Foundation Committee of Yakima, Wash., Lodge, presents the \$100 Honorable Mention Award in the Elks National Foundation Scholarship Contest to Arthur E. Marsh. The lodge also presented \$100 to Mr. Marsh to match the Foundation prize.





Above: The well-dressed and well-versed Ritualistic Team of Portland, Ore., Lodge.

WHITEHALL, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1491, had a group of really distinguished visitors present to watch the mortgage on its home go up in smoke. The 150 visiting and local Elks obviously enjoyed the celebration held before the actual ceremony which was highlighted by an address by State President Ronald J. Dunn of Oneida Lodge, and State Vice-President John L. Fleming, Jr., of Troy Lodge. Several past and present officials of No. 1491 also addressed the gathering of enthusiastic Elks who witnessed the happy moment of the lodge, which was chartered in 1924. In 1932 the Ridgeway Hotel was purchased and converted into what is now the Whitehall Elks' free-and-clear, well-appointed home. A connecting building, erected in 1939, accommodates the frequently used modern bowling alleys.

LAKE WORTH, FLA., Lodge, No. 1530, has recently taken an active interest in Social and Community Welfare activities. On Labor Day, this Committee under Est. Lead. Knight Dr. C. E. Hicks, Jr., sponsored a baseball game between the local Ramblers and a team from Key West. The result was a 2-to-1 score for the Ramblers and a financial success for the Committee.

Another project now going strong is the furnishing of new Flags for the city's four schools, as well as for another school at Osborne; the latter school is also going to receive athletic equipment.

No. 1530's up-and-at-'em Committee is also arranging to provide school lunches for several of the city's underprivileged children and is taking part in all Lake Worth's civic projects.

IRON MOUNTAIN, MICH., Lodge, No. 700, took a great deal of pride in the fact that a local boy, David G. Anderson, made good in the 1946 Elks National Foundation Most Valuable Student Contest.

To prove it, the members of No. 700 threw a fine dinner at the lodge home recently when David Anderson received his two scholarship awards—one for \$300, presented by the Foundation on recommendations of the Scholarship Committee of the Michigan State Elks Assn., and the other for \$200, which was one of the prizes given in the Foundation's nation-wide contest.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PA., Lodge, No. 519, showed its gratitude to its returned servicemen members in the best possible way.

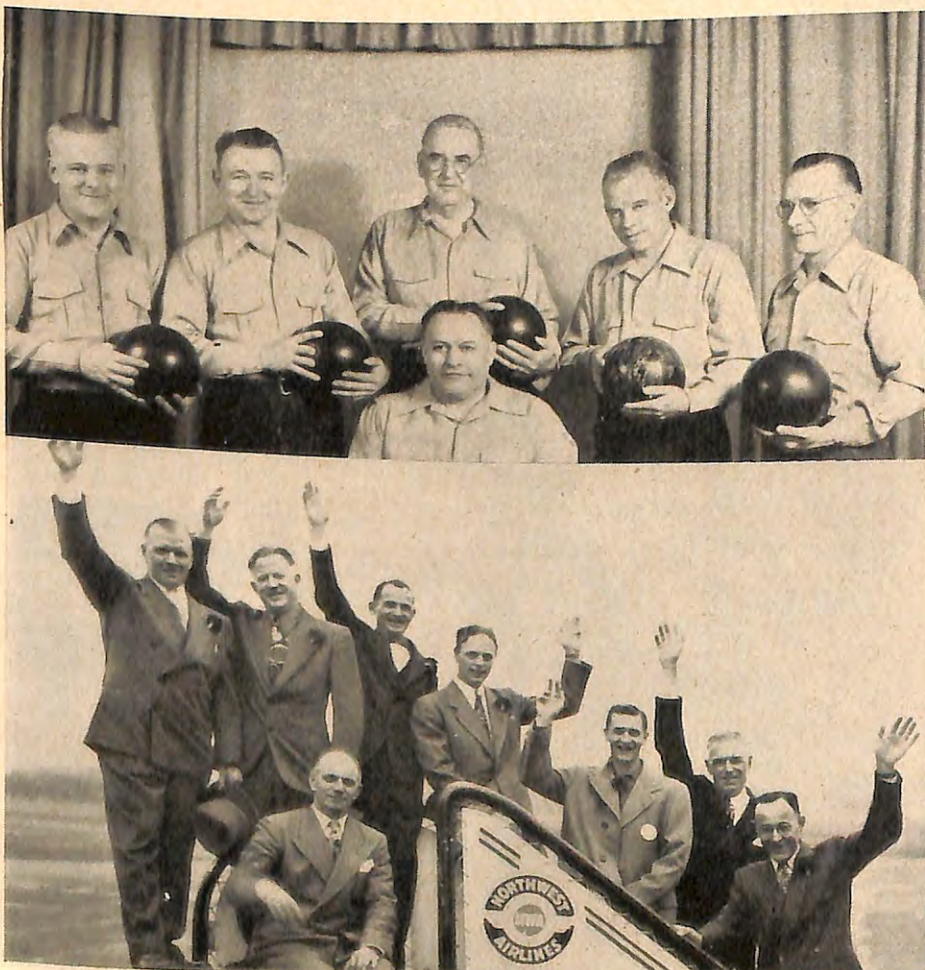
On "Veterans' Night", at appropriate ceremonies, seventy of No. 519's ex-GIs received their part of the \$2,400 bonus fund arranged through the Veterans Rehabilitation Committee of the lodge. Distribution was made in accordance with the length of service of each man, with the maximum awards presented to the next of kin of Harry Smith and Roy La Van who made the supreme sacrifice.

IRON RIVER, MICH., Lodge, No. 1671, is not quite two years old but has one hundred seventy-five members and is still going strong.

These big-hearted Elks raised six hundred dollars this year and sent seventy-seven underprivileged and crippled youngsters to camp for a healthful week; many of them returned as much as five pounds heavier.

No. 1671 boasts quite a sportsman in its former Secretary, E. R. Sommers, who won first place in a Victory Day speedboat regatta at Sunset Lake, defeating no less than an international cup holder, among other disgruntled opponents.

Above, left, are the Champions of the Upper Peninsula Elks Bowling Tournament held at Iron Mountain, Mich.



Left are Rochester, Minn., Lodge's enthusiastic bowlers, all set for a big season.



Above: The Redondo Beach, Calif., all-Elk championship softball team is pictured at a banquet given by the lodge when they received the National League pennant from the Commissioner of the South Bay Softball Association.

BOISE, IDA., Lodge, No. 310, had a record turnout of Elk golfers competing in its annual Medal Play Match at the Plantation Golf Course recently.

One hundred and forty-one members from Boise, Nampa, Caldwell, Weiser, Blackfoot, Burley and Pocatello, Ida., and Baker, Ore., were on hand with their clubs, and Russ Hayes, Nampa, nabbed first place, Jack Rhoades, Boise, runner-up, and Bumps Carter and Jules Droz, both former champions and both from Boise, tied for third place.

One of the main features was the Past Exalted Rulers' flight in which several State Presidents and District Deputies, both past and present, vied for honors which eventually went to Past Exalted Ruler Lew Thornton of Nampa.

After the tournament was completed, the host lodge served a banquet in its club rooms when Master of Ceremonies Patrick King presented prizes to the winners. No. 310's Pep Band kept things lively that night, having recovered from their trip to Nampa Lodge several days before to entertain the folks on Family Night when several hundred Elks and their families were served a delicious barbecued lunch and had a high old time.

MANILA, P. I., Lodge, No. 761, has always celebrated Fourth of July on the day before, but the last time that happened was in 1941—before the Japs took over.

This year, the members of No. 761 decided to make the celebration a bang-up affair, since it would be the first since the Japanese occupation and the last under the American flag, as the Islands secured their independence this July 4th. A place was cleared among the ruins of the once beautiful lodge home, and the committee in charge set up tents and tarpaulins to cover the entertainers and the crowd of almost seven hundred Elks and guests who attended.

The party lasted from seven P. M. until after midnight, when the salute to

the flag was given. In the meantime, entertainers, all local talent plus a few capable servicemen, put on a continuous show on the make-shift stage. At the present time, the Manila Elks are using a number of Quonset huts for their lodge and club rooms, and are optimistically looking forward to building a new home within a year or so.

RACINE, WIS., Lodge, No. 252, is extremely pleased with the ability shown by Miss Fletcher Riley who received an award in the Wisconsin Elks Better Student Contest in 1944. Miss Riley entered the University of Chicago for a B.A. Degree which requires four years of any ordinary student's study. Miss Riley, however, is no ordinary student and cut down the time to two years. She is now on her way to greater erudition at Barnard College Graduate School, Columbia University, in New York City.

This Elk award was not the only prize this brilliant young woman received. Another award, amounting to \$250 with the option of borrowing \$250 each year for three years, on a non-interest bearing note payable upon completion of her education, was made available to Miss Riley by the members of Racine Lodge.

MILLVILLE, N. J., Lodge, No. 580, held this year at the Silver Spur Ranch what was probably the largest and most successful horse show ever staged in Millville. The affair was sponsored by the Ranch and Millville Lodge for the

benefit of the Elks Crippled Kiddies Fund.

More than two thousand persons witnessed the events in which at least one hundred horses were entered. An added feature was a stunt-flying exhibition put on by pilot Ambrose Clark, a member of Millville Lodge. Beautiful trophies were presented to winners, plus four place ribbons in each event and cash prizes for games and races. For the first time a midway was added to the show and the various booths attracted much attention as did the pony rides for the children.

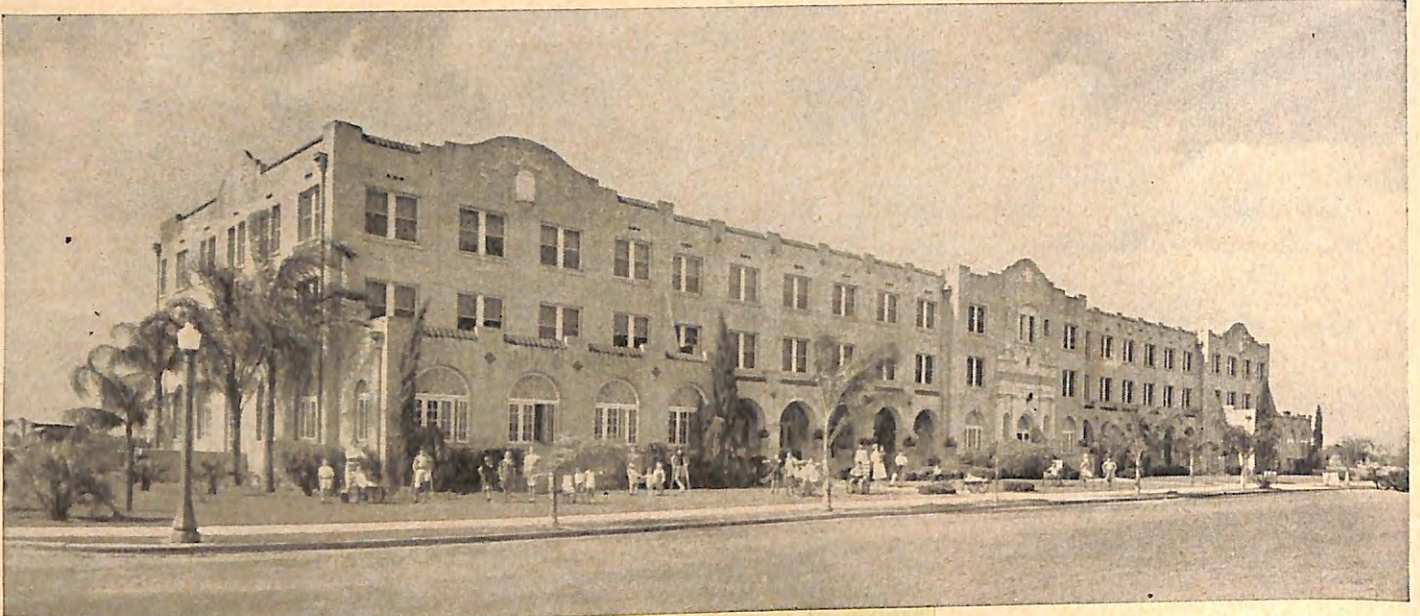
Les Ewen announced the events and Lew Blackman, noted rodeo king, was chief judge.

The twenty-fourth annual outing for crippled children given at Wildwood by No. 580 was a terrific success, with more than sixteen hundred persons taking part in it. On the way to the shore the caravan stopped at the cemetery at Cape May Court House where a brief memorial ceremony was conducted in honor of departed benefactors of the crippled children's activities, as well as the 373 young men, former Elk patients, who served in the armed forces. Mayor I. Grant Scott of Cape May spoke briefly.

At Wildwood, the delegation received a golden key to the city from Mayor George W. Krogman, and an excellent dinner and vaudeville show were enjoyed. Most of the day was spent on the various amusements and the children received countless gifts and plenty of refreshments.



Right is a photograph taken during the Devils Lake, N. D., Lodge Crippled Children's Clinic when four hundred children were examined.



Above is the beautiful Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children, at Umatilla, the administration of which is in the capable hands of the Florida State Elks Association.

News of The **STATE ASSOCIATIONS**

PENNSYLVANIA

The 40th annual Convention of the Pennsylvania State Elks Assn., which took place at Allentown August 26th to the 29th, was the first full-time meeting of that group since the outbreak of the war, and registration of more than 5,000 Quaker State Elks, including 21 of the 23 living Past State Presidents, made it one of the largest in the history of the organization.

Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton was guest of honor at the opening sessions on the 27th and his address that morning was heard by more than 600 delegates. Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters was another out-of-town dignitary of the Order in attendance and gave the eulogy on his old friend, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, Tuesday afternoon. The customary Memorial Service was in charge of Leonard M. Lippert, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, and took place Wednesday morning.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, Philadelphia, gave the report of the State Student Aid Committee at which time \$2,000 in scholarships was awarded to a dozen young men and women. Past State Pres. Wilbur Warner reported on the State Association Survey of work done by the 120 Pennsylvania lodges during World War II,

and Past State Pres. Howard R. Davis, a member of the Board of Grand Trustees, reported on the Association's Hospital Entertainment Committee for the year.

The Pennsylvania delegates voted to take out a \$1,000 Permanent Benefactors' Certificate in the Elks National Foundation in honor of the late Mr. Tener, and another in memory of the 176 Elks of that State who made the supreme sacrifice in the last war.

Pres. Charles V. Hogan, Pottsville, presided and his report showed that he had traveled more than 14,000 miles in making his 92 lodge visits. He an-

nounced that there had been an increase in membership of 8,300 during the year; the total membership is now 72,000, and that the 120 lodges in the State are subscribers to the Elks National Foundation and that one new lodge, Bedford No. 1707, had been organized.

Results in the election of officers are: Pres., Lee A. Donaldson, Etna; Vice-Pres., Regis J. Maloney, Du Bois; Secy., William S. Gould, Scranton, Treas., Charles S. Brown, Allegheny, and Trustee for five years, H. Earl Pitzer, Gettysburg. Mr. Donaldson then appointed the following officers: Tiler, John McClure, Wilkinsburg; Inner Guard, Henry Carpenter, Lancaster, and Chaplain, Rev. Leo F. Duerr, Sunbury.

In the Ritualistic Contest held Tuesday evening, Wilkinsburg Lodge No. 577 took first place; Greenville No. 145, second, and Clearfield No. 540, third.

Installation of officers was the final order of business August 29th and was in charge of Past State Pres. F. J. Schrader, Assistant to Grand Secretary Masters. Although the location of the 1947 meeting has not been decided, the Convention will take place the last week in August.



Right: State President Frank W. Fisher, Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton and E.R. John A. Seramur, left to right, pictured at Milwaukee during the recent meeting of the Wisconsin State Elks Association.

FLORIDA

Miami Beach Lodge No. 1601 was host to the many delegates who attended this year's Convention of the Florida State Elks Association on June 2nd, 3rd and 4th. Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, former Governor of the State, was one of the distinguished guests and delivered an eloquent address.

Several important decisions were made at this meeting, chief among which was making the Association a legal entity and a non-profit corporation. This new Association took over the Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children, receiving title to the building and the sinking fund, and assuming supervision and control of this tremendous institution. A committee of 30 outstanding Florida Elks was appointed to control and supervise the Home, and State Pres. J. Frank Umstot, Tampa, was named Chairman of the Harry-Anna Commission. It was also decided that a new department for the correction of speech defects be established at the Home at an early date.

The Association's new officers are: Pres., Judge James A. Dunn, Miami; Vice-Pres.'s: Lee Hayman, St. Petersburg; Peter Ross, Key West; Wilson Leonard, Orlando; Walter Matherly, Gainesville, and Marvin Collins, Tallahassee; Treas., Claude Johnson, Tallahassee; Secy., Chelsie Senerchia, Miami; Historian, Howell A. Davis, Palatka; Tiler, Joseph A. Hukle, Miami Beach, and the Board of Directors: Mr. Senerchia; W. A. Wall, West Palm Beach; Bill Pearce, Palatka; C. G. Campbell, Lake City; James J. Fernandez, Tampa, and Mr. Umstot.

Some fine entertainment was enjoyed by the delegates, and it included a well-arranged boat ride, golfing and several dances. The President's Ball for the Elks and their ladies was the most important social event.

The delegates unanimously decided on Tampa as 1947's Convention City.

VIRGINIA

Portsmouth, Va., was the scene of the 1946 State Association Convention Aug. 11th, 12th and 13th, when 526 Elks were registered, including D.D.'s Roy Richardson and Frank L. Bullock, and Congressman Ralph Daughton, who delivered the memorial address.

It was reported that the Virginia lodges have spent \$20,020.07 in charitable activities during the year, and that six of these lodges visit Veterans Hospitals at least once a month with entertainment for the patients, and also furnish playing cards, radios, musical instruments and athletic equipment for these convalescent servicemen. The delegates voted to continue hospital entertainment and also to establish a boys' camp.

Although no contests were held at this meeting, social life was at quite a high pitch with a reception at the home of Portsmouth Lodge No. 82 on Sunday, August 11th, a picnic, barbecue and dance at the Planters Club the 12th and luncheon at the lodge home and a dance at Hillcrest Surf Club at famed Virginia Beach the last day of the meeting.

Officers for the coming year are: Pres., John H. Liesfeld, Richmond; 1st Vice-Pres., Lawrence H. Hoover, Harrisonburg; 2nd Vice-Pres., Brooks N. Anderson, Norfolk; 3rd Vice-Pres., John H. Coleman, Lynchburg; Secy., Geo. W. Epps, Jr., Richmond; Treas., C. W. Proffitt, Clifton Forge; Trustee for five

**"You
can tell
young men
about my
experience"**



YOUR organization is doing a big job in helping to recruit a fine new volunteer Regular Army. When *you* talk to promising young men about a career in the Army, one thing you can tell them about is fellows like me.

"I'm still young. Just turned 48. But after 30 years of service, the Regular Army gives me a better break than most men work fifty years to get!

"Between now and when I'm 68—the average life span—I stand to draw \$44,551.20. Maybe I'll live to be 78 or 88. That \$185.63 a month keeps rolling in like clockwork. This retirement plan would have cost me over a hundred dollars a month in civilian life. And with what I've been making, it's been easy to salt away a few thousand at 4% com-

pounded interest in Soldiers' Deposits.

"It's a *good deal*, this Army career. I've learned a lot, made good friends, had some good times, and been well taken care of.

"Now, with 24 hours a day to call our own, Mary and I are going to cover some of the ground even our 30-day furloughs didn't give time for."

Few young men realize the value of an Army retirement equity. Not one civilian in a hundred thousand manages to build such a comfortable retirement fund. You'll help your Army's recruiting program by pointing this out to prospective enlistees.

Full details are available at the nearest Army Post, Camp, or Recruiting Station.

• Listen to: "Voice of the Army," "Proudly We Hail," and Major Football Broadcasts on your radio.

NEW, HIGHER PAY FOR ARMY MEN

In Addition to Food, Lodging, Clothes, Medical and Dental Care

In Addition to Column One at the Right: 20% Increase for Service Overseas. 50% Increase if Member of Flying or Glider Crews. 5% Increase in Pay for Each 3 Years of Service May Be Added.

	Starting Base Pay Per Month	MONTHLY RETIREMENT INCOME AFTER:	
		20 Years' Service	30 Years' Service
Master Sergeant or First Sergeant	\$165.00	\$107.25	\$185.63
Technical Sergeant	135.00	87.75	151.88
Staff Sergeant . . .	115.00	74.75	129.38
Sergeant	100.00	65.00	112.50
Corporal	90.00	58.50	101.25
Private First Class	80.00	52.00	90.00
Private	75.00	48.75	84.38

**URGE THE FINEST YOUNG MEN
YOU KNOW TO ENLIST NOW
AT THEIR NEAREST U. S. ARMY
RECRUITING STATION**

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



Above are the officers of Montrose Lodge who won the State Ritualistic Contest held during the recent Colorado State Elks Association Convention at Canon City.

years, E. Joel Treger, Alexandria; Chaplain, V. King Pifer, Hampton; Sgt.-at-Arms, W. W. Warren, Portsmouth, and Tiler, L. H. Biscoe, Fredericksburg.

The date of the 1947 meeting is uncertain, but the place will be Danville and it will be sometime in August. The officers and committeemen of the Virginia Association meet semi-annually in Richmond.

MICHIGAN

Six hundred delegates, visitors and their ladies attended the Michigan State Elks Association's annual Convention at Port Huron September 6th and 7th. The Ritualistic Contest had been held in May at Lansing and was won by Kalamazoo Lodge, with Lansing, Niles and Muskegon Lodges placing in that order.

Vice-Pres. Leland L. Hamilton, Niles, presided at the business sessions in the absence of Pres. Albert C. Lyons, Flint. Reports of the District Vice-Presidents indicated that membership in the State,

as of March 31st, was 36,902, and that every lodge had increased its membership to contribute to the net gain of 4,059. All lodges are in a most satisfactory financial condition and charitable disbursements for the various lodges for the past year totaled \$150,537.88.

Three Michigan entries in the Elks National Foundation Scholarship Contest won a total of \$1,000 in prizes, and Saginaw and Sturgis Lodges were reported each to have subscribed and paid an additional \$1,000 to the Foundation, thus becoming the first Permanent Benefactors in the State.

Past Pres. Irvine J. Unger, Detroit, Chairman of the Veterans Hospital Entertainment Program, gave his report which was well received, and the committee in charge of this activity reported that contributions had amounted to \$10,412, including about \$7,200 from the Elks War Commission, and that \$8,778.79 had been spent on the entertainment of veterans at government hospitals in the Detroit and Battle Creek area. This work will be continued without let-up.

Col. Cole of the 89th Division, 6th Corps area, addressed the gathering on the subject of the peacetime army recruiting program which is being supported by the Order.

Climaxing the sessions, at which no decision was made regarding the date

and place of the 1947 meeting, was the President's Banquet which was held Saturday evening. Past Pres. Benjamin F. Watson, member of the Grand Forum, was the principal speaker and the Alpena Lodge band and the Saginaw Elks Glee Club provided the musical setting. That night a special sleeper carried a large delegation of officers and members from Port Huron to the rededication of the Memorial Building in Chicago.

The men who will take care of the Association's business for the coming year are: Pres., Leland J. Hamilton, Niles; Vice-Pres.-at-Large, John T. Hickmott, Kalamazoo; District Vice-Pres.'s: Central, Arthur S. Blagdon, Hillsdale; No. Central, Albert P. Miller, Big Rapids; East, Russell F. Christie, Detroit; West, Thaddeus C. Jones, Muskegon; Northwest, Keith T. Myers, Ludington; Southwest, Donald F. Coon, St. Joseph; North, William D. Sanders, Ishpeming; Secy., Jos. M. Leonard, Saginaw; Treas., James G. Shirlaw, Battle Creek, and Trustees, William T. Evans, Muskegon, and, for three years, Frank J. Duda, Bessemer.

Below are the East Point, Ga., Elks who arrived at the recent Convention of the Georgia State Elks Association, in the plane chartered by the Ritualistic Team who last year won the cup also pictured here.



IDAHO

The annual Convention of the Idaho State Elks Assn. was called to order at 11 a.m. on June 27th with Pres. E. M. Grant presiding. E. G. Yates of St. Maries Lodge gave the Invocation and Pres. Grant then appointed E.R. J. W. Packham, Boise, as Sergeant-at-Arms.

At two o'clock that afternoon the Burley Lodge quartet opened the meeting with the singing of "America" and "God Bless America" with the delegates joining in the rendition of the second number. E.R. John Wimer of the host lodge, Wallace No. 331, addressed the delegates and introduced John Batts, Mayor of the City and a member of the lodge, who welcomed the delegates and presented the key to the city to President Grant. O. R. Baum of Pocatello Lodge responded on behalf of the delegates.

Several committees were appointed at that time, chief among which were the Constitution and By-laws and Idaho War Commission, the Crippled Children's Commission, the National Foundation Scholarship Committee and the Inter-Lodge Relations Committee. A Memorial Service was conducted at eight p.m. by the officers of Lewiston Lodge.

At 9 a.m. June 28th another business session of the Convention was called to order by the President at which a great many congratulatory messages were read and reports were made on the financial status of the lodges, including the Elks Crippled Children's Hospital Fund, which revealed the vast amounts donated by lodges and individuals.

Inter-lodge relations are at a happy peak with visits a regular habit between many of the lodges. Several of the older lodges cooperated in the institution of Weiser Lodge No. 1683 which took place early this year and on which a report was made at this 1946 Convention.

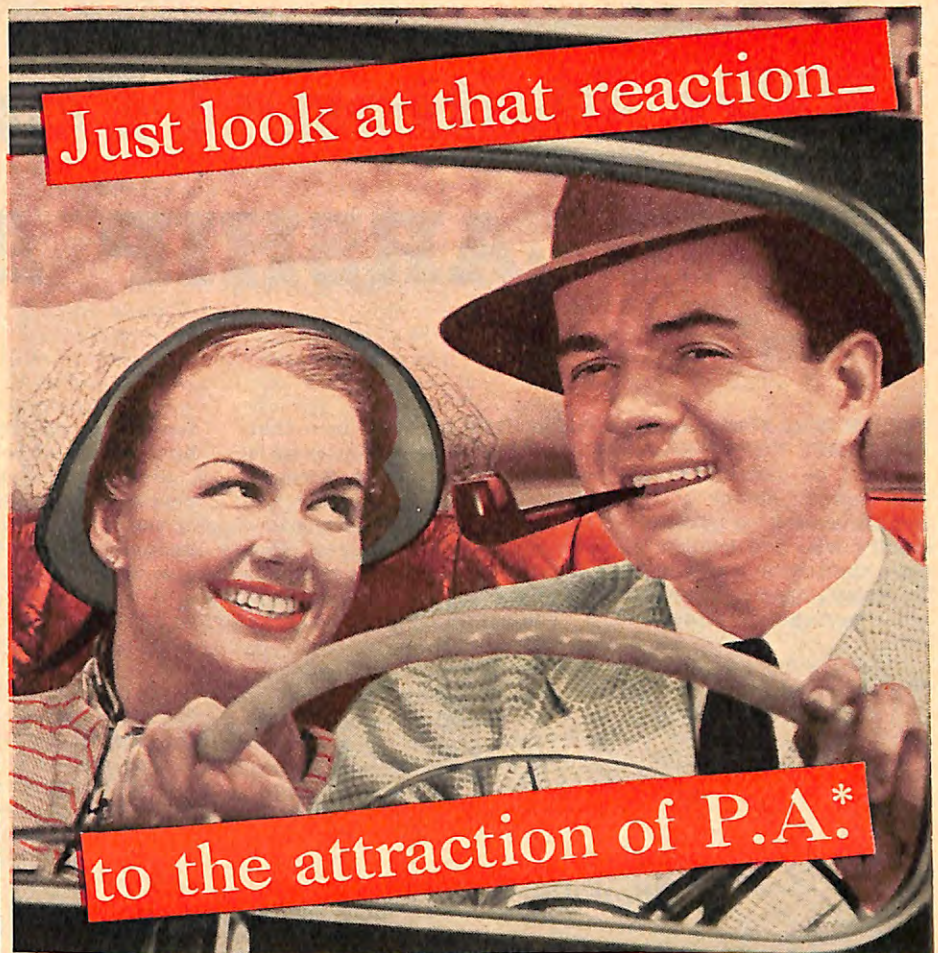
Another highlight of the meeting was the presentation of Certificates of Appreciation to several lodges who cooperated wholeheartedly in the war effort. These lodges were Pocatello, Boise, Idaho Falls, Coeur d'Alene, Moscow, Wallace, Lewiston, Burley and Nampa.

After the impressive report of the War Activities Committee was read, and that of the Resolutions Committee was accepted, the Credentials Committee announced that 680 Idaho Elks had registered for the Convention and that 35 visitors from many outlying States had attended.

After much important business was taken care of, the following officers were installed for the coming year: Pres., O. R. Baum, Pocatello; 1st Vice-Pres., R. E. Sorenson, Wallace; 2nd Vice-Pres., J. H. Blandford, Twin Falls; 3rd Vice-Pres., Ross Hall, Sandpoint; 4th Vice-Pres., C. C. Davis, Blackfoot; 5th Vice-Pres., Grant Blomquist, Caldwell; Trustee for five years, Arthur L. Barnes, Lewiston, and Trustee for four years, John W. Snook, Salmon.

Many social events occurred during the meeting, including a barbecue at the Shoshone County Park and a concert given by the Boise Band. A golf tournament was held, which Chairman Norman Jacobson of the Golf Committee announced as "primarily a Lewiston affair", with four trophies and a half-dozen golf balls all going to that contingent.

During an adjournment held during the first session, the Ritualistic Contest was held between Sandpoint Lodge No. 1376 and Idaho Falls Lodge No. 1087, representing the north and south of the State respectively.



P.A.* means Pipe Appeal —
 Women love the looks of a pipe in a man's mouth. They call it "impressive" ... "smooth." Like crisp linen, fine leather, good tweeds, a pipe is smart, manly, and ... so comfortable!

P.A. means Prince Albert

• Insure your PIPE APPEAL by loading that pipe with PRINCE ALBERT. Its fine fragrance makes your pipe smell as good to her as it looks. And your tongue will say "thanks!" for P.A.'s wonderful mildness. The real flavor of fine tobacco — and so gentle to your tongue.

P. A. is swell for roll-your-owns too. Crimp cut clings to the paper ... rolls quick, easy, and firm.



P.A. SURE IS GENTLE TO MY TONGUE — NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE IT!



R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Elks National Foundation SCHOLARSHIP AWARDS

THE Elks National Foundation Trustees announce that EIGHT THOUSAND DOLLARS in scholarship awards will be distributed at the 1947 Grand Lodge Session. This announcement of the "Most Valuable Student" prize awards should be of interest to the students of every community who are leaders in their schools and colleges. For more than twelve years these awards have made it possible for many superior students to continue their college courses under favorable circumstances. The prizes offered this year are:

	Boys	Girls
First Prize	\$700	\$700
Second Prize	600	600
Third Prize	500	500
Fourth Prize	400	400
Fifth Prize	300	300
Five \$200 awards	1,000	1,000
Five \$100 awards	500	500

Eligibility

Any student in the senior class of a high or college preparatory school, or in any undergraduate class of a recognized college, who is a resident within the jurisdiction of the Order, may file an application.

Merit Standards

Scholarship, citizenship, personality, leadership, perseverance, resourcefulness, patriotism and general worthiness are the criteria by which the applicants will be judged.

Form of Application

The Foundation Trustees furnish a blank entitled "Memorandum of Required Facts", which must be filled out in typewriting and made a part of the student's presentation. The Trustees do not furnish any other blank nor do they insist on any special form of application or presentation. They prefer that each applicant use his own ingenuity in presenting his case. Experience has shown that the interests of the applicant are advanced and the time of the Trustees is conserved by orderly, concise and chronological presentation on paper approximately 8½" x 11" (the usual business-letter size), bound neatly at the left side in a standard binder or cover (8¾" x 11½") which can be procured at any stationery store. Remove all letters from envelopes and *bind the letters flat*. Exhibits evidencing notable achievements in dramatics, literature, athletics, leadership, community service or other activities may be attached, but the applicant should avoid submitting repetitious accounts of the same aptitude.

In addition to the "Memorandum of Required Facts", which should be first in the cover, we suggest as essential details the following, preferably in the order indicated:

1. Recent photograph of the applicant. (Not a snapshot.)
2. A statement of not more than 300 words prepared by the applicant in his own handwriting, summarizing activities and accomplishments which the applicant thinks qualify him for one of the awards.

ties and accomplishments which the applicant thinks qualify him for one of the awards.

3. A letter of not over 200 words from a parent or other person having knowledge of the facts, presenting a picture of the family situation and showing the applicant's need of financial assistance to continue in school.

4. The applicant's educational history *from first year of high or college preparatory school* to date of application, supported by school certificates signed by the proper school authority, showing the courses taken, the grades received and the rank of the applicant in the class. The different methods of grading in the schools of the country make it desirable that the school authority, in addition to furnishing the formal certificates, state the applicant's average in figures on the basis of 100% for perfect.

5. A comprehensive letter of recommendation covering character, personality and scholarship of the applicant from at least one person in authority in each school.

6. Two or three letters of endorsement from responsible persons, not related to applicant, who have had an opportunity personally to observe the applicant and who can give worthwhile opinion of the character, industry, purposefulness, disposition and general worthiness of the applicant.

7. A letter of endorsement signed by the Exalted Ruler or Secretary of the subordinate lodge in the jurisdiction of which the applicant is resident, stating that he has reviewed the application and verifies the substantial accuracy of the statements contained therein.

Applications that do not conform substantially to the foregoing requirements will not be considered.

Only students of outstanding merit, who show an appreciation of the value of an education and who are willing to struggle to achieve success, have a chance to win our awards. Experience indicates that a scholarship rating of 90% or better and a relative standing in the upper ten percent of the applicant's class are necessary to make the group that will be given final consideration for the prizes.

Filing of Applications

The application, verified by the proper subordinate lodge officer, must be filed on or before March 1, 1947, with the Secretary of the State Elks Association of the State in which the applicant is resident, in order that it may be judged by the Scholarship Committee of said Association and, if approved as one of the quota of applications allotted to the State, be forwarded to our Chairman not later than April 1, 1947.

The officers of the subordinate lodges are requested to give notice of this contest to the principals of the high and preparatory schools and the deans of the colleges in their vicinity, and to cause this announcement to be published in the lodge bulletin. Members are requested to bring this announcement to the attention of qualified students.

Request for blanks and other information should be addressed to John F. Malley, Chairman, 16 Court Street, Boston 8, Massachusetts.

ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION TRUSTEES

APPLICATIONS MUST BE FILED BEFORE MARCH 1, 1946

We'll Tell the World

(Continued from page 5)

had to keep going, and the Rockefeller Committee which had fought free of OWI domination and concentrated in Latin America. He was also legate to some backwash from a long list of bumbling government "good will" efforts by dabbling amateurs who made up for deficient qualifications with potent White House backing.

Strictly speaking, Benton is the first professional propagandist to have the job. His predecessors—Lowell Mellett, a good newspaperman; Archibald MacLeish, a minor poet; Nelson Rockefeller, a professional worker-for-good and capable administrator, and Elmer Davis, another good newspaperman with a million-dollar astringent accent—had no training for the various phases of a job which, because its course is both complicated and uncharted, is perhaps the most difficult of its magnitude in Washington today. Benton has been selling ideas since he got out of school. And some of them he has sold successfully were less tangible than his present product which is, simply enough, the American way of living.

As an advertising executive Benton belonged to the dictating-while-getting-a-haircut-and-manicure-in-his-office school. Comparing such an operator with men who telephone from barber chairs or cafe tables is like comparing a back-country peddler with Sears-Roebuck. They aren't in the same league. Benton is a peppery, medium-sized, ants-in-his-pants individual who chain-smokes ideas the way some people chain-smoke cigarettes. He is not in the least dismayed, as are many businessmen who take Washington jobs, that he is subject to the constant scrutiny of congressmen who smell through every appropriations request for possible political issues. Years of coping with the vagaries of large spending advertisers have inured him to the simple frustrations. They long ago taught him, too, the lesson which is so often a bitter pill for those of more cloistered business success who go to Washington to do good. This is the principle that the first law of survival in public affairs is the capacity to cooperate with the inevitable.

Benton's program for telling the world about us is not new. In large part it is what is left after he carved the excess flesh off our overseas war information effort. There will be certain variations in theme, of course, but the changes will be comparatively minor. His program has one major flaw. Where Benton needs gallons of oil to smooth the troubled waters of international opinion, he has, for the next fiscal year anyhow, only about a pint to work with.

No one who knows anything about the problems involved kids himself that the program now outlined will begin to do the job. Even a program

large enough to be considered successful will never be finished. "It's like the public schools," one of Benton's associates says. "You never sit back and say the job is done, so let's close up shop. The more you educate people the more people there are to educate and the more they seem to want and need."

In international education we haven't yet reached the "little red schoolhouse" stage. Of every four people in the world only one is really literate.

Nevertheless, says Benton, they can listen. At one time his advertising firm was the largest customer of N.B.C. so he takes pride in such facts as that for forty-five minutes every day, every radio station in France, for example, broadcasts one of his programs, The Voice of America. Nevertheless, while the radio division of his plans for selling America abroad is the most extensive and expensive, it is also the trickiest of the lot.

For some \$9,000,000 a year we will broadcast 450 hours a week in 24 languages, equal to nineteen days of around-the-clock broadcasting each week. But it is easier to put a program on the air than to collect listeners. And foreign short-wave listening habits, Benton says frankly, are one of life's great mysteries. But he has available hundreds of reports on the importance of tiny groups gathered about a muffled loudspeaker who listened to U. S. wartime radio broadcasts and spread the news through occupied territory. He knows, too, of people in countries beset by post-war political turmoil who at some risk to themselves keep up with the world by listening to forbidden U. S. short-waved news.

There is also the hard fact that a hot spot like the Soviet Union, which permits no U. S. news unless heavily censored, is currently turning out some 900,000 new radio sets a year. Some of these sets will tune us in. And Latin America has 4,400,000 receivers and at the moment will buy all we can deliver. There are countless millions more in England, France, Germany, the Netherlands, the Balkans and Scandinavia.

Fortunately, people outside the United States are much more accustomed to listening to short-wave than we are in this country. The quality of foreign long-wave broadcasts is usually incredibly dull, by our standards. And the lowest economic levels don't own radios as they do in this country. So those with radios are especially worth reaching with programs that appeal to intelligence. What is more, they now have more time for listening, competitive pleasures being at a minimum.

In Argentina a thorough check on listening habits has been made by U. S. researchers. Eight hundred thousand sets there are equipped for



BEFORE YOU GO ... SHARPEN YOUR Shooting Eye

Practice today, will pay off 30 days from now when you're in your favorite duck blind. All you need—for practice whenever you feel like it—is your Winchester Gun, a Western Hand Trap, a carton of White Flyer targets and Western Xpert shot shells.

With this combination, you can go "duck shooting" right now. You can make the targets curve in any direction, to the right, left, up or down. With a little practice, you can throw straightaway or overhead "birds" or crossing shots.

Don't wait, get in your practice now. It's inexpensive and great fun for a group—family or friends. Western Cartridge Company, East Alton, Illinois, Division of Olin Industries, Inc.

* * *

THE KING OF DUCK GUNS

The Winchester Model 12 Heavy Duck Gun, furnished standard with rubber recoil pad is especially designed for long range duck, brant and goose shooting. A repeater with fine balance, smooth, snappy action and clean-killing pattern. Chambered for 3-inch shells.



Western
WORLD CHAMPION AMMUNITION



CARTRIDGES • SHOT SHELLS
TRAPS AND TARGETS

short-wave. One out of three of these sets is tuned regularly to short-wave. Another group, almost as large, tunes in occasionally. That means a superior program could count on a potential 500,000 listeners a broadcast.

Letters provide another indication. One program beamed at France receives 500 letter-requests a week. From Italy a similar program gets 400. A program of a different type, beamed at Latin America, pulls 500 letters of appreciation a month. If American fan mail figures are any guide, that would indicate a single Latin American "classroom" for Professor Benton's course on the American Scene of 500,000 "students" a month.

Although music, dramatics and certain special events will be short-waved to the world, our broadcasts will consist mainly of news, comments on the news, and statements by prominent Americans on international affairs. An objective will be to keep the world free of doubt about what the American people think on important issues. Where there is sharply divided opinion, Mr. Benton will doubtless incur some headaches. But for a while at least he won't have to worry about the racial and political pressure groups. When they start crowding him he'll know his programs are having some real effect.

Because of the tremendous effect of movies as an educational medium—it is worth repeating that nothing is more effective—Benton's plans for spending \$2,500,000 a year for motion pictures is of top-drawer importance. Our sell-America films fall into one of four groups. One shows our democracy at work. Films in this category depict such stuff as our free educational system, our unhampered voting and our free press. The second film group illustrates how we live and includes such subjects as how we spend Sunday in this country (a peculiar phenomenon, other people think), life in a small town, training of nurses, our sports and so forth.

A third category is our contributions to science. These include films on up-to-date medical practice (foreign surgeons eagerly watch new operating techniques), development of plastics, electronics and the like. The final group is concerned with international politics and economics and attempts to explain such involved but basic subjects as why people need hemisphere solidarity, cooperation in world trade, international loans, and so on.

These films are documentaries, the technique for which was given a tremendous spurt by the war need for training films. Although the term "documentary" is nothing more than a sugar-coated word for the distasteful "educational", these films can now be as vividly interesting as many of Hollywood's major pictures. Foreign audiences, intensely curious about America, will find them particularly so. Benton knows this because he owns a movie company

which is the world's largest producer of educational films.

In using movies Benton will in a sense be using fire to fight fire. Hollywood motion pictures, exported around the globe for years, have done more to set world opinion into the stereotypes Benton must combat than any other combination of influences.

Movies, showing lavish cocktail parties, sumptuous penthouse apartments and luxurious estates, created the foreign belief that we are, universally, both rich and materialistic. Gangster films convicted us, in the court of world opinion, of lawlessness and political corruption. Western films convinced the world we are a nation with a raw, tameless frontier. With this background, when propaganda machines such as Hitler's really went to work on us it was no great problem to convince even thinking people throughout the world that these conceptions—and others more insidious—were true.

The movies are still a grave threat to Benton's program. The industry is propelled by two considerations: will a proposed picture get an audience, and will it pass censorship. If the studio brains answer yes to both these questions then the picture usually is made. Certainly producers aren't worrying whether a picture will cause little Willie Wilckzenzwick to think all Americans live in night clubs. Only rarely does a producer come along, like Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., with an international conscience and refuse to participate in movies which contribute to the breakdown of our reputation abroad.

Benton is in a delicate position with the movie people. He can ask their cooperation but he can't crack down. If he makes himself a pain in the Hollywood neck he may lose his entrée there, and with it a good chance of working a couple of minor miracles. By playing his cards right he might conceivably get the bulk of the industry behind him. The odds are against it, just as the odds are against permanent peace and for the same reason: people, in Hollywood and elsewhere, are simply too selfish to make peace possible. But to whatever extent Benton can win the movie people, to that extent will his program succeed. For so long as present world distribution of our commercial films continues, these films, will form the opinion of other people about our way of life.

Some people have suggested that Benton should have the power to license all films for export—in other words, to censor them. Then he could merely refuse a license to any which conflicted with his program. This would get some action out of Hollywood, and in a hurry, since normally about one-third of movie income is from foreign distribution. But then, if Benton had that kind of authority this would be a dictatorship and not a democracy and he'd have no story to tell the world about.

A basic ingredient in Benton's program is providing our important dip-

lomatic units throughout the world with a daily summary of 7,000 words of news. This includes the full or excerpted texts of important documents such as White House, State Department and other governmental agency statements, important congressional hearings and a round-up of editorials from influential newspapers.

The importance of this can be judged by the fact that the entire file of news from U. S. press associations secured in many leading European cities is less than 2,000 words a day. One New York newspaper, though, will publish 100,000 words a day. But the 2,000-word daily file is concerned largely with murders, strikes, race riots, and Hollywood gossip. One British newspaper kept a standing order for full details on one U. S. murder a week. That kind of news doesn't tell the real story of America. It is no wonder that the president of the Associated Press strongly advised Benton to expand the State Department news service and improve its coverage.

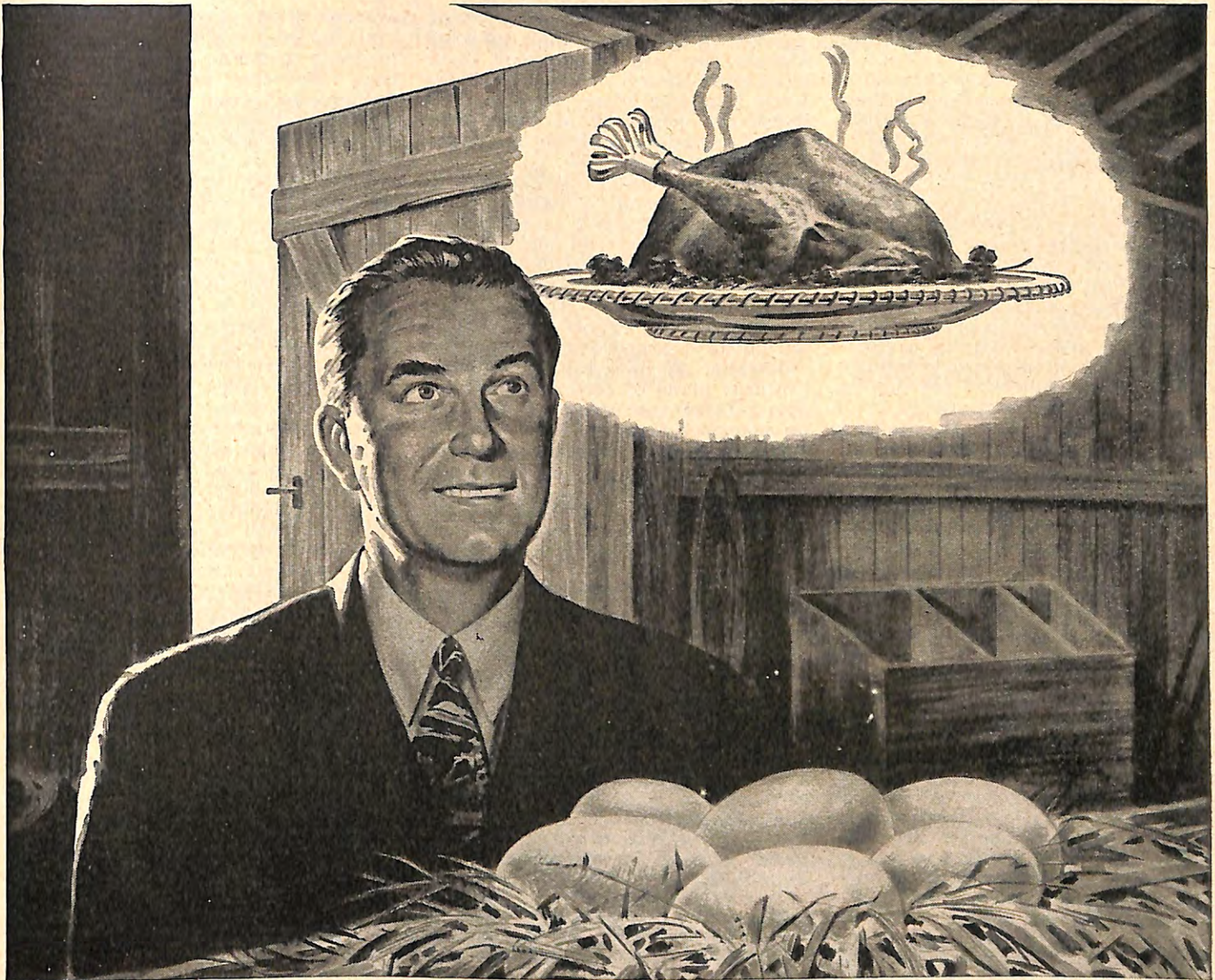
Our diplomatic representatives abroad often use this news report to correct serious errors and rumors before they become widespread. Not long ago a report appeared in Europe that the United States was preparing to send 16,000,000 tons of food to Germany. Indignation flared. But it was possible to snuff it out immediately with a correction. Sixteen million tons had been announced as the amount of food estimated as needed by all Europe, exclusive of Germany, which was to feed itself.

Another time Bulgarian papers carried a scare-story that there were 3,000,000 unemployed in America. They changed their tone immediately when they were informed that while 3,000,000 unemployed might be a national calamity in a country the size of Bulgaria, it was of no importance whatsoever in a country the size of the United States.

This State Department-wireless news service is supplemented by mailed information containing less timely material, together with photographs for displays, and foreign language filmstrips which are used as "lectures" before various groups. As many as 12,000,000 school children a month are seeing these filmstrips in China alone!

Benton inherited a number of magazines published abroad during the war, but he has had to scrap all but one of them. Not that they weren't successful. They were. One of them, *Voir*, had the biggest circulation in France and was coining money. Another, *Victory*, sold 26,000,000 copies in fifteen languages and forty-six countries. *En Guardia* rang up sales of 8,000,000 in Latin America.

Because of political and other considerations, only the Russian language publication, *Amerika*, is being retained. Recently the Soviets gave permission to increase its circulation from 10,000 to 50,000 at which point it becomes practically



Sometimes you can break a good rule!

It's usually a wise rule not to plan a chicken dinner before the eggs are hatched.

But not always!

If the "chicken dinner" represents your future, and the "eggs" are financial nest eggs—go ahead and plan!

Especially if your *nest eggs* are U. S. Bonds—all the War Bonds you have bought—all the Savings Bonds you are buying. For your government *guarantees* that these will hatch out in just 10 years.

Millions of Americans have found them the safest,

surest way to save money . . . and they've proved that buying Bonds on the Payroll Savings Plan is the easiest way to pile up dollars that anyone ever thought of.

So keep on buying Savings Bonds. Buy them at banks, post offices, or on the Payroll Plan. You'll be building real financial security for yourself, your family, and your business.

Best of all, you *can* count your chickens before they're hatched . . . plan exactly the kind of future you want, *and get it!*

SAVE THE EASY WAY... BUY YOUR BONDS THROUGH PAYROLL SAVINGS

*Contributed by this magazine in co-operation
with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.*



self-supporting. A beautiful publication, equalling our best picture magazines, it sells like hot-cakes. It is estimated that as many as twenty-five people see every copy. That would give it an eminently respectable readership of 1,250,000.

Benton hopes to maintain about eighty-five libraries in sixty countries. These libraries are already established with from 500 to 8,000 books each, and compare with the British, French and Dutch libraries of information established in the U. S. The more remote they are, the more necessary they become, evidently. In one month our library in Bombay had ten times as many visitors as the London Library; the one in Sydney, four times as many.

Benton's plan for distributing American books is still tentative. In 1941, U. S. foreign book sales were a piddling \$800,000 compared with Germany's thumping \$35,000,000, Britain's \$16,000,000, France's \$9,000,000, and Sweden's \$3,500,000. Obviously books are important in forming opinions. American publishers have shown a singular lack of enterprise in selling our books abroad. When Benton gets on their trail they are apt to become inspired.

Although the combination of radio, movies and news is the biggest part of his plan, men on Benton's staff feel that in the long run what will do the most good is that part of the program unimaginatively called "exchange of persons". By this is meant sending Americans abroad for academic or technical study and bringing foreigners here for the same purpose. This is no less important because it isn't new. No one can even guess how valuable it would be to this country in a time of crisis to have scores of thousands of men and women throughout the world who were educated in America. That the Nazis were kept out of the Near East and the Far East is now believed in the State Department to have been due mainly to the people educated in our mission colleges who refused to be corrupted by false ideologies.

For years hundreds of American colleges have participated in international scholarship exchanges handled by the Institute of International Education. Through this agency and private foundations, literally thousands of foreign students have had their education financed in this coun-

try. An impressive number of young Americans has also gone abroad. During the last school year there were more than 3,300 students from Latin America alone in U. S. colleges, ten per cent of them with financial assistance from the State Department.

Benton's program is not limited to students. It involves trainees in industry, engineers and other professional men, scientists and government experts. Two TVA engineers are now in India, for example, assisting in the development of a huge hydro-electric project. We have agricultural experts in Europe and Australia. In turn, the French Government plans to send us 300 of its agricultural specialists for training on American farms and experimental stations. The usual period of observation and training in this country is three to six months. Long enough, in Benton's opinion, for them to soak up something of our people and institutions. Back home, they spread the word.

But Benton isn't the only one playing the game of winning friends and influencing people. He is, in fact, a Johnnie-come-lately who will find tough and seasoned competition from such experienced hands as Great Britain, France, Netherlands and the Soviet Union. As long ago as 1937 every major power and most of the minor ones were backing a program of some sort. The United States is the last one to sit in. And, too, Benton won't have as many chips in the game as some of the others. His budget of \$25,000,000 is pretty small.

It isn't easy to get a line on how many chips others have in the game. What Benton knows or guesses he won't say. No matter how much you fancy them up, government sponsored short-wave, student exchange, movies and all the rest can always be damned as foreign propaganda. For this reason other countries are very touchy on the subject of their expenses for this purpose. They either hide them, all or in part, or look you in the eye and swear they don't spend a dime. This goes for every nation other than the United States and until July even we had covered our trail through the use of the President's emergency fund and other devices.

The best guess on Britain's expenditures is more than \$40,000,000

a year. If the Soviet Union figured costs as we compute them they're probably spending much more than that. But they get a lot of "voluntary" help from fellow travellers which never shows up on the books. In 1945, the last war year, the British spent more than \$100,000,000 through its Ministry of Information. We spent around half that amount through our comparable agency, the O.W.I. The British are currently broadcasting in 34 languages (to our 24) for a total of 630 hours a week (to our 450). But eleven years ago the then Prince of Wales was bemoaning the fact that Britain was so belatedly getting its formal information service under way.

But practically everybody is doing it in one way or another. Fifty-eight countries, some of them so small and so poor they must count every penny, are now short-waving programs at their neighbors. Predictions are that these will expand their present facilities as equipment becomes available and their internal complexities straighten out.

Benton doesn't mind the competition. All he wants is for everyone to come out in the open and unmask. He says frankly he believes it is essential to American understanding of the world for other nations to impress the truth about themselves upon us. But he wants the truth without political or other bias. "So long as it's the truth," he says, pointedly, "it can't hurt anybody and it could do us a lot of good."

Benton is sufficiently idealistic to see in broad understanding among peoples an answer to world problems of hate and mistrust. It isn't the governments that count, he holds, but the people themselves. If they don't want to fight, no government on earth can make them.

As an old advertising man, Benton goes for slogans even when they have been thought up by somebody else. One of his current favorites is a pretty good summary of why we have got to tell the world about ourselves, and keep on telling it until everybody knows what kind of people we are. Peace is not merely the absence of fighting, Benton says. "Peace, like war, must be waged."

The country has a good man in Benton. There is no doubt that he'll be in there fighting for peace—fighting with tooth, nail and slogan.

Hard Luck Champs

(Continued from page 9)

Mr. Brump slammed behind him, as though shouting, "Never sully my chariot again!"

He was so anxious to get rid of his customers that he would open the doors before stopping. "Good riddance," he seemed to sneer as some human sardine went flying out.

The strange thing was that Cal was quite unaware of his hostile behavior. He was a very conscientious man and his conscience was clear. According to him, he was only keep-

ing to his schedule. "Never a minute late is my motto," he told the safety inspector who interviewed him. However, when it was suggested that it would be better to be delayed even ten minutes than to have a corpse on his hands, Mr. Brump paused—not for long—and then made a curious, revealing statement. "Nope," he concluded. "I'd rather be on time. The heck with the safety business."

He was finally persuaded to confine his dash for the car barns to safer

stretches near the end of the line, where there were fewer passengers and less traffic.

But as there was no psychiatrist to question Mr. Brump, we do not know what fascination being on time had for him. We do not know what made him tick so fast. Did he hate the mayor of Jersey City? (He was once heard to mutter, "I wish I had that mayor lying on the tracks this minute.") Did his mother punish him

(Continued on page 45)

How pro football got razzle-dazzle



1895 Thrills, action, color! That's what professional football offers you today. Born in 1895, when Corby's was in its 37th year as a famed Canadian name, pro football's first paid player, an experienced quarterback, received \$10 for filling a vacant spot on a Latrobe, Pa., team.



1906 Pioneer pro football teams were active in Ohio 48 years after the name Corby's came to Canada. Pro players later began to open up the game because the mechanical perfection of their play enabled them to bring the forward pass into its own as an attack weapon.



1920 The first big gate for pro football saw 15,000 people at a game in New York. Ex-college stars and famous coaches later began to contribute blinding speed and dynamite action to the pro leagues, as Corby's reached its 62nd year as a grand Canadian whiskey name.



1946 You can see more great stars, more passing, more razzle-dazzle touchdown plays in an afternoon of pro football today than ever before. The game has developed its own big following, and so has Corby's Whiskey. With football, it's thrills, action, color. *With Corby's, it's light, sociable flavor* that does wonders for your favorite drink. That's why so many people ask for the whiskey with a grand old Canadian name. Why don't you join them?



CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender
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It's a Man's World



by Kent Richards

THE recent statement of mine that there was no known cure for baldness was, it seems, about three feet off base. A husky, six-foot gent with an improbable name has an ointment. The ointment grows hair. Moreover it grows hair on heads that have been reflecting ceilings for twenty or thirty years. I have seen some of the hair which it grew. It is real.

All this, if true, is the hottest piece of hirsute news since Delilah gave Samson the once-over-lightly. About twenty million men in this country who are bald or threatened with baldness would look upon such a salve with great favor. But because endorsing any patent medicine which I don't manufacture myself isn't so smart, I'm merely giving the facts on this one as I got them.

The salve grows hair on three out of five bald heads. It won't work when the roots are dead, naturally, but apparently in most cases they are not.

It all started when an agent for patents was astonished one day to note that an eighty-year-old inventor friend of his was sprouting hair on a pate that had been bald for a generation. The friend revealed that he had developed a hair restorative. The agent's eyeballs popped out about a foot. But the friend confessed he felt too old to undertake the task of manufacturing, promoting and distributing a new product. The agent, who realized that the main problem would be to get a safe big enough

to hold the profits, promptly offered to relieve him of the burden. He bought the formula for a song.

He was then in the unnerving situation of a man carrying a million dollars cash around in a shoe box. If he kept quiet about it, it wouldn't do him any good. If he said anything he might invite disaster. For example, the Federal Trade Commission, the American Medical Association and the Better Business Bureau might have swarmed on him and ridiculed him out of business before he got started.

So he played it smart. He mixed up some batches of the ointment and began giving away sample jars of the stuff to various characters who were physically complete except for hair. Since bald men will try anything not just once but five times, the manufacturer had an inexhaustible supply of eager victims who faithfully followed his admonition to rub on the stuff for about five minutes a day and let him know what happened. When miracles began occurring on the first guinea pates he acknowledged the forthcoming gratitude and gave away some more of the gluck. In this informal testing-out period he distributed about 10,000 jars—for free.

The manufacturer publishes "The American Patents Service Bulletin" which provides information on new gadgets and gimmicks. In December, 1914, in the course of his experiments, he reported in his bulletin (with due restraint) that he had a rather remarkable

remedy, one which was only slightly less eagerly sought than Mr. de Leon's fabled Fountain of Youth.

This report was pounced upon by the humorless New York Stock Exchange firm of Arthur Wisenberger & Company which said, in words of several syllables, "Nuts." The manufacturer tartly demanded a retraction and insisted that they test the stuff themselves. In the manner of a patient elder going through a fruitless routine for a child's amusement, the Wisenberger people tried the ointment. Six months later, with hair sprouting from unexpected places in Wall Street, they announced "... There actually is a product that restores hair ..."

The manufacturer negotiated for factory space in Los Angeles but he still refrained from publicizing the results he was getting. He merely handed out jars of "scalp salve" where they were calculated to do the most good. He filed away enthusiastic letters from people like Herbert W. Kemp of Warner Brothers. But when Edgar Bergen acknowledged that his friends were beginning to notice his new hair growth he figured it was time to let the public in on it. He started advertising, but modestly, making no claim other than announcing that his ointment was for the scalp.

The salve man has now made more than a million jars of the stuff. Although he has been wooed and pursued by the heavy dough distributing companies, he has undertaken the laborious task of building up an independent distribution. In the West the salve is sold in most large cities but in New York, as late as mid-September, it was still unavailable except in one obscure outlet. But national distribution should be achieved this year.

The salve is easy to use. It is a brownish ointment with a faint odor of camphor and is massaged into the scalp a few minutes a day. A jar lasts four to six weeks and costs \$2.50. Results can be expected in two to four months. Except to say that it "stimulates the scalp" the manufacturer isn't telling how the stuff works. Possibly he doesn't know. Certainly no one yet knows whether *permanent* growth can be induced.

Although he has handed out many thousands of jars, his research, he now realizes, has been pretty casual by modern standards. To correct this he has employed an independent research laboratory to test his product under controlled conditions. These tests have been going on for several months and will be completed within a year. He expects them to confirm what he already knows to his own satisfaction—his goo grows hair on three out of five bald heads, regardless of how long the hair has been missing.

The other day in his office I thumbed through more than 200 letters which had arrived that morning. They were from everybody, everywhere. A lawyer in Louisville,

a baker in Duluth, a radio actor in Hollywood, a shipping agent in New Orleans, a realtor in Florida. There was one from England, another from Cuba and one from Mexico City. While I was looking at these the postman delivered another stack of fifty or so. There were postmarks of Rutland, Spokane, Pride's Crossing, Palo Alto, Reno. But though they came from widely scattered places and from vastly different people, they were monotonously similar. When you had read one, you'd read them all: "Dear Sir: I have been bald for five years. Can you help me . . . ?"

Our salve man has his problems getting started, of course, but he can be thankful that he has a nice simple product like a salve to market and not something complicated like a bottle opener. Used to be you could invent something like a light bulb and people bought them and that was that. But now whenever you invent something, you have to call in financiers and advertising experts and industrial designers. These last are supposed to doll up whatever you've invented and make it look like something else. You invent a good pancake turner, for example, and an industrial designer looks it over and says, nope, it won't do. "Why?" you inquire politely. He looks at you like

you must have just come off a farm you are that ignorant and says, no eye-appeal.

Eye-appeal, you learn gradually, is the difference between my Aunt Minnie and Lana Turner. Your pancake turner has got to have more . . . well, you get it. Once you give in on that, though, the industrial designer raps you across the knuckles with another. Your pancake turner is sub-functional, he says. By that, you discover, he means it is good only for turning pancakes, which is what you had in mind when you worked on it. In defense of your gadget you mumble something about "a man who makes a better mousetrap . . ." but the designer shushes you. Not in today's market, he says. A mousetrap that won't also dice vegetables, open cans and whip cream is no mousetrap. To your pancake turner you'll have to attach a bottle opener, a set of measuring spoons and a three-minute egg timer. And if you want it sold in the better drug stores you'd better include a nail file, a pen and pencil set and a new type drip-olator.

What the industrial designers might have done to Mr. Thomas Alva Edison's simple little light bulb I leave to your imagination. And if you imagine anything less than a V2 rocket you're not half trying.

Hard Luck Champs

(Continued from page 42)

as a child for being late to school? Was he in love with a timekeeper's daughter? Who knows? But it was no gremlin that made fur, feathers and window glass fly in Mr. Brump's trolley. It was something in the back of his mind, too far back for him to grasp.

To illustrate what happens when a strong wish is repressed because it conflicts with an individual's conscience or good intentions, the father of psychoanalysis, Sigmund Freud, tells this story: A young mechanical engineer was working in the laboratory of a High School on some experiments on the subject of elasticity. He had volunteered for this work, but found it was taking up too much of his time. One morning he said jokingly to a friend, "I hope the machine breaks down today, so we can go home."

That day he was assigned to regulate the pressure valve. He had to open the valve and let the fluid under pressure flow from the accumulator into the cylinder of the hydraulic press. The leader of the experiment stood at the manometer and called, "Stop," when maximum pressure was reached. At this the young engineer grasped the valve and turned it with all his force to the left instead of to the right. This caused a sudden full pressure in the accumulator of the press and as there was no outlet the connecting pipe burst. Now he could go home.

When his friend reminded him of his wish, he claimed to have no memory of any such desire. But his unconscious will had done for him what he was too ethical to do deliberately.

Conscious knowledge of the psychology of accidents is no bar to having them. Freud has recorded a number of incidents in which he himself was tricked by his own repressed impulses. On one occasion his victim was an inkstand.

"My inkstand is made of a flat piece of marble which is hollowed out for the reception of the glass inkwell; the inkwell has a marble cover with a knob of the same stone. A circle of bronze statuettes with small terracotta figures is set behind this inkstand. I seated myself at the desk to write; I made a remarkably awkward outward movement with the hand holding the pen holder, and so swept the cover of the inkstand, which already lay on the desk, to the floor.

"It is not difficult to find the explanation. Some hours before, my sister had been in the room to look at some of my new acquisitions. She found them very pretty, and then remarked, 'Now the desk really looks very well, only the inkstand doesn't match. You must get a prettier one.' I accompanied my sister out and did not return for several hours. But then, as it seems, I performed the execution of the condemned inkstand.

(Continued on page 48)

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Red AND Gun



Press Association, Inc.

By Ted Trueblood

Bet you a buck you get a deer this Fall

IT'S nice to read, occasionally, about some mighty nimrod shooting the heck out of the mountain sheep, caribou, goats, grizzly bears and other unlucky brutes in Alberta, British Columbia, Yukon or Alaska. Mentally we find ourselves cautiously poking the muzzle of our trusty 30 by 6 over a windswept ridge and drawing a deadly bead on the unsuspecting ram below.

The sad, sad truth, however, is that most of us won't ever find ourselves in such a spot. We'll just dream about it. If we want to

don red plaid shirts and play Kit Carson we'll have to do it closer to home.

Fortunately, the smartest—and probably best—big-game animal of North America still is plentiful in some parts of the densely populated East. The white-tailed deer, once scarcer than hen's teeth, has been brought back until now there are more in many areas than there were when the Puritan Fathers were slipping hooch to the Indians and merrily hunting witches at Old Salem.

Offhand, one would be inclined

to think that most of the deer would be in some of the big, thinly populated western states such as Nevada or Montana. They're not. Every year the Fish and Wildlife Service puts out a table of big game populations for the United States. The honor of having the most deer has teetered back and forth between Michigan and Pennsylvania for years. At present Pennsylvania holds first place with something like 815,000. That figure actually is just an estimate, and there really might be 184,999 or 815,001. Anyway, it is a lot of deer. Last year hunters killed 25,660 deer in Pennsylvania, and the year before the kill was 28,411. These figures aren't estimates.

If you live in the East and would like to take on a deer hunt this Fall you could do a lot worse than to go to Pennsylvania. Here's the dope:

The season is from December 1 to 15, inclusive, except that hunting is not allowed on Sunday. There is a special doe season from December 9 to 14 in Carbon County west of Lehigh River; Luzerne County north and west of the Susquehanna River, Schuylkill, Susquehanna, Wayne and Wyoming Counties. A \$1 permit, in addition to the regular license, is required, and deer with visible antlers can't be killed during this period in this area.

Your non-resident license will cost \$15. You can buy it in person from any county treasurer or by mail from the Department of Revenue, Miscellaneous License Section, Harrisburg.

The top ten counties in number of deer killed last season were Elk, Warren, McKean, Centre, Potter, Forest, Pike, Lycoming, Clinton and Clearfield, in the order named. The average kill during the past two seasons was more than 1,000 deer in each of the above counties except Clearfield; that was 990. In Elk County hunters took 1,719 deer last year and 2,002 the year before. You can draw your own conclusions, but you won't go far wrong in any of the leading ten.

Tag your deer as soon as it is dressed, and before you remove it from the spot where you killed it. If you cut it up and wrap the pieces to transport, put a tag with your name, address and license number on each package. You don't need a permit to take your deer home.

If there are five or more in your party make up a roster, giving the name, address and license number of each. Post one copy at your headquarters and choose one of the gang to carry the other.

Now that we've covered the ground rules, let's get down to some of the finer points of the game. The first requirement is to get a shot at a deer. There are two standard, nationally advertised brands of deer hunting. One is driving; the other is still hunting.

To conduct a drive, a group of hunters selects a likely looking piece of cover. They post part of the gang at one end, at advantageous points,

known as "stands", while the remainder circle around and "drive" through the woods toward them. The drivers make as much noise as possible in order to run the deer ahead, while the boys on the stands keep quiet.

The odds are that the "standees" will get the shooting, but occasionally a buck tries to sneak back through the line of drivers and one of them pops him. It always is easy to run out the does, foxes and chippy birds. Occasionally you drive out a nice buck, too. Then, if the "standees" aren't asleep, there should be deer liver for supper.

Most parties take turns driving and standing, in order to give everyone a fair break. In Pennsylvania it's legal for a man to continue driving after he has shot his deer, but he can't shoot one for another hunter unless he wants to risk explaining it to the judge.

Much of the success of a drive depends upon the area chosen, the direction of the wind and the location of the stands. The last is most important. Deer favor certain definite crossings, and unless you have a local guide who knows them, you will need mighty good judgment and plenty of luck. The purpose of driving down wind is to force the deer to the stands without giving them a chance to scent the hunters there.

I'll admit that driving gets deer, but I don't like it. It reminds me of the Dutchman who said, "Those Irish aren't such hot fighters."

Somebody asked him, "What makes you say that?"

"Why," he said, "me and my brother and two other fellows beat the daylight out of one of 'em!"

On a drive you gang up on the deer. You don't outwit them; you bear them down by sheer weight of numbers. Still hunting is a game of wits between you and the deer. You have the advantage of a high-powered rifle and superior eyesight, but the buck knows the woods better than you do, he can move more quietly and much more swiftly, and his senses of smell and hearing are infinitely keener than yours.

Still hunting doesn't mean going out and threshing around aimlessly through the woods, hoping that something to shoot at will pop up. It won't, unless it is run in front of you by some other hunter making more noise than you are. You can't outrun a deer, anyway, so you might as well try to see him before he sees you. Hunt slowly up or across wind and pause every few steps to look around.

Even at best the average indoor worker is a pretty awkward individual in the woods, but the slower he moves the less noise he will make. Actually, I don't think the average deer has much respect for the average hunter. I think he thinks we're pretty dull. Maybe he's right, too. More deer have outwitted me than I have outwitted.

The mere fact that we may go into the woods and come out with a deer

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doesn't mean we were smarter than he was. Shucks, there probably were a hundred within a few miles, and dozens of them kept track of our progress through the woods.

I once served roast venison to some guests, and an annoying female gushed, "How can you shoot a poor, innocent little deer? I just positively couldn't!"

I said, "You've never hunted them. If you had struggled around through wet snow for a week, been slapped across the face by 10,000 branches, climbed dozens of mountains, plowed through hundreds of swamps and heard countless deer running merrily off through brush so thick you couldn't even see them, you wouldn't hesitate a minute to shoot the most 'helpless' buck alive right square in the kisser!"

Personally, I'm not a tracking enthusiast. I think any old, spavined, rheumatic buck can make tracks a lot faster than I can follow them. I've followed trails in fresh snow a lot of miles, and it is fun. I always think I'm getting close, but I'm not. The buck sees to that. He lies down so he can watch his back track, or he hears me coming long before I can see him.

When I get close he gets up and slips on for another half mile to lie down or browse again. I plug along until I find the warm bed and think, "Boy, I'm getting close!"

Sad experience has taught me that I'm not. By that time the buck is just as far ahead as he was before. I've shot more deer by using a different method. When I spot a fresh track I say to myself, "Now, if I were that deer, where would I go?" Once I figure it out, I go there in a circuitous, leisurely, upwind way. Of course, the deer I occasionally shoot may not have been the one that made the track, but I like to think he was.

Clothes make the man, and they make the deer hunt, too. For hunting in winter, wool is best. There is no substitute for wool underwear, wool shirt, wool pants, wool socks and a wool coat unless it's raining. Khaki pants and coats are noisy in the brush. Cotton underclothing ab-

sorbs perspiration, gets clammy and won't dry out.

The best footwear for snow when the mercury fluctuates above and below 32 degrees is rubber-bottom, leather-upper shoe pacs. They should be big enough to fit comfortably over two pairs of wool socks. Two pairs not only will keep your feet warm, but they will cushion them against bruises and prevent blisters.

What about guns? Well, unless you're lucky enough to make a living filling inside straights, you'll have to use any old smoke-pot you can get your hands on. New ones still are mighty scarce. In Pennsylvania, however, it is illegal to hunt deer with .22 or .25 caliber rimfire rifles, automatic shotguns or shotguns loaded with buckshot.

Otherwise, you can use anything you like, but a .25-35 is as light as anyone should use for deer. I once knew an old hillbilly who had one. One day he was bragging about how many deer he'd killed with it. He said he'd downed 14 without a miss. I asked him how many of them were running.

He said, "Why, I never shoot at a running deer!"

That's one way. If you're going to take any kind of a shot you get, a heavier rifle is better. In lever action the .300 Savage and .348 Winchester are tops. If you prefer slide action, the .35 Remington is the best, and the bolt action addicts have the .30-06, .30-40 and .270.

These guns will lay a deer down stiff with any reasonably good hit. There are two valid reasons for doing that. First, a quick, clean kill prevents suffering. Second, in any heavily hunted region there are plenty of goons roaming around waiting for a chance to claim a deer that somebody else shot. If you use a rifle that will anchor your deer where you hit him you eliminate the chance of one of these spooks claiming a deer that runs a hundred yards before dropping.

That covers the field as well as possible within the confines of this article. Good luck and good hunting. May your campfire burn bright and your rifle shoot true.

Hard Luck Champs

(Continued from page 45)

"Did I perhaps conclude from my sister's words that she intended to present me with a prettier inkstand on the next festive occasion, and did I shatter the unsightly old one to force her to carry out her signified intention?"

Freud thinks he did. "If that be so, then my swinging motion was only apparently awkward; in reality it was most skillful and designed, as it seemingly understood how to avoid all the valuable objects located near it."

Another time, the Freud household was hit by an epidemic of broken dishes and chinaware. The chief offender was none other than

the great psychoanalyst. The reason was apparent. His eldest daughter was about to be married. It is a European custom to break some dishes at the wedding ceremony while congratulating the lucky couple. The practice probably once represented a symbolic sacrifice to the gods. Here two explanations are possible. Either the professor wanted his daughter to be happy when married, or being an older daughter, he wanted her to get married in a hurry.

Children can be difficult, too. They don't hesitate to spite their parents by hurting themselves. Freud once ordered his eleven-year-old boy to stay in bed because of a cold. The

child, who was a great newspaper reader, threatened to kill himself. That evening he proudly showed his father a bruise on his chest which he said he got "accidentally" bumping against a door knob. When his father asked him somewhat sarcastically how he managed to contact a door when he was supposed to be in bed, the kid answered, "That was my attempt at suicide which I threatened this morning." Frank, at least. Grownups could not admit as much. They are too inhibited to confess to such motives even to themselves.

SYMBOLIC suicide was carried out to its bitter end in the case of a Bronx, New York citizen whose story once appeared under the title of *Whoopie*

"In the Bronx, N. Y., Rose McM., 14 years, was given 25c, told that she might go to a cinema. Overjoyed, she danced about, shrilled Whoopie! Her somnolent father, Thomas McM., bade her be still. Again she crowed. Savage, wrathful, Thomas McM. sprang up, tripped, fell headlong into a china closet, cut his throat, fractured his skull, died."

We don't know anything about Mr. McM.'s past, but this could hardly have been his first encounter with trouble. He must have had quite a pile of hard luck chips stacked in front of him, before this royal flush of disaster.

When some people have mental conflicts that they can't solve they get everything from headaches to cramps, facial tics, skin spots and ulcers. The accident-prone individual is one who takes his troubles out in cuts, falls, bruises, sprains and sometimes even death through injury. Industrial psychologists claim that accidents in mines, mills and factories are rarely due to lack of skill, experience or intelligence. Speed and accuracy of reaction and ability to concentrate have relatively small influence on accident frequency. Emotional factors, such as worry, lack of interest, hostility to a boss or foreman, nagging at home or a sense of inferiority far outweigh physical defects as causes of accidents at work. Fatigue from mental upset is a common element in industrial mishaps. It has been found too that those who are hurt most in the shop are quickest to suffer injuries in the home. All the safety signs in the world will not keep a henpecked man from stumbling over his own threshold or forgetting to use an eye shield.

ALCOHOLISM is another problem that bedevils the safety engineer. People who drink hard and heavy are much more prone to stick their heads into the machinery and not take them out in time. In a study comparing the records of 546 chronic drinkers with 39,793 other workers, it was revealed that the steady imbibers had an average of 123 accidents per 100 workers, while the rate for all workers was only 44 per 100 during the same year. What is even more significant is that these figures dealt only with



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accidents occurring when the employee was cold sober. In other words, the alcoholic trips more, falls more, fumbles more, and sees and hears less even when he is not drunk.

A moralist might say that such a man has had his soul and senses dulled by drink. The psychiatrist asserts that this is far from being the whole truth. It's not the whiskey that causes the accident, but some other factor that makes the man drink as well as hurt himself. As a matter of fact, getting the man to stop drinking need not diminish his accident rate at all. It might even heighten it, because the psychological tensions which found partial release in alcohol might now have to find all their outlet in cuts and bruises.

PROOF that the devil is not in the drink but in the man is furnished by this little story. Benjie Prink, well known Greenwich Village barfly, once announced that he had boarded the water-wagon. A friend met him in Hugo's Cafeteria, famous for its artists, models and salami sandwiches.

"How's things?" he inquired anxiously.

"Rotten", answered Benjie. "I bit into a glass of milk day before yesterday. They had to wash out the stomach."

"Well," his hopeful friend suggested brightly, "at least you've stopped beating your wife?"

"Some joke", said Benjie. "I just started. Before, I never gave it a thought."

"So where'd you get the black eye if you quit drinking?"

Benjie was bitter. "A door flew into me. One more orange juice and I'm a dead squab. Confidentially, the world is a dangerous place."

Once liquor is treated as a symptom and not as the disease itself, the world may become less dangerous for fellows like Benjie—though it will still be perilous enough.

Psychiatrists have observed that people who suffer repeated and serious injuries are often more than naturally calm and even indifferent to their pain. Others seem to take pride in the amount of damage done to them, or to be sorry they were not hurt enough.

Dora Quinch of Tulsa, Oklahoma, was such a person. Because her boy friend refused to take her to a dance, Dora went alone. While engaged in a Lindy variation with a stranger, she flung herself backward and out of a sixth story window. Luckily, she fell onto a garden plot. When the horrified guests reached her, she raised herself on her elbow and sighed regretfully, "Six stories and not hurt."

This was not Dora's first effort to arouse sympathy. She got poison ivy three times in one summer, stubbed and dislocated her toe at a swimming pool, and stepped into an open manhole in broad daylight. All Dora wanted was to be loved.

Such incidents have led the eminent psychiatrist, Karl Menninger,

to speak of "purposive accidents". He calls to mind the popular saying about acts done "accidentally on purpose", such as the spilling of a glass of water over someone we don't like. From this trivial action to more serious endeavors, such as running people over in an automobile, is a smaller step than we care to think. A car can be an instrument of aggression which the driver and the victim both use to accomplish ends of which they are not aware, but which can be revealed to them by a trained analyst of human motives. The driver may be taking out his hatred of a business rival on some poor jaywalker. But is "poor" the word? Perhaps the jaywalker gets a kick out of defying cars. The street crossing is his battlefield too. Here he leads a fantasy life, full of romantic dangers. He is a bullfighter, disdainful of the snorting Fords, Buicks and Packards that rush at him with fire in their eyes. He imagines himself a wounded hero and some product of General Motors obliges him by breaking his bones.

The extent to which human vagary can go is underlined by the fact that motor accidents are responsible for more than one million injuries yearly with an attendant loss of one billion dollars. Mechanical defects account for less than one in twenty of these accidents. All the others are material for psychological investigation.

EVERYONE suffers from occasional self-destructive impulses as the result of some momentary frustration. The accident-prone individual is one whose mental conflict—or neurosis—has never been resolved. He must constantly express his pent-up feelings, his inner anger and anxiety, in the form of hasty, aggressive or fumbling actions. It may seem curious that these actions often injure the very person who commits them. But this is his way of punishing himself for the hostile acts which he continually imagines himself directing against other people.

Flanders Dunbar has found that the accident-prone follow a certain general character pattern. They usually have unstable work records. They change jobs frequently, with great unevenness in their income. They are spontaneous and at the same time casual in their social contacts. They make superficially good sexual adjustments, but are irresponsible in their family relationships. Their chief problem seems to be conflict with authority. They resent being told what to do or having someone's will imposed upon them. Yet they will not express their feelings openly. Something in them makes them prefer to be nice on the outside—and get relief through a good bang-up on the highway or a fire in the house.

Does this mean that our hard luck champions have no alternative but to go on bruised and bleeding for the rest of their lives? Are they so hopelessly addicted to disaster that nothing can be done for them? Is Elmer

Buttonfist doomed to compound fractures? Will Cal Brump eventually crash through the far end of the car barn? Must Dora Quinch some day look for love at the bottom of a pond?

Fortunately, we are beginning to understand the relation of mental troubles, whether caused by real or imaginary situations, to physical illness as well as to the phenomenon of accident-proneness. Industrial psychologists have discovered that the removal of a hated foreman may reduce accidents as much as ninety per cent. It was found in the army that accident-prone types functioned best as commandos or paratroopers, because they were encouraged to be "on their own" and relatively free of authority. In such cases a change in the external situation is sufficient to clear up persistent tendencies toward self-injury. Economic security for example, is known to be an important element in the reduction of accidents. The worker who is not afraid of losing his job has surer hands than the man who is constant-

ly threatened with unemployment.

Psychiatrists and psychoanalysts have also worked out special clinical techniques for the uncovering of hidden mental conflicts that give rise to unconscious desires for self-destruction. They can make the accident-prone individual recall incidents long buried in his past which may be the source of his emotional difficulties. Bringing these forgotten events to light releases severe tensions, anxieties, fears and angers which prevent a person from living and working happily and efficiently. The analyst uses self-knowledge as an instrument of cure.

Accidents don't just happen like Topsy. Hundreds of thousands of them are caused by people's social and personal insecurity. Eliminating them is a man-sized job for science and society. Yet the price of preventing them is infinitely smaller than the cost of letting them occur. There is hope for Elmer, Cal and Dora outside the ambulance and the hospital cot.



Rededication of Memorial

(Continued from page 15)

enough to defend her liberties before all the world.

The singing of "America" by the vast audience, then a benediction by the Grand Chaplain, and the retirement of the colors, brought the interesting and inspiring ceremony of rededication to a close.

The musical selections incident to the program were rendered by that splendid singing organization, "The Indiana State Elks Association Chanters", and Miss Barbara Faust, soloist. Chicago's official "American Legion Board of Trade Band" offered a program of American music on the North Lawn preceding the ceremony.

The rededication of the Elks Memorial attracted the largest and most representative gathering of Elks ever brought together at any ceremony other than a Session of the Grand Lodge itself. Among those present in addition to Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton, were Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Emmett T. Anderson, Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight George Strauss, Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Daniel E. Crowley, Past Grand Exalted Ruler and Grand Secretary J. E. Masters, Grand Treasurer John F. Burke, Grand Tiler William Duffield, and the entire Board of Grand Trustees, John E. Drummey, George I. Hall, Sam Stern, Hugh W. Hicks and Howard R. Davis.

The entire Memorial and Publication Commission, Past Grand Ex-

alted Rulers Bruce A. Campbell, Chairman, James R. Nicholson, John R. Coen, Michael F. Shannon and John S. McClelland were present and participated in the ceremony.

There were also present Past Grand Exalted Rulers Raymond Benjamin, Edward Rightor, William H. Atwell, Charles H. Grakelow, John F. Malley, Floyd E. Thompson, James T. Hallinan, David Sholtz, Edward J. McCormick, Henry C. Warner, E. Mark Sullivan, Frank J. Lonergan, Robert S. Barrett and Wade H. Kepner.

The floral decorations and the artistic masking of the unsightly platforms and rails, essential to all outdoor ceremonies, with greenery and draperies, were under the direct supervision of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow.

The work of Hubert E. Allen, Superintendent of the Memorial Building, and his staff cannot be overlooked without a word of commendation, and too much cannot be said of the organization and direction of the Executive Director of the Rededication Committee, Joseph B. Kyle, whose over-all direction was responsible for one of Elkdom's greatest demonstrations, and one of the most effective ceremonies of its kind ever witnessed by the City of Chicago. No ceremony ever held by the Grand Lodge was more colorful or dignified, or carried on with greater precision and smoothness than this rededication of the beautiful Elks National Memorial.

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In the
DOGHOUSE

with Ed Faust



Doctor Faust tells you to go take a walk

SOMEONE once said that old people are fond of giving good advice when they are no longer able to set a bad example. Well, this month you'll find gaffer Faust heck-bent to give a lot of advice but whether you'll take it or not is something else again. Frankly, I wouldn't pay the slightest attention to it and I'll later tell you why. But the advice has to do with your getting greater enjoyment out of your dog and doing yourself a heap of good too. To be more specific, I'm going to talk about exercising your purp—and what a good thing it is for you. Speaking for myself, I long ago became a skeptic about the virtues of fresh air and body-building. As a pup I spent too many hours in a gymnasium with a brother who was a steeplechase jockey bothered by the weight question. I thus acquired a healthy distaste for all forms of violent activity and now go along 100% with the late Ring Lardner who claimed it was exercise enough for one day to change the studs from shirt A to shirt B. But there is a simple, mild form of exercise that is good for man or beast—walking. And it doesn't cost a pfennig.

Now one of the most pleasurable kinds of heel-and-toe work is to get out with your dog. This is particularly recommended for those who are verging toward the sunset years. It involves nothing violent, doesn't do things to the blood pressure and gives the dog just what the doctor ordered. There are a lot of us who may not care for golf—or are there?—and a lot who can't spare the time for formal sports. For those people,

walking is prescribed by Doctor Faust. As you may recall, I have from time to time in these essays stressed the matter of exercising dogs regularly. The only exception is the pooch that has a large yard where he can run free, or the one confined to a yard on a dog trolley. Those dogs perhaps don't need exercise to the extent required by the purp that is confined indoors, but I wouldn't say that they don't need occasional long walks to keep their muscles hardened. When they reach middle-age they need walks more than ever to avoid getting paunchy. Just as with some humans, many dogs are inclined to fatten in their middle years. What's middle age for a pooch? Let's call it about seven years—the life expectancy for the average dog being fourteen years. As you may or may not know, age for our four-legged friend is calculated on a basis of seven years of human life to one year of dog life. Hence, a dog's seven years is the equivalent of a human being's forty-nine.

Because walking alone can be monotonous and it isn't always possible to find human company I urge all and sundry to take their dogs walking—regularly. In fact, Fido is one of the best walking companions you could find, and I suggest that, if you haven't a dog to walk with, you borrow one.

Perhaps sometime you've gone to a dog show and observed how well-conditioned most of the dogs were. In the short-haired breeds you've seen how cleanly chiseled were their muscles. In nearly all breeds you've probably noted how bright were their eyes, how alertly

they carried themselves. This isn't because they are pure-breeds; that has nothing to do with it. It's simply because those purps get regular, daily exercise and this means long walks. As a matter of fact, I know one gal, owner of a passle of blue-blooded wire-haired terriers, who walks her dogs no less than ten miles a day and I'll add that while she isn't exactly a bobby-soxer, she has the figger and complexion of a Hollywood starlet, both of which she ascribes to her daily hikes.

Now, to get the most enjoyment out of tramping around with your pooch, the first thing is to wear comfortable shoes and clothes. You'll very likely think this advice wholly unnecessary but you'd be surprised—or would you?—to learn the number of people who overlook this. Myself, I've never yet gone walking with a gal whose feet didn't hurt her—and this was because the little deer (feminine auxiliary of the Elks) would crowd her tootsies into shoes too small for her.

When out with your dog, unless you're 'way out in the country, keep him on his leash. Even in the suburbs he may see his age-old enemy, a cat, on the other side of the street and dart in front of an on-coming car, which usually means curtains or at least some injury for him. If he is one of those plunging-ahead, arm-tiring dogs, use a harness on him; you can jerk him back with less chance of causing him pain. You might be interested to know that you'll seldom, if ever, see a harness on a show dog as this has a tendency to "throw out" its elbows from its chest, and such foreleg stance is considered decidedly distasteful.

YOU may catalog me as a common scold but this is something that some folks selfishly overlook—of course, none of my readers do—and that is the business of permitting Fido to use the sidewalk as a comfort station. So objectionable has this become that more than one city today has sprinkled "Curb Your Dog" signs on its main residential thoroughfares and, in some such cities, careless owners of offending dogs are fined.

The highly technical breeders of show dogs will tell you always to walk your dog at your left. This is all right in the show ring but I'd say it's the stuff they fill balloons with when it comes to walking a house pet. To walk him that way in the city means that you'll steer him directly into the path of oncoming pedestrians. A long time ago I mentioned what to do to cure the galoot that pulls too hard on his leash. It's this: walk him along a street where there is a wall or fence abutting the sidewalk. Keep him between you and the wall. Each time he is brash enough to want to get out in front, crowd him against the wall and speak sharply to him. Use any command—"back" is as good as anything. Jerk his leash sharply. A few such rough, but not too rough, experiences on

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walks should cure him. If you are walking where there is little automobile traffic and you feel that you can trust your dog to obey you, then take him off the leash and let him run. If he's a headstrong fellow, reluctant to obey, then keep him on his leash. It's too risky to Fido's safety to let him cavort around speeding automobiles.

If you are a woman (and you'd be surprised how many letters I get from the distaff side,) you'd do well to carry one of those toy water pistols loaded with a very weak solution of ammonia and water, in case your dog fancies himself as a fighter or you meet another dog with that idea. A few squirts of the pistol will probably end the war. Or you could carry a small cane or switch. This isn't an over-precaution because it's no cinch for anyone to separate two wildly excited, battling dogs.

If you are in the country or suburbs you'll get the most enjoyment when walking with your dog and even on the outskirts of the city you'll note that your dog will pick up scents, many of which are made by small animals that persist in lingering near our big cities.

IF YOU can, it's a good thing both for you and the dog—if dignity permits—to vary the walk with a few short sprints.

If, in the country, you come to water and the weather isn't cold, let your dog swim, throw a few sticks out for him to fetch—no reason why he can't do this on land too. You might even carry a ball for him to chase—if your purp is one that you can safely turn loose. If you are walking along a beach don't try to make the dog retrieve from the breakers. It takes a powerful animal to handle himself successfully in rough water. If the dog has gotten wet it's only a courtesy to keep him away from people. There's nothing more objectionable than a wet dog—belonging to someone else. When you return home and the dog isn't thoroughly dry, do this job for him and dry him right down to his skin. Don't let him lie around in places where there are drafts. No one knows any more about common colds among dogs than he does about colds among human beings, and a cold for Fido, as for his owner, can wind up in almost anything.

Before leaving the wet-dog subject and don't think I'm a candidate for an asylum when I say this—take the dog out on a rainy day; it won't hurt him as long as he's well dried afterwards. It won't hurt you either, if you are suitably dressed. There's something exhilarating for some people about a walk in the rain. Of course, if you don't care to have your dog thoroughly wet, then you can put a coat or sweater on him. I believe that doggy raincoats are coming back on the market. As for walks in the snow—your dog, unless he's one of those tiny, short-haired fellows, will love it. But again, be sure to dry him when you return. In connection with this it is well to take the dog for a quick walk after he's had a bath and thorough drying. This stimulates his circulation, thus completing the drying job.

The distance you walk is, of course, up to you and you can forget what I said about the gal who takes the ten-mile treks with her show dogs. She does that largely to get them in super condition. Naturally, you wouldn't walk very far with one of those pint-sized, so-called lap dogs. Such purps haven't the endurance of medium-sized dogs or most terriers.

ONE thing that I can't emphasize too strongly is the necessity for regularity of the exercise periods—every day, if possible. It's better, too, for both you and the dog to choose one, fixed distance after you have gotten down to a regular schedule. The whole idea is regularity. Even the time of day, or night, for the exercise should remain fixed.

Still other benefits from walking your dog are the fresh air that you'll get and the muscle-toning that goes with the walk and the fact that this helps harden your dog's feet. It also helps in keeping down excessive nail growth.

Before signing off I'd like to caution you not to over-walk an old dog or one that is very fat and don't keep your dog out in the sun during the heat of summer if he's a short-haired purp. Dogs can and do suffer heat prostration.

Yes, walking is fine exercise and there's no better companion than your dog, no better relaxation for you, few easier ways to forget your troubles for a while.

"How to Know and Care for Your Dog" is the title of Edward Faust's booklet, published by the Kennel Department of *The Elks Magazine*. One canine authority says, "It is the most readable and understandable of all the books on this subject." This beautifully printed, well-illustrated, 48-page book covers such subjects as feeding, bathing, common illnesses, training and tricks, the mongrel versus the pedigree, popular breeds, etc. It costs only 25c. Send for your copy **NOW.** Address *The Elks Magazine*—50 E. 42nd St., New York 17.

Gadget & Gimmick Department

By W. C. Bixby

THEY'RE trying to trap us again, men. We must all be on the alert and watch for any signs of it. There is a threat to our sanity which may well be the last load of hay on the dromedary's back.

It's television.

So far only the wonderful advantages of that fabulous invention have been noised about, but there is another side, lurking in the shadows, that causes the cold fingers of fear to fasten themselves about our esophagi. Suppose, when color television comes in, we have a new stomach settler of violent chemical nature being advertised. Feature, if you can, your television screen flashing on an X-ray of the model's stomach. There is a gurgle, a hiss and from the top of the video screen pours a blue bubbling liquid. It plops to the bottom of the stomach, churns about, foams up, and changes to a pale pink indicating stomach comfort for the user. It's horrifying, but we have a few days' grace, so let us turn to gadgets and ease our minds.



WELL, they've done it! It's amazing the way they keep doing it, isn't it? This time we find ourselves staring at another new and novel lawn mower. At first glance it doesn't even seem to be a lawn mower; but wait, and give a second look! It appears to be a vacuum sweeper of some kind or other. But it isn't. With the weird affair you go out and mow your lawn. First, however, you must plug it into some outlet so the electricity can get in. Actually the thing is an almost. It's almost a vacuum cleaner and almost a mower. There is a whirr, when electricity has vitalized the machine, and a suction is created which makes the little blades of grass stand up in mortal terror. Then the machine itself comes along, cuts the little blades of grass off at the knees and hurls them willy-nilly into a receptacle—bag, that is. So you see the gadget really is a vacuum mower or a lawn sweeper, whichever you choose to call it.



THIS next plunge you're about to take is entitled "When the Hot Dogs Bark Again in Berkeley Square". It has to do with frankfurters, their habits, how to trap them and, above all, how to cook them quickly. On the lower reaches of the Snoqualmie it is a common sight to see droves of frankfurters browsing contentedly. Here they live. During the hunting season many



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hunters secure thousands of frankfurters by lowing gently through a frankfurter horn. This attracts the franks into large pens where they are kept until it suits the hunters' pleasure to pack and refrigerate them. And now there is a new hot-dog cooker which can dispose of nine frankfurters in from 30 to 120 seconds. The contraption operates on the principle of high frequency induction and can be plugged into any AC outlet. The franks are done to a turn, not to say through and through. It's all very wonderful if you have an AC outlet on you.

JUST in case you're not interested in cooking your frankfurters quickly, here's a way to cook them slowly. This item is really for the tough pioneer sort. To get ready to use this tool there are several things you should do first. In the morning you get up early, put frankfurters on the back seat of your car and drive out into the country, disembark and go about collecting sticks. When you have a goodly amount, place them in a pile, douse the pile with one gallon of high-test gasoline and throw a lighted match on the mixture. Fire lights pretty well, doesn't it?

When some of the smoke dies down, face the fire. Cheery little blaze, what? Well, stamp out the flames that are in the undergrowth; don't just stand there looking at the conflagration. Now go to the car, bring out the frankfurters and place them on this fork you brought along. The fork has a nice long handle so you



can stand away from the flames. At your end of the fork you'll find a little crank which is the secret to the new gadget. You can stand there turning the frankfurters slowly with the crank until you think they are done. When you think they're done, withdraw them from the flames. Black, aren't they?

IN CONTINUING our worthy effort to cut down on the accident rate we present another gimmick in the series entitled "How Not to Break Your Neck While Bathing". It may seem that too much attention is being paid to not slipping around in the shower or bathtub. But that is untrue. Far too many people are hurt reaching for the soap. In fact, a fellow I know who is extremely sensitive to hot water nudged the hot-water faucet, increased the temperature of the water instantly, moved suddenly and fell quickly. He drove his elbow



through two ribs. It's a fact. He was an awfully thin fellow, though. At any rate there is a new preparation approaching which, if sprinkled in your tub, makes the bathtub skid-proof.

MAN differs from other animals in one important fashion. He can reason, and the power of



reason makes man superior to every other living creature except woman, and gives him control of the universe. This we all know. Man's ability to reason is a definite advantage in that it permits him to have wars every twenty years, create dustbowls, chop down all the trees in the world and listen to the radio. And at this very instant there is probably a swarm of locusts somewhere eating all man's food, and somewhere else a herd of giant boll weevils kicking down man's fences and eating next year's cotton crop. But some sturdy soul has carried the fight to the enemy's ramparts. I refer to the new roach-killing machine. No longer will roaches be able to keep you awake at night rearranging the furniture in your home. Plug this trap into any convenient outlet, bait it with a large flounder or other suitable roach bait and wait. The roach enters the box orifice (double feature) and treads heavily on two metal strips placed so he can tread on them heavily. Poof! The roach is dead, electrocuted, defunct. He drops into a waiting box and is soon joined by his parents and other more distant relatives. An interesting device.

PERHAPS you live on the top floor. If you do, doubtless there has been some ill feeling aroused by the lack of hot water. It is true that in this Golden Age we



should have scalding water ready for instant use but sadly enough in these days of housing deficiencies such is not the case. In fact, it is quite the reverse. Some people are even living in those little cells known as cold-water flats. Here comes a gadget to the rescue. It is an attachment which, if fitted over a cold-water faucet, and which, if plugged into the wall socket, is supposed to give you all the hot water you want. It is also adjustable. You can set it to give tepid, warm, hot or Ouch! The prerequisite of course is a wall socket to plug into for electricity to outlet. If you aren't already fixed for volts, sorry, we can't help you.

IF YOU'RE fishing with a bamboo rod you're out of date. And if you insist on using it I fear eventually your friends will begin to talk and



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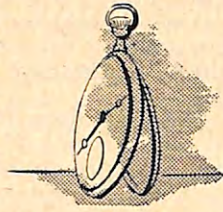
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what's more, the fish are likely to begin a rumor campaign against you. There seems to be only one way to overcome that deficiency. Don't use a bamboo rod. Instead you could do one of two things. Either give up fishing entirely or rush out and buy one of the new plastic fly rods. The new fly rod is made of some weird combination of elements such as bonded-this and fiber-that. What's more, preliminary tests show that in many ways the new rod is better than the old-fashioned bamboo. Why not give it a whirl?

IF YOU are subject to dull business meetings (and who isn't?) or to dreary social gatherings (and who isn't?) there is salvation in sight. A new watch with a gentle but insistent alarm rigged up in its innards can

get you out of anything but paying taxes. Just set the alarm before any boring business appointment or party and lo! when the first revolting forty-five minutes are over, there comes a gentle ringing. At this point it is up to you to act the part. Jerk out the watch, gaze at it in amazement and then hurry out with a worried look on your face. It requires a certain dramatic ability but, believe me, it's worthwhile to develop a passable amount. It's also good as a regular alarm clock. Place it by your bed, with its back case open to prop it up, and it will rouse you at the appointed hour.



As Luck Would Have It

(Continued from page 7)

the next phase of Ah Pang's life, when he became a learning-boy in the establishment of Zung Lee, Dealer in Jades and Jewels, Gold and Silver, Bone and Ivory. At first it was not very different from life at the Golden Dragon, so far as his work was concerned, for he still swept the floors and ran the errands and kept the master's teapot always filled with Zung Lee's favorite Keemun.

But the background was quite different, for Zung's was a luxury trade, whose patrons were neither feverishly trying to make money nor lightly squandering what money they had. The people who came to Zung's shop were mostly well-to-do men or rich elderly women or prosperous merchants buying to sell again. Ah Pang watched them with endless interest because they were rich, and he, too, would be rich one day.

As the months passed and Zung's confidence in his apprentice grew, Ah Pang was allowed behind the counter on busy days. He handled no actual transactions but he was allowed to speak to the customers and display the things that interested them. He came to know the texture of ivory and the weight of gold, the true colors of jade, from milky-white to deepest green; the curious anatomy of the decorative dragon, and the belief that every work of art must have some tiny flaw, lest the gods descend upon the craftsman in jealous anger. And he also came to read many of the thoughts behind the properly courteous demeanor of the men and women who patronized Zung Lee's shop.

It was a great day in Ah Pang's scheme of things when he was given the carver's tools and instructed to do a simple design on a small piece of bone. He had so often watched the craftsmen at work that the tools were scarcely strange to him; but it

was a high privilege to be a carver for Zung Lee.

Many months came and went while Ah Pang applied himself diligently to his craft. From soapstone and bone he progressed to jade and ivory, making fat smiling Buddhas and slender Kwan Yins, brooches and earrings and perfume bottles; he learned how to fashion gold and silver till they looked like the finest lace. He made every kind of carved object that Zung Lee could sell; he served his master faithfully and never spared himself.

Ah Pang, the craftsman, carver of ivory and jade, maker of ornaments, Mah Jongg chips and dice, had traveled far from the gaming-house coolie who had swept the floors and fetched cigarettes for the gamblers at the Clu-Clu tables. But every day that passed was a day nearer his goal; the goal was still the same, and the plan was never changed.

Another New Year season was approaching when a prosperous-looking gentleman in a grey silk gown walked into the shop, and greeted Zung Lee as an old acquaintance. Together they drank hot, golden tea from little fragile cups, discussed their health, their families, the cost of living, the coming New Year festivities—everything, it seemed, but business. But before the prosperous-looking gentleman had left the shop, an order had been given by him, and Ah Pang had important work to do.

He went about it with his usual painstaking skill, selecting his materials with great care, feeling the creamy ivory, weighing it in his hands, and balancing the first little rough-hewn blocks for a long time in sensitive fingers. For days he chipped and shaved and carved, and when the prosperous-looking gentleman came into the shop again, three days before New Year, to see what

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progress had been made, Zung Lee was able to assure him that the order would be completed by New Year's Eve.

By virtue of long service, Ah Pang was allowed to take a holiday on New Year's Eve. He made a little speech to his master just before he left the shop, thanking him for his many kindnesses and expressing the hope that the New Year would bring abundant blessings on him and all his family—a formal but well-delivered little speech, which Zung Lee graciously acknowledged with a slight inclination of his venerable head.

Walking along the crowded streets in the direction of the Golden Dragon, Ah Pang noted with satisfaction that a light rain was falling, a sure sign of a lucky year ahead.

The Clu-Clu tables opened at nine o'clock, and by that hour there were crowds of customers waiting to play. Ah Pang slipped in among the crowd at one of the tables and watched intently the first few throws of the dice. Then he moved on to another table, and again watched the play for a few moments. He moved quickly in this way from one table to the next until he came to one where, after watching a couple of throws, he laid a stake on the number six. He won, and again bet on six, and won again. He pulled a stool from under the table, sat down, and proceeded to bet consistently on six, backing it in every way the marked squares offered. Unobtrusively he collected his winnings and put them away in his money-belt. The sixes won continuously. Every Clu-Clu player knows that the mysterious laws which govern the throw of the dice cause runs of certain numbers; if you can afford to follow these runs you can sometimes make money, but since the laws are indeed mysterious they will doubtless play tricks on you. So, if you wait, to make sure that a certain number is running, and then begin to back it, as often as not the run will have worked itself out and some other number will be making the money.

Everybody could see that the sixes were running, but only Ah Pang backed them continuously, and even he would appear to hesitate sometimes, as though he might change his mind before the croupier called the close. But always his stake remained, even when he took the longest chance that the game offers—three sixes in one throw, against which the odds were calculated at eighty to one. His dollar bet brought him eighty dollars that time, and few people noticed his luck, so occupied were they all with their own gains and losses.

He had been playing rather less

than fifteen minutes, and his money-belt held over four thousand dollars, when someone remarked that the sixes were having an unusually long run. Ah Pang gave no sign of having heard, but with a face as expressionless as when he had laid his first bet of the evening, he placed a fifty-dollar bill on the square marked Three Sixes. One or two people glanced at him. The croupier looked around the table, indicated that the betting was closed for that throw, picked up the plate of three dice under the glass bell, shook them noisily for a few moments, and laid down the plate.

The dice showed three sixes.

Ah Pang took his four thousand dollars from the croupier with no show of feeling but a small polite nod. There was no doubt now that his success was beginning to attract attention. A lucky player is a player to follow up on the table. The croupier looked at him curiously; this newcomer's success was exceptional, and though the croupier assured himself that a large part of the stranger's winnings would find their way back into the coffers of the Golden Dragon before the night was over, the reserves of that table had been quite heavily drawn upon. He turned to his assistant and instructed him to fetch some funds from the cashier. The Golden Dragon was rich; it could stand this sort of thing... all the same, he'd be interested to see this fellow lose for a while. There was a flurry of comment and speculation among the gamblers, most of whom thought the sixes should be followed again, though a few loudly declared the run must have worked itself out. Croupier and players alike turned to see how this silent newcomer would play the next throw.

But they looked in vain. In the brief moment of general inattention Ah Pang had slipped from his stool and melted away through the crowd. With rather more than eight thousand dollars in his innermost money-belt, he was walking contentedly, unhurriedly, through the softly-falling, lucky New Year rain, to the steamship wharves, there to take the night-boat for Canton and thence the road to his own distant village. At the end of the journey was little Siu Ling, a mandarin's wedding, honorable leisure, and many sons.

But the Golden Dragon, (which, happily, could well afford it), continued to pay out on sixes and sixes and still more sixes, until the management decided on a change of dice.

And this was an intelligent decision, for Ah Pang, once a coolie and now a mandarin, had also been a very cunning maker of dice.

This stands for honorable.



service to our country.

Vacations Unlimited

(Continued from page 12)

travel agents, and now is an excellent time to get acquainted with their services.

One of the most useful aids on a first trip to Havana is the Pan American Airways booklet of useful Spanish phrases tucked into the pouch at the rear of every plane seat. Even if you learn the Spanish for only such phrases as "please," "excuse me," and "how are you?" you'll have the groundwork for a more pleasant stay in Cuba. A second important aid is the Cuban Tourist Commission. Its offices are situated in the heart of Havana and will furnish you a free map of the city, a directory of sights and a short mimeographed guide to other cities of the island.

Principal points of interest in Havana are within a short distance of the Commission's offices. Proudest of these is the striking new Capitol, a huge building, very much like our own Capitol in Washington. Government guides conduct one through it, and travelers who are so indecorous as to arrive in shirt sleeves are promptly hustled into light cloth jackets, which are kept on hand for just such emergencies.

Nearby is the world-famous factory where Corona cigars are produced. Tours were once conducted through the entire building but today visits are usually limited to the first-floor museum and a corner where a handful of workers demonstrates the art of cigar rolling. The museum contains samples of cigars, tools used in manufacturing, a collection of old and modern pipes, a miniature model tobacco farm, life-size statues of the Siboney Indians, original inhabitants of Cuba, a figure of Sir Walter Raleigh smoking tobacco and hundreds of other items.

The workers in the museum shop are entertained at their monotonous task by a radio. In the regular cigar-rolling room a reader is used instead to occupy their minds. Over a loud speaker he reads newspapers, novels or whatever the workers request, news probably being the most popular item. This diversion never stops the nimble fingers of the rollers, who turn out 80 to 100 cigars each seven-hour day.

Every traveler wants of course to see the Cathedral of Havana, in which Columbus was long buried, to make the launch-trip across the beautiful harbor to ancient Morro Castle and to swim at La Playa, the beach of nearby Marianao. And a visit to the dime store should not be passed up, for the differences between its wares and those sold in

similar stores of the United States reflect many of the differences in the lives of Cubans and North Americans.

Now, a few recommendations on drink and food. Remember that liquors are much cheaper in Cuba than at home and seek out the smaller and more Cuban places to sample them, for the well-known tourist spots charge just as much as our own bars do. And don't forget to bring back the five fifths of rum allowed you duty free, for they will cost little more than a single fifth does in the United States.

Meals in Havana are fairly expensive. The large hotels have good food, of course, and in addition I suggest the Paris, where you'll eat in the courtyard of a building once owned by the family of Ponce de Leon; the Zaragozana, which specializes in seafood, and the Puerto de Sagua, an unpretentious little Cuban restaurant where the most delicious wild oysters from Sagua are served. Many a diner starts his meal off with a score of them and still wishes for more. The seafood paella, a rice dish, is fine, and if there are women in your party you may hire a trio of musicians very reasonably for a touch of true Latin entertainment with your meal.

In sports the most fascinating Cuban game is jai alai (pronounced high-a-lie). The players are each equipped with a long bamboo claw in which they must catch a ball as it bounces from the side of a court and then again hurl it against the wall. The game requires prodigious stamina and agility, for it is rated one of the fastest in the world. Cubans bet excitedly on every play and follow a game as intently as Americans do a major-league ball game.

Just as New York is not the United States, so Havana is not Cuba. If you hesitate to venture afield because you do not speak Spanish, then remember that in most places at least a few Cubans can understand English well. You may wish to turn west from Havana and visit Pinar del Rio, about 100 miles away in the heart of the pineapple and tobacco country. You may fly to Varadero beach, with its quiet hotels and lovely blue ocean waters; visit Sancti Spiritus, which is said to resemble Cordova and Toledo in Spain; travel to Trinidad, where Cortez prepared his expedition for the conquest of Mexico, or journey the 600 miles over the Central Highway to Santiago de Cuba, scene of the most important battles of the Spanish American War.



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What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 13)

Christopher La Farge's excellent new novel, *The Sudden Guest*, opens on an afternoon six years after that terrible day. Again the barometer is dangerously low. For it is the day of the 1944 hurricane. Again Miss Leckton is at her summer home. But now her niece is no longer with her. Nobody is with her except three servants who insist on going home before the hurricane starts. And, after all, one can't plead with servants to stay, can one? So this time Miss Leckton braces herself to face the storm alone in the great house. And as she listens for the rising wind and the crashing trees and the expected, intruding knock on the door, she finds herself reliving, hour by hour, the human and the elemental drama of that first hurricane, six years before.

The Sudden Guest is an exciting revelation of a supremely egocentric woman. Every facet of her selfishness is exposed against the mounting terror of two dreadful storms. Here is human selfishness gone wild and inhuman nature gone wild—the former is no less frightening than the latter.

To anyone who likes a good story with rising action, literally, in every sentence, this novel is highly recommended. Mr. La Farge handles his drama cleanly, with no "fine writing" or fancy phrases. His sentence, like the mathematical line, is the shortest distance from point to point. He shuttles back and forth in time between 1938 and 1944 without the slightest confusion. His minor characters are deftly sketched. And as for the two storms—they are as vivid, terrifying and alive as the terrible Miss Leckton herself.

Read this book for the story. Any larger meaning you care to put on it is entirely up to you. On moral judgments or generalizations the author wastes not a word.

ALL THE KING'S MEN

a novel by Robert Penn Warren
Harcourt, Brace, \$3.00

Willie Stark regarded all men and all women with a lavish mixture of pity and contempt: a jigger of pity to a pint of contempt. Willie Stark's personal magnetism was so strong that even if you hated him, you could feel its pull. Perhaps that's why Willie Stark, a poor southern country boy—the local term was "red neck"—was able to develop into an all-powerful political boss on the Huey Long pattern. *All the King's Men* is the story of how he did it, and of the people he used and destroyed.

At the height of his power Willie performed numerous Good Works for the Poor. But every individual who came in contact with him—friend as well as enemy—was, in one way or another, damaged.

Willie's story is told by a man who is his antithesis in personality: Jack Burden, son of a decaying aristocratic family, who cynically becomes the Boss's hired stooge. When the Boss (that's Willie) assigns Jack Burden to dig up a blackmailable secret in the past of an old friend of the Burden family, the story heads for a climax of bang-up melodrama.

This is a novel about power and its temptations: what power does to Willie Stark, and what it does to the others, be they upright or venal men, to whom Willie offers a tiny slice of it. It is a rich story—for my taste, too rich. It is a Christmas fruit cake of a novel, filled with more action, people, love stories, sub-plots, digressions, and emotional crises than a sober appetite can cope with.

It is written in a nervous, oversensitive language which, at its worst produces sentences like this: "I would be surprised that it was the way it was but I knew at the same time that I had known it would be this way." At its best, and that means whenever Willie Stark is on the scene, the writing is almost unbearably vivid, jabbing, by a sort of literary Judo, at unexpectedly vulnerable places in the reader's mind and conscience. On the whole, though, I found the novel slow going. Possibly it was because the author insists on squeezing every last drop of juice out of every possible situation.

Whether it is a Good Thing for a novelist to paint a sympathetic portrait of a ruthless political boss, a type so dangerous to democracy, is a question I can only toss into the air. It may be fielded by anyone who cares to start a debate on The Responsibility of the Artist to the Community.

P.S.: Since all the above comments add up to a fairly lukewarm appraisal, it is only fair to note that most of the leading critics, plus Sinclair Lewis, consider *All the King's Men* a likely candidate for the Great American Novel Sweepstakes.

THE WILD FLAG

by E. B. White
Houghton Mifflin, \$2.00

It is Mr. E. B. White's hope that the nations of the world will stop having love affairs (like the wartime liaison between England and Russia, and the more recent flirtation between America and China) and get married.

It is Mr. White's belief that the drowsy San Francisco proofreader

was wiser than he knew when he allowed his newspaper to come out with a reference to "the Untied Nations".

And here is a suggestion to anyone who is even slightly interested in the survival of the human race: keep on your night table a copy of E. B. White's beautiful, quiet, funny, sensible little book, *The Wild Flag*. The word "little" refers only to its physical dimensions. Measured by its heart, *The Wild Flag* is as big as the whole world. And the whole world is what it is about. It is about—and I rather hate to say the words because they frighten so many people—world government. The achievement of this is a project whose difficulties Mr. White does not underestimate.

"To give this planet even one basic law," he says, "would require that a little swatch be snipped from everyone's flag and applied to the world's banner, and that, of course, is the most delicate and dangerous surgery ever proposed."

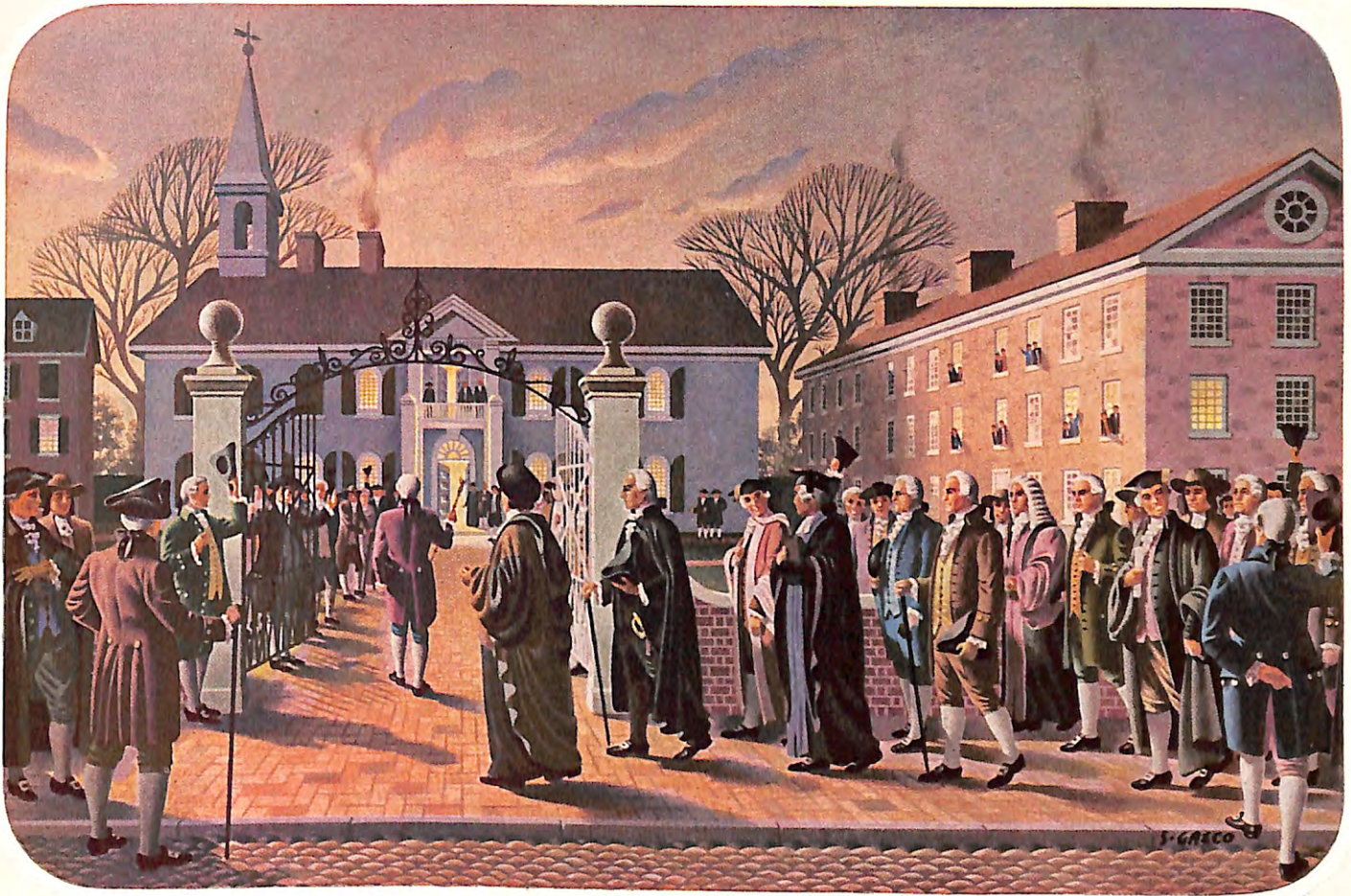
But Mr. White considers it, on the whole, somewhat less dangerous than that other surgery, via power-politics and nuclear fission, which snips off little swatches, not of flags, but of boys' faces and parents' hearts.

The Wild Flag is made up of tiny essays, some less than a page, some a few pages long, that appeared in the Talk-of-the-Town section of *The New Yorker* from 1943 to 1946. They were milestones in the road that magazine has traveled from the Twenties when it was an oh-so-gay repository of private jokes designed to be understood only by the "sophisticated" until today when it is not only a witty paper but a civilized and responsible one, whose outstanding quality is its sanity.

The New Yorker does not give house-room to soap-box operators. Mr. E. B. White is not one. He does not rant or rave or scold you. He is not interested, like Dickens' fat boy, in seeing your flesh creep. He simply wants you and your young to stay alive. And he examines the procedure for so staying in as clear and engaging a prose as you will find in any book written in the English language in our time.

Because Mr. White's miniature essays were conceived with a weekly audience in mind, they are best not read at one sitting. Our more sentimental ancestors used to keep by their bedsides books of Pleasant Thoughts to be taken before retiring. That's the place for *The Wild Flag*. Mr. White's paragraphs are not recommended as substitutes for hot milk. They are not soporific. They are even disturbing. They lure one by magic—White magic, of course—to honest thinking. But who knows? Perhaps fresh air in the mind, like fresh air in the room, is just what is needed for a sound sleep—and a happy awakening.





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