

THE

Elks

MAGAZINE



DECEMBER 1946

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THE SPREAD EAGLE INN, STAGE HOUSE ON OLD LANCASTER ROAD, PHILADELPHIA, ABOUT 1796.*

A HERITAGE TO REMEMBER

"We observed several curious tavern signs in Philadelphia, and on the roadside... The most common signs are eagles, heads of public characters, Indian kings, etc."

... FROM REMARKS OF A VISITING ENGLISHMAN

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

A Message from the GRAND EXALTED RULER



Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men

CENTERED in Christmas is love, hope and all that we hold dear. It is the day of all days, for it commemorates the anniversary of the birth of Jesus.

The story of the coming of Jesus, with His humble birth, ought to make us forget the little things that we sometimes call hardships, and the story of the crucifixion, attendant with all the suffering that He endured for humanity, should be a lesson to those who complain of their lot in life.

The Man of Sorrows never complained; He was compassionate with those who crucified Him, as evidenced by His last words. If we believe in the teachings of Christ as exemplified in His Message from the Mount, we can but broaden as the years come and go. Christmas, with its lesson of giving, making others happy, is paying tribute to the Star of Bethlehem.

There is something about His birth that makes us all akin. It was so humble, and down through the years one cannot help but feel that this humble birth had a lesson, that of making people feel that some of the humblest walks in life lead to the most exalted positions. It is not necessary to have a lavish Christmas or to bestow expensive gifts. It is what we have in our hearts that is most important, for Christ would rather have the simplest gift if it were given in His name, than the most costly if no love accompanied it.

The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, in its service to mankind, its loyalty to country and its desire to aid the unfortunate, has carved a niche in the hall of fame. Let us go forth in the coming year mindful that the past is gone and we face the tomorrow.

We are born and sojourn here for a time. A new year is ushered in and its span of life is run. Associations are formed, beautiful friendships, and then comes the parting, the passing on, and the coming of the new. So it is with life. We are born, and in the Springtime we plan and build for the future. Then comes the Summer of life, when we are watching the beauty that surrounds us, wondering if the harvest

will be all that we hope for; then the afternoon of life, or in other words, the Autumn, when our fondest hopes are realized or shattered. We cannot go back and plant anew; we must harvest what we have sown, and by that harvest we will be judged. And then comes the evening of life, or Winter, when we look back over a profitable life, and review, just as we do today, the things that have taken place—the worthwhile and the failures. And by this record we will be measured.

So the year ends, just as a life ends. A year seems short; a life is short, and we must crowd a lot into that life if we expect to leave for posterity something that will make the world a little better. If we are going to leave behind pleasant memories, we must of necessity render some service to humanity.

As the year is brought to a close another takes its place, and we go on planning just as vigorously as of old. This gives us a beautiful thought—that *life does not end at the grave*. If all our hopes and ambitions were centered in one year, there would be little in the way of accomplishment or profit accruing to humanity. And so it is with life; if we lived with the idea that everything was swallowed up in death, that there was nothing beyond the grave, no future—the whole thing would be a sham.

To the more than 800,000 members of our Order, their families and friends, may we extend a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Fraternally yours,

C. E. Broughton

CHARLES E. BROUGHTON
GRAND EXALTED RULER.



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Charles Abbott

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THE Elks

MAGAZINE

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

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IN THIS ISSUE
We Present—

OUR cover this month is somewhat of a departure from the usual Child-in-the-Manger. However, everyone will agree that in this country where freedom of expression is guaranteed, any man—artist or writer—is offered an opportunity to delineate his own interpretation of this and other passages in history. This particular religious picture seemed to us to contain singular beauty.

Mr. Broughton greets the Christmas season with a message of cheer and comfort that will be welcomed by all of us in a year which needs exactly those expressions.

Our Mr. Fay—we like to call him ours although we share him only with all the other major magazines—has come up with a fight story called "Main Event", in which action and humor are carefully mixed. Mr. Fay is a master of both action and humor—and he also knows the fight game backwards. He should; he was in the ring at one time, but decided that the typewriter offered more inducements than 6-ounce gloves.

A gentleman named Joe Austell Small, of Austin, Texas, has a thing or two he would like to say about grouse shooting and he says it in an article on page 8. We called the piece "Bird in the Hand", which is, if you think about it, a misnomer, since it is a rare occasion when a man has a grouse in the hand. The occasion will be less than rare, if, as Mr. Small points out, sportsmen don't take some action.

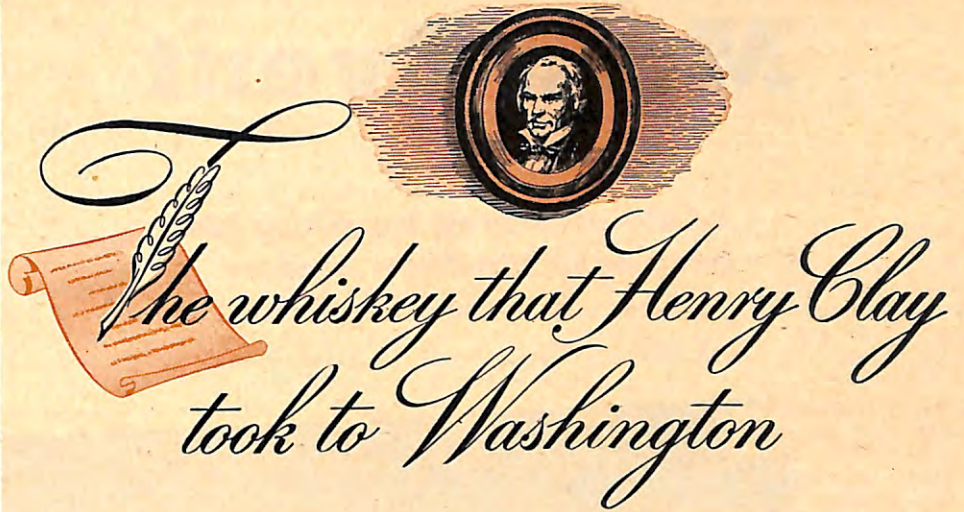
For a long time we have operated on the theory that bowling as a sport was getting out of hand (somewhat like the grouse). Mr. Paul D. Green, who has studied the subject, agrees with us in his article on page 10, entitled "Bowling Is Big Business".

The theater and its big sister, the movies, come in for a little attention because once again we are fortunate enough to be able to recommend for your approval several movies and Broadway theatrical performances. Broadway is a little slow this year, but the theatrical season is getting under way.

Probably most of us will agree that the only time we care to devote any particular attention to toys is Christmas. Since this is the Christmas issue, we give you three pages and more on an industry that has finally gotten back on its feet. The toys being produced for children in this decade outdo anything you ever had when you were a kid.

During the past generation stars in every category have established records of one sort or another which have never been broken. Don Carle Gillette has compiled some of these figures in an article on page 20, in which he indicates that some of these stars have "Never Been Topped".

We've got more, too. C.P.



Henry Clay, in an old letter to his friend, Col. Crow, ordered a barrel of this superb Kentucky whiskey to take with him to the nation's capital.



THOSE IN THE KNOW ~ ASK FOR

OLD CROW

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT

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A TRULY GREAT NAME

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

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By William Fay

Main Event

Eddie preferred mauling his friends at Madison Square Garden to wrapping bundles at Macy's

"DO YOU feel all right?"
"I feel all right," he said; "it's better than wrapping bundles". He turned his head to spit. "Well, it's a million laughs and no blood spilled."

"Take a deep breath."
"I've had one, thanks. What round is this?"

"The fourth comin' up. He hasn't hit you yet. Keep boxin' him. Be careful all the time. He's very tough."

"I used to be tough, too," said Eddie Gibbs, "once upon a time. I



think maybe I'll throw a real punch at this bum. Hey, Lew?"

Lew said nothing. Lew knew better. The warning buzzer sounded. The lights were big and bright above the ring. The crowd blurred off to darkness, all but the faces in the working press, and the first few rows of ringside the bell.

The hulk of this guy, Eddie thought, walking out, moving easily around the vast expanses of his opponent. Veritas Ratchez was his name. A scarcely believable cut of meat, from the Argentine, Veritas weighed, in his socks and a day-old beard, a mere two hundred and eighty-five pounds. Veritas brought to his work a deep sincerity and would behead you, willingly, if you would just stand still for him.

"Move, Eddie—move!" Lew called from the corner.

And Eddie needed small persuading. Eddie moved around the hulk with practiced skill. When he was close, he kept his hands up high, lest Veritas tee off with one of his oaken arms. But he was seldom close. His strategy was to stab his left hand into the giant's immobile expression, then get the hell out of there. And for as long as he did this and nothing bolder, he knew that he was safe. The big man couldn't box; the big man would have proved all right at strangling wild rhinoceri, but never was intended for the game of cat-and-mouse.

Eddie was really pretty hot tonight, no doubt of that, and Veritas was missing him by distances that varied from one foot to several yards. And it was good to hear the people the stands.

"Ya bum, ya! Why don'tcha go get a broom, ya bum, ya!"

"Box 'im, Eddie! Box 'im! He's a big cow, Eddie! Box 'im, box 'im, Eddie, boy!"

Except that there was just the least temptation not always to run away. Eddie knew the crowd was gleefully for him, and understood the comic aspects of the giant's helpless, earnest, winded floundering.

Eddie thought, well, maybe, I should move a little closer; maybe I should throw a punch or two on my behalf; just one or two to keep the franchise, one or two to make the people stand up on their toes and scream.

He moved in closer, thinking thoughts of this kind. Veritas Ratchez, meanwhile, fetched a big right hand from down around his socks, and let it go. Eddie saw the punch but not quite soon enough. He ducked his head to save his face; the clublike paw came down on the top of his head.

Things weren't very clear to him. The referee said, "Four!"

And Eddie rolled over, got to his knees. He blinked his eyes and tried to smile away some part of his distress. The faces at the ringside refused to come into focus.

The referee said, "Five!"

Well, Eddie was all right now. A damned good thing the punch had landed on his haircut, not his chin.

"Six!"

All right now, sure. Except it was no fun to look at Veritas who stood in a neutral corner tugging wildly at the ropes, as though in his big hands the ropes were merely rubber bands.

"Eddie! Eddie, take your time!" Lew, that was, screaming from the corner. Eddie nodded understanding. Don't worry, Lew; I'll take my time. You think it's fun to have your brains squashed like a cantaloupe?

"How," he asked himself with grave misgivings, "did I get here in the first place?"

Well, it was simple enough; he had walked in, and under his own power, too. Out of the Yankees' dugout, and across the grass of the infield, smiling, waving to the people at the ringside, to the Broadway people and the smart ones from the other side of town—his friends. And in the second row, his wife.

He had gone up the three little steps that led to the ring and through the taut strands of rope that Lew held apart for him. He knew how to make an entrance. He was good at that, well practiced, wise in crowd appeal, and he could not help hearing the vast crowd call his name.

"Yea, Eddie! Eddie! Eddie, boy!"

And in the second row, his wife, a handsome woman, acknowledging his presence with a quiet smile, with the lifting of a program. No, she did not look nervous, and perhaps she was not; she just sat there, dammit, like a conscience, looking up at him, while the crowd kept yelling.

"Well, you're back on the big-



SHE PUT HER ARMS AROUND HIM AND SHE KISSED HIM WHERE IT HURT THE MOST.

Illustrated by WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



time now, Eddie boy," Lew had said.

The big-time, hell, and Lew should have known better. It was many years since they had known the valid big-time, although tonight, to be sure, had all the outward signs: the big crowd in the summer night, the frenzy of an anxious mob, the noise, the hoop-dee-doo, and plenty of cash in the till.

Otherwise? Well, otherwise it was a waltz, a fraud, a dainty dance for dollars. Eddie wasn't in the ring to win the fight; he was in the ring to last ten rounds and win a very sizable bet.

He watched Veritas Ratchez climb into the ring. It was an operation worth the watching, like the moving of a piano. Veritas, "The Gaudy Gaucho", wore a robe the like of which Belmonte, the mighty bulldisposer, could have worn with pride before a king of Spain. The *aficianados* from the Spanish-speaking sections of New York gave robust welcome to their Veritas.

"He's a bum," Lew said. "He's a Carnera with castanets. Except don't let 'im hitcha."

The announcer introduced a number of the current cabbage-heads, all weights and sizes, each of whom bounced eagerly into the ring to take a bow, then fast depart—happy to have shown the crowd a brand of haberdashery but seldom seen this side of the Ringling Brothers wardrobe room.

"Bums," Lew said, despairingly, "they're all bums, everyone o' them."

"Until now," Eddie said.

"Until now," his cynical handler was forced to concede.

The champion was climbing into

the ring and there was a hush before the mob roared its acclaim. The champion was many years older than he had been on the night when Eddie fought him—the night when Eddie had broken his heart and his hand and his future hopes against the coffee-shaded classicist who still was champion. Ambition, like stale beer, had filtered down the sink from that night on. He had remained content to take his talents to where the test was less severe. He felt a twinge of shame while looking at the champ.

The champion came over, shook his hand. "Hello, Joe," Eddie said.

"Nice to see you, Eddie. Luck to ya, boy. How's everything?"

That was a long speech for the champ and Eddie said that things were really fine. "As a matter of fact," said Eddie, "some nights you can steal a hundred thousand dollars."

"You was always a card," Joe said, then went his way.

The referee said, "Eight!"

Yes, I was always a card, thought Eddie—the hole-card, and I'm deep in a hole right now.

The referee said, "Nine!" and Eddie climbed aboard his feet. The referee took Eddie's gloves and wiped them against his shirt to free the leather from resin.

Veritas Ratchez came out of the neutral corner like a train. Eddie watched him coming and ducked beneath a ponderous right hand. He slipped away and moved to mid-ring, his soft shoes tracing a careful pattern of retreat. He stabbed a long left hand to the giant's nose and made him miss again. Though dwarfed by Veritas, he was himself

no pint-sized heavyweight; he was about Dempsey-large, and in the clinch that followed, he was strong enough to hold on to his mammoth tormentor until the referee broke them apart.

His head still hurt, but his brain was clear. He began to feint the big man out of position, calling on his vast experience to keep him out of trouble. He began to grin, meanwhile retreating, with Veritas swiping the evening air like a blind man with a bat.

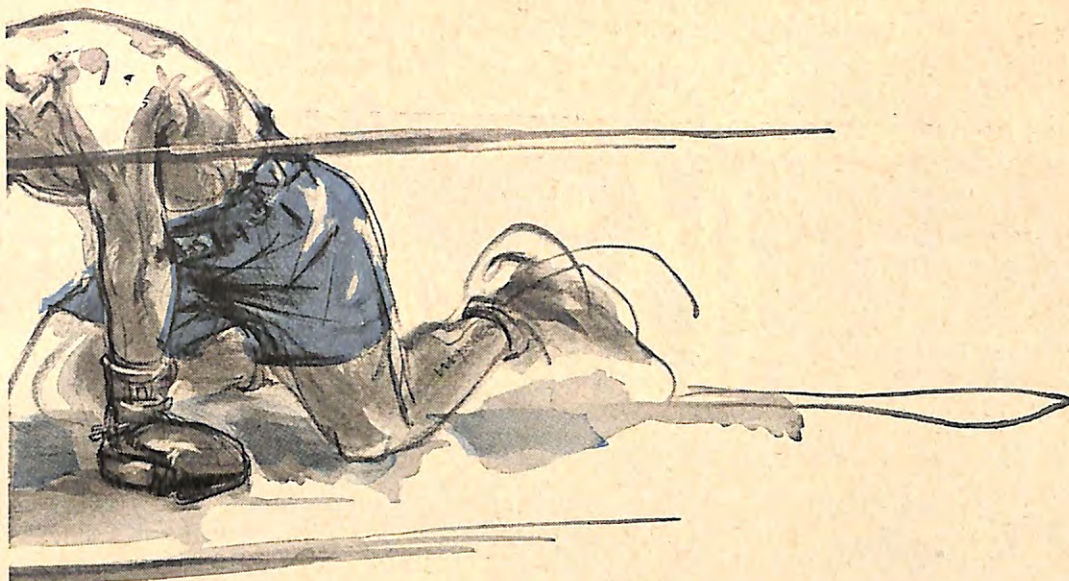
"Why don'tcha fight, ya bum?" somebody called to him, but the crowd, for the most part, seemed delighted with his artful strategy. Veritas Ratchez, after all, had chilled the first two dozen humpty-dumpties thrown at him since his arrival from the Argentine. The fact that Eddie was still on his feet seemed to them a sufficient thing. The bell, and he walked to his corner.

He could see the people laughing in the first few rows, some of them giving graphic demonstrations of the clumsy helplessness of Veritas against this blithe technician.

"You're a million laughs," Lew said. "Except for that accident, this gaucho couldn't catchya on 'is horse."

Eddie took a little water, spat it out. He looked out at the laughing customers who found him so amusing. Then he saw the champion, the brown, immobile face, not in the least amused—the expression that seemed to ask, "Are you a fighter or a clown?"

And his wife's face in the crowd, just looking at him, smiling slightly, understanding him too well. He put a gloved hand to his lips but her ex-



THE FACES AT THE RINGSIDE REFUSED TO COME INTO FOCUS
THE REFEREE SAID, "FIVE!"

pression did not change at all.

A strange girl, Mary. She had been, of all odd things, a fight promoter's daughter in a fairly fat-sized Massachusetts town. Unlike most girls connected with the manly art, she had gone to Smith, the ladies' college at Northampton; she not only knew the score, but she could prove it in several forms of mathematics. He had met her two years before.

He had walked into the office of the Eastern Arena, after a fight, to collect his dough, and he had said to a girl who was figuring something on a pad, "Where's Tim?"

The girl looked up. She said, "He went home. He didn't want you to shake the hand that shook the hand of John L. Sullivan."

"You look like Rosalind Russell," Eddie said.

"Thanks," she had said. "You look like Jack Dempsey, until the bell rings."

"Oh, I'm prettier'n Dempsey."

"And you'll stay that way, for all the chances you take in the ring. Why don't you go in the movies?"

"As a matter of fact I've had offers," Eddie said. "It just happens I like what I'm doing. I get exercise and no one gets hurt. I'm not the brute-type; I'm a boxer. Why should I murder these chumps?"

"Well, frankly, I don't know, and I suppose it's none of my business. Here's your money. Twenty-three hundred and seventeen dollars and sixteen cents. My father said to tell you the fight was the finest waltz we've had in this town since Fred and Adele Astaire came by in 1922."

"Oh, so you're Tim's daughter? Without a cigar, you don't resemble

him." He folded the money and shoved it into a pocket. He looked at the girl and she looked at him. "Well, it's a fair night's pay. I could buy you a beer or a steak with the seventeen dollars and we could stick the sixteen cents in a juke-box."

"Thank you; no."

"You mean your father doesn't like me?"

"I didn't say that, and I hope I didn't suggest it. My father says you could have been one of the greatest natural fighters in the world."

"Well, that was nice of him."

"And one of the greatest natural bums, besides."

"Versatile as all get-out, I am. How about the steak?"

"And he said the champion took your heart out when you fought him, Mr. Gibbs. He said that ever since then you have been taking money under false pretenses."

Eddie looked down at his hands. He wondered suddenly why this girl, who had soft, good eyes, should choose to punish him. He said, "Suppose we let it go at that. Where did I put my hat?" He stood up, unhappy, and his hat was on top of a filing cabinet. He took his hat.

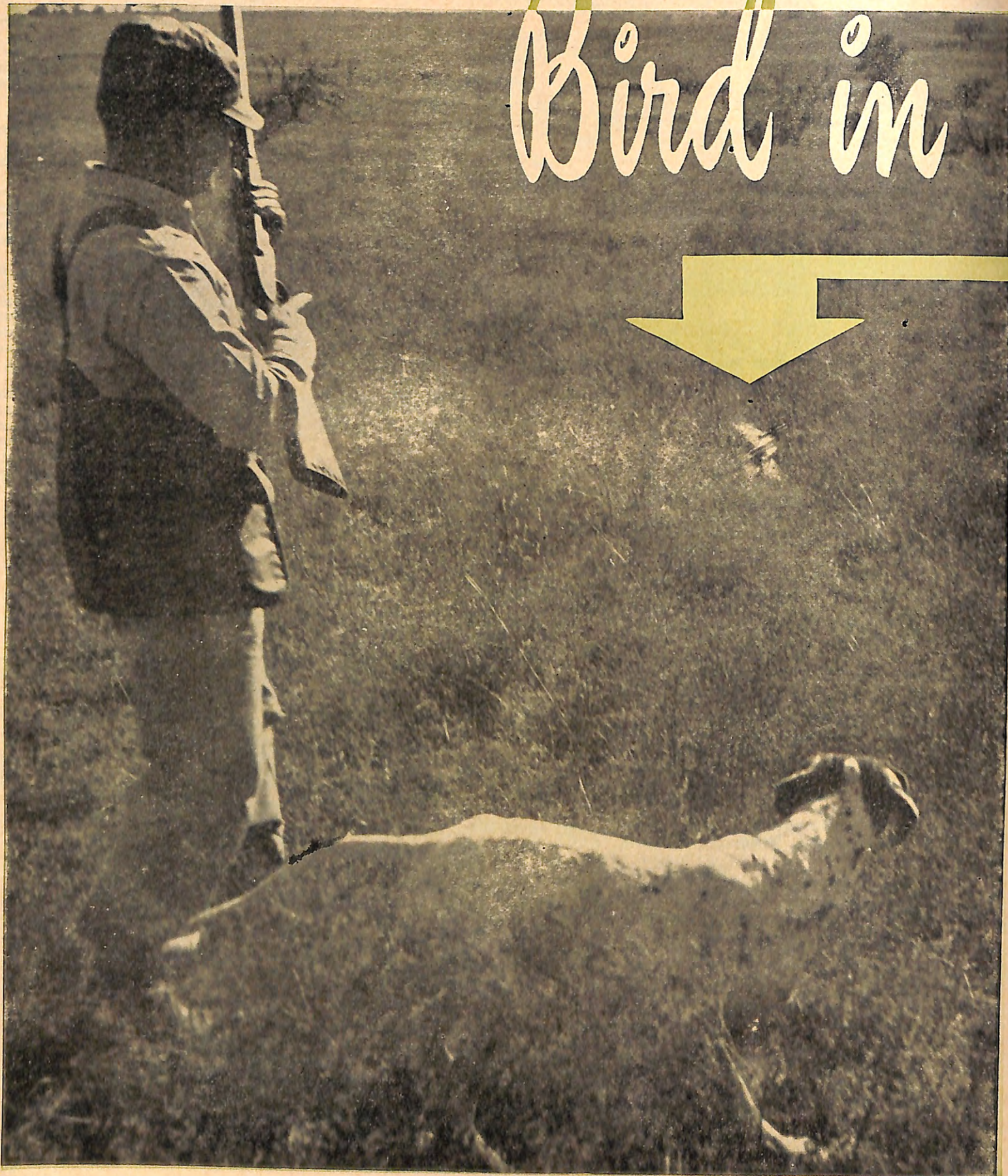
Mary came over to him and said, "I'm sorry. I don't know why I said what I did. I'm not customarily uncivil to anyone. I suppose I'm just too glib with my father's sentiments. He used to admire you so—you see, he's a genuine fan, besides being in

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HE KNEW HOW TO MAKE AN ENTRANCE.
HE WAS GOOD AT THAT.

Bird in



the Hand

By Joe Austell Small



**If our game is to survive,
there must be a strong
national movement to preserve wildlife**

IT WAS my first hunt since putting on service clothes. Next to coming home it was the greatest thrill I'd had since being discharged. My light 20-gauge Winchester pump shotgun felt like a feather in my hands, after practically living with a heavy M1 for so long. The dogs ahead, working brown cover in the yellow-red of a Texas sunrise, caused little chill wrinkles to course through me. I had something close to buck ague—quail hunter fashion.

But after one hour of fruitless search, my temperature began to lower. After another hour, during which time we found one little covey and took only two birds for fear of depleting the seed stock, my fever had toned down to normal temperature. Three more hours of toiling through brush, weeds and stubble netted one bird each for the three of us. My temperature began to rise again. But this time it was resentment rather than excitement that caused it.

I had dreamed about this hunt throughout long, weary days in the Army. It had become almost an obsession with me, as the outdoors and the sport it offers, have to several millions of our returning veterans. I was ready, willing and able—but there were no quail to hunt.

And this is just a little forerunner of the disappointment millions of sportsmen have in store for them if something isn't done about our supply of wildlife. With 13,000,000 men and women coming out of our armed services, a great percentage of whom will want to hunt and fish, the drain on our wildlife supply is going to be terrific. Many of these veterans never spent much time outdoors before. They may say, upon returning, that they never want to see a gun again. But months of sleeping with an M1, living in the outdoors, breathing salt air—the urge will come back.

And so new millions of sportsmen will take to the fields and forests. It is estimated by both private concerns and Government agencies that

from 25,000,000 to 27,000,000 people will be hunting and fishing by the latter part of 1947!

If our game and fish are to survive this onslaught, there must be a strong national movement toward "manufacturing" wildlife on a war-time basis. Game and fish department heads of the forty-eight States are pulling their hair. They wake up nights muttering in their sleep. They can see an America barren of fish and wild things within the next few years unless something is done.

I believe I know the answer. Many of our game and fish leaders have known it for a long time. The trouble is getting something done about it. The answer came to me after our host, the Game Warden, decided to "do something" about the dismal results of our quail hunt. Bill Forsyth had invited J. P. Crowe and me down to Cuero, Texas, for a hunt. There is good quail country down there, but we were unable to hunt on the ranch Bill had figured on, so had to take next best. Bill was so concerned about results that he walked into W. A. Blackwell's office, told him that we had driven all the way from Austin to hunt quail and had experienced rotten luck. Mr. Blackwell, who owns nine ranches, looked at us from under shaggy eyebrows, pursed his lips a time or two and said, "We'll take them out to the Mustang Mott Ranch, Bill. But let's watch those coveys—want to leave plenty birds for seed!"

When we reached the Mustang Mott Ranch an hour later, we got a striking example of what private game management can do. I never

saw so many quail in my life! We jumped three coveys the first two hundred yards. The dogs went crazy. We went happily batty along with them.

That afternoon's shoot is one of the high points of my entire life. I resolved then and there never again to put up with poor hunting. From now on I'd create my own.

W. A. Blackwell has been accused of thinking more of those bobwhites than he does his plump white face Herefords. Along fence rows, in the middle of bare pasture land, along eroded gullies—wherever there is scant cover, the rancher has created brush piles for cover. Near several of them I saw grain left by fat, well cared-for birds.

"You've got to feed and provide cover for your birds if you are to have quail," Bill Blackwell said. "Feed, shelter and protection from natural enemies, I'd say, are the three most important elements in successful quail propagation. Nearby motts of trees, brush, etc., protect the birds from darting hawks. If there are no trees, create thick brush piles. This keeps out other prowlers, or at least gives the birds time to escape while danger threatens. Quail can come back to shot-out covert like an explosion if given a chance."

Brush piles are really only a substitute for cover, of course. In localities where armadillos, wood rats, skunks and other burrowing animals are found, there is a tendency for these species to take over artificial cover to the exclusion of quail. However, pending the establishment

(Continued on page 56)

BOWLING IS

By Paul D. Green

Don't get the idea you can run a bowling alley on pin money. (That's a joke, son.)

BOWLING, the greatest participant sport in the country except, perhaps for fishing, is also a mighty big business—200 million dollars yearly is spent by sweating pin-toppers striving for spares and strikes. You can cash in on its increasing popularity if you are looking around for an enterprise as solid as a rock maple ten-pin.

Within the past decade, bowling, which has enjoyed a fitful career in America in its modern form since about 1875, really came into its own. It is one of the few sports that is indulged in by children, men and women from nine to ninety, all year round, and at comparatively little cost. It is estimated that there are from 16 to 18 million regular bowling fans, and optimists in the field anticipate the ranks swelling by another four million or so within the next five years.

This forecast is based on several factors—the natural increase in all businesses which were restricted or held back during the war; the huge new pools of bowling enthusiasts created among the armed forces as part of their recreation campaign; the millions of war workers who became initiated to bowling as an excellent after-hour pastime or as part of industry's intelligent social program. The military branches alone installed about 4,800 alleys in camps throughout the country, on Pacific Islands, on the fog-swept Aleutians, in the Arctic, and on lend-lease air bases from Newfoundland to Trinidad. Hundreds of war plants followed the same trend and installed alleys for

their workers. At this moment, there are approximately 77,000 bowling alleys in 9,000 commercially owned and operated establishments in the country, and the demand for new sites is considerably greater than the supply of alley equipment and available sites. Within a decade there should be more than 100,000 alleys in 12,000 establishments.

So bowling as a business investment rates a serious look-into by individuals or small groups of would-be entrepreneurs, or by fraternal organizations, such as the B.P.O. Elks, which desire added income along with additional attractions to members. It has one of the best records of any type of small or medium-sized business both for the rate of profit on investment and as against receipts, and for its low mortality rate as a new enterprise. Before the war over 80 per cent of bowling establishments were money makers, and less than five to ten per cent closed after one year in business—an attractive percentage when lined up against the pre-war 66-2/3 per cent dying-off rate of restaurants and bars and grills in their first year.

During the war, of course, with the populace bursting its britches to find release from the arduous of war work, rationing and travel restrictions, there just was no such thing as an insolvent bowling establishment, unless it was in some hide-bound clubhouse afflicted with chronic rigor-mortis, or one operated gratis for the benefit of club members. To this day, it is virtually impossible to get an alley in the average place



BIG BUSINESS

between the hours of 7 p.m. and 11 p.m. unless you're booked weeks in advance with regular leagues.

Before you whip out your check book and write out a draft for some paltry sum, however, let me caution you that bowling alleys aren't run on pin money (pun). There was a time when you could open a decent-sized establishment of eight alleys—four pairs—for about \$12,000, one-third of which would be cash, the balance financed by one of the equipment manufacturers or a bank. Today, if you are fortunate enough to find a locale—preferably a discarded garage (which is scarcer than *rayon* hose today), a second-hand armory or an unwanted meeting hall, you'd still need about \$18,000 to open up a medium-sized place. With today's market still being bearish on the seller's end, it may be some time before you can open up a bowling establishment on the pre-war basis. Manufacturers have a total inventory of less than 1,500 alleys ready for installation, and they'd prefer to sell them on a strictly cash basis. Several of them, however, make exceptions for veterans who show good business sense and previous experience, and have taken a down payment and a three-year note for the balance, which is about how long it takes to pay off the investment. Manufacturers are having their headaches too, the main one being the shortage of long-leaf yellow pine, the wood which forms about one-third of the alley bed, the rest of which is rock maple. Longleaf yellow is going into paper and housing.

Despite the drawbacks, new, streamlined, chromium and fluorescent establishments are opening here and there—in California, Texas, Cuba, New York. The new ventures are modernistic architectural gems, with air-conditioning, indirect lighting, cocktail bars, soda fountains, luxurious lounges and all the appurtenances expected of a swank night club and not always found. The difference is, these establishments cater to the family trade, and chalk up huge takes in quarters and nickels.

Although a 16-alley establishment is the ideal type of place for the average community, eight, six and four-bed layouts can be profitable for quieter sections and clubhouses. There are dozens of multi-alleyed palaces—a 70-alley emporium, the State Fair Emporium, in Detroit, the Warner Brothers' 52-alley palace for their sports-minded cineworkers in Hollywood, the 47-alley Capitol in New York. Places like these gross between \$125,000 and \$250,000 a year.

The following is a rough estimate of how much the alley equipment of an eight-bed house costs. You can divide or multiply accordingly to get the figures for 12, 16 or 60-bed places—the averages are the same:

4 Pairs of Alleys at about \$4,000 a brace	\$16,000
includes 32 Balls	
4 Score Tables	
4 Marking Crayons	
8 Sets Select Pins	
8 Pit Mats	
4 M Score Sheets	
2 Gutter Mops.	

You'll also need the following:	
2 4-alley span bowlers' settees	850
72 Spectator Opera Seats	950
1 Polishing Machine—Alley	300
1 Ball Polishing Machine	85
2 Storage Racks for Balls	70
3 Bowlers' Lockers	180

TOTAL\$18,435

Add to this what you might want to spend on a small soda fountain or bar, and other improvements to the establishment, like a checkroom, lounges, special lighting effects. Looks pretty frightening, doesn't it? In today's quick cash market, it is—for a single fellow—but it's not impossible for two or three to team up for such an investment and make a fair income out of the operation.

The bowling season in the Middle West and East is from October through May, or approximately 270 playing days. In warm weather places like Florida, Texas and California, they figure on a year-round basis. Alleys average 40 games a day, although in many places today, operating on a 24-hour basis, they average as high as 100. Figuring on those averages, and on a 12-hour

day—from 2 p.m. to 2 a.m., with the peak from 7 p.m. to 11 p.m., and an average price of 28c per game, this is how your income and expenses should stack up for an eight-alley place (divide or multiply for figures for other sizes):

Revenue—Alleys Only—1 Year	\$24,192
Expenses:	
Pin Boys (7c a line, 25% of take)	\$6,048
Rent (Average \$35 per bed monthly)	3,360
Manager (To \$6,000 in big places, with an assistant)	3,120
Alley Man	1,600
Maintenance \$150 per bed	1,200
Lights \$8 per bed	768
Insurance	816
Miscellaneous	500
Heat \$5 per bed	480
Depreciation 5%	750

Total Expenses 18,642

Operating Profit \$ 5,550

This shows a clear profit of \$5,550 which is a considerable amount on an \$18,000 investment. If the manager is also the owner, he should be satisfied to draw half of the profit, which, with his own salary, gives him a comfortable living while his business develops. Profits can go much higher depending on the volume of business, added features, sale of equipment, rental of shoes, sale of cigarettes, cigars and candy, and

(Continued on page 44)

We Recommend:

ON STAGE



Jose Ferrer has once again hit the Broadway jackpot with his 1946 production of "Cyrano de Bergerac". Above, Roxane (Frances Reid) has a fit of the horrors as she gazes at the wounded noggin of Cyrano (Mr. Ferrer). The critics greeted "Cyrano" as one of the theater's happiest contributions to this dilatory Broadway season.



Lightweight, sophisticated tomfoolery about marriage makes up the plot of "Made in Heaven", starring Donald Cook, shown above with his leading lady, Carmen Mathews. Very witty repartée, handsome sets, good acting.



This is a season of revivals for Broadway, and not the least of them is "Lady Windermere's Fan", the first play by that genius of the English theater, Oscar Wilde. Brilliant, bubbling dialogue, a handsome production with magnificent costumes and sets by Cecil Beaton, and Cornelia Otis Skinner in the starring role contribute to an evening of "theater" as it was in the old days. Right is the cast, with Miss Skinner in the foreground.

Walter Pidgeon and Claudette Colbert have a go at the grape, toasting one another in MGM's "The Secret Heart", a story of young love and of middle-aged love. With Colbert and Pidgeon you can't go too far wrong.



ON SCREEN



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as "Sinbad, the Sailor", sweeps Maureen O'Hara off her feet with his love-making (or at least he is just before doing so) in RKO's costume-adventure film. Lavish is the word.

Fritz Kortner and Tyrone Power, as principal characters in Somerset Maugham's best-selling and real-life story, "The Razor's Edge", discuss the meaning of God while they are employed in a French coal mine. The film is one of 20th Century-Fox's imposing productions, and promises to be one of the most talked-of pictures of the year. You can take it in.



Dark doings are ever afoot in Columbia's sequel, "The Return of Monte Cristo". Louis Hayward shields lovely Barbara Britton (since they are the stars) from whatever perils may be facing her. One wonders, "Will he save her?" He does!



TOYS

FOR A PEACETIME

By Banning Repplier

**Little Willie and Little Audrey
are in for a bonanza
—if the old man has the price**

The new electric trains beat everything—electronically controlled, they do anything real trains will do and some things they won't.



CHRISTMAS

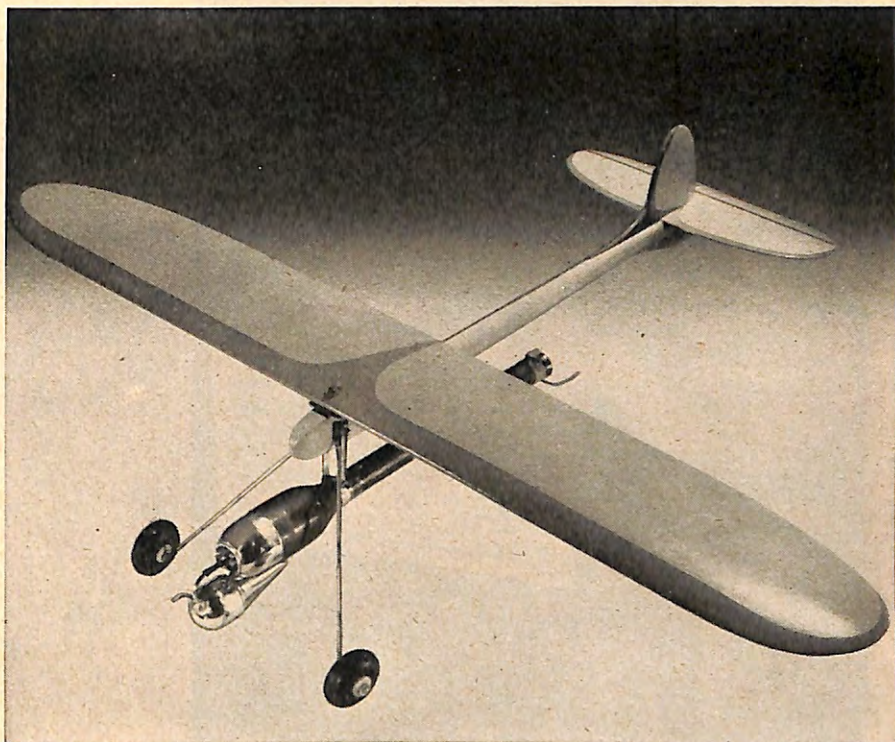
ONCE upon a time, which is to say any given year prior to 1946, all that Little Willie and his buddies needed for a quiet afternoon of cops and robbers or a game of soldiers were a few wooden rifles, some whittled-out bayonets and maybe a plastic Buck Rogers ray gun tossed in for good measure.

Time and the American toy industry have changed all that. U. S. toy makers, apparently a thoughtful lot who not only cater to Junior's smallest desire but pop up with a few items Junior could never have thought of, have managed to produce for this Christmas the greatest assorted number of articles for simulated mayhem the toy world—and Willie—have ever seen.

From now on, the boy who mows down the "enemy" with a Garand rifle carved out of soft pine, will be as old-fashioned as Aunt Gertrude's bustle. The Age of Electronics has edged into the toy market just as surely as it has overwhelmed the radio industry. After this, when Little Willie wants to lay down an artillery barrage, he'll use an automatic repeater-cannon that fires wooden shells electronically. Modeled after the 155-mm. Long Tom, it pumps out nine shells when it is plugged into a wall socket and a switch is pressed. Push-button warfare for the small fry has arrived.

Willie's army will also be able to fire a few rounds with a precision-built cannon, the barrel of which elevates, depresses and traverses from side to side by means of real brass gears. A spring action shoots aluminum bullets. Another steel cannon, more versatile and carrying a lanyard which faintly resembles a button hook, pops out wooden pellets of a size large enough to cause the "enemy" considerable misgiving. It has another handy feature, too: it can fire dried beans, split peas or even lentils if Little Willie's logistics get fouled up and he runs out of ammunition.

But the one weapon which is guaranteed to make Willie grab his tin hat and issue a fast declaration of war on the Clancy Street gang, is a wooden counterpart of the Tommy gun, turned out by the manufacturers of the one that gave such a bad time to the Germans and Japs. Com-



This plane is operated by honest-to-goodness jet-propulsion. You install a unit in the balsa wood fuselage and let fly.

This automatic repeater-cannon pumps out wooden shells electronically. It is modeled after the 155-mm. Long Tom and won't kill.

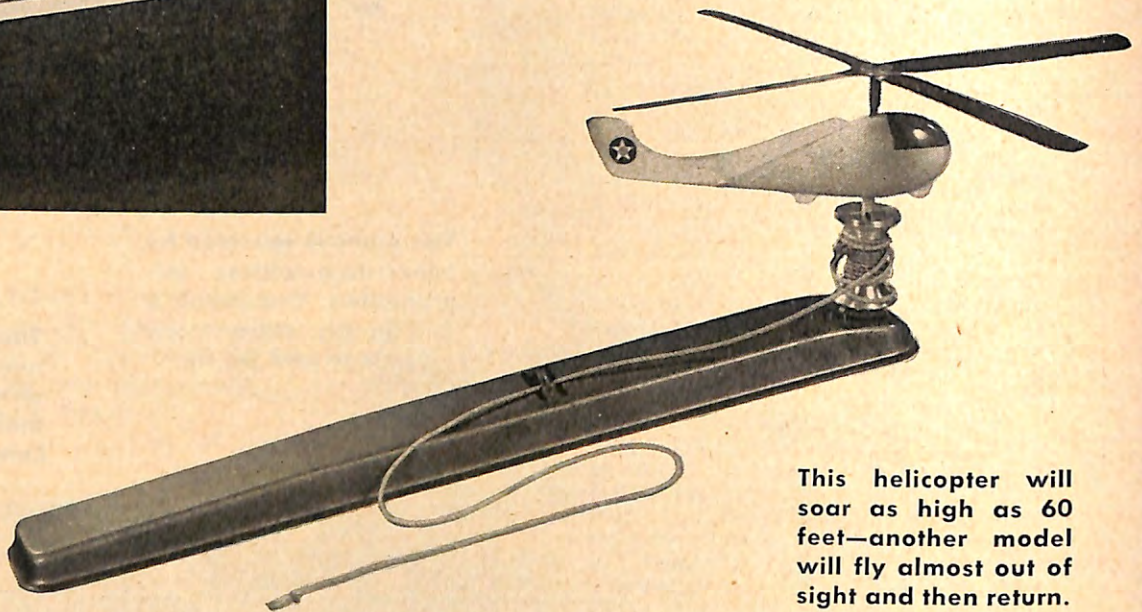




Little Audrey fools around with a tiny cookstove with four burners and an oven which really heats. Don't worry; it's insulated.

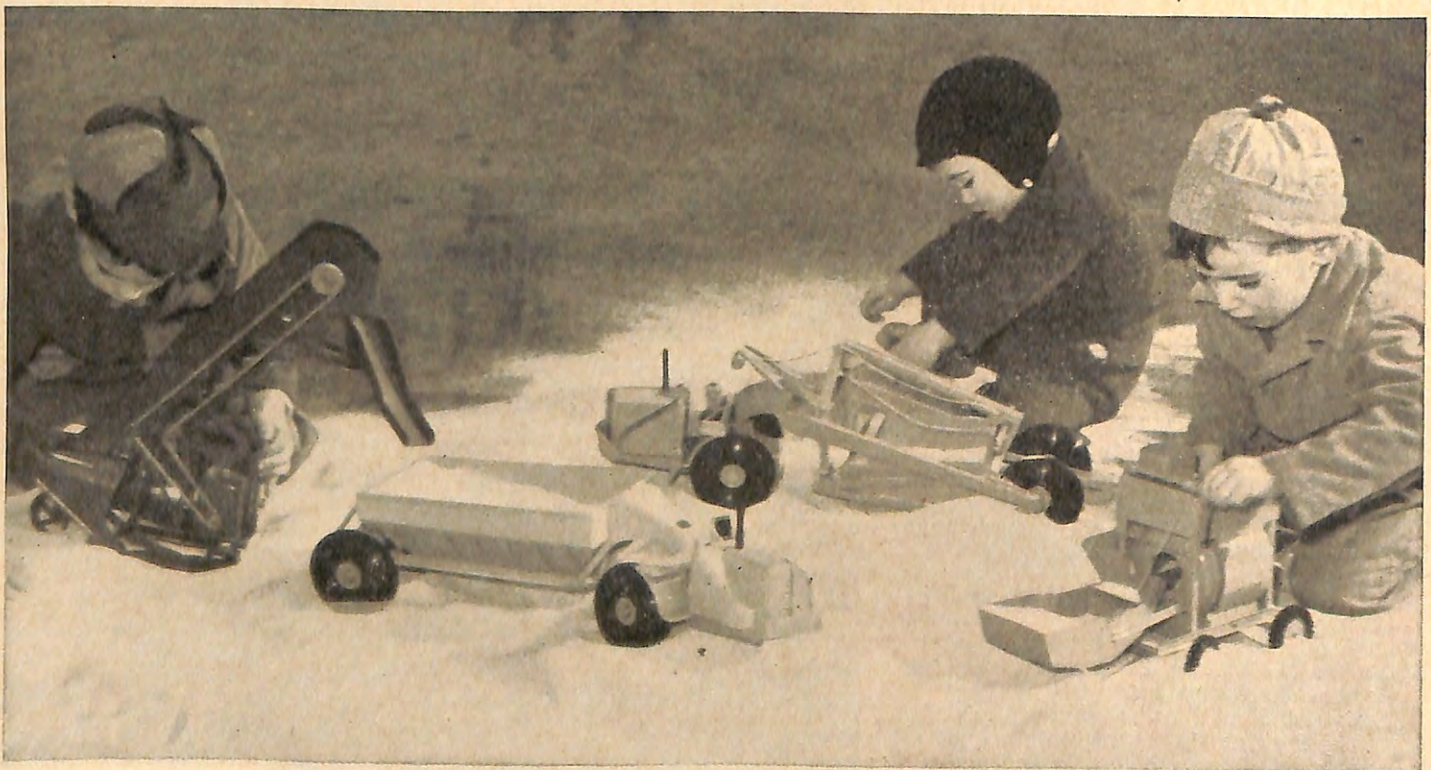
plete in almost all respects, it does everything except fire live bullets, a detail which will probably prove only a minor setback to Willie's high-octane imagination. A wind-up machine gun, made of metal, spits sparks to the accompaniment of a sound which ex-GI fathers will find is disturbingly like that of a ricocheting bullet.

Even Uncle Sam is doing his bit. The War Assets Administration, which is currently keeping a weather eye open for the civilian merchandising possibilities of all manner of infernal machines, reports that approximately 2,500,000 gas masks, purchased originally for the Office of Civilian Defense, have been sold as toys. In an ad calculated to set
(Continued on page 40)



The new, durable, light-weight materials made possible these construction units, and might lure the small-fry out of the "I want to be a soldier" class.

This helicopter will soar as high as 60 feet—another model will fly almost out of sight and then return.



It's a Man's World



by Dickson Hartwell

THIS is the time of year when the magazines blossom with columns of advice to their hapless readers on what to give Aunt Minnie for Christmas. Subscribers who want only to be amused are forced to wade through thousands of words of stuff about new compacts, exotic perfumes designed to revive the primitive in us civilized males, and all manner of feminine gee-gaws calculated to make a page of type smell like a boudoir.

This emphasis on gifts for ladies is a lot of nonsense because there is never any problem about what to give a woman for Christmas, or any other time. If the woman is your sister you give her a handbag, handkerchief, a compact or, if you're clever at remembering sizes, stockings. If she is your mother you give her handkerchiefs, stockings or a handbag. If she is your wife you give her one or all of these plus a piece of jewelry. Whether the jewelry is a charm bracelet, a string of imitation pearls or a sterling silver hairpin is immaterial. But the wife must get jewelry. It sets her up as a woman apart—a really special bit of business you regard so highly you will literally spend your own money to buy her something that isn't . . . well, to put it bluntly . . . practical.

Not all men hold their women in such high esteem. Some whose seasonal good will is made up of one part originality to four parts of that old tired feeling believe that a good stout shopping bag or a pair of new rubbers makes a

woman happiest. One husband I know who had listened for five years to wifely complaints of having to be on her feet long hours in the kitchen solved his Christmas shopping problem in one inspired minute. He bought her a can of paint, a paintbrush and an unpainted kitchen chair. Since each one was separately wrapped, this simple idea provided the desirable surprise element normally found in three different gifts. Yet, because each was carefully integrated into the other, they stood together also as a single gift of considerable proportions.

Women like almost anything, it seems, but the significance of certain things changes with the years. In the bright and merry days of prohibition it was considered daring and provocative to give one's bride a nightgown of black silk crepe. Nowadays, with silk nightgowns at \$30 each, the donor of such a present would be suspected not so much of amorous intentions as of being a black marketeer.

The possibilities of gifts for the ladies are, obviously, limitless. Where the Christmas problem arises is in what the ladies give the men. The shirt-pyjama-handkerchief-necktie axis has been busted wide open by the disappearance from the market of shirts and pyjamas. Although neckties and handkerchiefs are available in abundance, they can't be depended upon to carry the entire burden of Christmas gifts for 50,000,000 American males—I keep telling myself hopefully.

Here follows, therefore, a list of stuff men would like for Christmas, if it were given them. At least there are a good many things they'd like less, whether they would admit it or not. At any rate my private little poll, taken while standing around airports waiting for planes to become unweathered, indicates that the following cover some of the current needs of four out of five urban, literate males old enough to chew tobacco. If nothing else it is at least a guide to inquiring ladies, of whom most households at this time of year are full.

Smoking Materials: Men who smoke pipes can always use another provided it's a good one. A good pipe costs more than a dollar. Period. Briar varies in quality; but the briar bowl should be the best you can afford. A clay or cherry bowl pipe makes a good gag-gift and makes a good smoke, too. A pipe stand is handy for a man with several pipes. But never give a pipe to a cigaret smoker; you might as well buy a raincoat for a salmon. Tobacco pouches which also hold a pipe are often impractical for the two together overbulge a single pocket. A sturdily built cigaret lighter is good if it has a wind guard; if not, it's just another gadget. Cigar smokers appreciate cigars of a brand better than they usually buy but be careful to get something about as mild or as strong. Price is not a reliable index here.

Etchings: That's what I said, etchings. And I mean also black and white lithographs, woodcuts and dry-points, if you want to get technical about it. Most men would take genuine pride in owning a couple of good etchings, and they aren't necessarily costly—from \$5 to \$20 for quite good ones. There are also print clubs in which a \$10-\$25 annual membership brings three excellent prints in the course of a year. Prints can be ordered by mail from catalogues. But any good dealer will suggest a couple of good ones and exchange them for others if they aren't satisfactory. This is a really distinctive gift. If prints are given to a man who doesn't already own some, they'd better be framed (at about \$3 more) so he'll take the hint and immediately hang them up.

Liquors: The idea held by our forefathers (or maybe it was our foremothers) that to give a man a bottle of whiskey was to invite him to drink it then and there is now happily as defunct as—unhappily—is Scotch. Wine or liquor is socially highly acceptable, but as a present it ought to be something pretty special. Cognac brandy is back, for example, and sipping after-dinner brandy is a temperate habit to promote. Dealers are stocked to the ceilings with sweet cordials but beware of them unless you know what you're doing. Some of the Napa Valley and Livermore wines of California are really excellent and cultivation of their use adds enjoyment

(Continued on page 50)



"Looks like the richest harvest ever!"

Are you an advocate of sensible drinking?

Do you prefer a light-bodied whiskey... that *also* gives you magnificent perfected flavor... all-around whiskey agreeableness?

Remember... Calvert has blended more fine whiskey in its time than any other distiller in America.

And hence the tradition

... Clear Heads Choose Calvert

Calvert

BLENDED WHISKIES

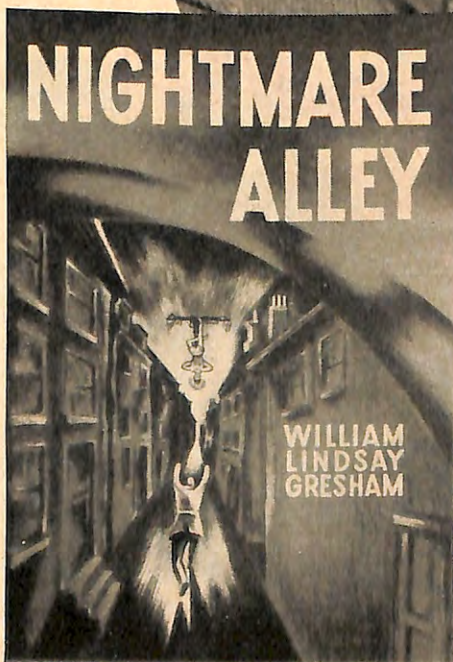
Reserve OR *Special*

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

What America is Reading

by Al Hubbell

There are a lot of strange and curious books being published these days. You never can tell what you're going to be reading about.



A SMALL but vociferous segment of the literary critical fraternity is extremely fond of spotting trends and finding deep reasons why the public likes to read certain kinds of books at certain times. This coterie, which is apparently made up of lay readers in psychoanalysis, to hear them talk, and which finds expression mainly in the little magazines and quarterly reviews, makes very free with words and phrase like "mass escapism", "post- or prewar neuroses", "national traumas" and so on; they tell us why we like historical novels, why we like detective stories (usually for uncomplimentary reasons); they will analyze a man's novel and come up with weighty explanations of the

At left is William Lindsay Gresham and the jacket of his novel of evil and crime—"Nightmare Alley."

author's hidden meanings which are sometimes quite surprising (and, doubtless, gratifying) to the author himself, who had no idea he was so profound and subtle.

Perhaps these gentlemen can make something out of the current marked predilection of the public for violence and even decadence in literature and the dramatic arts. I leave it to them, although I should like to add hastily, I make no promise to read their findings. But the point needs no laboring: there is a seemingly insatiable appetite at present for stories, movies and books about the insane, about perverts, inverts, degenerates, schizophrenic murderers and other attractive citizens. Just look at the marquee of your neighborhood movie house; just cast your eye over the shelves at your local circulating library.

Well, now we have a new novel about the submerged, I hope, world of corrupt passion and crime. It is *Nightmare Alley*, a first effort by William Lindsay Gresham, and it's going to be right up there in the money for the degeneracy sweepstakes. Already, I have been told, at least one of the big moving picture companies is licking its corporate chops and flashing checks around for the screen rights. If the book is sold to the films, I'm afraid the Johnson Office will have to work nights getting the script in shape, as you might say, for public exhibition.

Mr. Gresham has chosen for his field of research the little known world of the cheap carnival—the kind of carnival that plays small
(Continued on page 59)

Never been Topped

By Don Carle Gillette



**This may be the
miracle age, but it's
all been done before,
and better.**

WE ARE constantly being led to believe, by commentators, columnists, press agents and other dispensers of fascinating data, that this is an age of miraculous achievements surpassing anything and everything in the past.

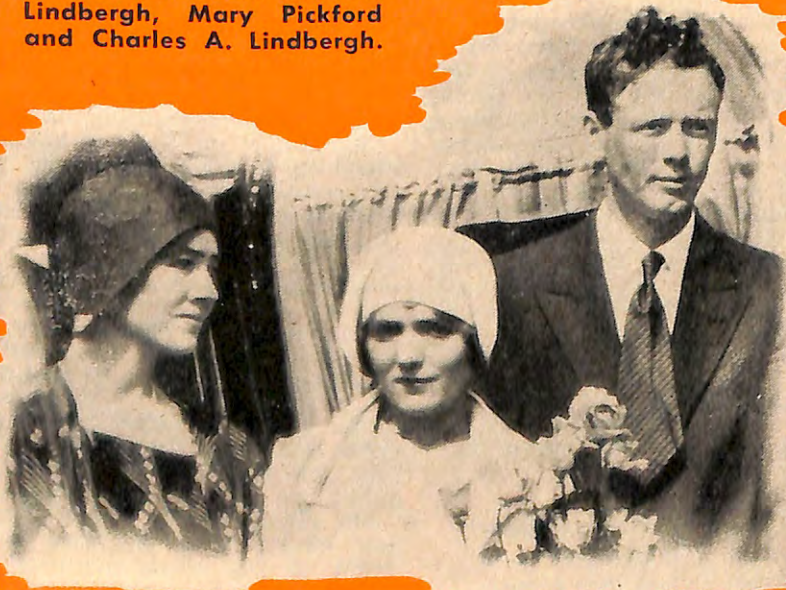
The impression has been created that hardly a day goes by without some new record, or half a dozen of them, being made in various fields of endeavor from corn-husking to weight-lifting.

In mechanical progress, it is quite true that speed and efficiency are

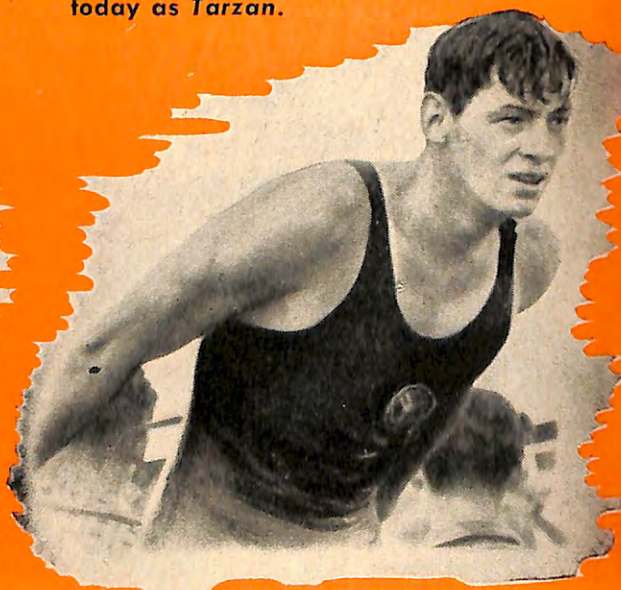
continually being stepped up. But when it comes to such things as creative effort, physical prowess and several other departments of human striving, there are quite a few old-time records that have stood like rocks of Gibraltar for anywhere from ten to fifty years, or longer.

Take first a subject that is high on the agenda of everybody's daily thinking and is at the root of most of our national turmoil—wages for workers. If you are one of the new generation with the notion—probably acquired from newspaper head-

Three fabulous characters of the '30s—Anne Morrow Lindbergh, Mary Pickford and Charles A. Lindbergh.



Johnny Weissmuller in his heyday, still is tops today as Tarzan.



Rogers Hornsby, who 22 years ago hit the all-time record average of .424.



lines about sky-high Hollywood salaries—that topnotch personalities are being paid more today than at any time in history, please prepare yourself for a few surprises.

The golden age of star salaries actually was during the days of the now much lampooned silent films. About 30 years ago, Mary Pickford received a salary of \$10,000 a week plus half the profits from her pictures—probably equal to at least another ten grand. Charlie Chaplin got \$10,000 weekly in salary and additional thousands as bonus. This made Mary and Charlie the highest salaried persons of all time, each getting over a half-million yearly in salary alone—and those were days when they could keep most of it instead of having to give the major portion to Uncle Sam. Later, when they became producers of their own pictures, Mary and Charlie had incomes running into the millions.

When you hear rumors about Milton Berle or Danny Kaye being offered \$20,000 a week for limited engagements in special places, there's no need for you to whistle in amazement. That may be a larger sum than the \$17,500 collected by Al Jolson for one week's work at the Metropolitan, Los Angeles, in the lush 1920's, but back in 1917-18 the late George M. Cohan was paid \$30,000 a week for ten weeks to make the silent-picture version of three of his stage hits, "Broadway Jones", "Seven Keys to Baldpate" and "Hit-the-Trail Holliday". That was quite a bit better than the \$30,000 weekly Constance Bennett is supposed to

have received several years ago for a smaller number of weeks.

The highest long-run personal appearance salary was paid to Gilda Gray in 1926 for touring the country with the film version of "Aloma of the South Seas". She netted around \$17,000 weekly.

And Enrico Caruso, whose fee at the Metropolitan in New York was \$2,500 a performance, went to Mexico City in 1918 for a season of opera at the highest salary ever paid an artist—\$15,000 a performance!

Our Johnny-come-latelies in the field of theatrical journalism, who have been touting Mike Todd as the most prolific stage producer of the ages, apparently don't know their stage history. Augustin Daly, pioneer in placing American drama on a solid and respected footing, put

on 21 new productions in six months at Daly's Fifth Avenue Theater, New York, in 1869-70.

Playwright John Van Druten, who recently had three of his works running simultaneously on Broadway, is still quite a distance behind Clyde Fitch, the demon dramatist of four decades back. Fitch once had five plays on the Broadway boards concurrently.

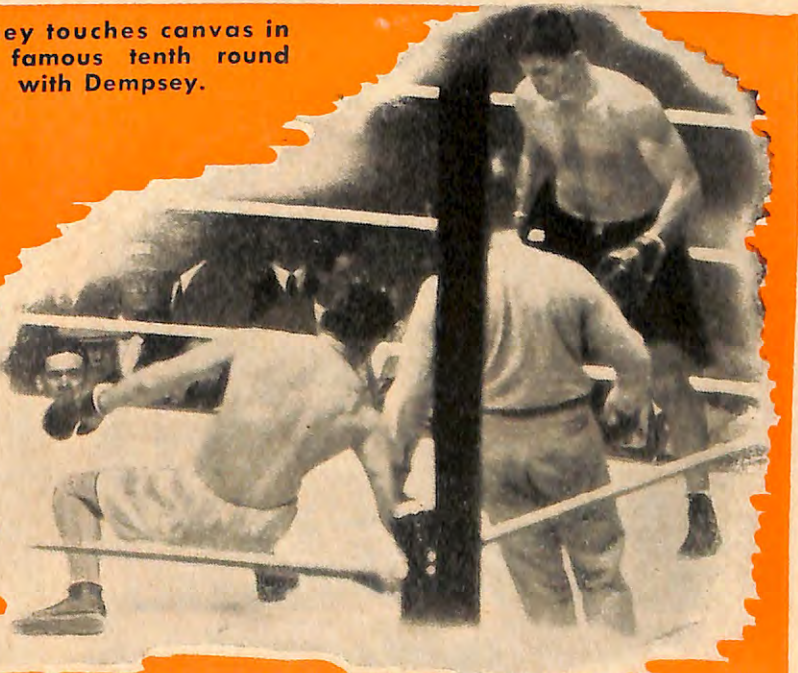
No stage production has had more companies on tour for a greater number of years, or has been seen by more persons, than the classic of the Civil War era, "Uncle Tom's Cabin", which has been performed annually for 75 years, with as many as 50 companies on tour in one season—and five companies playing simultaneously in London.

(Continued on page 42)

Cy Young, who pitched the record for games won, and holds it to this day.



Tunney touches canvas in that famous tenth round with Dempsey.



Photos by Sam West

Editorial

Elks Will Not Forget



LKS will not forget the boys who fought our country's battles, and have come back, perhaps to spend the rest of their lives within hospital walls. These boys will receive all that medical skill can provide, but they need more than this. It is just as essential to their well-being that they receive the tonic to morale that can only come from contact with the outside world. It is to provide these contacts, to bring entertainment and good cheer into the hospitals, that the Grand Lodge created the Elks Veterans Service Commission that is now carrying out its program, with the assistance of State Associations, in forty-three States.

Not only are these Associations bringing entertainment into the hospitals, but they are organizing corps of lady visitors to pay regular visits and bring to the patients the cheer and comfort that a sick and lonely boy appreciates more than all else, the gentle touch of a woman's hand, and the cheerful radiance of her smile. During the war days, the ladies performed a great service in the conduct of Fraternal Centers, and in the appealing field of hospital service they will carry on with the same sympathetic consideration they gave to the

visitors to the Elks' canteens. The hospital and visiting program is expected to be in full operation in time to bring into the hospitals that abundance of Christmas cheer the Elks know so well how to provide.

The hospital program is financed by the residue of the Elks War Fund in addition to a contribution of \$100,000, appropriated by the Grand Lodge, made possible through the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission. No contributions have been requested by the Veterans Commission, but those lodges that have not met their contributions one hundred per cent to the War Fund may assist the veterans program by paying in full now. This payment will make them eligible for the handsome "Certificate of Appreciation" which so proudly adorns most lodge homes, and without which the walls of any lodge home look very bare.

The Spirit of Christmas



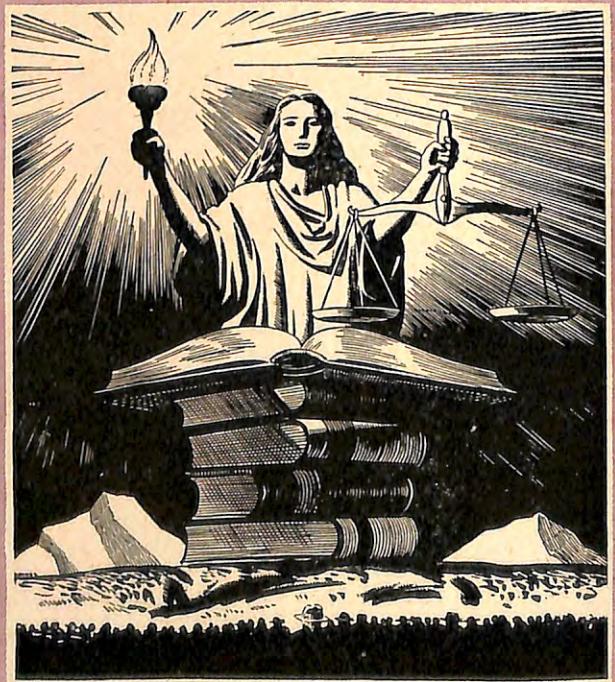
When the bells ring out their "tidings of great joy" on this second postwar Christmas morning they will send their message of peace and good will to a world that knows no peace.

For six years a great conflict gave the lie to all that Christmas means. It is over now, but the nations whose peoples fought to preserve their liberties seem groping to find a way to consolidate their victories into peace.

The march to peace is as difficult as the march into battle, and the way to unity of action, which the title of the United Nations implies, has not yet been found. The confidence of the battlefield seems to have given way to fears and suspicions on the peace-front that place insurmountable barriers in the way of international good will. The Christmas spirit seems far away. But it is a spirit which has inspired men for thousands of years. Its vitality justifies the hope that peace will come to earth again.



Charity



Justice

To those whose memory goes back to the days when all the world looked for the coming of Christmas, when men of all creeds accepted its message of good will, and its advent as a time for giving and sharing, this postwar Christmas is a nostalgic period indeed. It calls to mind lights, and laughter, feasting and spicy smells, holly a gleam with bright red berries, mistletoe and the burning Yule log.

In the days before war turned loose the Four Horsemen to ride rough-shod over all that was fine and beautiful in the world, Christmas was fast becoming a universal holiday. The salutation, "Merry Christmas," was on all men's lips and the spirit of giving warmed all men's hearts. It was a season to whose good cheer all creeds could subscribe, for every land and creed have contributed to the traditions of the Yuletide. Santa Claus, the tree, the candles, the burning Yule log, were inherited from many lands, and some of its cherished customs even antedated the first Christmas Day.

The vital spark that made the season one of joy and good will, that warmed the hearts of men toward their fellows, was the Spirit of Christmas, born when shepherds, watching their flocks, saw "the light that was never on land or sea" diffuse the skies over the Judean hills, and heard an angel chorus chant, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." It was not of the God of any one creed the angel chorus sung, but of the Father of all.

The Spirit of Christmas transcends the boundaries of race and creed. Its appeal is directly to the human heart. It is the perfect formula for the prevention of war, the unending panacea for the world's aching hearts.

Humanity looks upon a gloomy picture at this Christmas season. Deep in their hearts people are thinking of the next war, and its effect upon our civilization. The atom bomb did more than obliterate an enemy city, it raised a brooding spectre of uncertainty and fear that will not down.

But the Spirit of Christmas still lives. For the moment it

may be overshadowed by the gloom of a world emerging from the chaos and devastation of a ruthless war, and the exhausting effects of victory won by "blood and sweat and tears", but it is nevertheless the implacable enemy of fear, and will fight valiantly by the side of hope until barriers to peace and good will are swept aside by the recognition that enduring peace lies in the doctrine of the brotherhood of man.

When Christmas morning comes, and its bells peal forth the anthem, "Glory to God in the highest," it's *our* Father whom they will praise, and not the God of any one sect or creed, and their message of peace and good will is one for *all* mankind to ponder, for it is the truth that will make men free.

In Memoriam



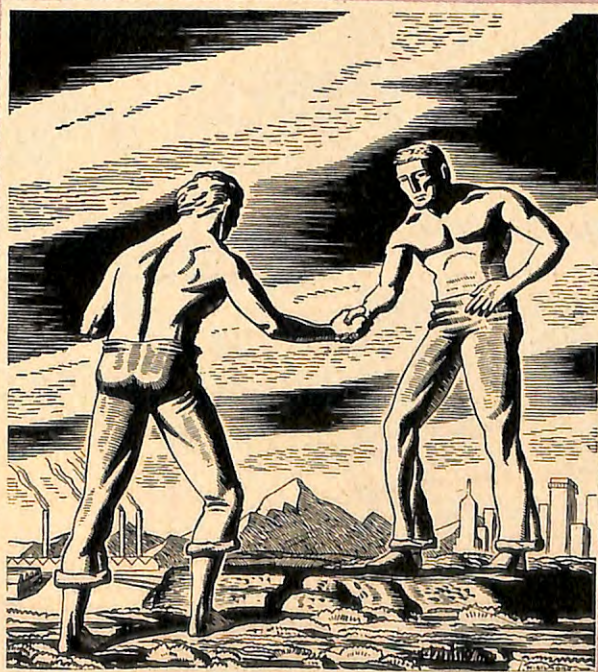
emory, God's great gift to man, is the wonderful faculty that recalls the touch of vanished hands, and brings to us on wings of reverie, the music of voices long stilled.

The Order of Elks dedicates the first Sunday in each December to Memory—the memory of our Absent Brothers . . . Brothers who will come no more.

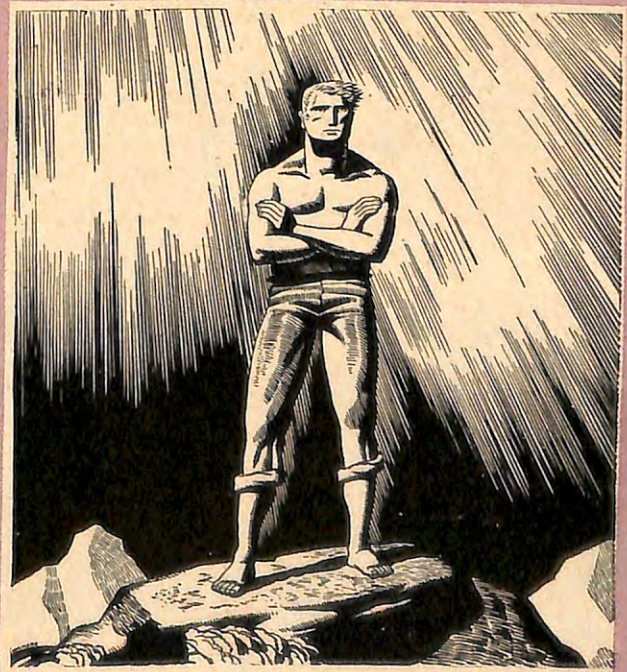
But Memorial Day is not a day of sadness, rather a day of tender recollection, of gentle thoughts, of communion with the departed.

We travel far on Memorial Day—to the hallowed spots of God's acre where so many of our departed comrades sleep, across the seas, where little white crosses tell their tale of sacrifice. We visit graves upon which falls softly the light of the tropic moon, and others covered with winter's snow, all are sacred, all shielding the precious dust of our loved ones.

On Memorial Day "we pause, we reason, we scan the heavens", but with "the great heart of Elkdom" attuned to love, and in the communal silence of the hour "listening faith can hear the rustle of a wing".



Brotherly Love



Fidelity



Activities

of the

ELK'S NATIONAL VETERANS SERVICE COMMISSION

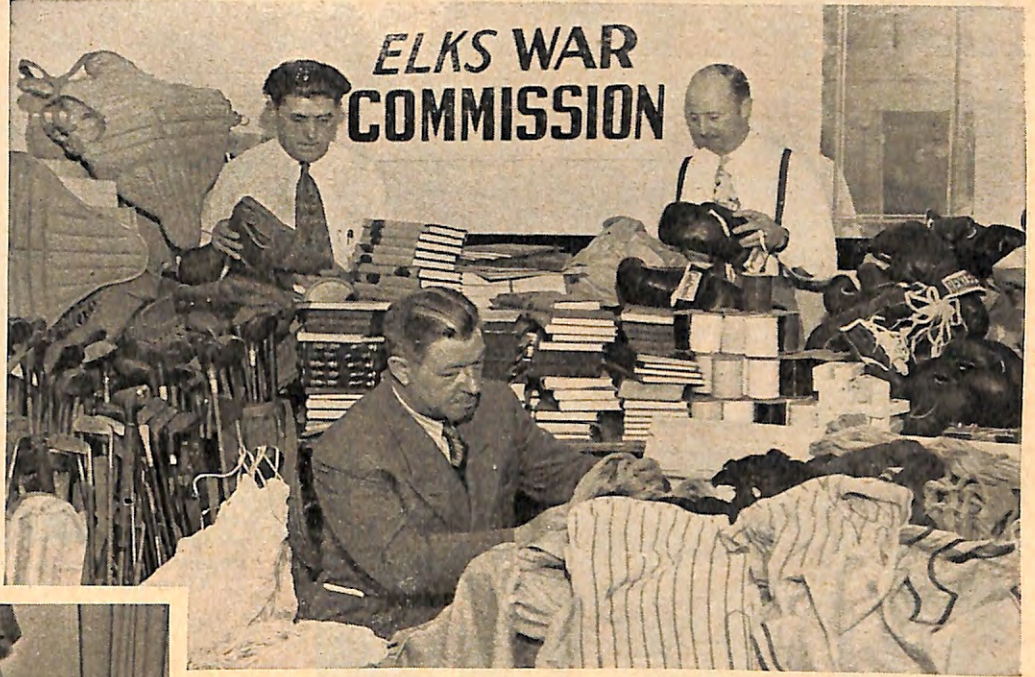
Above are the ex-GI's who were entertained by Pasca-goula, Miss., Lodge recently. Engraved certificates were presented to them by the lodge.

Right: A few of the 25 boys from Mitchel Field Base Hospital who were entertained at an impromptu dinner by Freeport, N. Y., Lodge receive special Elk attention.



Left is a candid shot of some of those who attended a recent party for veterans, given by the South Carolina Elks Assn.

ELKS WAR COMMISSION



Right: Members of the Calif. Elks War Commission inspect material collected for boys in Veterans Hospitals in that State.



Left is one of the O'Reilly General Hospital patients, paralyzed from the waist down, who has been provided with a complete set of watchmaker's tools by the Missouri Elks and now has a contract with a Chicago watch manufacturer.

Below is an ambulatory group of patients from the Marine Hospital at Detroit, Mich., who were entertained recently by the Michigan State Elks Assn. Hospital Committee.





Above are some of those present when Portland, Ore., Lodge entertained a group of Disabled American Veterans at a dinner party held during their Convention out there.

Left is one of the talented groups sponsored by the Ohio State Elks Association for entertainment at hospitals for veterans.



Right is Fresno, Calif., Lodge's fine group of nine recruits for Army enlistment.



Below is a photograph taken during the presentation of a public address system to patients at Veterans Hospital at Excelsior Springs, Mo., by the local lodge for the Missouri State Assn.





Above: Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton is pictured, top center, with local and State Elk officials at Ballard (Seattle), Wash., Lodge. Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters stands at top, third from left, with Grand Trustee George I. Hall on his right.



GRAND EXALTED RULER'S *Visits*

GRAND EXALTED RULER Charles E. Broughton is the instigator of the circuit court suit recently started in Wisconsin to revoke the charter granted the Wisconsin Knights of the Ku Klux Klan by that State in 1925. Following faithfully the cardinal principles of the Order, Mr. Broughton is waging a terrific battle against any and all "isms" contrary to the fundamental principles upon which our Government is founded. On his petition to revoke the Klan charter, which he made to Atty. Gen. John Martin, the State Supreme Court has permitted the Attorney General to start this suit.

Mr. Broughton, in his travels, constantly reiterates his and the Order's militant stand against such subversive influences as the Klan whenever he addresses a gathering of Elks.

On Oct. 5th he and his party attended a banquet and meeting at VANCOUVER, WASH., LODGE, NO. 823, and Oct. 7th found this group at BALLARD (SEATTLE), WASH., LODGE, NO. 827, where he was greeted by officers of No. 827 and of the Washington State Assn., and by the State's District Deputies, as well as a huge crowd of Ballard Elks. Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary, Charleroi, Pa., Secretary George I. Hall of the Board of Grand Trustees, Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge, and

Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Emmett T. Anderson, Tacoma, Wash., accompanied the Grand Exalted Ruler.

In addition to his official visit there, Mr. Broughton also kept a luncheon engagement that day at TACOMA, WASH., LODGE, NO. 174, and on the 8th he paid a visit to OLYMPIA, CENTRALIA, CHEHALIS, KELSO and LONGVIEW, WASH., LODGES. On the 9th, Elks at OREGON CITY, ALBANY, CORVALLIS, SALEM and EUGENE, ORE., entertained the Order's leader and his retinue. Luncheon was provided by Salem Lodge that day, while the meet-

ing at Eugene was an evening affair.

Hundreds of Elks welcomed Mr. Broughton to the 1947 Grand Lodge Convention City Oct. 10th and an impressive banquet was given for him that evening by the members of PORTLAND, ORE., LODGE, NO. 142. It was attended by a great many luminaries including Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan, Governor Earl Snell, Mayor Earl Riley and Mr. Masters.

By the middle of the month, Mr. Broughton was on the Eastern Coast of the country and on the 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st of October, he visited a number of New England lodges, including HAVERHILL and NEWBURYPORT, MASS.; BIDDEFORD-SACO, ME.; PORTSMOUTH, LANCONIA, DOVER, CLAREMONT, KEENE and NASHUA, N. H., and ST. JOHNSBURY, VT., and attended the NEW HAMPSHIRE and VERMONT STATE meetings.

Oct. 25th saw the Order's leader at a celebration at MONMOUTH, ILL., LODGE, NO. 397, honoring State Pres. R. Byron Zea.



Right: Mr. Masters, left, and Mr. Broughton, second from left, at the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence Rupp in Pennsylvania, with other dignitaries, including Mr. Masters' Assistant, F. J. Schrader, second from right.



Above are some of those who were present at Prescott, Ariz., Lodge's Fiftieth Anniversary celebration when thirty men were initiated.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES THROUGHOUT THE NATION

PORT ANGELES, "NAVAL", WASH., Lodge, No. 353, recently celebrated its Golden Jubilee with its three surviving charter members, P.E.R. Thomas T. Aldwell, Walter J. Dyke and A. L. Johnson, as honored guests.

Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Emmett T. Anderson of Tacoma Lodge, was guest speaker, bringing personal greetings from Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton, and presenting

No. 353 with the Elks War Commission's Certificate of Appreciation. A delegation of officers from Port Townsend Lodge was also on hand.

P.E.R. Joseph H. Johnston, on behalf of his lodge, gave each charter member a handsome diamond-set lapel pin engraved with "50 years", and paid verbal tribute to these members and to those officers who served over the 50-year period of No. 353's existence.



McALLEN, TEX., Lodge, No. 1402, came into being with a bang on Charter Night, Sept. 25th, when its charter was presented by Grand Est. Loyal Knight George Strauss in the presence of a great many distinguished visitors.

Organized eight months earlier, the membership now totals 278. A Degree Team from San Benito Lodge, No. 1402's sponsor, initiated 35 new members that evening.

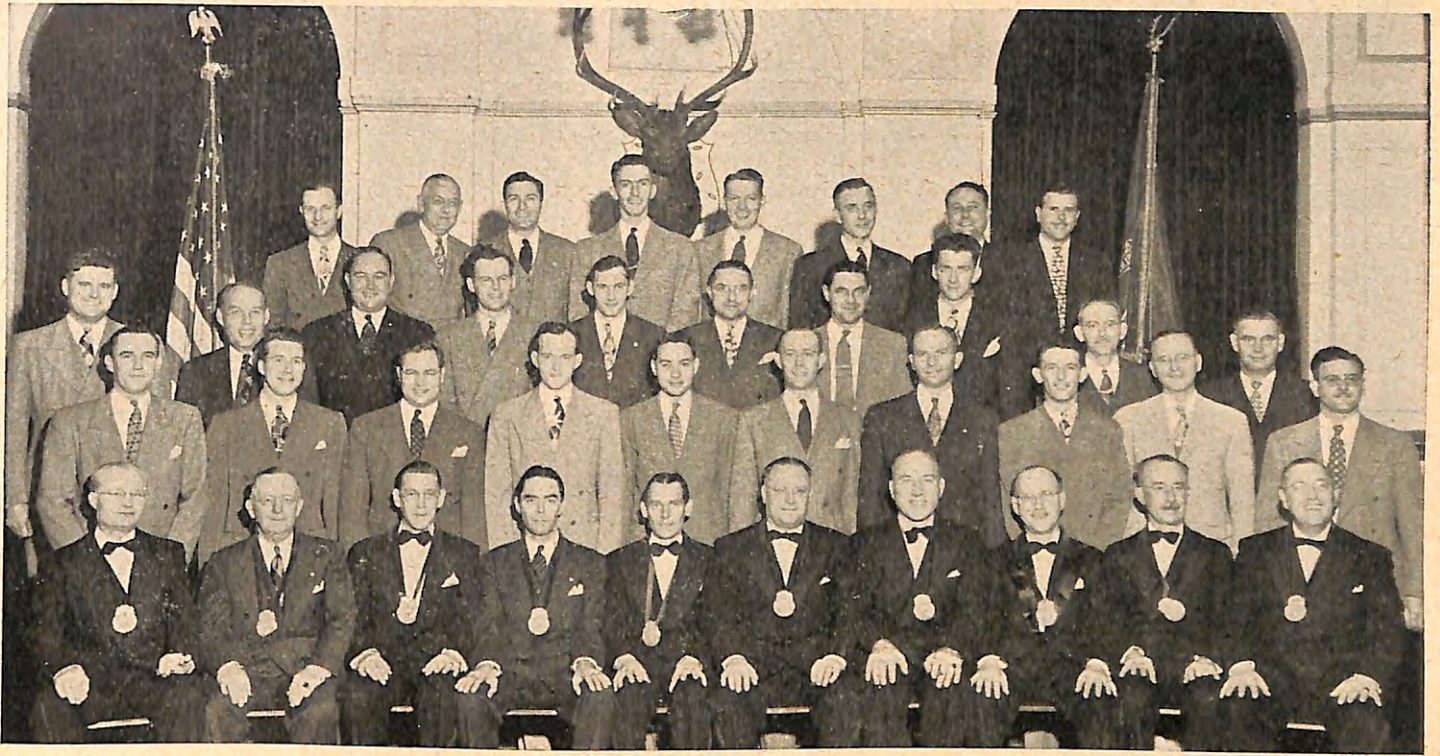
State Pres. Floyd B. Ford, Past State Vice-Pres. F. L. Gay; State Vice-Pres. Barney Myers and D.D. Walter Stein were among those dignitaries of the Order who headed delegations from their lodges.

E.R. Pete Bonneau, in accepting the charter, announced his objective of a 500-membership list by the expiration of his term. This rapidly expanding lodge has already outgrown its present quarters and, with sufficient funds already in the treasury to finance the purchase of a building, the Trustees are negotiating to acquire a suitable home.

IND. ELKS GOLF ASSN. The 1st Annual Open Championship Tournament of the Indiana Elks Golf Assn. took place August 10th and 11th at the Elks Country Club at Fort Wayne with a big field. Thirty Indiana lodges were represented by the 296 golfers who teed off in the 36-hole event.

The first 18 holes were played Saturday and the second on Sunday, with only 12 players dropping out of the final rounds. Glen Miller, Fort Wayne Amateur Golf Champion, added the Elks' State title to his laurels, with Tom Switzer, Bill Morris and Willie Adams, all of Fort Wayne, trailing him

Left are the three charter members of Port Angeles, "Naval", Wash., Lodge who were honored guests at the lodge's Golden Jubilee celebration.



Above, with their officers, is Flint, Mich., Lodge's first class of the Fall season.

in that order and making up the group which bagged the handsome trophy donated by Mayor Harry Beals to the four amateur lowest scorers from any one town. The professional lowest-scorer was Bill Tinder of Anderson. He and Mr. Miller received identical prizes, as well as beautiful wristwatches.

On Saturday evening a banquet was served to 310 golfers and their guests, and on Saturday afternoon about 130 visiting ladies were entertained at a luncheon bridge by the ladies of Fort Wayne Lodge who also furnished a wonderful home-cooked breakfast from six to eleven both mornings.

Next year's Tourney will take place in Lafayette and M. M. Goodnight of that city was named President of the Association, succeeding Klee Lackey.

With the approval of Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton, plans are now being made for the organization of the U. S. Elks Open Championship Golf Tournament at the Fort Wayne Elks Golf Course in 1947, and the Secretaries of any lodges having top-ranking pro or amateur golfers are invited to submit their names as early as possible.

GREENVILLE, N. C., Lodge, No. 1645, is one of the most active small lodges south of the Mason-Dixon Line. In addition to its regular programs, special emphasis is placed on boys'

Right are dignitaries of the Order who were present at the institution of Danielson, Conn., Lodge. Left to right: P.D.D. James P. Wrang; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin; P.E.R. Dr. Henry Martin, former Grand Lodge official; Attorney General William Hadden of Conn.; P.D.D. Clinton Chapin; Past Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan; James E. McGovern, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, and D.D. Thomas F. Dorsey, Jr.

work, community recreation programs, and aid to underprivileged children and adults in need of medical attention or other necessities. Men of the Armed Services and the more than 300 tobacco company employees who come to town during the short marketing period, are given the privilege of using the recreation rooms of the lodge.

The regular meetings of No. 1645 often include many interesting highlights and E.R. John W. Glover sometimes offers special prizes to stimulate attendance, with fine results. The Greenville Elks hope to buy or build a new home within the next few months; for some years a building fund has been fostered for this purpose.

NEW ALBANY, IND., Lodge, No. 270, received the Elks War Commission's Certificate of Appreciation at a special meeting. A fine group of Elks, their wives and friends witnessed the presentation which was made by Maj. Raymond L. Springer, procurement officer of the U. S. Quartermaster Depot at Jeffersonville. E.R. Arch Hook accepted the Certificate in behalf of his lodge.

LYNBROOK, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1515, held a meeting recently during which the peach basket was slightly upset by the fact that Assistant District Attorney Frank A. Gulotta, P.E.R., acted as Exalted Ruler to install District Court Judge Norman F. Lent as Esteemed Loyal Knight. Vice-Chairman and Secretary George I. Hall of the Board of Grand Trustees, a P.E.R. of No. 1515, took part in the ceremonies and later in the evening presented to his lodge, on behalf of the Elks War Commission, a Certificate of Appreciation in recognition of No. 1515's full cooperation in the war efforts of the Commission.

FREEPORT, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1253, didn't let the boys down when the rains came. Bad weather interfered with No. 1253's plans to entertain, at midget auto races, a group of patients from Mitchell Field Base Hospital, so the soldiers were guests at an impromptu party at the lodge home instead. Twenty-five men had a wonderful time at the affair which was in charge of Chairman Thomas diGiacome of the lodge's Rehabilitation Committee.





Above are 46 new Honolulu, Hawaii, Elks.



Above: State Pres. Lee A. Donaldson presents a scrapbook containing several hundred items pertaining to the initiation of the All-Pennsylvania Schrader Class to F. J. Schrader, Assistant to Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, in honor of Mr. Schrader's 50th year as an Elk.

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

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

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

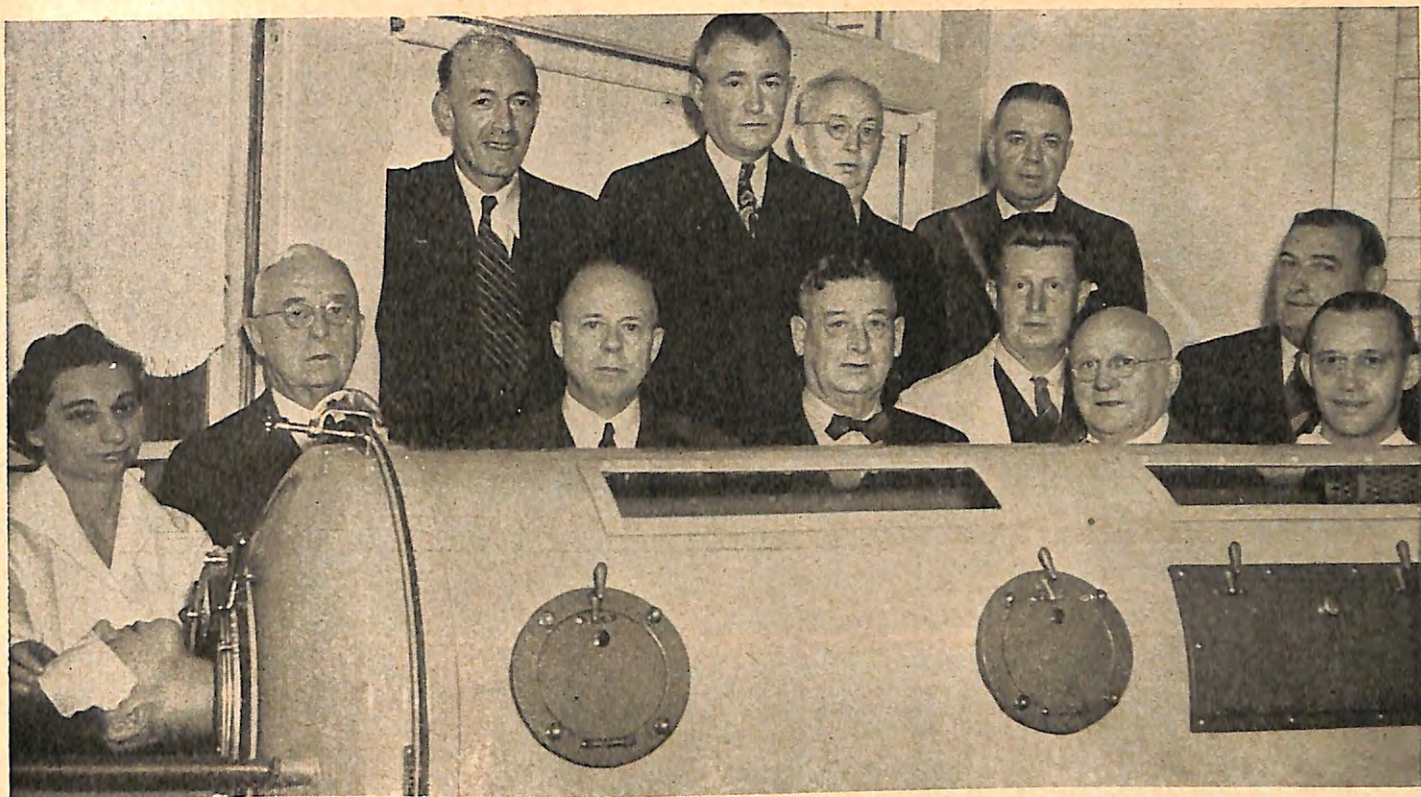
WALTHAM, MASS., Lodge, No. 953, joined with State and national Elk dignitaries to honor Miss Amelia M. Cardillo, winner of the \$300 Elks Scholarship award of the Elks National Foundation. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Foundation, presented the check to Miss Cardillo and delivered an inspiring address. Mayor John F. Devane extended the city's congratulations to this student and Supt. of Schools John W. McDevitt was another civic official to pay tribute

to Miss Cardillo and Headmaster Charles W. Goodrich of Waltham Senior High School also praised her ability. Grand Treasurer John F. Burke, State Trustee Arthur J. Shaw and D.D. Robert C. M. Mulcahy, of Watertown, making his first official visit to Waltham, were also on hand, along with Miss Cardillo's family and her numerous Waltham friends. Trustee Joseph M. Kohler, on behalf of No. 953, presented a beautiful pin to this brilliant young woman. A luncheon at the Elks lodge home for members and guests followed the ceremonies which took place at Odd Fellows' Hall.

The program was conducted by E.R. Joseph C. Masucci, and arrangements were in charge of a committee headed by P.E.R. John H. Walsh.

Below is the class initiated into Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge in honor of Ernst Meissel who has been an Elk for 43 years.





Above: The Iron Lung presented to Heaton Hospital by Montpelier, Vt., Lodge dominates this photograph taken during the presentation ceremonies.

SILVER SPRING, MD., Lodge, No. 1677, was instituted in August, 1945, and six months later voted to sponsor a Boys' Club and a Boys' Band. In September, 1946, both clubs had an enrollment of 308 healthy, enthusiastic, young Americans.

The Boys' Club's first baseball season was a triumphant one and the youngsters expect to enter into tougher competition next year. The Boys' Band is now asked to play at all Silver Spring civic affairs and has won the commendation of juvenile leaders of Montgomery County. To finance the football season and indoor concerts of the Band, No. 1677 sponsored an automobile raffle which netted over \$2,500.

The activities of the Band and Club have brought a great many applications for membership to Silver Spring

Lodge which has grown, in 14 months, from 110 members to 323. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert South Barrett publicly praised these activities on behalf of the younger element and visited the lodge recently with D.D. Henry Schuoler to address the members on the Order's fine work in combatting juvenile delinquency.

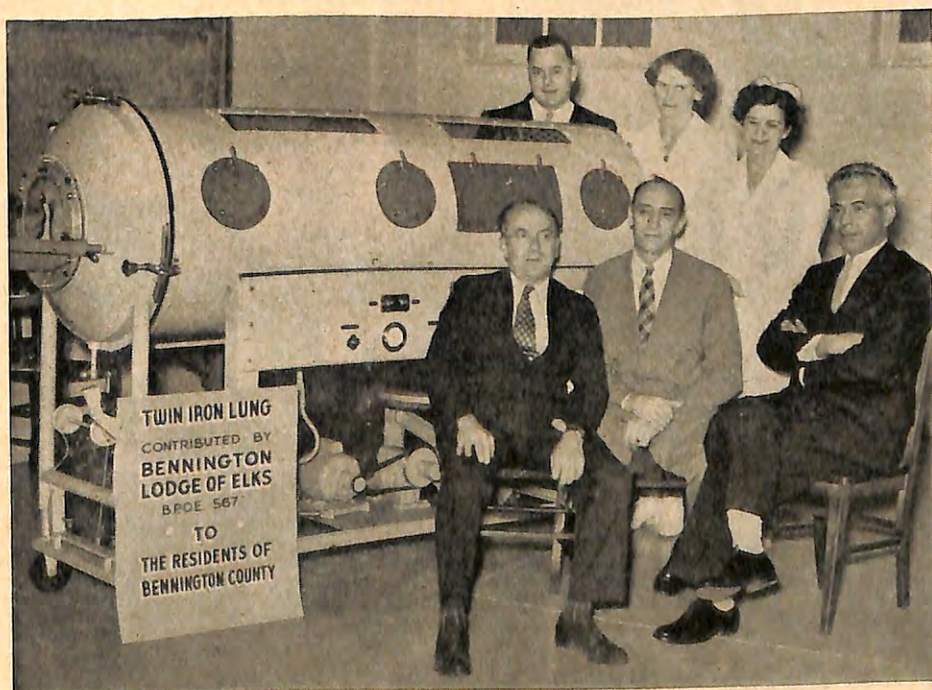
SAN DIEGO, CALIF., Lodge, No. 168, sponsors a group of young softball enthusiasts and recently entertained at a banquet the 135 boys comprising the winning teams in the annual series. The young men received awards at this affair which climaxed the season. About 700 youthful San Diego citizens participated in the series, under the watchful eye of Est. Loyal Knight Carmine Adesso who is liaison officer for the group.

GALENA, ILL., Lodge, No. 882, recently honored twelve of its former leaders when District Deputy Robert Olsen presented Past Exalted Ruler lapel pins to them at impressive ceremonies. Many others were not present but will receive their pins at a future date.

A delicious supper was served following the meeting which was attended by several members of De Kalb Lodge.

FERGUS FALLS, MINN., Lodge, No. 1093, took over the care of not one, not two, but three babies recently when they put aside a fund of \$500 from their Welfare Fund to pay the hospital bills for a soldier's wife's triplets. The infants are the children of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Formo who live in a tiny tourist cabin on the highway into the city, and if they still need help next April, the Fergus Falls Elks will get out their checkbook again.

ARCADIA, FLA., Lodge, No. 1524, has received a great deal of commendation for its interest in students and aid to their activities. The Elks Club Band Committee recently reported that while their work was incomplete, \$1,258 has been raised to aid in purchasing new instruments and uniforms for the DeSoto County School Band, and that it will continue to solicit funds in an active campaign. Last year, the Arcadia Elks raised sufficient money to equip three football teams.



Left: Hospital and Elk officials are pictured with the Twin Iron Lung given by Bennington, Vt., Lodge to Putnam Memorial Hospital not long ago.



Left: Pres. W. J. O'Grady of the Grand Forks, N. D., Lodge Building Society signs the papers deeding to the City Park Board a ten-acre site as a playground.

DANVILLE, ILL., Lodge, No. 332, always tries to make people save, and is the first in its community to set the example with something really worthwhile. Climaxing months of planning and preparation, No. 332's blood bank began processing blood recently with equipment that cost the lodge approximately \$2,500.

Although the complicated and complete set-up for the bank is installed in the basement of Lake View Hospital, the "bottled life" will be available there, at St. Elizabeth Hospital and, in fact, anywhere in the county on physician's request. The first donors were Exalted Ruler John Unger and a large group of his civic-minded fellow members of Danville Lodge which will underwrite operating expenses, estimated at \$4,000 a year. Anyone may volunteer as a

donor, either individually or as a representative of an organization, and contributions made in this way may be credited to patients or kept on account for future withdrawal.

Miss Lona Jacobson, an experienced Illinois medical technologist, is in charge of the Danville bank.

GRAND FORKS, N. D., Lodge, No. 255, just can't restrain itself from doing good deeds. The building society of No. 255 recently presented to the City Park Board the deed to a ten-acre site in the southern part of the city to be used as a playground park.

The ground was purchased by the Grand Forks Elks in June to be used, within ten years' time, as stipulated, and the members of No. 255 reserve the privilege of giving the park a name.

MORRISTOWN, TENN., Lodge, No. 1667, held a specially-called lodge session not long ago in order that presentation by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland, Secretary of the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission, might be made of the Certificate of Appreciation awarded by the Elks War Commission. Exalted Ruler M. Cecil Horner received the award on behalf of his lodge at this meeting which was attended by Past District Deputy Albert G. Heins, President of the Tennessee State Elks Association.

Although No. 1667 isn't quite two years old, its membership has grown rapidly and it has taken an active part in community and civic projects.

CHICAGO (SOUTH), ILL., Lodge, No. 1596, has given warm evidence of the fact that the sacrifices made by our disabled veterans who are convalescing at Hines and Vaughn General Hospitals have not been forgotten. Each month the members of No. 1596 have visited the patients there, with a large group of entertainers joining them September 26th to put on a show for about five hundred.

One of these shows, held the latter part of the summer, was played to over 300 veterans, many of them ambulatory patients, and among the performers were Miss Cloris Leachman, who was "Miss Chicago" in the recent contest at Atlantic City, a 15-piece band, and the Majorettes from Valiquet School distributed over 1,000 packs of cigarettes and candy to the veterans.

No. 1596 is planning a trip to these hospitals the last Thursday of each month and arrangements have been made to take three busloads of veterans to leading shows during the winter.



Left: Officers of the Indiana Elks Golf Assn. as they appeared during the first Annual Tournament of the Association at Fort Wayne's Elks Golf Course.

Below is the Servicemen's Class of 53 members, initiated into Tyrone, Pa., Lodge.





Above are the officers, Degree Team and new members of St. Paul, Minn., Lodge on the occasion of the visit of State Pres. Emory Hughes.

GA. STATE ELKS ASSN. Forty-one members of the Executive Committee of the Georgia Elks Association representing fourteen of the State's lodges, met at the home of Thomasville Lodge No. 1618 September 22nd and mapped out a program for the Association and the lodges in accordance with the recommendations of Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton.

State President Paul E. Henson, District Deputy Harry C. Van Horn, Edward A. Dutton, member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, State Sec'y.-Treas. R. E. Lee Reynolds, and Past State Presidents F. F. Preston, J. Clayton Burke and W. Wayne Hinson were the Georgia Elk dignitaries in charge of this important meeting.

A Committee of six men was appointed to sponsor entries in the Elks National Foundation's "Most Valuable Student Contest" and all Secretaries were requested to notify Secretaries of other lodges of the presence in their jurisdiction of members released from military service. It was further recommended that where a member of an Elks lodge is, under the GI Bill of Rights, attending school or college, he be exempted from payment of dues in the same manner followed by his lodge, while he was in the defense of his country.

Substantial increases in membership were reported by several lodges which had delegates representing them at this meeting.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Lodge, No. 59, recently initiated the largest class in its history before a large group of local Elks, as well as delegations from Hudson, Wis., and Stillwater and Minneapolis, Minn., Lodges.

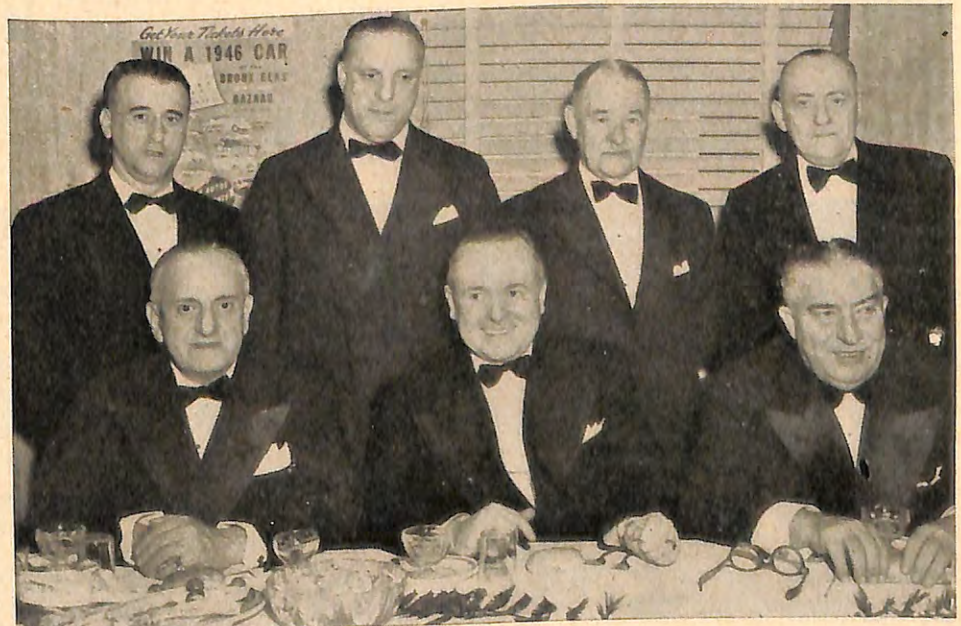
The initiation of the 67 new members was highlighted by the presence of State Pres. Emory Hughes and the announcement of the appointment as a member of the Grand Lodge Credentials Committee of Past State Pres. William P. Faley.

Everyone was treated to a delicious roast beef banquet by the host lodge.



Above is a photograph showing the officers of Jackson, Mich., Lodge with District Deputy Robert H. Kirschman, Jr., seated second from right, when thirty-one candidates were initiated into Jackson Lodge.

Below are those dignitaries of the Order present when Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, honored its fellow member, D.D. Andrew C. McCarthy, seated center. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan stands second from right.





Above are 15 new Elks of Red Bluff, Calif., with their officers. The initiation took place at a special meeting in Corning.



Left: At a recent dinner sponsored by Lansing, Mich., Lodge in honor of P.E.R. Benjamin F. Watson, recently appointed a Justice of the Grand Forum, were, left to right: P.E.R. John Wilson, Jr.; Steven Hajos, winner of the Michigan Elks Assn. and Elks National Foundation Scholarships; E.R. L. V. Glazier; Mr. Watson, Est. Lead. Knight F. G. Mitchell and Chaplain C. J. Baker.

DANIELSON, CONN., Lodge, No. 1706, made a terrific impression on the community when it was instituted the last Sunday in September. Fanfare, folderol and felicitations were the order of the day, with a huge parade in the afternoon, witnessed by over 15,000.

Preceding the parade, the candidates for the new lodge received special badges at the Town Hall and the expectant crowd watched two planes roar overhead, adding even more excitement to the day. Motorcycle police did a magnificent job of clearing the streets for the color guard and the beautiful floats, as well as for the uniformed bands sent by many Connecticut Lodges.

The official institution ceremonies took place at three that afternoon at the Armory with hundreds of guests from Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts on hand. D.D. Thomas F. Dorsey, Jr., and P.D.D. James P. Wrang were in charge and an impressive list of

Elk dignitaries took part. Past Grand Exalted Rulers Raymond Benjamin, John F. Malley and E. Mark Sullivan; Grand Treasurer John F. Burke; former Chairman James L. McGovern of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; former Chairman William T. Phillips of the Board of Grand Trustees, Dr. Henry Martin, formerly of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, and P.D.D. Clinton Chapin were guests of honor, along with Connecticut's Governor, Raymond E. Baldwin, a member of Bridgeport Lodge, and William Hadden, Connecticut's Attorney General.

The P.E.R.'s of Putnam Lodge No. 574 installed the officers of No. 1706, and the largest class ever initiated in the State, 150 members, was initiated by P.E.R.'s of the East District lodges. Danielson Lodge's headquarters is in the Phoenix Building, but it hopes to have its own home shortly, with ample grounds for an athletic field.

FORT MORGAN, COLO., Lodge, No. 1143, gave a \$10,000 shot in the arm to the campaign for the erection of the Fort Morgan Community Hospital.

D.D. Louis Weisberg was on hand at Fort Morgan Lodge the evening the resolution to make this gift was adopted, together with State Vice-Pres. Tim Armstrong and E.R. Clay Whitcomb of Sterling Lodge. The meeting, one of the largest and most successful of the year, was preceded by a dinner.

Below are about 135 boys, comprising winning softball teams sponsored by San Diego, Calif., Lodge, at a dinner given for them by the lodge when they also received special awards.





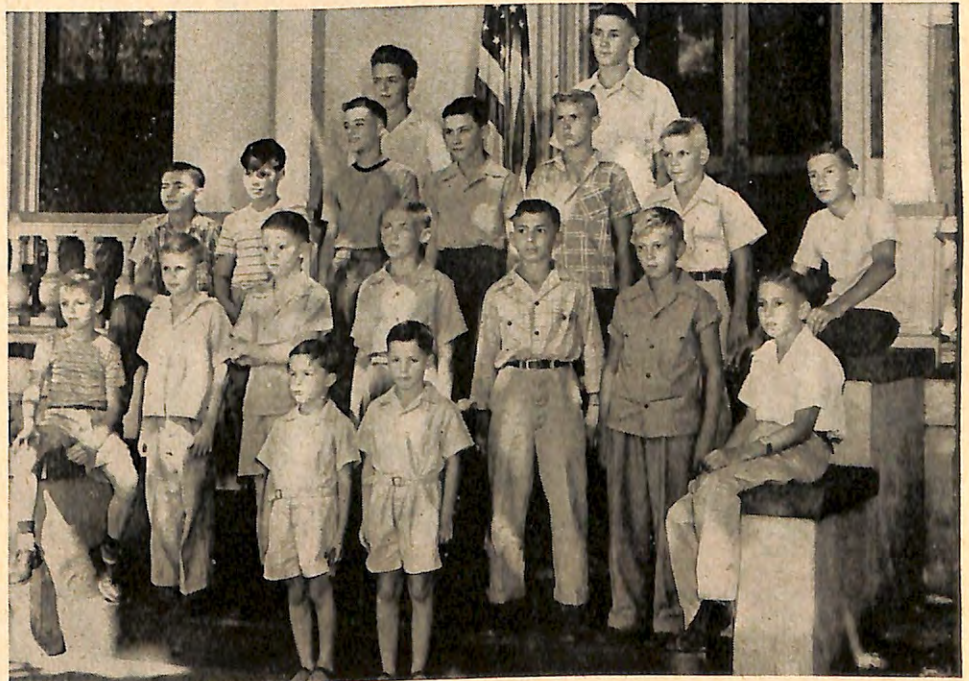
WASHINGTON, MO., Lodge, No. 1559, opened the doors of its new dining room recently to pay tribute at a magnificent banquet to its World War II veterans. About 200 persons attended, including 95 of the 96 servicemen Elks. Mrs. Wilma Hurst, the only Gold Star Mother, received a gift from No. 1559 in memory of her son, Alfred. Rt. Rev. Msgr. George J. Hildner was guest speaker at the banquet which was followed by entertainment and dancing.

Below is a group of children who were sent to the North Carolina Elks Camp for Children at Hendersonville by Raleigh Lodge for a two-week vacation.

Above: At Waltham, Mass., Lodge, Chairman John F. Malley of the Elks National Foundation presents a \$300 check to Miss Amelia Cardillo before many officials, including Grand Treasurer John F. Burke, and Mayor J. F. Devane.

SELMA, ALA., Lodge, No. 167, recently installed a modern bar and grill which have made its clubrooms one of the most popular social spots of the city. These quick-acting Southerners snapped up scarce cafe equipment made available through the closing of an eating place catering solely to the military at Craig Field during the war-boom days, and promptly set it up in their own spacious quarters.

No. 167 has seen a great increase in membership recently with 152 new members in the past eleven months and 35 reinstatements. It now lists 337 members with many more on the waiting list. *(Continued on page 40)*



Below: Silver Spring, Md., Lodge's Boys' Baseball Club is pictured at a radio broadcast with radio newscaster Charley Kopeland.



News of the STATE ASSOCIATIONS

OHIO

The Elks of Ohio—1,266 strong—trooped into Cedar Point for a five-day 48th Annual Convention of the State Association Aug. 25th. Sandusky Lodge No. 285 was host to these members, who included Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick of Toledo, Attorney General Hugh Jenkins, Hon. Don Ebright, Treasurer of State, and former Attorney General Thomas J. Herbert. At the State Banquet held during this meeting the Elks National Foun-

dation "Most Valuable Student" awards were presented by C. W. Wallace Secy. of Columbus Lodge to William McAfee of Lakewood and Grace M. Squires of Norwalk who received \$100 each. The Association donation of \$300 from the Foundation was also presented to June E. Johnson of Coshocton at that time.

The Social and Community Welfare and Juvenile Delinquency Committee reported that 25 boys were sent to the Franklin County Boys Camp through the assistance of the Foundation's \$250 donation to the Association, and that

hundreds of playing cards, razor blades and other essentials had been supplied to Veterans Hospitals. In this regard, Chairman L. E. Strong of the Veterans Hospital Entertainment Committee reported that through efforts of the Association and the subordinate lodges over 30,000 veterans were entertained in seven hospitals by more than 1,200 entertainers who traveled better than 7,000 miles with the aid of the \$5,600 supplied by the Elks War Commission. District Activities Committees' reports indicate that most lodges have established Veterans Rehabilitation Committees with funds appropriated for this work.

The Mayor of Sandusky, Hon. Paul L. Heiberger, gave the address of welcome to the delegations at the opening session on Sunday and the response was made by Pres. Leslie G. Scrimger, Columbus. Memorial Services, which were held in conjunction with the meeting, were under the direction of a Past Pres. Charles W. Casselman, Major Edward T. Fogo, P.D.D., assisted by Army, Navy, Marine and Air Corps members, officiated at the Memorial Services to the soldier dead, at which time Miss Peggy Fitzgerald, daughter of Past State Pres. Joseph W. Fitzgerald, sang "God Is Ever Beside Me" and "Eleven O'Clock in Heaven".

The Elks Parade was a big attraction on Sunday afternoon and the traditional Elks' march turned the streets of Sandusky into a panorama of music, gaiety and color. The first such display in over ten years, police official estimated the crowd which lined the streets at more than 50,000. Eleven bands and musical units, novelty and patriotic floats—chief among which was the Iwo Jima Float of Fremont Lodge which brought top honors—the high school bands with their high-stepping majorettes, city police and fire department members with their newest equipment made the parade, in which 32 of the State's lodges participated, a terrific success. Piqua Lodge's Band took first prize; Painesville Lodge copped the Drum Corp award; Lorain's Ladies Auxiliary the March Patrol title, and Warren Lodge won the prize for "unique entries". Columbus Lodge came through with the first prize in the quartet contest and Tiffin Lodge won notice with its special octette.

Among the many other social activities were a Fish Fry, which followed



Above are delegates to the Pennsylvania State Elks Assn. Convention as they left Lock Haven on their flight to Allentown.



Right: is the State Championship Degree Team of Wilkesburg, Pa., Lodge.

B.P.O.EL KS #974 40th ANNIVERSARY



Above is a picture of the Michigan State Individual Ritualistic Champions, photographed at Big Rapids, Mich., Lodge on that lodge's 40th Anniversary.

the parade, a ladies' card party, the President's Supper and an all-day boat trip.

The new officers are: Pres., John H. Neate, Upper Sandusky; 1st Vice-Pres., Dr. V. E. Berg, New Philadelphia; 2nd Vice-Pres., J. A. Kleinfelter, Bucyrus; 3rd Vice-Pres., Nelson E. W. Stuart, Cleveland; Secy., E. Gene Fournace, Newark; Treas., C. W. Wallace, Columbus, and Trustee, James Lynch, Ashtabula; holdover Trustees are W. D. Cole, Lakewood, and John K. Maurer, Middletown. Officers who were appointed are Inner Guard, A. G. Trott, Jr., Martins Ferry; Sgt.-at-Arms, Albert C. Martin, Troy; Tiler, Major Edw. T. Fogo, Wellsville, and Chaplain, Rev. C. A. Dowell, Ashtabula.

TENNESSEE

The largest attendance on the records of the Tennessee State Association was registered at the 1946 meeting at Columbia September 20th and the 21st.

The regular business session was called to order on Saturday by State President Albert G. Heins of Knoxville Lodge. Judge W. B. Turner gave the invocation, Exalted Ruler Harry Napier of Columbia Lodge No. 686 welcomed the delegates on behalf of his lodge and Mayor Eldridge Denham did the honors on behalf of the city. Mayor Thos. L. Cummins of Nashville responded.

Mr. Heins reported the addition of Oak Ridge Lodge No. 1684 to the Tennessee lodges enrolled in the Association and introduced its officers and dele-

gates. The State Hospitalization Committee, through its Chairman, W. J. Bryan, gave a detailed account of its work for the veterans at Kennedy Hospital in Memphis, Thayer Hospital in Nashville and the Mountain View Home Hospital in Johnson City.

During the noon hour a number of members, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland, Atlanta, Ga., State Pres. Heins, P.D.D.'s E. J. Nunn and James Farrell, and D.D. Edward W. McCabe placed a wreath on the grave of P.D.D. L. Z. Turpin. At the afternoon session, Past State Pres. Alfred T. Levine addressed the Convention and the following officers were elected for the coming year: Pres., Albert G. Heins, Knoxville; Vice-Pres.'s: E. J. Nunn, Jackson; J. M. Campbell, Columbia; J. J. Farrell, Chattanooga, and M. Cecil Horner, Morristown; Trustee for three years, C. F. Shofe, Bristol, and Treas., John T. Menefee, Chattanooga.

Mr. Heins then appointed the following officers: Secy., R. E. Simpson, Oak Ridge; Chaplain, Charles Justis Greenville; Sgt.-at-Arms, Herman Millerlie, Nashville, and Tiler, Percy Fowler, Johnson City.

Social activities included a barbecue, attended by more than 400 delegates and guests, at the Middle Tennessee Experiment Station, and the ladies were entertained at luncheon at Twin Oaks Farm and later enjoyed a sightseeing tour of the Milky Way Farms.

The highlight of the meeting was the banquet held after the business sessions terminated when Mr. Levine presided as Toastmaster and Judge McClelland spoke. Governor Jim McCord of Tennessee was also introduced to the guests at this dinner.

Bristol Lodge No. 232 was voted host for the next annual Convention.

COLORADO

A record-breaking registration of 1,556 Elks was rung up on the 1946 register of the Colorado State Elks Association at its Convention at the home of Canon City Lodge No. 610 on September 6th, 7th and 8th.

Judge Wilbur Alter, former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, gave the principal address at the meeting during which plans were made to attend the 1947 Grand Lodge Convention.

The program of entertainment provided by the host lodge for Elks and their ladies was distinguished by a dinner in the dining room of the Colorado State Penitentiary, attended by 1,260 guests, followed by a floor show in the prison auditorium. The ladies were guests of No. 610 on a tour of the prison, an automobile trip to the top of Royal Gorge and a bridge party at the Legion home. Past State Pres. Albert Fine presided at the Past President's Dinner, to which wives were invited, on Friday evening and a luncheon that day for Ritualistic Teams, the Committee and Judges was a big success. A breakfast for Exalted Rulers and Secretaries and Association officials took up the better part of Saturday morning and the Convention festivities closed at noon Sunday with a barbecue lunch and picnic at the rodeo grounds for Elks and their families, followed by an athletic program.

The annual Ritualistic Contest proved to be an unusually close one, with Montrose Lodge taking first place with a score of 99.681; Greeley second, with 99.607; Colorado Springs third, with 99.198; Fort Morgan fourth, with 98.992, and Florence fifth, with 97.648.

An inspiring Memorial Service was held in the Canon City lodge room Sunday morning at which Rev. David

A. Jones, a former Army chaplain with the 3rd Army in Germany and a member of No. 610, gave a stirring address, and the Frissen Brothers quartet from Kansas, and Mrs. Earl Gilbert sang favorite Elk hymns.

Officers for the coming year are: Pres., Lawrence E. Nelson, Colorado Springs; District Vice-Pres.'s; Central, Richard F. Lambert, Littleton; North, Tim Armstrong, Greeley; South, William Terry, La Junta, and West, A. F. Barnett, Durango; Trustee for four years for Colorado North, Byron Albert, Fort Collins, and for Colorado South, Joe Mihelich, Leadville. Frank H. Buskirk, Montrose, was reelected Secretary and W. R. Patterson, Greeley, will again act as Treasurer. Colorado Springs Lodge extended an invitation to the delegates for the 1947 Convention, and it was accepted with alacrity.

WISCONSIN

The 44th Annual Convention of the Wisconsin State Elks Assn. took place at the home of Milwaukee Lodge No. 46 on August 22nd, 23rd and 24th. The attendance exceeded all expectations with 500 out-of-town members turning up, 269 of whom were delegates.

The State's Past Presidents were honored at a dinner Thursday evening

when Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters spoke, and J. Ford Zietlow, former chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, and Chairman Bert A. Thompson of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, and all State Officers, were on hand. Miss Barbara Peterson of Antigo received her \$300 check as first-prize winner in the State Association Scholarship Contest from P.D.D. Ernest F. Marlatt. Entertainment occupied everyone's attention the rest of the evening.

On 9:00 a.m. Friday, Pres. Frank W. Fisher, Janesville, called the first business session to order and reports were read by many officers and committees. Election of officers then took place with the following men named as Wisconsin's leaders for the year: Pres., John C. Fay, La Crosse; Vice-Pres.-at-Large, Dr. A. V. Delmore, Two Rivers; District Vice-Pres.'s: N.E., Charles Urbanek, Manitowoc; N.W., Wm. R. Bolton, Superior, and South, William Eulberg, Portage, Secy., Leo Schmalz, Kaukauna; Treas., Wm. H. Otto, Racine, and Trustee-at-Large, A. J. Geniesse, Green Bay. These officers were installed the following day and Superior Lodge was awarded the 1947 Convention.

At noon Friday, business came to a halt while a luncheon in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton of Sheboygan Lodge was given by the

Milwaukee Press Club of which Mr. Broughton is a member. Later on, many officers and delegates journeyed to Wisconsin Memorial Park where the Elks Memorial Rest was decorated by Mr. Broughton and at which Past Pres. Frank L. Fawcett spoke. At the Grand Exalted Ruler's Banquet that evening, Mr. Broughton made many pleasant comments regarding the Wisconsin State Association, complimenting it on its many worthy activities. At the closing session Saturday morning, funds were appropriated for the entertainment of hospitalized veterans, veterans rehabilitation, scholarships etc., and the annual Memorial Services were held at the Hour of Eleven with Judge Roland J. Steinle giving the memorial address. After the installation of officers, retiring Pres. Fisher received a Past President's Badge and a few remarks were made by Pres. William Fay, after which the Convention adjourned.

An organization meeting of the Trustees was held later, when A. J. Geniesse was elected Chairman and Elmer J. Reese, Madison, Secretary. The Trustees and officers awarded the Fall Conference to Eau Claire Lodge October 19th and 20th, and the Spring meeting to Manitowoc on May 16th and 17th. The next annual Convention will take place at Superior in August, 1947.

Main Event

(Continued from page 7)

the business, and I—" She hesitated.

"Well, forget it," Eddie said.

She was nice. She was tall, intelligent, good-looking, and her father's daughter. Knowing her father, he considered this to be a galloping recommendation.

"I'll still buy the beer and the steak," he said.

"Well, perhaps you are gamer than I thought—come on."

"THE sixth round comin' up, Eddie. You're don' very nice an' discreet," Lew said. "The senor should run out of them pineapples he's been throwin' sooner or later."

"He still makes a breeze when he misses," Eddie said. "He's got plenty left."

"How're your legs?"

"They're all right," Eddie said.

They were pretty good, but they were not all right. The bell sent him out to meet Veritas Ratchez. His legs were sound but they did not have quite the rubber-band resilience they had earlier possessed.

He blocked a left-hand blow to his jaw. He stepped aside and sent a paint-brush left into the senor's angry profile. He tin-canned artfully. He lay against the ropes, arms down, relaxed, and when his assailant teed off like a man beating rugs, skipped skillfully away. He chose now to outbox Veritas Ratchez with a minimum of motion. He repeated his maneuver on the ropes. The crowd was loud in its appreciation of his skill. Of course, you can't win fights by the mere avoidance of trouble, but you—

Veritas didn't telegraph the punch as his performance the evening long

had led you to believe he would. Veritas stepped in with a short left hook to the body and clubbed a right hand to the jaw. Eddie, gasping, fell into a clinch, but the senor berserk with success so long denied him, heaved like a bull in the clinch and cast his opponent free. Eddie tried to get away from the onslaught that ensued, but he was trapped now in a corner; he could duck and weave and trust to luck, but could not run; he tried to fight.

And Veritas hit him with a bomb.

THE place where they ate the steaks and drank the beer was a nice old place. Four beers ago, nine cigarettes ago, he had told her that. The hours moved gracefully after they left the office of the Eastern Arena. The clock said half-past three. The bartender had his apron folded on the bar. The waiter had his shoes off and was curled up in a booth, but for consolation in his hand he held one of Eddie's crisp ten-dollar notes.

"So why should I kill myself," said Eddie, "making muscles for the people in Madison Square Garden? Your father says I could be a bigtime fighter if I chose. So what? I could also have a turnip ear and a pin-wheel set of brains. I was bigtime once."

"I get your point, Eddie."

"This way I'm happy. I'm a journeyman pug who fights in the sticks. A thousand here, two thousand there, three grand, four grand, but seldom more. You forget I can make it every week. I box rings around a bunch of bums. Is that a crime? The crime would be for me to mess them up. I clown around and I give the fans a show. I'm satisfied."

"Me, too, if you're satisfied."

They had been holding hands. She was an honest girl. They had been holding hands like school kids in a drugstore ice cream booth. Except that they weren't kids, and when they looked at each other their breaths caught and something kept clicking in each of their heads, kept saying: This is it, and for real.

And because he was desperate for her respect, he tried to make her believe that this prize-ring philosophy of his was real. He tried even harder to make himself believe. But it wasn't the truth. The truth was what she had stated earlier, "The champion took your heart out, Mr. Gibbs."

Because it was only the champion who had ever rendered him helpless. He had gone into the ring to face the champion in the days when he really cared, when his pride was high and his confidence greater still.

He couldn't blame it all on the broken hand, because he was getting licked, damned good before the bone snapped like a stick. It was simply that he had faced the champ and the champ was the better man. Why bellyache about the hand? That was a thing between himself and Lew.

Thereafter he confined himself to fighting in the sticks. He tried his right hand several times against hard heads, but each time it broke down. He grew content being a Fancy-Dan, using the hand for blocking purposes, for faking with the thing. Gaudy ambition deserted him with his realization that were his hand as sound as stone, he still would be in the bigtime, second-best.

Or maybe third-best, he thought now, for surely he was not a ball of

fire with Senor Ratchez. The only thing close to a ball of fire was the feeling in his head.

"Six!"

Get up, Eddie. This could prove not only shameful but expensive.

"Seven!"

And he got to one knee. His eyes located Lew, a little hazy at first sight. Lew gesturing with hands and mouth, "Easy, Eddie—take—it—easy, Eddie."

"Eight!"

And he got up and Veritas came at him. He took the blow on the side of his head and clutched at the heavy arms. He clung rather desperately until the referee had parted them. He jabbed with a long left hand and blocked the senor's pay-off right. He moved on wobbly legs and wondered how soon the bell would sound.

Lew gave him a sniff of the salts while another handler held the ice-bag at the base of his neck. It shocked him to clarity. Lew said, "Don't talk; you've got four rounds to go. You were careless. You were showin' off. Otherwise you wouldna got tagged. Shut up! You know how much dough you can lose?"

Yes, Eddie knew. He knew it very well. He could lose fifty thousand dollars on the fight, which was the sum he had been guaranteed for the fight, and also the sum he had bet on himself to last the ten full rounds.

He had seen Senor Ratchez in one blood-letting in the quiet City of Philadelphia, against a muscular zombie by the name of Furious Freddie Fantini, an unhappy Bronx-Italian who was nearly as large as the senor but could not get out of the way. What happened to Furious Freddie happens when trucks collide.

"You know," said Eddie, "I think I could go ten rounds with Veritas and not get my hair mussed once."

"If you stayed on your bicycle, darling," said his expert wife, "and peddled and peddled and peddled."

"You don't think I'd stand still for that monster, do you?"

"I certainly hope not."

"I could make a pretty penny."

"I would rather have *you* pretty, dear. MGM still wants you and I still want you—alive."

"Without getting my hair mussed, do you hear me? I don't say that I'll win, but I'd still be there at the finish. Why, I'd bet my end of the purse, I'd still be there."

It was the eighth round now, but he somehow felt as though it were the twenty-eighth. And there wasn't a great deal of dance left in his legs. He supposed he could go these last three rounds, if, unashamedly, he turned his back and ran, but there was an honesty about the sweaty work of Veritas that made his own burlesque seem cheap.

Well, suppose I fight the guy?

He stepped in with a straight left hand and Senor Ratchez took it on the nose. He tossed a stern left hook at Veritas. It made a solid impact and a sturdy noise. He moved in close and hooked his left glove to the body, hard, while Veritas clubbed

downward with his heavy hands. The referee broke the clinch.

Well, here goes fifty thousand bucks, thought Eddie; I wonder what would happen if I hit him with my right? And if I'll live that long.

He stood flat-footed, watching Veritas. The big man shoved with his left hand. Eddie took the punch in the mouth and moved into position for the counter-blow. But he couldn't pull the trigger on his right. Long years of careful caring for the hand had left a caution which he could not quite banish automatically. Senor Ratchez belted him a sound one in the ribs, one in the face. And Lew kept screaming, "Eddie, move! For God's sake—move!"

The blood had welled in his mouth. He spat in the direction of the senor. He moved not away but towards the trouble. The senor was amazed, and while amazed, was soundly thumped with a ripping left hook that raised a lump upon his sky-high head. The senor answered with both hands, while Eddie rolled with the storm of blows, shedding them as best he could from his shoulders and his arms. The senor paused for breath and Eddie said to himself, "Now!"

He dug his right glove into the big man's body. He had not dared to chance a blow against the bony structure of the giant's head.

Veritas Ratchez gasped, but remained a man of good resolve. He swore in Spanish—not at Eddie, but at his own distress—and heaved a right hand powerful enough to crack a vault. Eddie fell away from it, then ripped his right hand once again to the big man's middle. Veritas expelled a spectacular sound and Eddie's right hand felt sound. The only trouble with Eddie was that he hadn't the strength to stand up.

THE ninth round seemed forever, and Eddie knew that there would be no tenth. It was himself or Veritas—this round, perhaps this minute, while some strength was left in him.

He had ignored the pleas of Lew. He chose instead to listen to the crowd and the bedlam in the stands, based on his fighting qualities and not his slap-stick comedy.

Once in a clinch he looked across the strands of rope and saw the champion. The granite look had changed into a grin and the champ got to his feet and threw a big punch at the air and shouted, "Eddie! Raght han', Eddie! Let 'im go!"

He didn't look at his wife.

He walked towards Veritas, and tried to measure him. The big man was as tired as he; the difference was that Veritas, tired or fresh, could still knock down a house.

Eddie gauged the blow that Veritas unleashed. He didn't pull away from it. He moved his head but inches, little more, deflecting it, and left himself, feet planted firmly on the ground, as he should be.

He let his right hand go and felt the solid impact on his glove. The big man wavered and his eyes rolled white. He wavered, stumbled, game-

ly tried to lift his hands; Eddie, unwillingly, hit him again, and the man collapsed like a tree.

He stood for a long time in his corner with a robe around his shoulders. He wanted to leave the ring under his own power and not fall down the steps. Without shame he admitted to himself that he also wanted to hear the crowd and to know that for tonight, at least, he had been big-time, not a bum.

"Eddie," Lew said. "Look at me. You hit 'im with your right hand, Eddie. You belted 'is brains out, like you might of done six years ago."

Eddie said, "I know."

"And the hand, Eddie—lemme get the glove off. How is the hand?"

"Why, the damned thing's fine. It's sound as a rock. It's—"

The cops made a clearing through the crowd, but he didn't think he could walk that far. He stopped on the sweet-smelling grass of the infield and said, "If you don't mind, I'll sit here." He sat on one of the wooden seats at the ringside and Mary came over and said to him, "Look at your face."

She had been crying, and he said to her, "Oh, the hell with it, baby; my face'll be all right."

"It's just that you look so beautifully gallant with a swollen nose," she said. She put her arms around him and she kissed him where it hurt the most. "I was so proud of you."

"Yeah, I know. Get out the band. And, listen, I almost blew the fifty grand."

"Oh, who cares? Who cares? Who cares?"

Like that, and with the cops around them, they made their way, through to his dressing room.

The champion was there, and a Mr. Ingraham, from Amalgamated Films, Inc. Mr. Ingraham said, "Congratulations, Eddie. A great exhibition, really. A great build-up for your picture, too. For a time I was worried, but I can see now that your face is only swollen. We'll have a contract ready in the morning, but remember, no more fights."

Uncle Moe Wilkins, the promoter, gestured towards Mr. Ingraham and said to Eddie, "You're gonna sign up with this guy?"

"And Eddie said, "Why not?"

"Well, I don't know. I suppose it's the smart thing to do, the safe thing to do. What I was gonna offer you ain't as healthy."

"What were you going to offer me?"

"A fight for the title, in September. But maybe you had enough, eh, Eddie? After all, you ain't no youngster; you got your future to keep in mind. You an' the champ here could only make a coupla million bucks. He's gettin' old, too."

"Eddie an' ah could put a fight on to remembah," said the champ.

Eddie clenched his right fist and turned it slowly before his eyes. He looked at his wife and Mary said, "I wish that Pop could be here."

Eddie said to the champion, "I'll see you in September, pal."

Then he walked to the showers.

News of the Subordinate Lodges

(Continued from page 35)

PORTLAND, ORE., Lodge, No. 142, put out the welcome mat for disabled veterans of World War II who are National Service Officers of the Disabled American Veterans organization. In town to attend the DAV's 25th Annual Convention, 230 of these service officers accepted the Elks' invitation to dine and dance and watch a scintillating variety show.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan was present on this occasion, with Major O. W. Clark, Assistant Administrator of the Veterans Administration, and many prominent members of the DAV, including one of the Trustees of its Service Foundation, Miles H. Draper.

These handicapped ex-servicemen have received intensive training and are now pursuing lifetime careers of service to their fellow disabled veterans throughout the country. A national campaign to raise a \$10,000,000 DAV National Service Fund to expand the work of this splendid organization is now under way with headquarters at 41 East 42nd St., New York City.

SAN BENITO, TEX., Lodge, No. 1661, turned out in force and made a gala affair of the presentation by P.E.R. Chas. C. Bowie of the Elks National Foundation's "Most Valuable Student" Award of \$300 to Miss Emma Annette Stewart. Miss Stewart also won second prize of \$200 in the Texas State Elks Association's Contest, as well as a scholarship for her sophomore year at Brownsville, which was awarded to her by that school.

The ceremony took place at the local High School Assembly and Mr. Bowie announced at that time that No. 1661 had voted to award \$500 in scholarships to seniors next year—\$250 to a girl and \$250 to a boy student. He also announced a third scholarship for one year in the Brownsville Junior College to be awarded to a senior student wishing to matriculate there.

TROY, N. Y., Lodge, No. 141, played host to more than six hundred children from every institution in town, as well as the Fairview Home in Colonie, at a carnival at Prospect Park. The first postwar party given for children by the lodge, the affair was made possible through the courtesy of O. C. Buck, owner of the shows permanently located in Troy.

Not only did the children have a marvelous time, but many of them also managed to enjoy reunions with their friends and relatives from other institutions.

The children, from three to fourteen years of age, found their pockets filled with candy, their fists grimy with ice cream, and happy to learn that the Elks have promised to make the event an annual one.

MONTPELIER, VT., Lodge, No. 924, wanted Heaton Hospital to be as well equipped as any other, and therefore saw to it that an Iron Lung was presented for use in that institution.

Gov. Mortimer R. Proctor, a member of the Order, made the actual presentation at ceremonies attended by many Montpelier Elk dignitaries, the trustees of Heaton and Superintendent Mary Ferry. The lung was installed by a member of the manufacturing company and is ready for instant use, although the Elks of No. 924 hope it may never be required.

BOULDER CITY, NEV., Lodge, No. 1682, within the year of its existence has made many worthy donations to various causes, the least of which was not the purchase of a C-46 Army transport plane for the local Girl Scouts to use as a clubhouse. The Boulder City Elks believe this is the first purchase of a plane from Army surplus for any Scout organization in the country. No. 1682 is doing fine, and now has enough money in the till to begin the erection of its new home.

FAIRBANKS, ALASKA, Lodge, No. 1551 hasily added "completely-fire-proof" to the specifications signed for its new clubhouse. This isn't surprising since the lodge home burned down twice in two years and the Fairbanks Elks are going to make sure they won't be caught a third time.

A recent fire gutted the newly-installed lodge home, at a huge loss. In September, 1944, the lodge's old building went up in smoke, but these intrepid Elks will never say die.

BENNINGTON, VT., Lodge, No. 567, formally presented to Putnam Memorial Hospital the Twin Iron Lung which has been on view in the lobby of a local theater. Staff members of the Hospital and officials of the lodge were present at the ceremony during which a Boston representative of the Iron Lung Company of America demonstrated the machine which will be available to the people of Bennington absolutely free of charge. There will also be a courtesy privilege allowing the Lung to be borrowed by other hospitals in Vermont in an emergency, when it is not in use at Putnam Memorial.

The unit is the latest model Lung and can be used either by two patients of slight stature, or by one adult.

PHOENIX, ARIZ., Lodge, No. 335, presented at recent ceremonies the Elks National Foundation Merit Award won by Miss Mary Ellen Roer, P.D.D. W. V. Ammons took care of that part of the program, and Acting E.R. J. Howard Rochford presented to this student a \$100 check on behalf of his lodge. These awards will enable Miss Roer attend Siena Heights College at Adrian, Mich., to further her training in finance and government. The ceremony was held in open lodge with the young lady's family, the faculty of St. Mary's Girls' High School and members of No. 335 in attendance.

Toys for a Peacetime Christmas

(Continued from page 16)

a-tingle every red-blooded American boy, a Chicago company, which has bought some of the lot, describes the gas mask as a "sensation". And, being well aware that Junior may some day turn to recreation of a less martial nature, they point out that the carrying case "may be used for books, lunches, etc".

It was probably inevitable that a pedal-style Jeep would make its appearance. An outfit in Seattle, apparently tipped off that the younger set likes its warfare mechanized too, turns out a 40-pound job made of aluminum alloy. Only 38-inches long, it improves on the appearance of the wartime real McCoy by coming equipped with red wheels and seat.

From the standpoint of the UN's future and our State Department's peace of mind, it is probably just as well that the rest of toyland this

year offers less military appeal. After Pearl Harbor manufacturers stopped making toys and pitched in to help win the war. Now they're back again, with an eye towards turning out dolls and bicycles and scooters and electric trains for more than 16,000,000 war babies. It's a big order—and a lucrative one, too—and toy men have promised more than 100,000 different items which Willie and Susie can keep in mind when they jot down a note to Santa.

Number one on the list of thousands of boys is an electric train which promises to be the most astonishing ever introduced to the world of miniature railroading. Put out by the leading toy-train manufacturer, it is completely electronically controlled and starts, stops, reverses, uncouples cars and empties cargoes by means of electronic im-

pulses. Tiny receivers located on the underside of each freight car turn the trick.

When Willie (or his old man) wants to drop the caboose on a siding, say, he simply presses one of a double row of colored buttons on the transmitter. Each button is colored to match a corresponding hue on each car and sends out a frequency impulse to which only the receiver on that car will respond. Trainmen on the big railroads, which still uncouple their rolling stock by hand, regard this achievement of the model roads with something approaching reverence.

Smoke, which puffs out of the locomotives with startling realism, is also being introduced for the first time this year. One manufacturer has developed smoke from a secret liquid compound while the other does

the job with a tiny pellet which is dropped down the engine smoke stack, where it is vaporized by a heat lamp. Nervous mothers are assured that the smoke is non-toxic, will not smudge curtains or upholstery and won't throw Junior's inner mechanism out of kilter if he should decide to find out how the stuff tastes.

Housing and electric appliance shortages in the adult world have no counterpart in the land of make-believe. If little Susie wants to take a fling at housekeeping, she can set up a foldable cloth playhouse over a bridge table. And she'll have no trouble furnishing it: doll furniture in all sizes is on the market in ample quantities and features such pieces as bedroom suites, living room ensembles and plastic kitchen equipment.

One of the most ingenious devices is a tiny cookstove with four burners and an oven which really heats. The whole business is insulated to prevent the young housewife from winding up with a two-alarm blaze on her hands. And when Susie, like her mother, tires of bending over the hot range, she can freshen up Dolly's diapers in a pint-sized electric washing machine that swishes the clothes to whiteness like the real McCoy. A lightweight plastic iron, that creates the illusion of being red hot when a concealed bulb is lit, completes her laundry equipment.

While Lockheed, Grumman, Douglas and the rest of the big-time plane manufacturers have been re-shuffling old concepts of aeronautics, model-plane makers have been busy with some research of their own which will make Willie's eyes bulge. Newest wrinkle is a helicopter that soars as high as sixty feet and looks somewhat like an overstuffed catfish suspended under an electric fan.

Another model job, which comes knocked-down, is guaranteed to fly out of almost anyone's sight and return, a feature some of the big airlines might well copy. And if Willie wants real, honest-to-goodness jet propulsion all he has to do is install a one-pound unit in a balsa wood fuselage and then organize a posse to hunt for his plane in the next county.

Along with trains, planes and houses, another slice of real life has been scaled down to small-fry size this year with the introduction of some construction equipment that includes a bucket-loader, road-scraper, concrete-mixer and earth-hauler. Realistically detailed, they'll perform the same work as their full-sized brothers and enable young William to tone up his model highway with no trouble at all.

Thanks to new methods learned during war production, plus the invention of durable, lightweight materials, toymakers are preparing for a bonanza market this Christmas with an exciting, ingenious array of playthings.

And that, for millions of U. S. kids, is strictly okay.



YOUNG MAN RETIREES AT 38

YOUR organization is lending its fine aid to the campaign for interesting high-caliber young men in the new Regular Army. At this time, you will be doing the Army a special service if you point out to potential recruits the extra advantages of three-year enlistments above those for shorter periods.

In addition to allowing choice of any branch of service which still has quotas to be filled and choice of overseas theaters which still have openings, a three-year enlistment offers the recruit a better opportunity to evaluate the benefits of staying in the Army for a career. Today's young men are far-sighted. They want to know where they'll stand 20 years from now.

A man 18 years old can enlist in the Army and retire at 38 on one-half pay for the grade he holds at the time of his retirement. If he retires as a Master Sergeant he will receive \$107.25 a month for the rest of his life—with plenty of time left to reenter civilian life as a useful citizen.

Thousands of young men are staying in for full 30-year tours and retiring at three-fourths pay. This means, for a Master Sergeant, a monthly retirement income of \$185.63.

Federal income tax exemption for Army enlisted pay, low insurance premiums, and special travel rates are among the considerations that make the new Regular Army tops in security—and well worth discussing with young men in your community.

Urge the finest young men you know to enlist now at their nearest U. S. Army Recruiting Station.



YOUR REGULAR ARMY SERVES THE NATION AND MANKIND IN WAR AND PEACE

Never Been Topped

(Continued from page 21)

For long-run starring in the same role, the record is still held by Denman Thompson, who played in "The Old Homestead" for over 30 years, and the crown of Biggest Showman of All Time rightfully goes to John Ringling, who had five different circuses, requiring a total of some 250 double-length railroad cars to transport them around the country, under his direction over fifteen years ago.

The motion-picture kissing record was established twenty years ago by John Barrymore in the first sound film, Warner Brothers' "Don Juan", in which he delivered 191 assorted smooches ranging from light pecks on the forehead to sizzlers that made the gals in the audience swoon. Among the actresses on the receiving end were Mary Astor, Myrna Loy, Estelle Taylor and others. It isn't that today's screen lovers are less prolific than Barrymore—just that the censors and production code administrators are stricter now.

THE most-written-about personage of all time is—not Santa Claus or Clark Gable or Franklin D. Roosevelt—but William Shakespeare. The New York Public Library has ten full drawers of index cards devoted to the Bard of Avon, his works, and discussions of his works by critics, essayists, professors and those who contend that Francis Bacon was Bill's ghost-writer. The same library files contain less than four drawers of listings on George Washington, two on Abraham Lincoln, and not even two cards on Tom Mix.

Shakespeare also is head man in the Encyclopedia Britannica, which gives him 28 full pages—compared with a mere 11 pages devoted to Jesus Christ.

In the literary field, the all-time best-seller among novels continues to be "In His Steps", written in 1880 by Rev. Charles Monroe Sheldon. Total sales of this book have gone well over 8,000,000—more than doubling "Gone With the Wind".

Among inspirational essays, the champion seller is Elbert Hubbard's "A Message to Garcia", which is on its way to 5,000,000 copies and still going strong. And do you know of any dedicatory speech delivered in our time that compares with Lincoln's Gettysburg Address?

With apologies to grand little Irving Berlin, songwriters of today also have been backsliding, from a creative standpoint, as compared with the melody makers of other days. Tin Pan Alley has become increasingly commercial-minded, thereby losing much of the sentimental feel of mankind that gives a songwriter the inspirations for turning out songs with mass appeal.

Thus no composition of modern times has come anywhere near equaling the sheet-music sales of around 5,000,000 chalked up by such numbers as "Till We Meet Again", by Raymond B. Egan and Richard A. Whiting; "Beautiful Ohio", the Ballard MacDonald-Mary Earl ballad, and Ethelbert Nevin's "The Rosary", all written in pre-radio and pre-talkie days. But radio and talkies can't be held responsible. Blame it on tune-smiths with a yen for big and quick money instead of a desire to turn out compositions that will live.

Lyricist MacDonald also turned out "Trail of the Lonesome Pine", "There's a Girl in the Heart of Maryland", "Rose of Washington Square", "On the Mississippi" and many other big song hits, proving he was no mere flash in the pan.

D. W. GRIFFITH'S "The Birth of a Nation", produced in 1915, remains untopped as the picture that brought in the most profit in relation to production cost. The investment was only about \$100,000, and within a few years of its release the picture grossed over \$18,000,000. Only one film has surpassed that grossing record—"Gone With the Wind", which cost over 40 times as much as "Birth of a Nation".

In spite of insurance company claims that folks are living longer these days, there is no cause yet for Methuselah to worry (if he's still in a position to worry) about anybody topping his mark of 969 years.

Nearly 20 years have passed without a heavyweight boxing match drawing more fans and money than Tex Rickard's Chicago classic of 1927, the Dempsey-Tunney fight, which rolled up a gate of \$2,658,660. The world of sports has dozens of other records of such long standing that it makes one seriously wonder if we are not really becoming a nation of weaklings and softies.

For example, not since John L. Sullivan's time, the so-called Gay Nineties, has anyone held the heavyweight title as long as ten years. A featherweight, Johnny Kilbane, remained on top for 11 years, but that, too, was three decades ago.

In baseball, the all-time batting champion still is Roger Hornsby, who led the National League for seven years and in 1924 hit an average of .424, the highest on record. A runner-up is Ty Cobb, who scored .420 in 1912 and also was the leading batter for seven years in the American League.

Pitchers of the old days, as judged by their performances, were much sturdier than the latter-day crop. Cy Young pitched for 22 years, winning 511 games and losing 315, for an average of .617. Young holds

the record for number of games won, although in percentage of wins he is topped by Grover Alexander, who won 373 and lost 208, for a mark of .640; Christy Mathewson, who rated .663 by winning 373 and losing 189, and a few other twirlers.

The 100-yard dash time of 9.4 seconds set by Frank Wykoff has not been whittled down in 16 years. Paavo Nurmi's five-mile running record, made in 1924, and his 10-mile and one-hour running marks, established in 1928, also remain unbeaten, while various walking records (one-mile, G. H. Goulding of Canada, 1910; five-mile, A. H. G. Pope, England, 1932; 10-mile, G. E. Lerner, England, 1908; 25-mile, Janis Dalinsh, Latvia, 1932) likewise have not been broken by our generation.

Johnny Weissmuller's swimming record of 51 seconds for the 100-yard dash hasn't had a successful challenger in nearly 20 years, and it is longer than that since Venceslas Spacek of Bohemia swam the English Channel in the short space of 10 hours and 46 minutes.

SPEED skaters are still trying to beat the 100-yard dash record of 9.4 seconds made by Charles Jewtraw in 1923 at Lake Placid, where Clas Thunberg also established the one-mile record in 1926 and Ross Robinson set the five-mile mark in 1927.

The only jockey to win his entire slate of races for the day was A. Adams, who took six out of six at Marlboro, Maryland, sixteen years ago. And speaking of the ponies, what race owner or trainer has developed an entry capable of beating Equipoise's time of 1.34-2/5 for one mile at Arlington Park in 1932?

Jesse L. Livermore's \$10,000,000 cleanup in the wheat market in 1925 probably will never be duplicated, but the \$50,000,000,000 lost by the public in the stock market during 1929-31, as testified before a U. S. Senate Committee in 1932, has a good chance of being surpassed in the next few years if the new orgy of speculation continues to gather followers, momentum and gambling recklessness.

As these not-too-nimble typing fingers wearily pound out the final lines of this record-revelation, there comes to mind that it is 28 years since the typewriting speed record of 170 words in a single minute was slammed out by Margaret B. Owen with a standard Underwood machine.

Finally—as a ray of hope to a hungry world—the biggest American wheat crop of all time was harvested in 1915, when our farmers aided by Mother Nature produced 1,625,810,000 bushels of the grain that provides the staff of life. That shows what can be done.

How to be a Christmas Hero



1868 Christmas heroes have to be resourceful. Great grandfather, for instance, could get by very nicely with an ornate sewing machine which cost \$25.00. Great grandmother was fascinated by this mechanical marvel, ten years after the name Corby's came to Canada.



1898 While Dewey was taking Manila, Grandfather shopped for a machine that talked and sang. Gramophones sold for \$10.00. The man who gave one for Christmas was considered smart and modern on Corby's 40th Anniversary as a grand old Canadian name.



1943 The true spirit of Christmas giving came closer to the hearts of people in 1943 than ever before. Millions were overseas and shipments to them were limited. Shelves were bare in many stores before Christmas on this 85th year of Corby's fame as a grand old Canadian name.



1946 This year Americans will find more merchandise on store shelves than ever before. Millions will be spent on gifts that will help make this the gayest Christmas in years. *And if you've a name on your list that calls for a special gift, you can set yourself up as a Christmas hero by remembering Corby's... the light, sociable whiskey with the grand old Canadian name. Corby's "does something" for 'most any Holiday drink.*

COCKTAIL SET COURTESY OF GEORGE JENSEN, INC.



Look for me
on every
Corby's bottle

CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

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

Bowling Is Big Business

(Continued from page 11)

juke boxes. Double the figures, add labor costs for extra porters and clerical help, and you still will find that a 16-alley place is a lucrative business indeed.

Pin boys are the prima donnas of bowling alleys. During the war, things really got tough when pin boys were drafted by the carload and flocked to better-paying war jobs. Lively workers, covering two pairs of alleys simultaneously, averaged \$60 to \$80 a week with tips from players at five cents a game swelling their take.

Many up-to-date establishments relieve the pin boy problem somewhat with overhead pin setters which speed up the service and automatic ball-returns. A brand new machine, introduced in Buffalo during the 62-day ABC tournament last spring, will do away with pin boys entirely. The machine automatically sets pins up after each game. It won't save operators money, however, because the plan is to rent them at the pin-boy rate of 7 cents a line.

If you go ahead, after studying the figures above, and build a bowling establishment, you have more than an even chance of having your overhead guaranteed a year in advance before you open by booking leagues and tournaments. In fact, that's the first thing a new alley operator should think of, while construction is going on—arranging regular team dates, for weeks and months on end, the same time and day every week. A good advertising and direct mail campaign will pay huge dividends in this direction, and give you something you can absolutely bank on, so that off-the-street trade is pure gravy. Many alleys today figure their repeat league business at 75 per cent of the gross.

When you do open your business, you'll be in good company. Many a notable figure in the sports and business world has put his idle cash into well-paying alleys. Joe Louis, the champ heavyweight, has a place in Detroit; several movie stars, like Harold Lloyd, own gorgeous establishments; Meyer Davis, the orchestra leader, owns a trio of pin-topping places in Philadelphia; Freddie Fitzsimmons and Ray Schalk are but two of baseball's numerous luminaries with pin-and-ball joints. Countless respectable businessmen from every imaginable field have found bowling alleys good investments.

That is why today, in the bright, cheerful bowling halls across the land, particularly those near Broadway in New York, and in Hollywood, soda clerks, office boys, stevedores, stenographers and bank tellers are making spares and strikes alongside of movie stars, orchestra leaders, producers, chorus girls and bank presidents.

During the war, privates and all

grades of non-coms were swinging the hard rubber with or next to officers up to the rank of Brigadier General and Rear Admiral.

This wasn't always so. Within the memory of many readers is the time when the bowling alley was out of bounds, maritally speaking. It was generally a smoke-filled, overheated or too-cold basement hideaway, where bald-headed and pot-bellied refugees from domestic strife furtively crashed the pins while bending elbows. For at least five decades of its growth, it was classified as one of the places Pa sneaked off to when he was having a night out with the boys, or where shiftless individuals with shady backgrounds hung around making a quick buck betting on matches or booking horse bets. Through the persistent efforts of its gimlet-eyed watchdog, the American Bowling Congress, the sport lifted itself out of the basement by its bootstraps and became a form of entertainment no one could look askance at. Women took to it 28 years ago, and now they are well represented with their own Bowling Congress, and thus have endorsed it for their husbands and children.

The American Bowling Congress officially celebrated its sesqui-centennial last year. It serves the same function over bowling as the AAU does over amateur sports, or as Judge Landis did over baseball, and is admittedly military-rigid in the application of rules. No manufacturer of alley equipment would dream of constructing or selling anything that he knew wouldn't meet the rigid, unswervable specifications of ABC architects. The mark of professionalism for all alleys is the ABC certification, meaning that their equipment conforms precisely to the exact dimensions laid down by the ABC for the uniform good of the sport.

For example, ABC prescribes that the over-all length of a regulation bowling alley bed is 62 feet and 10 and $\frac{1}{8}$ inches (with $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch tolerance)—long enough to be installed in a B-29. It must be between 41 and 42 inches in width, and its surface free of grooves. They allow a variance in surface grooves of no more than 40/1000ths of an inch, the thickness of a postage stamp. They insist on solid maple pins, of precise dimensions and curvature, bowling balls of no greater circumference than 27 inches, weighing no less than 10 pounds or more than 16, with two or three holes. Balls used to be made of hard rubber, but wartime shortages brought about substitute compositions. A good synthetic is now in use. ABC does not specify what material the ball must be made of. The alleys themselves must be laid with hard maple from the foul line to the point where the ball is expected to drop, then of longleaf yel-

low pine alternated with maple until the pin section, which is all maple. Alleys must be resurfaced at least once a year, or when an ABC inspector orders it because of irregularities.

Their jurisdiction goes much further. ABC lays down the rules of play, scoring, handicaps, team and league formations, tournament conduct and anything pertaining to the welfare of its members. Not all bowlers by far are ABC members, although they continually benefit by their guidance.

ABC gets its income—some \$350,000 a year—in trickles. Each team of three, four or five men who applies for league membership—it takes 4 teams to make a league—pays the city or district bowling association annual dues which run between \$1.50 and \$2.50 each. ABC gets \$1 per team regardless of the city dues. In addition, they receive \$1.00 for each alley certified at installation and annually thereafter. The number of teams paying dues to the ABC has dropped to 175,000 during the war, in 1200 towns, and involves over 1,000,000 individual members in the United States, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Argentina, Hawaii, Alaska and Saudi Arabia. The American-Arabian Oil Co. recently installed alleys for its employees in this land of Hades-like heat. Since the alleys are air-conditioned, the men actually find relief from the climate at bowling.

ABC has no income from manufacturers, operators or outside agencies, and spends its modest income on maintaining two offices—the main headquarters in Milwaukee, and a field office in New York. The bulk of their activity is public relations, inspecting and certifying alleys, approving league memberships, conducting tournaments and issuing a trade publication.

The first ABC Convention of Delegates was held during the National ABC Tournament in Buffalo in early April, and several important announcements were made: The New York office is now a major branch of the home office of the ABC in Milwaukee, and a Field Office is being opened in San Antonio, Texas, and several more busy centers. Also, the fees from teams belonging to city associations have been raised from \$1.00 a year to \$1.50 for ABC, which means city association dues now run from \$2.00 to \$3.00 a team. Also announced were the locales of the next two ABC World Championship tournaments—1947 in Los Angeles, Calif., and 1948 in Detroit, Mich.

There is a high tribunal of bowling—the National Bowling Council, comprising the manufacturers, dealers, proprietors, ABC, Women's Independent Bowling Congress, National Duck Pin Bowling Congress and the Candle-Pin League (New England). The National Bowling Council has

"NEW THICK HAIR..."

"...my hairline had receded about 3 inches... the front third of my head was almost completely bare... now after 6 weeks treatment I have new hair all over the bald area... thick and over an inch long."

(Signed) HOWARD JONES



BEFORE ↑



→ AFTER

Actual Unretouched Photos of Hair

HOWARD JONES' "New Thick Hair" as it looks today!



BEFORE



AFTER

CARL BRANDENFELS' (Left) as he looked on October 8, 1945 and (Right) as he looks today after using his own treatment.

POSITIVE PROOF... Based on Actual Statements by these men who are now Actually Growing Hair...

NEW HAIR...

"... My dandruff is gone, hair normal... baldness disappearing... Purchased BRANDENFELS' on advice of barber."
REV. L. C. ELLIOTT, (Age 70).



NEW HAIR...

"... completely removed all traces of chronic scalp eczema after six weeks' application... 2 months later new hair is filling in... some of it more than one inch in length... good healthy hair."
L. C. COOLIDGE, (Age 71) Naval Architect, Seattle, Wash.



From all walks of life... **HUNDREDS REPORT...**

"I've Grown Hair!"

Send today for Generous 5-Week Home Treatment

PLEASANT TO USE... Its use involves no embarrassment or loss of time from work or social activities. The two liquid secret-formula solutions are non-sticky, odorless. Does not rub off on hat bands, clothing or bed linens. The simple directions are easy to follow in the privacy of your home.

COST IS REALLY MODERATE... Approximately 60 applications in each treatment, averaging only 30 cents per application.

AT FIRST SIGNS of receding hair, order BRANDENFELS' SCALP AND HAIR TREATMENT, for in many cases early use has saved hair.

Many who have faithfully followed this method have and ARE experiencing astonishing results—and a large number report growing hair.

THE IDEAL GIFT for Ladies and Gentlemen



... on every occasion for remembrance... BIRTHDAYS... CHRISTMAS... ANNI-VERSARIES... ETC.

Cash price: \$15.00 (plus \$3.00 Fed. Tax) postpaid, C.O.D.: Pay postman \$18.00 plus postage.

For Scalp and Hair Health... BRANDENFELS' SCALP and HAIR TREATMENT

None Genuine without this signature on every bottle



THE HAIR FARMER St. Helens, Ore.

Visit CARL BRANDENFELS on your trip to the beautiful PACIFIC NORTHWEST.

At St. Helens, Ore., home of the "HAIR FARMER", see living proof of the success of his sensational discovery—talk with people who actually have grown hair. Examine Carl Brandenfels' files bulging with testimonials from hundreds of enthusiastic users.

ACT NOW! Mail Today!

(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)
 CARL BRANDENFELS, "The Hair Farmer" St. Helens, Ore.
 Dear Sir: Please send me your 5-weeks Scalp and Hair Treatment with directions for use in my own home.
 Cash I enclose \$15 plus 20% Federal Tax (\$3) total \$18 (Postpaid).
 C.O.D. I agree to pay postman \$18 plus postal charges.
 Name.....
 Address.....
 Town, Zone, State.....

no active jurisdiction over the sport, but acts as a general clearing house for all information pertaining to it. During the war, the National Bowling Council formed the Bowling Victory Legion, which spent over a quarter of a million dollars for recreational supplies for the armed forces.

They built half a dozen recreation units in Quonsets in the Aleutians, each equipped with lunchroom, cooking equipment, radio-phonograph, reading room, piano, gymnasium and sport apparatus. They distributed 200,000 decks of cards, 30,000 books and 75,000 deep-sea fishing kits and 17,000 lighter kits. No wonder bowling found such popularity among servicemen and women.

One of the features of ABC membership is its bonding of team, league or association treasurers. Each year, a dozen or so of the men who handle the prize money for teams go South—one secretary of a City Association defalcated with \$1,800, the highest last year, a treasurer embezzled \$620, while one fellow sold himself down the river for \$82. The ABC made good all of these losses.

With such a conscientious watchdog supervising every phase of bowling, you can see why you have better than a fair chance of coming out ahead in operating such a business. Many another small operator in a mass field—like restaurants, clothing stores, bars—would still be in business today if his enterprise was part and parcel of such an iron master. Other sports, notably professional football, basketball, boxing and racing, could be improved immeasurably if the same amount of jurisdictional conscience on a national basis were expended in their behalf.

The high calibre of bowling operations has been the chief drawing power which has attracted thousands of industrial and business concerns, churches, fraternal organizations, athletic clubs, YMCA's, country clubs and political clubs. Many churches own and operate profitable alleys, as do such organizations as the Chase National Bank. Taking a quick glance down the 5,744 teams listed as participating in the Buffalo tournament you see representatives from Chambers of Commerce, B'Nai B'rith, Masons, Shriners, Chrysler and General Motors, Western Electric and Eastman-Kodak and the Sun Oil Co., which alone sent 32 quintuplets.

The 25,000 or more devotees of bowling who attended this annual pilgrimage of serious keglers (the first since 1942) came from Hawaii, Canada and all sections of the United States. They included a teen-age group from Poughkeepsie, a grandfather playing on the same team as his son, an 87-year-old Brooklynite, the only living charter member of the ABC, and an 89-year-old ball-roller. In most cases, they pay their own expenses all the way, including the \$5 entry fee for each event—team, doubles and singles. Before the last of the 38 million balls is thrown in the tournament, approximately one million dollars will have

been spent along the way by these ardent pin-crashers, only one fifth of whom can hope to even win as much as a \$5 prize. Yet, many a proud winner of the 4,000th prize, or worse, still has his check framed in a prominent place at home—a piece of paper which probably cost him ten times as much to obtain.

Being physically handicapped is no drawback for ardent keglers. Veterans' convalescent hospitals encourage bowling for amputees and victims of other disabilities. The exercise involved in laying the old Casaba down the line is both of good therapeutic value in restoring life to atrophied nerves, and excellent for relieving mental clouds.

Juvenile delinquency is getting another sharp cutback through the comprehensive teen-age sports program being conducted on a national basis now through sponsorship of Government agencies. Bowling is contributing its efforts in the program. The American High School Bowling Congress, organized in 1938, has been inactive since the war, and is being revived this year. The ABC is contributing funds to help them carry on their work.

Bowling is no Johnny-come-lately sport, despite its spurt to international popularity in the last decade or so. Deep-diving bowling historians trace its knockdown beginnings back 7,000 years to ancient Egypt. The grave of an Egyptian child who died around 5200 BC yielded playing implements—marble bars and balls resembling later versions of skittles. Since that early find, one form of bowling or another has been traced through the centuries in different parts of the world. The first European version was played in Italy during the reign of one of the sport-loving Roman emperors, about 1500 years ago. In the 12th Century, as Europe emerged from the Dark Ages, "bowles" became popular in England, being played on open greens or under covered sheds. The original ball was a spherical stone, and instead of knocking pins over, the stones were cast between them. The Scottish game of curling—played on ice—is a variation of this old form of bowling, having been introduced by Flemish immigrants in the 16th Century. Shuffleboard is also another offspring of early versions of tenpins.

The present tenpin setup began to take shape in Holland, as ninepins, and it was the hardy Dutch who introduced it to Manhattan in 1623. On Sundays, sturdy burghers would play on a small section of green sward near Battery Place, which is now known as Bowling Green.

It didn't take long for the game to degenerate into disrepute when gamblers got control of it, and ninepins was finally prohibited by law. The game was resurrected by legitimate citizens interested in bowling as a sport, by the extra-legal expedient of adding one pin and calling it ten-pins. Not until 1875 was an attempt made to formulate uniform rules of play. In that year, the

National Bowling Association was formed in New York, but it dissolved through disinterest in a few years. In 1890, the American Amateur Bowling Union was created, and it too had a brief span of life. Finally, in 1895, the American Bowling Congress was organized and it stuck. The result was, through persistent publicity and close and sincere supervision of the sport in the next half century, it elevated it to one of the most popular sports for the masses.

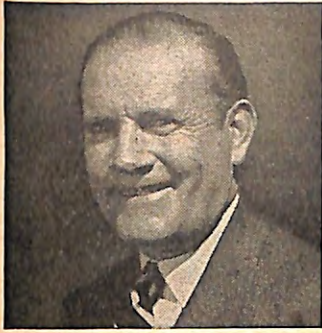
In 1901, the ABC conducted its first national championship tournaments, where records are made and recorded for all time. Many other organizations conduct their own tournaments under ABC auspices, such as the Elks National Tournament, the American Legion, Shriners, etc.

Last Spring the very active Elks Bowling Association held its 26th Annual Tournament under the auspices of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, after a three-year lapse. Six hundred and eighty teams poured into the city for the six-week pin-smashing contests, representing 126 lodges in 16 States.

It has been the practice in all of these tournaments sponsored by the ABC for the games to be played in public halls, or parks, on alleys furnished by the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., pioneers in the development and manufacture of bowling equipment. There are about half a dozen good manufacturers of equipment meeting ABC standards, of which American Bowling and Billiards is the biggest in New York. BBC was first with ABC so it has seniority rights in supplying the tournament equipment. Besides, it is probably the only company in the position to install 40 alleys and supply the 57,000 pins and other equipment required in the huge 74th Armory in Buffalo. This equipment is actually already sold to new bowling establishments who lend it for the tournament. After it's over, they can open with a bang, advertising that their alleys are championship material. That's no guarantee, of course, that when you toe the foul line, swing your arm and let go of the ball in the direction of the pins, that you will smash them for a strike, or even a spare.

That takes practice, bub, and the ranks are mighty thin of regulars who have hit perfect scores—300—for 12 strikes in a row. In 28 years, only 13 members of the Women's International Bowling Congress have made perfect games. About 2500 men are listed in the ABC Handbook with 300's to their credit, but there's not a dozen men who can boast of several perfect games in a row. Joe Falcaro claims he made 57 strikes in a row, but that was unconfirmed, and Andy Varipapa is officially recognized as the master with 50 consecutive strikes.

The field is wide open for you to try it. It is much more difficult to chalk up a 300 score than to make money out of a bowling establishment, believe you me.



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Many a hunter stalking big game has run unexpectedly into a more savage species spoiling for a fight. Such a spot calls for dependable ammunition. It calls for Western Super-X cartridges with controlled expanding Silvertip bullets.

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Good Shot! by B. D. & R. Holland

By Dan Holland

In which Mr. H. is grouching about That Bird

"WHERE'D YOU get the fine pa'tridges?" a farmer asked me as I dragged my feet wearily down the little New Hampshire road to my parked car.

"Tinkhamtown," I answered.

"Ain't no sech place," he snapped back. "Lived in these parts nigh on to twenty years, and there ain't no sech place."

I told him that Tinkhamtown was across the mountain within walking distance of where we stood. I knew because I had been there, taken my limit of grouse and had come back all in the same day. The mystery was explained by an old map and the fact that the last resident had deserted the tiny farming community of Tinkham-

town forty years before. My friend cogitated a moment and allowed as how that might be a fact; long ago there were farms over the mountain, but no more.

"Over to Concord; that's where they went, I warrant," he remarked a little scornfully. "Some of them went clean to Boston, maybe. Yep," he added proudly, "it takes a right good man to farm this country."

He was correct. A New England farmer must have plenty of fortitude, and the granite-strewn hills have proved too much for less stoic individuals. The combination of industrialization and the opening of the West lured thousands to greener pastures. The greatest exodus was in the 1890's.

Acres and acres of hard-won land soon reverted to the wild. Apple orchards went to seed; alders engulfed the lowlands; birches and juniper covered the hillsides; a pine tree grew in the crumbling foundation of a farm house.

The endless miles of stone walls and old cemeteries overgrown with blackberries and thornapples tell the hunter a story of backbreak and heartbreak; but he doesn't stop to shed a tear. The forgotten farms of New England are partridge paradise, and the alder swales and birch thickets are tourist homes for migrating woodcock.

For success in hunting ruffed grouse, or partridge as they are commonly called in New England, a man first must know where to look for them. Next he must have strong legs and a stout heart, because it is tough going, and, finally, if he expects to bring anything home, he must be uncanny with a shotgun, with the reflexes of a cat and the eye of a hawk.

As in most hunting, the knowledge of where to find the game is the answer to success. The fine points of this knowledge come only from years of experience afield, but a general picture of where to find grouse is easily told. These birds need two things to exist: food and cover. That's the key.

Some of the most common foods of the grouse are apples and apple seeds, wild grapes, bittersweet, berries and mast from various shrubs, beech-nuts, skunk cabbage seeds, partridge berries, and the leaves of apple trees and alders. In late Fall and Winter, they bud on alders and birches. Find these and you find birds.

The grouse is a delicacy with hawks, owls and foxes; so he sticks close to the protection of heavy cover. When you see a barred owl, you're in good cover. This owl is wise enough to eat breast of grouse daily, and he's seldom far from the pork barrel. If you expect any brood stock to be left for the next year, you'll do well to eliminate his competition—if you can hit him. He'll float off softly as a midnight shadow, in such contrast to the roaring flight of the grouse for which your nerves are keyed that you'll miss more often than not.

A grouse hunter loves his sport; he has to in order to put up with the rugged going. The successful man is the one who takes the toughest country in his stride. The hunter who skirts mincingly around the hard work also goes around the birds.

One of the best grouse men I know is a former competitor in cross-country skiing races, with the legs and lungs of a marathon runner. He can cover twenty-five or thirty miles of the toughest country and at the end of the day, although he may be carrying his dog-tired dog back to the car in the crook of one arm, he appears as fresh as he did for the first mile. He revels in smashing through the thickest cover. When apparently

hopelessly ensnared in catbriers, brambles and hardhack, he mutters something like, "Trifles like this add to the fascination of the chase," grits his teeth and breaks through like a fullback. Believe me, he flies birds!

If you really want to see some grouse, find an old abandoned orchard back from the road that is heavily undergrown with blackberries, sumac, elderberries and the like. If there is an alder swamp on one side and a birch and hardwood hillside on the other, then look out. And if, on top of that, there is a small heavily grown stand of pine or spruce for a roost nearby—brother, lead me to it and let me be!

The ruffed grouse is the wildest of game birds, yet to flourish he depends on civilization. His range is enormous. It extends up through the Appalachians and Rockies, across the northern States, and through Canada well into Alaska. Yet the only places where he is found in sufficient quantities to afford good sport is where man has made a dent in the solid forests.

The greatest grouse hunting of all time was found a number of years ago among the slashing and second growth which immediately followed the timbering of Michigan. The same condition exists to a somewhat lesser degree today in the timber country of northern New Hampshire, Maine and southern Canada.

If civilization crowds too hard, however, the grouse will have none of it. He's a will-o'-the-wisp where man is concerned and insists on keeping his distance. Grouse country is marginal land between the wild and the civilized. It is country where the axe has fallen, but which has proved too tough for successful agriculture.

You have never shot a hot-house partridge, and probably never will. These birds don't take kindly to city ways. They are not hand-raised and restocked successfully like pheasants, quail and turkeys. Maybe this untamed quality is one reason why these great birds are so highly prized and their whereabouts such a treasured secret.

There are some individuals so jealous of their birds that they would probably walk an extra five miles just to take you around a certain swale where there are birds. If you should find yourself hunting with such a character and he tries to send you on one side of a hill, don't be a sucker. The grouse are on the other side.

Such men are rare among hunters, fortunately. Most of them are proud to show off their birds. They get as much kick out of seeing you miss as they do out of missing them themselves. I'll never forget the kind invitation I once received from Corey Ford at Freedom, New Hampshire. "Come up and shoot over my partridge," he wrote, "about a foot over and two feet to the right."

Apparently I did just that, although hardly intentionally. He showed me grouse as thick as rabbits in a cabbage patch, but even when

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you have found plenty of birds, that's no sign you will take any home. I've hunted grouse long enough to think I know what to expect of them next; yet I can recall many a day when I've flown twenty-five or thirty birds and considered myself mighty lucky to bring down a brace. They have two speeds—fast and faster—combined with a jet take-off. Somehow they never are where they ought to be when you pull the trigger.

I learned how to use a shotgun banging away harmlessly at woodcock and grouse, and I burned up a lot of ammunition before I finally connected. The jaybird sitting on velvet had nothing on me that day I bagged my first fan-tailed beauty.

That's what makes the ruffed grouse the grand game bird he is. There is no predicting his next move. His bewildering habits, the almost impenetrable cover in which he lives, and his wild speed all add up to make him as difficult a target as ever appeared over shotgun sights.

The partridge hunter must be alert, yet relaxed. Occasionally he will see a bird before it flies. It may be sitting on the branch of an apple tree with its neck stretched out three times the normal length, clucking down at the man below. I've yet to meet the hunter so hardened to the sight of one of these birds that he can remain relaxed under such conditions. When the bird suddenly swoops off the limb "all at once and nothing fust", the hunter is so tense with anticipation that his shot often flies harmlessly through the brush.

Good eyes are important in dense cover, of course, but good ears are equally essential. Every upland hunter is familiar with the roar of the grouse's wings as he takes off. It is this sound that throws the hunter's reflexes into gear. With experience, this reaction becomes as automatic as though the bird's wings had touched off a trigger. There are other sounds so nearly imperceptible that the hunter reacts to them without realizing it. These are the rustle of dried leaves as the bird takes a

step or two just before bouncing into the air, or the occasional nervous cluck just before flying. These sounds are momentary at best, but they give the hunter that fraction of a second to be ready for the first fleeting glimpse of the bird. Anyone who doubts the importance of good ears in partridge hunting should keep track of the birds he collects on a noisy, windy day.

The pros and cons of the value of a dog in grouse hunting have been kicked around by a lot better men than I am without settling the argument. One thing is certain: the number of grouse killed over a pointing dog is very small indeed in comparison to other upland game. If I'm hunting with a man who knows what he's about and whose hunting habits are completely familiar to me, I'm quite sure we can get more birds without any dog, except possibly a very remarkable one.

Once the ruffed grouse and the hills he makes his home get in a fellow's blood, there's no shaking them. I have trouble deer hunting for that reason. Several Novembers, during which month both deer and grouse seasons are open in New Hampshire, I took an annual trip up to the Connecticut Lakes region in the northern part of the State with the sole intent of getting a deer. At the last minute, a shotgun would be slipped into the car—just in case I saw a partridge along the road. By the time I started to hunt I had decided to use the shotgun with rifled slugs instead of the 30-06 rifle. When the first partridge roared up in front of me, I forgot all about the deer. The slugs were exchanged for bird shot pronto, and although the place was crawling with deer, I never did get around to shooting one.

I hate to miss a pheasant. He's just a fancy-pants chicken that belongs in the pot. But with grouse it's different. I console myself with the hope that those unharmed will raise large broods for the next season. He is one bird that can consistently get the better of me—and I like it.

It's a Man's World

(Continued from page 17)

to what should be the pleasant pastime of eating. A sure-fire gift is champagne, either imported or domestic (extra dry or brut is safest for most taste buds). It does something to a man to have a "cellar" with a sparkling wine in it. Makes him feel cosmopolitan and a little rakish.

Books: The gag about not giving someone a book because he already has one is really a common and seriously advanced complaint. No one will buy a second book for a man who has but one. For some reason books are given mostly to people who read regularly. There are literally hundreds of books which would be of fascinating interest to men who sel-

dom read and who never think to buy them for themselves: books on guns, fishing, hunting, politics, biographies of unusual men written in a breezy, readable style; even books on naval warfare. Last year someone gave a friend a book on magic—how to do simple sleight-of-hand tricks. This year he is entertaining the family with a Christmas Day magic show. Most men have a hankering for a farm or a ranch. There are several excellent books on how a city man can make a go of one. What if he never gets a piece of ground bigger than his own back yard? A man can dream, can't he?

Cheese: That's what I mean, son, cheese! Up in Wisconsin where some

of the best cheese in the country is made they package several varieties in a special gift box. Some are rich and creamy, others are piquant; all are good. Any man who likes to rummage around in the icebox for himself or friends will thank you twice for one of these assortments. Under \$5, too.

Luggage: Maybe it's only a memo pad or a briefcase and maybe it's a trunk, but the probability is that unless he is spending a term at Sing Sing, he needs something to pack things into. The luggage of the country is in a bad state of disrepair. The main problem now is to get good quality leather, most of the imitations being worse than useless. Good leather runs into money, what with a 20 per cent Federal tax—around \$20 for the merest suggestion of a briefcase and three times that for a good Gladstone. But they don't wear out, which can't be said for much else you buy these days. Worth looking into are these arrangements (some people call them all valetpacks, but that's a trade name) in which suits are packed on hangars. The canvas type used by army officers during the war is difficult to carry because it bulges out when full. It has the virtue of being almost indefinitely expandable. The solid leather variety is heavier but simpler to carry and is less likely to wrinkle clothes. For around \$30 you can get something some man will be grateful for.

Be Wary of These: For some reason as yet unrevealed, in choosing presents for men, women usually pick the things they think *they'd*

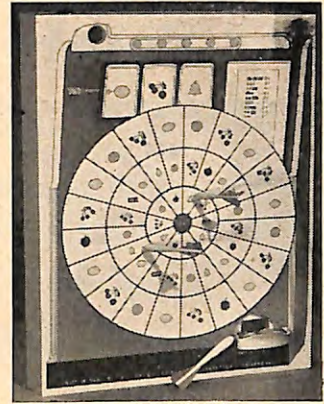
like if they were men. This recondit logic generally results in the choice of such items as colorful silk dressing gowns; fitted leather toilet cases; necktie patterns that a toreador would hesitate to wave at a bull; chromium-plated bar gadgets which combine a jigger, bottle opener, ice crusher and post hole digger on one handle; cuff links for which there is no place on a button-cuff shirt; sport shirts that would quiet a rodeo audience, and fancy colored handkerchiefs which are supposed to erupt from the breast pocket like a five-pronged Vesuvius.

These are only illustrations, of course. But they are poignant ones plucked from the post-holiday miasma of my neighbors. Hopes that they will be kept to a minimum this year are only that, I fear. The Civilian Production Administration, apparently anxious for the women's vote, has been practically egging manufacturers on to turn out this stuff.

And while it's fun to think about stuff like liquor and cheese and etchings, *my* crystal ball reveals a picture of a man sitting under a Christmas tree. The year is undoubtedly 1946, but it could be any year. In one hand he holds up several neckties; in the other a pair of fuzzle-wuzzie bedroom slippers. In boxes about him are handkerchiefs, sox, sport shirts and one dismal pair of shorts. His face, as he looks up at his wife, beams, but weakly. He is wearing a tulip-flowered rayon dressing gown. I can't quite make out who it is, son, but it looks as if it might be you.

Merry Christmas.

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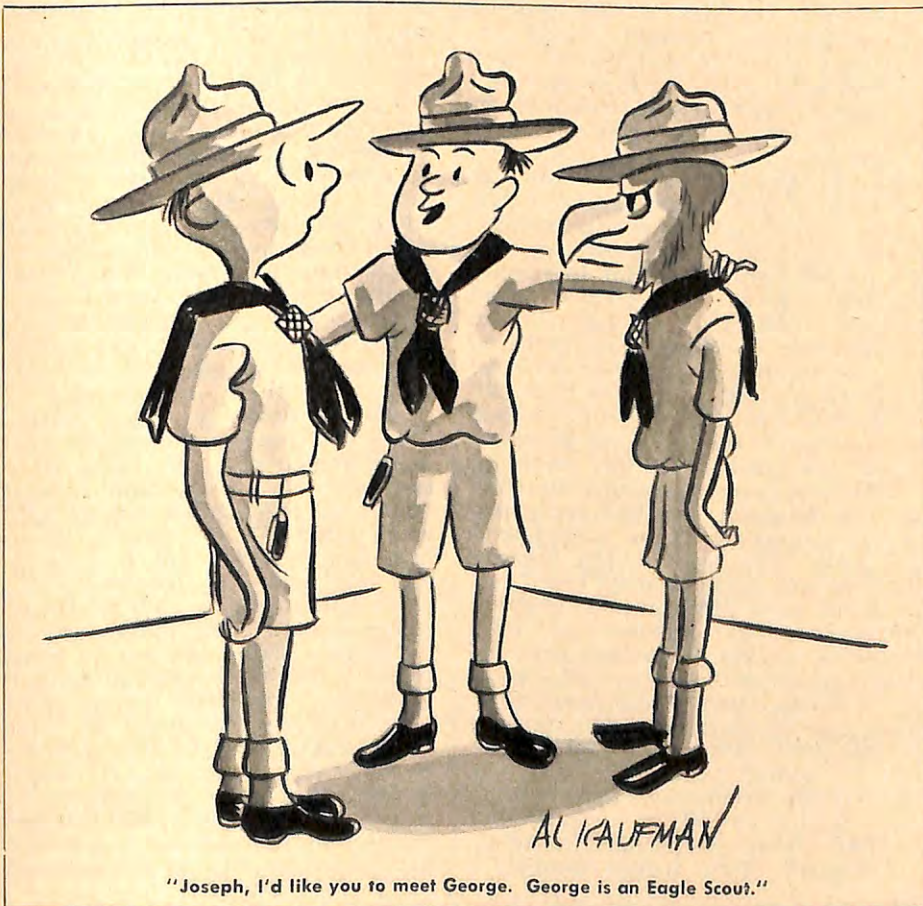
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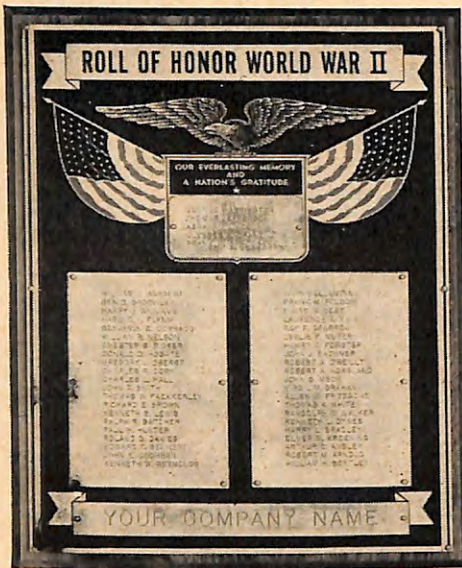


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In the DOGHOUSE

with Ed Faust



In dogdom, popularity breeds contempt—and misfits

IT WAS Christmas day in the morning when a young couple out to work up an appetite for the turkey that was sizzling back home were walking along the main street of their residential section. Everyone wore that smiling, Christmassy look. That is—everyone but a young man who was sitting forlornly on a park bench. On such a day anyone looking so unhappy would attract attention and he did. Our young pair passed him and then almost together said to each other, "That poor fellow looks as though he hasn't a friend in the world. Let's invite him to share our dinner." They didn't know it but the soldier didn't have a friend—in that town. He'd been sent on a special detail and had to remain over the holiday. They found him a fine, congenial guest. From the way he talked they gathered that in civilian life he might have been a clerk and a not too-well-paid one at that. His name meant nothing to them nor did the name of his home city. But what did register with them was the fact that he liked dogs and—surprise! his favorites were Newfoundlands. The surprise was because that was their favorite breed too. Time goes quickly when dog enthusiasts get together and even more quickly when they agree as to which is the best of all breeds.

When it was time to leave, their guest thanked them and went on his way. Some three weeks later the couple received a telephone request from the local express company to call for a puppy that had been consigned to them. Puppy? They hadn't ordered a

puppy from anyone. Well, they got their pup and it was a Newfoundland and the card tacked to the crate bore the name of the soldier and further printing on the card showed that the kennel was one of the finest in all the United States. Far from being a simple clerk, the soldier was a boy who is heir to a fortune from his father whose hobby is breeding Newfoundland dogs.

Boys and girls, this is not fiction for a Christmas opening. The yarn is what in our circles—not yours, I'm sure—is termed the McCoy. And that, if you were born after this expression lost favor, means the truth. The story was carried over newspaper wires from the town in which it originated. I've merely tried to put fancy words in it that no city editor in his right mind would tolerate from a reporter. An angle that the more aroused my interest was that there are comparatively few people in this country today that know much about this breed and a whole lot more who care less. Yet, at one time it was one of the most popular dogs you could find. When I was a little boy—and never mind how long ago that was—my grandfolds always had three or four of these purps around their farm. Now I don't go around offering to give memory lessons to elephants but I distinctly recall that those dogs—as they seemed to me at that time—were about as big as fair-sized Shetland ponies. Actually the standard for them today specifies a weight of up to 150 lbs. for males and 120 lbs. for the ladies of the breed. They are gallant

dogs and their record of heroic sea rescues exceed that of any other breed. They are perhaps the most powerful of all dogs in rough water and have been used very successfully to retrieve water game—the feathered kind, of course. Landseer, famous painter of the early Nineteenth Century, used them as models frequently and this largely because of the dignity that characterizes the breed. They are noble dogs. They are the only dogs that have been singled out for the honor of having their pictures on government postage stamps—the government of Newfoundland, of course. For some cock-eyed reason the name of the breed is not pronounced the same as when giving out with the name of their homeland. For the breed the pronunciation is just as the name is spelled, New Found Land. For the place where they first hung out on this continent, you'll say Newfoundland. Don't ask me why. But today, outside of some of the dog shows, you'll strain your eyes trying to find one. And this, my dear pupils, brings me to the real purpose of this essay—the part that fashion plays in dogdom.

ANYBODY who can remember back to prohibition days will recall the terrific play the public gave the Airedale—not that this dog had any goings on with the demon rum. Almost everyone out to buy a dog wanted an Airedale, including your writer. In those times he was a much smaller dog than he is today. I've said this before and here it is again because the breed had no earthly reason to fade in popularity—the Airedale is one of the gamest dogs on earth. This means something if you know how brave dogs can be. If you've got a lion bothering you—I mean no offense to a good fraternal Order—get yourself an Airedale. These dogs have been and are used to make life miserable for those big cats in South Africa and they do just that. Whether the increase in size will help or hinder the breed is problematical. With the trend toward smaller living quarters for most people, I would say that it would retard a return to the popularity it once enjoyed. But for the good of the breed this will be a fine thing because it is over-emphasis, over-popularity, that in time ruins a breed. The reason is that some money-greedy breeders with little true interest in dogs hasten to get into a popular breed. To get the dough quickly, they'll breed from inferior specimens and even from unhealthy dogs. Further, the popularity soon makes the breed common, lowers prices for dogs and plays hell generally. Today, you won't see many Airedales, although among show people there's a steady growth of interest in these dogs. It's a fine breed but if it has any faults, and, mind you, I speak only from my own experience, there's a streak of stubbornness in it.

Still another breed which if you
(Continued on page 58)

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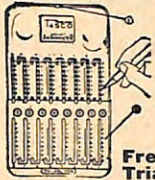
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By W. C. Bixby

UNTIL yesterday I was stuck for ideas about presents to give my friends. But fortunately the problem has been solved in the nick of time. I was rummaging through a trunk looking for those prewar electric lights to go on the tree and I came across an old package from Sears and Roebuck which had never been opened. That in itself is worthy of note, but when I finally did open it I found much more worthy of note. There were an even dozen of the nicest straight razors I have ever seen. Well, sir, that solved my troubles. Who could ask for a better present than a new straight razor? That's right, who? So now I'm happy and all my closest friends (an even dozen, mind you) will receive a razor. They can shave with it, cut linoleum with it, or throw it away. It does have a variety of uses.

IN these days of continued meat shortages anyone who lives on a farm is to be envied. There, in the country, roam various animals of domestic and edible nature. It is difficult to restrain a sigh of longing when the picture of fat beeves spring to mind, and contented cows mow the lawn with hearty appetites. Although farmers are not exactly in a bad position today, they can always do with a bit of help when it comes to gadgets and the like. Here is one to make a contented cow even more contented. It is a new device for scratching a cow's back. It's a low arch with brushes at the top and so placed that the cow can wander under the arch and scratch its own back with no help from anyone. At the same time they get a dusting of DDT from an automatic valve at the top of this thing. This cuts down on the flies which usually linger about cows and the Department of Agriculture reports that the de-flier will increase milk yield about \$15 to \$20 per head per year. That seems to make the whole project worthwhile.



THERE are all kinds of enthusiasts at large in the country—stamp collectors, bird identifiers; in Britain they even have a snail-watching society. They, by the way, go out and spend all night watching snails prowl about, at least that's what they say they do.

One of these fanatical groups of varied interests has a passion for cameras. I have heard, or rather overheard, several devotees talking the inscrutable language of the camera fiend. I have even, thumbed through such publications as *U. S. Camera*. In doing so I would come across some picture of unusual merit and interest to me. Wanting to know more about it I would try to read the caption beneath the photograph. It was always illegible and frustrating and filled with heiroglyphics decipherable only to the camera fiend. Things like lens speed, and so on left me cold. But for these



people, the camera finds, here is a note. A new camera has come out, called Micro-16 and it weighs less than nine ounces. It uses 16 mm. film and the price of film includes developing and enlarging of twelve prints. Prints can be made up to 2½ inches by 3¼ inches.

NOW after the pictures are taken at various lens speeds and fractional seconds of exposure, it is possible for even the laymen to understand to some extent what goes on. The film is developed by some mystery alchemy and all of a sudden the picture springs to life on what only seconds before was a perfectly blank sheet of paper. The magic is astonishing if one is lucky enough to be around when this phenomenon occurs. Having witnessed this miracle once or twice, it almost persuades me that cameras are worth their salt. After the prints or transparencies are finished, we enter the net profit or truly enjoyable part of picture taking. We get to look at what has been photographed.

In order to do this it is necessary to have a sturdy projector of one sort or another. Here is a new and variable contraption for the projection of pictures, and other operations in the getting of pictures. It can be used as a daylight viewer, an electric light viewer, a small table projector, a table tripod with a 90 degree tilt, no less, a camera hand holder, or a tilting head for any standard tripod. What more could the most avid camera bug ask? I ask you.

EVERY once in a while it is good to remember the little woman and bring her home a present of some weird design. After all, she spends hours in the kitchen slaving over a hot electronic super cooker and it's only fair to do something to help her.



Most authorities note that the more senseless the present, the more women like them. I fear this idea has been fostered by the movies showing say, William Powell, bringing his beloved a bottle of water from the tub in which Lord Byron bathed as a child. Or was Lord Byron ever a child? At any rate, my point is that from time to time you could bring home something practical, something like a new car or other knick knack. Here is one that should be of some help in preparing Christmas dinner. It is a miraculous new pot holder, now don't laugh, which can lift and move any of those awkward handleless pots or serving dishes that get so hot. The hand pressure of gripping it holds it firmly in place until the dish is moved or the contents poured. When you want to remove the handle, just relax your grip and there you are. If you have to do the cooking yourself, it could be a help to you, too.

STRONGHEART sat at home by the fire one evening last week. It was a cool night, the fire blazed merrily. About him gathered his wife and three little Stronghearts. When all of a sudden in the midst of this happy scene disaster struck. A blazing log, from the merrily blazing fire, rolled from the hearth in a shower of sparks straight onto the rug, across the room and into the long, rather whimsical draperies. Mrs. Strongheart screamed. Mr. Strongheart screamed. Nothing caught on fire, amazingly enough, because the rugs and draperies were of a new fire-proof plastic. All this turmoil could have been prevented by a new type andiron which is slanted so the logs roll, if anywhere, toward the back of the fireplace. This not only is a safety feature but increases the blazability of logs, keeps the fire together, and makes it last longer. The front end of these andirons are curved upward so the log, if it is intent on rolling the wrong way, must get over a hump.



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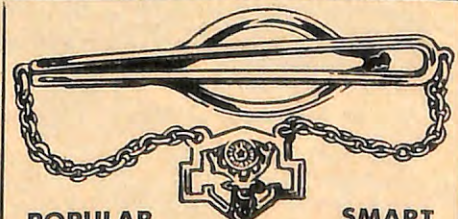
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The cadet tuned in in time to catch the message. He pressed his mike button and replied in great confusion, "Roger, I receive you now. If you receive me, wiggle your tower."

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Bird in the Hand

(Continued from page 9)

of natural woody habitat, brush piles provide serviceable temporary shelter for quail.

Create your own hunting. Those four little words are going to mean more and more to you as increasing hordes take to woods and fields. And you may be surprised in getting about as much satisfaction out of fashioning your own hunting paradise as you do in the actual shooting itself.

The saying that hunting is getting to be a rich man's sport is heard more every day. That is true to some extent, but not if you are resourceful. Successful hunting is most certainly not going to be a lazy man's sport from now on.

It's simple. With a little effort and not too much money you can create your own good hunting, and with a little upkeep it will last you for the rest of your life. I can promise you one thing; it will be the difference between a long face and a full bag in the years to come. State game departments absolutely cannot meet the demands of the coming unprecedented drain in wildlife resources. If you would hunt with any constant degree of success in the years to come, you *must* do something about it yourself.

To those who might object to this on the grounds that it would take hunting from the general public, let me say that you can't take it away if there is no hunting there to start with! This article is an attempt to inspire groups of individuals to *create* hunting where there is none now. If these areas result in keeping sportsmen away from the sorely taxed public hunting spots, it would stand to reason that the more grounds created in this manner, the less strain our public hunting areas will suffer.

Now, let's look at a few facts. Most sportsmen like two or three friends along when they are afield. Let's say four average wage earners go in together on a miniature wildlife project. Four is not too many on a quail hunt, and oftentimes one of the four cannot get away every weekend to hunt. Now, get out into the country and search for fair looking quail covert. Lease shooting rights on at least 500 acres. If that takes in five farms, O.K. Tell the farmers what you are doing. In many cases they will not charge you for the lease because farmers are always glad to have quail on their land. If they do, the charge will be nominal. Guarantee the farmer reparations on any damages to his livestock or other property resulting from your hunting. You will be surprised how much cooperation you'll get from the average farmer if you show this willingness of your responsibility. Hire someone, perhaps the farmers in their slow seasons, to create brush piles in the bare spots. Have them

sow quail food in their less productive plots. Perhaps you will have to fence in small spots throughout the 500 acres and plant them in grain.

When everything is ready, write your state game and fish department. If proper precautions for quail welfare have been taken, most of the state game departments will stock the land with quail. If not, stock it yourself. Birds can be bought from private hatcheries throughout the United States. Release quail in the center of your lease. While the bobwhite is not a migratory bird, it will drift some, following release. However, once they settle, the birds will probably range within the confines of a forty-acre spot so long as food, water and cover are available.

A lease of 1,000 acres is better if possible. That much land, properly managed, would provide a quail haven for half a dozen hunters. Five to as high as ten sportsmen can go in on a lease of this size and have good quail shooting for the rest of their lives. Don't let the size of your lease stop you, however. One farm of 100 acres can provide good hunting if managed right.

Now that hunting grounds have been established, you can guess pretty close to the annual expense. Form a club and assess each member monthly or yearly dues. Watch the sportsmanship qualities of your members. If there is a game-hog among them, vote him out in a hurry. Watch your seed stock. Never shoot a covey lower than five or six birds. If you leave only four, for instance, they might all be males and your reproduction potentialities would be low!

It is essential that the total number of coveys on an area be known at all times as well as the number of birds in each covey. There is a tendency for two or more small coveys to combine. When that happens, the covey should not be molested. In many cases, such a reformed covey has been shot down to a few birds, resulting in a decrease of seed stock.

Many state game departments have emphasized quail-stocking programs. But they are finding out that stocking alone with hatchery-reared birds is not the answer—unless areas so stocked are planted with natural foods, and unless a program of game management follows up with a year-round provision for proper feed, cover and water. Most game departments are finding the return of leg-bands from birds stocked and left to fend for themselves is pitifully low.

It is like taking a group of pen-raised white rabbits, leaving them in rough wolf country and saying, "Now multiply and be happy, children!"

In most cases, where any given area is built up with proper habitat for wild birds, stocking will not be

necessary. A quail knows a good thing when he sees it!

If your lease is sandy, food can be produced by discing or dragging a heavy iron harrow around the margins of the fenced plots. The resulting soil disturbance produces an abundance of weeds, the seeds of which form the major winter food for bobwhite.

If your area is wooded, you have a more difficult problem since this type land is often deficient in quail foods and ground cover. But birds will respond in this type country to food and cover patches. Cut clearings in the woods and disc these every three or four years to provide weed growth. Brush cut from these clearings can be heaped in clumps around the edges. After grass has grown up around them they make excellent nesting areas and winter protective cover.

Your farmer lessor is generally glad to leave an outer margin of his fields to weeds. Such plots will provide an abundance of quail food.

Tight prairie soils present a more difficult problem in quail management than sandy soils. All-out agriculture is generally practiced in such regions. Food and cover are apt to be completely lacking. However, eroded gullies, waste corners of pastures, and fence rows may be made to serve admirably as quail hotels. Here your brush piles are invaluable. Rank weed and grass growth should be encouraged in untillable spots. Orchards and woodlots can be planted to seed-bearing plants that are beneficial to both bird life and the soil.

Consult your County Farm Agent on what to plant on your particular type soil. Ragweed, chickweed, pigweed, morning glory, smartweed, knotgrass, wild rose and violet are all good quail foods. There are dozens more. By all means consult with a proper soil authority before planting for your quail, however.

As for cover plants, wild plum, buck brush, sassafras, blackberry, chokeberry, black haw, sumac, hackberry, hawthorn, dogwood, persimmon, and Virginia creeper are but a few that make quail feel at home.

And don't slip up on this one: The most severe food shortage ordinarily occurs in the Spring when food of the past season has been consumed by birds and rodents, and the coming year's vegetation and insect life have not yet made their appearance.

Your shooting lease will become an "our farm" recreational spot for year 'round pleasure. Introduction of other species such as the Chukar or Hungarian partridge are high points of experimentation in a sportsman's life. Write to your state game and fish commission, or to the Fish and Wildlife Service, Chicago 54, Illinois, for any specific information.

By the club-lease-game management method you can have most any kind of hunting or fishing you want—deer, squirrel, pheasant, coon, bass, etc. You go about it differently in

(Continued on page 59)

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In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 53)

haven't seen any members of it, you've surely seen pictures of them, is that dog whose job it is to be outdoor bartender—the big bloke you have seen bringing to travelers lost in Swiss mountains the cup that cheers. No need to go into the story of these big fellows—they are the heaviest of all dogs—but they too had their day in this country. Like all big dogs, they are very gentle and fine for children but if yours is not a fairly big dwelling with an ample yard, you might just as well live with a horse. Over on this side of the ocean their greatest acceptance was at a time when homes were bigger. Need I tell you that the dog I mean is the Saint Bernard? Again, you'll see them at the shows as you will the other breeds I've mentioned and those I intend to mention, but today they are seldom seen anywhere else.

If you are under forty and have in those years at any time seen a pug dog, then I'll buy you a second hand canary and this is not giving you the bird. Back when beards and bustles were still going strong this little dog, a native of China, swept the country. He looks very much like a miniature English bulldog with his pushed-in face and large head. He weighs from 14 to 18 pounds and is either fawn or black with an ever-present black muzzle. He's a nice little dog, too nice for his own good. Down through the years of his popularity it was his misfortune to become regarded as a sissy, simply a lap dog, an ornament among dogs. This led to his decline in favor to the point where the breed was threatened with extinction in this country. Some few people started to do something about this so today you'll see a few at some of the shows but very, very few in the hands of private owners.

In the late Nineties and immediately after the turn of the century the great American farm dog was a water spaniel, no particular kind of spaniel, just a spaniel. He was a small black dog, spaniel-like, usually black, and I venture to say the memory of him still lingers in the minds of thousands today who once were

farm boys—or who still stick to the farm. As I remember this pooch he was always ready for a frolic or a sortie through fields or forests after game and was, of course, a star in the water. I've seen very few of them in the city and the old-fashioned type may still flourish here and there on our farms. Some few years ago, the American Kennel Club recognized this as a pure breed and listings were accorded them at the shows. Today it is by no means uncommon to see them there. For quite a while they lived in the shadows as far as popular preference went. But they are slowly overcoming that as their convenient size adapts them readily to city living, and their sporting urge makes them useful in field and water.

REMEMBER what a craze for the German Shepherd followed the first world war? The tales of derring-do about these dogs that came from the front was of course responsible. The bravery shown by them was, and still is, remarkable. Just as with the Airedale there was a time, in the early Twenties, when everybody had to have a Shepherd. Consequences—Shepherds became a dime a dozen with a period following when nobody wanted one. There was a slow increase in acceptance of them up to the beginning of our latest war to save democracy and a rapid increase in popularity during the war due to their preference by our armed forces. They perhaps formed the backbone—if such can be said—of the U. S. Canine Corps.

Another breed greatly popular at one time is the Dalmatian, that chap with a white body and black or brown spots—or is it a dark body with white spots? Anyway, he held high hand as a fashionable pooch for many, many years beginning 'way back in the coaching days. But where, outside of a firehouse, will you see many of these dogs today? You'll have to look—hard.

Yes, there are fashions in dogs but as I've tried to show in this treatise such enthusiastic adoption of a breed always leads to its decline sooner or later.



"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.

Bird in the Hand

(Continued from page 57)

each case, of course, but the plan as a whole is about the same. Provide for food, cover and protection and you won't have to worry about hunting and fishing for the rest of your life. Don't just sit around and wait for the national government or state departments to do it—they can't. Demands will be much too heavy. Furthermore, you're robbing yourself of satisfaction in creating

your own happy hunting grounds. Take care of your birds, and they will take care of your hunting. You and your old pointer, Sam's Hairless Pride, (They give bird dogs the dog-gonedest names!) will get hours of enjoyment from that lease. Satisfaction, health, better state of mind, less doctor bills—improved physical condition alone will repay you for expense and efforts of leasing.

What America is Reading

(Continued from page 19)

towns, usually in conjunction with county fairs, in the summer and Fall and goes South for the winter. The novel's hero, to use the word in its loosest sense, is one Stanton Carlisle, who runs away from home at nineteen for a number of reasons including a pathological hatred of his father and the unfortunate and very compromising discovery of his mother playing what she thought was a private scene with a gentleman friend.

The form of the book is one of the oldest in literature: the picaresque account of the rise and fall of an adventurous scoundrel—and don't tell me that people in large numbers like to read such stories because they became calloused to rascality and horror during the years of Hitler and his friends, or even because of any postwar mass amorality, for people have been gobbling up these unpleasant tales since, and even before, whoever wrote the *Thousand and One Nights* did so.

In the opening chapter, Stan has just joined the carnival and is being introduced into the mysteries of carnies by the show's manager and Madame Zeena, the mind reader. As he is made privy to the various tricks with which an enterprising showman can relieve the marks, as suckers are known to carnival folk, of his money—all of which, needless to remark, are of an extreme shabbiness—so you, the reader, are initiated also, and that naturally accounts for part of the story's fascination.

You learn what makes a geek, for instance. A geek, it seems, is the lowest form of carnival life (although there's a lot of competition for the distinction).

He is the man, dressed in a suit of long underwear dyed chocolate brown, his face smeared with greasepaint and his head covered with a black wig that looks like a mop, who is exhibited in a cage and fondles snakes and bites the heads off live chickens to the delight and wonderment of the rubes.

"Folks, I must ask ya to remember that this exhibit is being presented solely in the interests of science and education. This creature which you

see before ya . . . this creature has been examined by the foremost scientists of Europe and America and pronounced a man. That is to say, he has two arms, two legs, a body and a head, like a man. But under that head of hair there is the brain of a beast. See how he feels more at home with the rep-tiles of the jungle than with humankind."

Stan learns about geeks; he learns the secrets of the Tarot deck, of mind-reading and crystal-gazing from Madame Zeena (who initiates him into some other little mysteries as well), he becomes an adept at many other amiable devices for leaving a county poorer than it was before the carnies hit town.

Then we go onward and upward with The Great Stanton. He runs away from the carnival, which was becoming too confining for his burgeoning talents, taking with him the leggy, red-haired and beautiful Mollie as partner in a mind-reading act (fake, of course) that panicks the customers in the top vaudeville houses of the nation. Just before leaving the carnival, Stan has almost absentmindedly committed a murder, and that act completes his preparation for life. He is morally steeled against crime, or against anything that might stand in the way of his ambition.

Success on the stage is not enough for The Great Stanton. Even the money he and Mollie are making, in the heyday of vaudeville, he considers peanuts. He starts looking about for more lucrative fields, and in spiritualism he finds the answer. As the Reverend Stanton Carlisle, complete to turned-around collar and decent black suit, he sets out, with larcenous fervor, to make the killing of the age.

From then on, the story takes on a richer and more somber tone. Stan has developed into a strong character, in one sense, overweening in his self-esteem. But in a cold-blooded woman psychoanalyst, Stan meets his superior. With the help of Dr. Ritter's private files on important (and rich) people, Stan climbs to a dizzy eminence as a spiritualist; then, when the doctor has used him enough for her own needs, he comes hurtling

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down in a way that will remind you, and probably reminded the author, of Greek tragedy at its starkest.

I have detailed somewhat more of this story than I believe is usually necessary, not alone to convey the flavor of the book, but also to make clear that in Stan Carlisle there is not one decent or admirable human characteristic. He perverts all his natural talents; he betrays the few people who love him—Mollie takes the worst beating—and he smears everything he touches. But the remarkable thing about the book is that you never really dislike its hero. The bond of sympathy which the author establishes between Stan and the reader is an achievement, and one which was of first necessity before the author could hope to bring his novel off. We like to read about villainy; there's no doubt about that, but black, unrelieved villainy soon becomes a bore—as Dickens, for one, knew well. In this case, and without being precious or too learned about it, the author has shown us a potentially "good" man who was licked before he started by a fatal weakness of character—who, in the old-fashioned phrase, was a creature of his own destiny (Laughter from the psychoanalysts' bench). Even as you watch the wretch in the final, and possibly too neatly ironical, throes of his rather special agony, you feel for him even though you think his desserts most ripe and overdue.

As to whether or not *Nightmare Alley* is a serious novel, in the sense that it furthers an understanding of human character, or as to whether it contains a message or is a parable of any kind, that is for you to decide. The only statement I'll commit myself to is that it makes an absorbing and highly entertaining story—and anyone who says he read halfway through it and did not go on to the end is a liar. (*Rhinehart, \$2.50*)

GEORGE BAKER'S *The New Sad Sack* is the last of that hapless little man's adventures in the uniform of the United States Army. The last, that is, unless. . . . Although books about the war have fallen off in public favor in recent months—and quite rightly; didn't we get enough of them during the last five years?—no one without a heart of carborundum can fail to feel his sympathies quicken at the many hard and cruel things that befall the Sad Sack; and strangely enough, it is just when our hearts go out to the little fellow that we are helpless with laughter at his various plights and pitfalls. He was, surely, one of the few bright spots of the war. (*Simon & Schuster, \$2.00*)

YELLOW TAPERS FOR PARIS by Bruce Marshall, a novel of Paris just before the war, is interesting on several counts. For one thing, it does not deal with the Paris of the movies and the travel ads; it is an unsentimentalized picture of the "little people" (to use that odious and rather pa-

tronizing phrase); it is the story of the butchers and bakers, the bar-keepers and janitors, the salesclerks and the bookkeepers who, quite naturally, make up the bulk of the city's population and who sometimes think of their fabulous town as not so much the City of Light as the city of gloom. There has been too little accurate writing in English about that side of Paris life, Mr. Marshall, the author of "Father Malachy's Miracle", has done his bit toward filling in the gap.

His central theme, which he never obtrudes upon the reader, is that the cynical corruption so long rampant in French political and business circles had, by 1939, seeped down to the lowest levels of the people, so that even the humblest concierge in her loge was morally undermined. Faced with a positive force like National Socialism (and it *was* positive, and it *was* a force, no matter how evil it may have been), the average Frenchman was powerless to resist and in his despair became defeatist in the face of the ancient enemy. As I've said, the author isn't sententious about all this; he gives his story its head and writes entertainingly and with humor. The book will leave you with a little more understanding of the Paris of the zinc bars, the crowded autobuses and the cheap department stores. And that, after all, is as much Paris as the Latin Quarter or the Ritz Bar. (*Houghton, Mifflin, \$2.50*)

HERE is an engaging and highly entertaining excursion into literary make-believe which should give a little variety to the sometimes monotonous mystery story fare. It's *Dr. Sam: Johnson, Detector*, by Lillian de la Torre, an able Johnson scholar who has let her fancy wander a bit in speculating on Dr. Johnson in the role of detective. She has written nine stories of crime and passion in 18th Century England and lets each mystery be solved by the Great Chan himself. The tales are told as the author imagines Boswell would tell them—and if one of them was quietly sneaked into Boswell's "Johnson", it would take a sharp and knowing eye to spot the fraud. Not only is the Doctor done here to the life, but the crimes themselves, all matters of mayhem, murder, highway robbery and other bits of foul play, have the authentic flavor of Tyborn and Old Bailey and the gibbets of old London. (*Knopf, \$2.75*)

IF SOME evening, you have an hour or so to prowl around in economics, one of the most vexed and vexing questions on earth (and that is no exaggeration), you could do a lot worse than investing your time in *The Divine Right of Capital* by C. E. Ayres. Mr. Ayres, an economist with a difference—the difference being a sense of humor—investigates American capitalism at its roots and comes to some highly unconventional conclusions. He does not condemn the institution; as a matter of fact, one

gathers he rather likes it, as most of us do (otherwise we'd probably not have it), but he doesn't just end up with a pious benediction either. He does end with a few suggestions as to how we Americans could improve the system, mainly by making it more systematic. It may not sound rewarding, but I'd be willing to bet a rouble that you won't regret any time spent in Mr. Ayres' company. (*Houghton, Mifflin, \$3.00*)

MARGARET HALSEY, whose previous books have been in a relatively light vein, in *Color Blind* seriously considers the Negro question in the United States from the standpoint of the intelligent white citizen. Her book is not so much a plea for tolerance—anyone can make that, and plenty have, and where did it get them?—as it is an explanation of why some white people (to understate the case) discriminate against their dark-skinned fellow citizens in our democracy. You'll probably not wholly agree with all of Miss Halsey's findings (particularly her theories on sexual discrimination), but the book, which is written in a lively, witty style, should stimulate you to do some thinking on this important subject, if you haven't already. (*Simon & Schuster, \$2.50*)

ALARGE and extremely handsome book about American wild ducks, *Prairie Wings* by Edgar Monsanto Queeny, tells you—in text, photographs and black-and-white sketches—just about everything there is to know about the birds, from the anatomy of the duck to the theory of its flight through the air. The many fine camera studies are beautiful in themselves, and the more specific discussions on the way ducks fly, and learn to fly, are illustrated with skillful little drawings by the noted wild-life artist, Richard E. Bishop. If you know anyone who takes pleasure in the flight of wild ducks, or anyone who, more crassly, likes to try his skill at stopping their flight with a shotgun, you might remember this book around Christmas time. (*Ducks Unlimited, Inc., \$15.00*)

DAWN OVER ZERO by William L. Laurence is a pretty complete story of the atom bomb from A to Zero (the code name for the first experimental operation in the New Mexico desert). Naturally, it can't be really complete, but Mr. Laurence, who was chosen by the army to cover the Manhattan Project in all its aspects—the only newspaperman so honored—knows his subject about as well as any layman and, what is more important, has the knack of making abstruse matters of physical science—well, not precisely simple, but understandable, if you have any patience at all. That the A-bomb, with its almost majestically terrible potentialities as a destructive agent, is a matter of moment to even the least concerned among us need hardly be stated. Here is, so far, the best introduction to it. (*Knopf, \$3.00*)



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