

THE

Elks

MAGAZINE

APRIL 1947 20 CENTS





"I see he uses his head as well as his hands!"

Why is it wise to make drinks with Calvert? Because
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A Message from the **GRAND EXALTED RULER**



THE CRUELEST SCOURGE

A DUTY and privilege which confront the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks is the active support of all campaigns to prevent the ravages of deadly disease among our people.

This year, in the month of April, the American Cancer Society has launched a great campaign to curb an ailment which it is estimated will strike approximately 184,000 Americans in 1947. In other words, 17,000,000 Americans now living will die of cancer.

The statistics compiled by the American Cancer Society are appalling. They reveal that one cancer death strikes every three minutes in the United States; it occurs in one of every three families; it caused more than twice the number of fatalities than did World War II during the same period of time.

The Society points out that acceptable methods of treating cancer are surgery, radium and the X-ray. We, as a great fra-

ternal Order and a living force in the structure of our society, must recognize these facts and couple them with the knowledge that in many cases early cancer can be cured.

As members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, one of the greatest charitable organizations on earth, we cannot remain aloof to the great and laudable campaign of a Society which has more than 100 research projects now in operation throughout the Nation to control this enemy.

I ask that wherever there is an Elks lodge in this country it spread the story of the American Cancer Society and aid in its vital war against the cruelest scourge known to man.

Fraternally yours,

C. E. Broughton

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

APRIL, CONTENTS



BUFFALO BILL called his shots

"Colonel Cody had a rough life," my father used to say, "but he liked a smooth drink. And when he'd call for his favorite, we'd see that Abbott's smoothed the way for him."

Abbott's Aged Bitters, famous for over 70 years as America's great bitters, achieves its mellowness from patient, careful ageing. In the stately manor houses of Maryland, where fine, gracious living approaches the status of an art, Abbott's has been a byword since long before the turn of the century.

Try the magic of Abbott's Aged Bitters for your next mixed drinks. Let Abbott's clean (no sediment, ever) flavor and piquant bouquet help to make your *good* drinks *great* ones!

C. W. Abbott



BRANDY COCKTAIL
1 Jigger of Brandy, 1 teaspoon of Curacao, 2 dashes of Abbott's Aged Bitters—cracked ice—stir well—strain into a cocktail glass and serve. Twist lemon peel over glass if desired. **FREE: Write today for Abbott's Recipe Booklet... containing recipes of distinction.**

SINCE 1872

G. W. ABBOTT & CO., Inc.
BALTIMORE 24, MARYLAND

THE

Elks

MAGAZINE

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by John Wedda

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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—

MR. HUGH B. CAVE leads off with a fictional story concerning the quahaug (sometimes spelled quahog) clam digger in his neck of the woods. Mr. Cave is devoted to clams and therefore knows his business. This war between the tongers and the dredgers continues to make news. We have entitled Mr. Cave's story "Hell on the Half Shell". Such profanity will doubtless raise Hades with Mr. Cave.

"The Magnificent Mytton", by Walter Osborne, is a factual account of the fabulous character who existed in the early part of the 19th Century, in England. Mr. Mytton was a wealthy young man whose history compares with that of the late Harry K. Thaw, another magnanimous spendthrift.

One of our contributors, Mr. Ed Zern, has strong feelings about trout and trout fishermen. He makes them obliquely clear in his article on "How to Annoy a Trout Fisherman". It is a question, which will Mr. Zern's article annoy the most—the trout or the fisherman.

Now that travel in the United States is again feasible, plausible and pleasant, we have reinstated a travel column under the able touch of Mr. Ed Tyng, a much traveled man. In this issue, Mr. Tyng plumps for the great Northwest and he makes it sound like Heaven.

Our Magazine's principal point of interest this month is the Elks Panel of Public Opinion in which we have polled the Exalted Rulers, District Deputies and other officials of the Order for their opinions on questions of national interest. So many of these outstanding representatives of the Order answered our queries that we have enthusiastically published the resultant average of their opinion. It is our earnest hope that this new monthly feature will meet with the approval of our readers and will give them an insight into the thinking of the members of our Order on matters of national, international or ordinary personal experience.

In selecting names for appointment to the Panel, it was obviously impossible to make a random selection from the entire membership of our great Order. It seemed logical to narrow the choice to Exalted Rulers and District Deputies, as is pointed out in the page feature itself, since these men were appointed to office by reason of their thinking and ability. We feel that their opinions will be of as much interest to the members of the Order as they are to the editors of this Magazine.

We would like to call attention to the message written this month by the Grand Exalted Ruler urging the cooperation of the entire Order to the American Cancer Society's campaign to control cancer. Mr. Broughton stresses this program as a most worthy objective.

C. P.



In continuing your support of the campaign to interest high-caliber young men in Regular Army enlistments you are doing a great service to the nation and the future.

Your Regular Army must have a continuous flow of replacements for the 30,000 to 40,000 men per month who are promoted, whose enlistments expire, or who are separated from service through other causes. To men who measure up, the Army in turn is offering 40,000 good jobs. This should be brought home to all potential recruits.

Today, the Regular Army can give a young man a fine start in life. With training available in many skills and trades, it equips him for a variety of useful, profitable civilian occupations. New, higher pay, in addition to food, clothing, quarters, medical and dental care, enables him to begin his service at \$75 a month, with excellent chances for promotion as he goes along. Travel opportunities, GI Bill of Rights educational benefits, and many other special advantages make the Army worth discussing with young men who have the ambition and initiative to plan their futures carefully.

★
**URGE THE FINEST YOUNG MEN
YOU KNOW TO SERVE THEIR
COUNTRY NOW**

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

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

ELK NEWSLETTER

★ WASHINGTON

Price has emerged as the big factor in the lumber business. According to reports from the trade, caution is now the rule in the Nation's lumber yards and few firms are buying for inventory. The common grades of lumber already are catching up to demand, but the higher class stuff--doors, trim, flooring--are still 'way behind. Commerce Department officials are fearful that lumber may price itself out of some important markets.

They point to technological improvements in competing materials and expanding production of many of these lumber substitutes. (Note In Passing): CPA officials made no bones about why they revoked L-358 and L-359, the last two war-time plywood and lumber limitation orders. No one was paying any attention to them anyway!

★

Business hopes for relief from the linseed oil shortage, which is retarding production of paints, varnishes, linoleum, oil cloth, printers' ink and core oils, are tied to a government venture in the field of price support the success of which will be measurable this month.

While the prospect of surpluses in other crops is beginning to cause concern, the government has guaranteed flax growers a \$6-a-bushel minimum on this year's crop. Meanwhile, crushers already have contracted for nearly all the early, winter-planted California crop at prices ranging up to \$8 a bushel.

★

It took another war to do it, but this month will see the post-World I recommendations of Bernard Baruch finally adopted. Permanent industry advisory committees to aid national defense planning are now in formation under Army-Navy Munitions Board sponsorship, with small, medium and large operators included.

First recommended after their successful work in World War I, the industry advisory committees performed yeoman's work for the War Production Board in World War II but were disbanded with the expiration of that agency.

One unpleasant feature of World War II is hanging on without color of authority--the fat shortage. Since it can adversely affect industrial production of refrigerators, automobiles, electrical appliances, tires, soap, pharmaceuticals and textiles, businessmen are being urged to support the salvage campaign--by direct participation, by urging meat dealers to cooperate and by informing the public of the continuing need.

★

Communism in government, labor disputes, Federal budget, debt and tax bill reductions, the promotion of privately-financed industrial research and the problem of building better public attitudes toward business are on the agenda for the thirty-fifth annual meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States in Washington April 28 to May 1.

★

Filed late last month, the answers of the eighteen accused manufacturers of vitrified sewer pipe have cleared the way for hearings on the Federal Trade Commission's charges of "monopolistic, unfair and oppressive" price-fixing and discrimination.

Whatever their cause, mounting costs in the housing industry are causing revisions of Washington's estimates of housing needs. The National Association of Real Estate Boards reports that on the basis of present prices only 1,600,000 to 1,620,000 units could be absorbed, if offered during 1947, in the entire urban United States, while the call for rental housing is now "unprecedented". The high cost of building materials is a widespread factor in the situation, the Association asserts.

★

Maybe it won't seem much by then, but government officials estimate that principal and interest payments on foreign loans totalling \$164 millions will be due the United States in 1950. The foreign accounts receivable figure will reach \$331 million in 1951 and peak at \$366 million the following year.

(Continued on page 39)



WITH this issue we begin a monthly feature known as the Elks Panel of Public Opinion. It will summarize the opinions of Exalted Rulers and District Deputies on matters of national and international importance, or ordinary personal experience.

Realizing that the Elks Panel comprises men who are leaders in their respective communities throughout the country, men who help shape public opinion, we believe expression of their thinking is important and will make informative reading to our 900,000 members.

We wrote to all Exalted Rulers and District Deputies inviting them to become members of the Elks Panel of Public Opinion. Of 1,428 letters mailed, 1,158 acceptances were received. This is an 81 per cent return. Men whose business it is to deal with people by mail view this as a remarkably large return. Each month one or more questions will be asked, dealing with vital subjects or, perhaps, matters of simple human experience. Timeliness and the interest attached to the subject will dictate the choice of questions. None will be presumptuously inquisitive and each question must pass the test of whether or not the replies will render a public service and be of general interest to the readers of this publication.

When selecting the names for appointment to the Panel, it was obviously impossible to make a random selection from the entire membership of our great Order. It seemed logical to narrow the choice to the Exalted Rulers and the District Deputies.

We feel that any panel which remains fixed in membership might in time grow stagnant and cease to be original in its opinions. With this in mind, it was decided to limit membership to current Exalted Rulers and Deputies, which will effect a complete change of Panel membership with the election of each new Exalted Ruler and the appointment of each new District Deputy.

To enable Panel members to express their opinions freely they were advised they need not to sign their names to their replies to the poll questions.

* * *

We now give you the results of the first poll.

Two questions were asked:

NO. 1 DO YOU FAVOR A LARGE STANDING ARMY AND NAVY?

NO. 2 DO YOU THINK ANY OTHER NATION IS A THREAT TO THIS COUNTRY?

Of the 1,158 Panel members who were polled, 72 per cent expressed opinions on two subjects of vital importance to the nation. The greatest number of returns were received from lodge officers in the northern area which, incidentally, includes the second highest number of states. The questions, and returns on a national basis, follow:

DO YOU FAVOR A LARGE STANDING ARMY AND NAVY?

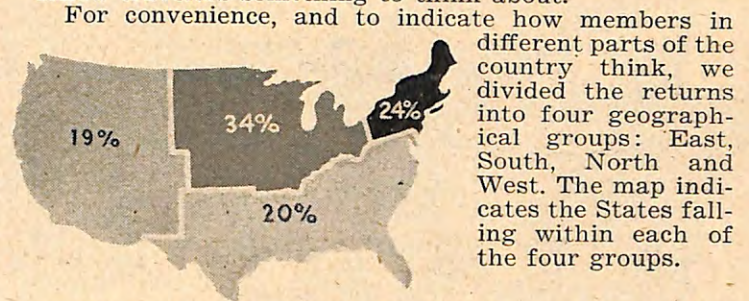
YES 86%
NO 10%

DO YOU THINK ANY OTHER NATION IS A THREAT TO THIS COUNTRY?

YES 69%
NO 25%

Note: It will be noted that the above percentages do not total 100 in either case. The reason for this discrepancy is that some Panel members failed to express an opinion, or were not specific.

In reviewing the replies, a striking fact is evident: there was no difference of opinion between residents of large cities and those who live in smaller communities. On matters of national security, it would seem that all good Americans think alike, which should give the fellow travelers something to think about.



Here is how the responses came in:

The 12 Northern States.....34% of all replies
The 9 Eastern States.....24% " " "
The 16 Southern States.....20% " " "
The 11 Western States.....19% " " "

DO YOU FAVOR A LARGE STANDING ARMY AND NAVY?

NORTH	83%	14%
EAST	91%	5%
SOUTH	83%	14%
WEST	92%	7%

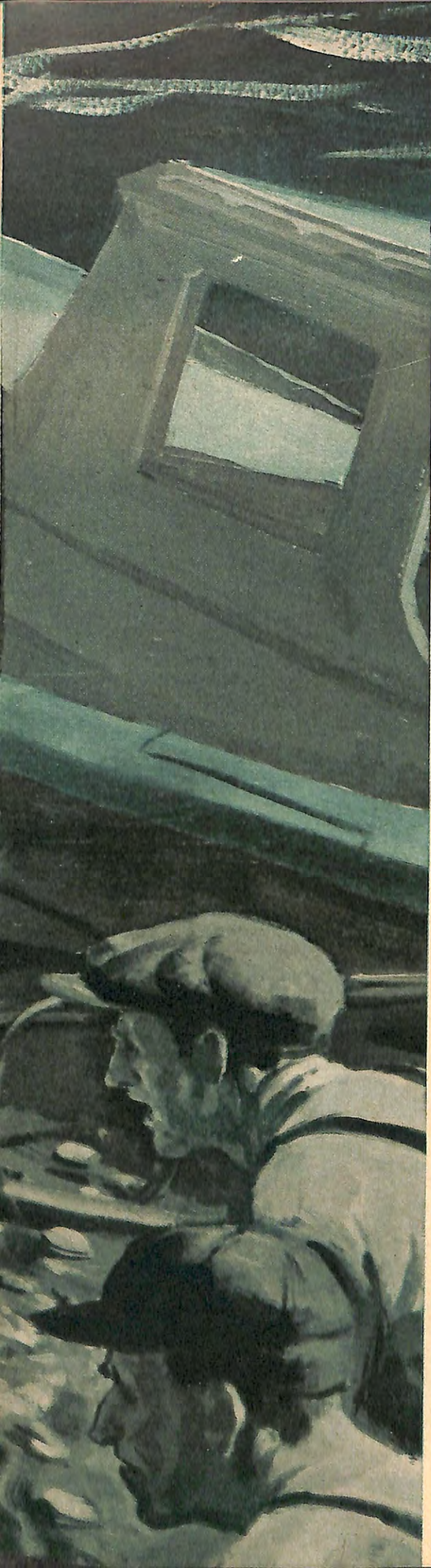
Note: In the North, 4 replies were not specific; 1 reply for Navy only. In the East, 7 replies not specific. In the South, 3 replies not specific. In the West, 1 reply not specific.

DO YOU THINK ANY OTHER NATION IS A THREAT TO THIS COUNTRY?

NORTH	68%	28%
EAST	73%	18%
SOUTH	71%	26%
WEST	68%	27%

Note: In the North, 9 replies were not specific. In the East, 16 replies not specific. In the South, 4 replies not specific. In the West, 6 replies not specific.





hell

ON THE HALF SHELL

BY HUGH B. CAVE

***In the war between the bullrakes
and the dredgers, it's the clam
that catches the grief.***

ALL afternoon the sea had been working up a temper. Even in Martin's Passage a chill wind peeled the tops off the hurrying waves and the air was a mist of spray that bit like blown sand.

Nels Lind drew his bullrake up from the bottom and emptied its gleaming of quahaugs into the dinghy—gently, like putting down eggs. Glancing skyward, he judged the afternoon's lateness by the metallic streaks in the West, where the sun should be, and waved to a tonger astern of him, near the breakwater. Suddenly, rake in hand, he paused to look past the point where a familiar boat, painted gray, nosed into the passage like a waterfront dog prowling for trouble.

The blue of Nels' eyes deepened a dozen fathoms. His grip on the rake tightened.

A bullrake is for quahaugs. Everyone knows that. But it can be a weapon, too, when a weapon is needed. A nice mess you can make of a man's face with a well-aimed rake. Oh, pretty.

Nels set himself and waited. Perhaps Tom Carkin, with whom he had a score to settle, would be bold enough to bring the gray boat within jabbing distance.

The boat swerved. At ten knots she bore down on him, her forty-foot hull crusty and fat, the men aboard her watching him like vultures. And Nels watched, too, with shoulders forward for balance and supple knees awaiting the heave of the sea.

They would not turn him over. They wanted no smashed dinghies or drownings, no bad reports in the papers to widen the eyes of the law-makers.

At ten feet she veered away. But the stubbled face of her skipper, Tom Carkin, came a foot nearer, thrust out over the dredger's side with wet hands cupped to funnel a shouted message. Half the bay could hear.

"Hey, Pretty Boy!" Carkin bellowed. "You want to settle something, I hear. Okay, we settle it. Monday when you come across the bay, I look for you!" And then the churned-up sea burst under the dinghy and Nels, dropping his rake, had to grab for balance or go flying. Laughter peeled back to him as the *Teresa B* showed him her stern.

He picked himself up, an angry man with face white and elbows

Illustrated by COURTNEY ALLEN

**A savage blow twisted the dredger's
mouth. Reeling, he went down.**

bleeding from the ragged edges of broken shells. Seething, he took up the oars. No man with a head full of violence can have the patience to take quahaugs with a bullrake.

Ashore he made the boat fast and carried his gear to the shed on the wharf. Then, still muttering, he went past the red-painted shacks at the cove's edge, between mountains of dry, white shells, and up the hill path home.

He lived with his brother Jeff and Jeff's wife, Ada, and their kids, and when he reached the house he found Ada kneeling on the porch beside the hammock, washing Jeff's leg as Doc Bascomb had instructed. It must

have hurt as the hot, high-smelling water poured into an open gash such as that, but you would not know from Jeff's face. Jeff was a man of patience.

"You talked to Frankie, Nels?" Jeff asked him.

"I did. You can work the breakwater any time you want, and welcome." Tongers, at least, respect the rights of others.

Jeff looked relieved. In the lee of the breakwater he could work again despite his injuries. Ada, though, glanced at his face as she washed the leg and said anxiously, "I wish you wouldn't. Not yet, Jeff." Because a man's legs are important. You

stand on them hour after hour, and a dinghy is no barge even in water close to shore. The doc had said Jeff was lucky; a blow such as the one Tom Carkin had given him could have cracked the leg bone.

Nels sat on the porch rail and watched, and it was good to see Ada tending Jeff the way she did. With Ada there was no fussing, but she was gentle and loving all the same, and anxious, too. Nels' hand, in his pocket, touched the ring he had bought in the city the day before Jeff's accident. He, too, would have a wife soon.

"Any sign of Carkin?" Jeff asked.

"Carkin? No. No sign of him."



"I wouldn't be surprised if Breault had taken the *Teresa* away from him for a time," Jeff said, nodding. "He won't want trouble with the hearings coming up. You did wrong to threaten him, but maybe it will work out for the best."

"Nothing will ever work out," Ada said, in the quiet tone she used when convinced of a thing, "until you and Breault's men settle your differences and learn to work in peace."

"Now, Ada—"

Nels went inside. He had no wish to hear another discussion of the troubles that beset the men of the Cove. A dozen times Jeff had answered Ada's questions, and still she asked them. Women were hard to convince.

Was it wrong for Napoleon Breault's men to drag for quahaugs with great iron scoops on the end of forty-foot boats? No—if the boats would stay where the law said they should. But Breault did not operate that way. His boats prowled at night through the tonging ground, taking what did not belong to them, leaving behind them a chewed-up bottom and

smashed quahaugs filled with mud.

Well, then, was there no law to keep them where they belonged? Yes, there was a law—but Breault's men defied it. And when they were caught, as happened once in a blue moon, Napoleon Breault had money enough to bail them out and pull enough to see that they escaped punishment. And now he had men at the State House demanding a new law that would give him the bay on a platter, all of it; and if that happened the tongers and the bullrakers, who worked with their hands and brought in quahaugs that were clean and sweet and unbroken by the mauling of the dredge—they could sit in the sun and starve, because in no time at all the price of quahaugs would be not enough to live on, and after a time there would be no quahaugs left in the bay for anyone.

Ada knew this. She knew that last week, when Jeff had hailed the *Teresa B* on the tongers' grounds and boarded her to argue with Tom Carkin, her skipper. Jeff had been set on with a baseball bat and beaten. Yet Ada said, "Don't fight. Fighting is foolish." What kind of reasoning was that?

Stripped and showered, Nels put on a clean white shirt and borrowed a fancy tie from Jeff's room. While Ada was frying eggs to go with the baked beans, he spooned mush into Penny, the youngest of the kids, and told Vera and Nipper for the fortieth time how it was on a PT boat. He had been a PT motor mac for three years—which was one reason he rebelled now at the idea of letting a man like Tom Carkin ride over him with only a forty-foot dredger.

After supper he put Penny to bed and shooed the other two kids to the sink to help Ada with the dishes. Then, with his coat and the borrowed tie on, he went into the bedroom where Jeff was stretched out with the paper.

"Do I look all right?" he asked. "Tonight is special."

His brother solemnly looked him up and down. "Fit to eat," he pronounced. But his grin disappeared quickly; folding the paper, he thrust it forward. "Nels, look at this."

It said in the paper that Whitey Michelson, one of Breault's men jailed last week for the third time for illegal dredging, was at liberty again. Breault had furnished the bail.

"I bet he was out there today, thumbing his nose as usual," Jeff said angrily.

"With Carkin. On the *Teresa*."

"With Carkin? You told me—"

"Nothing happened," Nels said quickly. "Now don't start fretting." He backed away from the bed, grinning to show his brother there was no need to worry. At the door he paused, and held up something gold that winked in his fingers.

"Tonight, Jeff, I put it on her. If she's willing. Wish me luck, hey?"

WHEN you have a date with a girl in Martin's Cove you take her to the movies. There is nowhere

else. Afterward you walk her to the drugstore for ice cream at the Red-tain or, if she is special, to the Red Claw diner-extension for dancing.

To Nels, Milly Mason was special. On the way down the street to the Claw, he fingered the ring in his pocket and could not wait to take it out and show it to her. Not many people spoke to them, but he was used to that. Liking Milly or not, they had to admit she was the prettiest girl ever to walk with a man down Ocean Street.

Tonight she was in one of her happy moods, which lately had been rare as rain. Perhaps her brother Everett, who worked for Breault, was coming home for the weekend, or her pa had promised again to give up drinking. Nels did not ask. He led her to a booth and sat with his elbows on the table and looked at her—at her restless sea-blue eyes and the soft curve of her mouth. "I've got something for you," he said, and thrust his hand into the pocket where the ring was.

A young man in a striped shirt and two-toned shoes came over from the counter and stood between them. He said, "Can I talk to you, Nels?"

"We just got here, Paul."

"I know. I've been waiting." He turned his back on Milly and bent closer. "I was across the bay this evening, Nels."

Nels grimaced. He did not dislike Paul Leeland especially. There was nothing about Paul to like or dislike. John Leeland, his pa, put out a weekly newspaper and the son's job was to get news for it. You had to admit he did it well. Even Napoleon Breault, with eight dredgers on the bay and as many contacts at the State House, would talk to him. But tonight was no time for questions.

"Not now, Paul."

"It's all over town," Paul said, "how Carkin threw you a dare this afternoon."

"Paul—I'm with my girl."

"I know. But you don't have to fight him, Nels. I talked with Breault. It was all a big mistake."

Nels bridled at that. "Breault can keep out of it," he said ominously. "This concerns only Carkin and me, and what was done to my brother."

"Sure. But do you think, with the hearings coming up, Breault wants publicity now? The wrong kind, like a fight?"


Nels was impatient. Across the table the happiness was going out of a girl's eyes, and in his pocket a gold ring with engraving on it was getting smaller by the second. He stood up.

"Later, Paul," he said.

"If there is a fight, it will have to be your fault," Paul insisted, "because Breault has ordered Carkin not to make trouble. But you know Carkin. If you go *looking* for a fight—"

Nels was bigger than Paul. He put his hands on the striped shirt and pushed, and said again, "Go away," and Paul went. Nels sat down again. After a time he looked across the table at Milly, and Milly was moving

(Continued on page 20)



At ten feet she veered away. But the stubbled face of her skipper came a foot nearer, thrust over the dredger's side.

Right are some of the characters in Broadway's newest hit, "John Loves Mary". The general consensus of opinion is that this comedy is sufficiently funny, well staged and expertly acted to keep John loving Mary in New York for some time to come.



Below are Arthur Kennedy and Lois Wheeler in Arthur Miller's gripping new play, "All My Sons", which deals with the tragedy brought about by a war profiteer. Pretty strong stuff and magnificently acted by the entire cast.



on Stage

WE RECOMMEND:



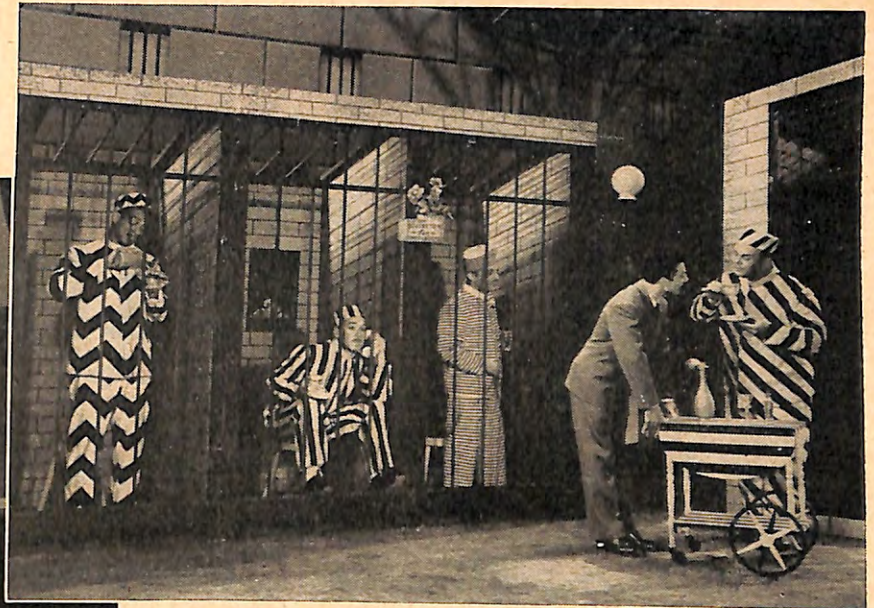
Above Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Teresa Wright and Ray Milland in a scene from Paramount's "The Imperfect Lady", a dramatic film, well cast.

and Screen

Right, Ronald Colman returns to the screen with a bang in 20th Century's film version of "The Late George Apley". This is magnificent satire.



Right is a farcical prison scene from Duke Ellington's musical comedy, "Beggars Holiday", starring Alfred Drake and Zero Mostel. This is a must for the more sophisticated.



Left, Judith Evelyn stares into a bleak and empty future as Craig has left her in the famous old play "Craig's Wife". This part has been frequently performed before, both on the stage and in films, but no one has ever performed it more tellingly than does Miss Evelyn. With her is Virginia Hammond, as the friendly neighbor.

Below, Dorothy Lamour and Bob Hope witness a horrid sight in Paramount's "My Favorite Brunette". There are further zany doings of this pair, you may be sure. Much more of this sort of thing and eighty million movie-goers will be in the bobby-hatch.



Above, center, Rosalind Russell and Melvyn Douglas co-star in Columbia's "The Guilt of Janet Ames", a complicated picture of a woman's psychological crack-up.

Above, in Universal's "Buck Privates Come Home", Bud Abbott bawls out Lou Costello for a serious offense. Getting squashed in the middle you may be able to see Beverly Simmons, the kid actor.



The Magnificent

BY WALTER OSBORNE

"The contempt of money is no more a virtue than to wash one's hands is one; but one does not willingly shake hands with a man who never washes his". HORACE WALPOLE

This is the story of a spendthrift and a black sheep . . .

YOU might well argue that there is nothing commendable about a ne'er-do-well who blows a vast inheritance on whimsical extravagances—still, who cannot call to mind at least one such scapegrace without some fond recollections of his misdeeds. If the world loves a lover, it also loves a rogue and more than one good-hearted wastrel has tumbled his way to a charity grave leaving kinder memories than many of his brethren who were ushered out of this life in shiny black limousines.

The Mytton Squires of old Shropshire could trace their proud lineage back five centuries. Their prospering estates had been originally the gift of Richard III, who presented them to the first squire as a reward for capturing the insurgent Duke of Buckingham. Succeeding generations

had contrived to build the family seat at Halston Hall into a very symbol of the power and wealth of the British landed gentry.

Such was the domain to which, in 1796, John Mytton was born—characteristically, two months ahead of schedule.

Mytton's father, a sickly man throughout his lifetime, died when John was eighteen months old. His mother, fearing that he would prove equally frail, pampered him—a mistake which soon became evident. The Mytton heir turned out to be a lusty young ruffian. He learned to ride at the age of three and trained his own pack of hunting dogs before he was twelve.

John's mother finally decided he was in need of spiritual and educational guidance and found a Mr. Owen of Shrewsbury who was willing to

take the job of tutor. Young Mytton at first was inclined to resent this curb on his freedom, but upon discovering that his preceptor's knowledge of British racing form somewhat exceeded his familiarity with the Good Book, he made Mr. Owen a fast friend. (The closeness of their association may indeed have become rather taxing on the tutor, especially after a nocturnal visit from his pupil who appeared in his bedroom one night mounted on a pony.)

It soon became evident to the Widow Mytton that her son had profited as far as possible under Mr. Owen's tutelage and the boy was shipped off to Westminster School in London. Westminster was, as schools went those days, a tolerant institution where brawling be-



All Shropshire buzzed with gossip of the wild doings at Halston Hall: of a dog fight staged in the drawing room.



Mytton



Mytton spun the carriage over a roadside embankment and then dumped the fellow into a ditch.

tween boys and teachers was a more or less accepted practice. Master Mytton, however, was apparently too much for them even under these lenient conditions and he was expelled around the time of his fifteenth birthday. A subsequent experiment with Harrow lasted only one term.

He was later entered for Cambridge University but the only evidence of his intentions to pursue his studies there was the arrival of 2,142 bottles of port, addressed simply: John Mytton, Cambridge. He had, it seems, already achieved some reputation as a tosspot even for those hard-drinking days. It was his habit in his younger days to knock off six bottles of port daily, for which in later life it is said he substituted an equal amount of brandy. Port or

brandy, he invariably dispatched his first bottle while shaving in the morning.

When the Napoleonic Wars ended, Mytton entered the Seventh Hussars, who formed a part of General Uxbridge's occupational forces. It was not a life calculated to improve the prospects of a young man about to come into a large inheritance. The duties of occupation were light and there was ample time for drinking, gambling and frolics with young ladies of easy inclinations. When Mytton returned to take over the job as Squire of Halston he was already imbued with standards not wholly consistent with those of his sobergoing ancestors.

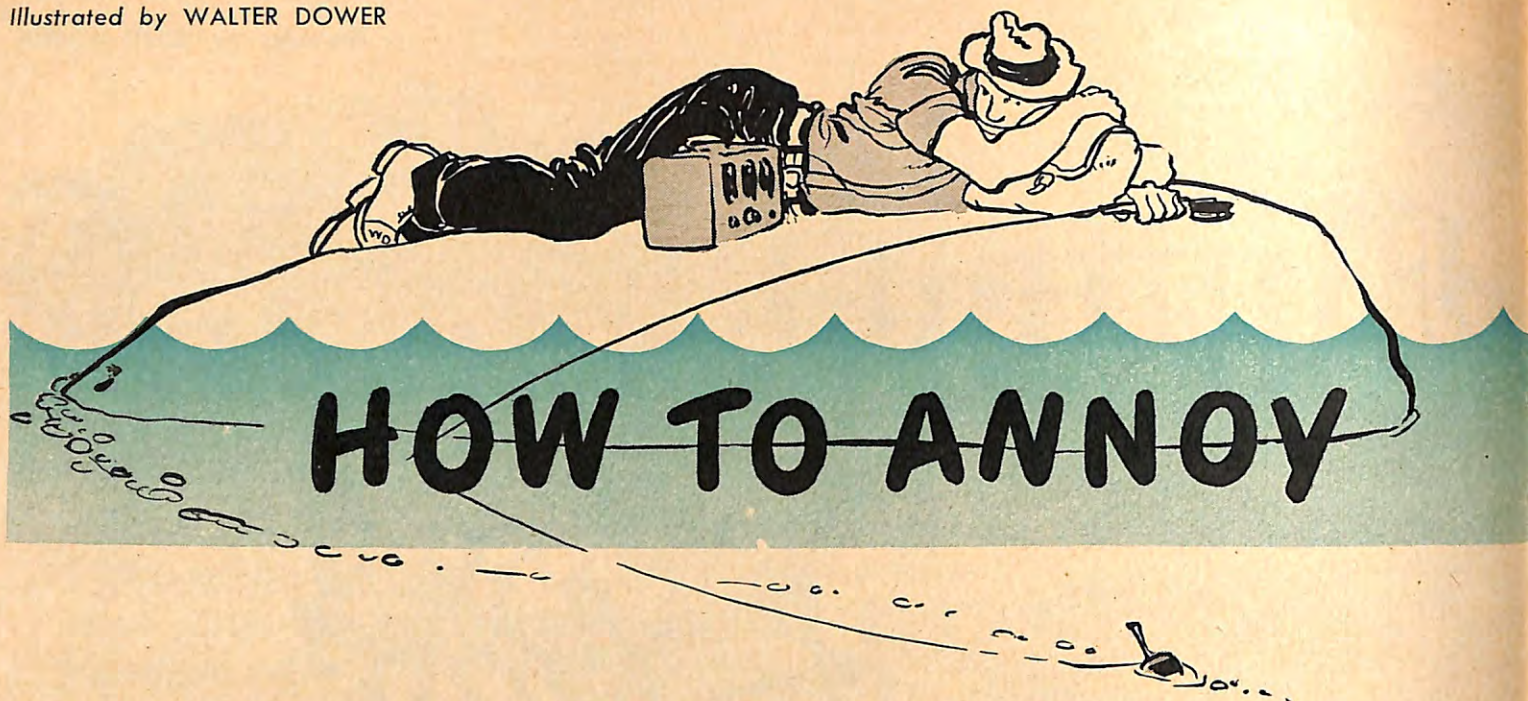
His first move upon assuming administration of the huge estate

and a cash income of some \$90,000 a year was to install a racing stable. Foxhounds and hunters were added and the lands were stocked with partridge and pheasant. He also took a wife: Harriet, daughter of the prominent baronet, Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt-Jones. Not long afterwards she presented him with a daughter.

Despite the new sportiness around Halston, the family felt that the young squire had begun to settle down at last. They were strengthened in this conviction when at the age of twenty-three he decided to run for Parliament.

The electioneering methods of those days would shock the most hardboiled politicians of today. Pitched fights between the adherents

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IF YOU are the indoor type who finds the company of militant sportsmen a bit too gamey for your taste, here is information that should serve you well. Frankly, I don't know what you can do about big-game hunters, surf-casters, upland birdshooters, ski-jumpers, duck hunters, riders to hounds, horse-mackerel fanciers and the like. But here is an almost-foolproof method of ridding yourself of the society of trout fishermen—without fuss or (except in rare instances) bloodshed.

When the subject of angling comes up—as it's bound to, if there's a trout fisherman in the room—simply toss out any one of the following remarks, the delivery of which should be made in a rather condescending and indulgent tone, such as one would use in addressing a mentally retarded child.

In case the first remark isn't sufficient, follow up with one or two more. When the tortured and enraged angler seems about to klop you briskly over the noggin, retire from the room for a few minutes—and on

your return he will almost certainly have settled into a blue funk, in which he will remain the rest of the evening while the conversation reverts to some nonpiscatorial topic.

Furthermore, you will find that anglers given this treatment will avoid you like the plague from then on—and that, of course, is the beauty of the method. Here are the remarks, more or less in the order of their effectiveness:

1 (a) *"Frankly, I haven't the patience for trout fishing."*

This apparently innocuous observation is guaranteed to make any bona fide trout fisherman see assorted shades of red. And the sputtering noise he makes is his outraged attempt to scream something like "PATIENCE! Why you pasty-faced, hot-house sissy! What has PATIENCE to do with—". At which point, you follow up quickly with the clincher:

(b) *"I prefer a more active form of recreation"*.

This ought to do the trick, and it's

wise to be sure you know the shortest route to the door before tossing this at the victim. And see that you step lively.

For nothing infuriates a fly-fisherman more than to be confused with that breed of anglers who loll along a stream bank or sit in a boat all day, ogling the heavens in low-gear meditation on the simple pleasures of man, and occasionally putting a fresh worm on the hook.

The fact is that few sports are more active—on an energy-consumed-per-day basis—than fly-fishing for trout in fast, heavy water. Besides making from 1000 to 7500 casts (including "false" casts to dry his fly or lengthen line), the angler is often wading hip-deep in swift water for ten or twelve solid hours—bucking currents that would bowl over an inexperienced wader—fighting to keep a precarious balance on a footing of shifting gravel or slippery boulders—pushing his way upstream against a fast current if he's fishing dry-fly or nymph, and resisting the force of flow at every step if he's fishing a wet-fly downstream.

In between sessions of wading, he's scrambling along the bank from pool to pool, over fallen trees and through thick brush, generally with five or ten pounds of water in his leaky waders, and always with felt-soled or hobnailed brogans that seem to weigh a conservative quarter-ton apiece after the first five or six hours.

In short, a full day of serious fishing on such heavy streams as the Au Sable, the Big Beaverkill, the Esopus, the Brule, the Truckee or the Deschutes is likely to be as "active" as 52 holes of golf, or a dozen sets of tennis, or the climbing of a medium-size mountain—and neither patience nor inaction is an attribute of the white-water angler.

Of course, you'll occasionally run into a trout fisherman with a skin so toughened that 1 (a) and (b) merely



I prefer a more active form of recreation.

BY ED ZERN

Mr. Zern presents an almost fool-proof method of ridding yourself of trout fishermen.

A TROUT FISHERMAN

serve to redden his neck and rouse his dander. He's still willing to stifle his yen to slug you, and explain the grossness of the injustice you've done him. For this bird, we have a few more tricks up our sleeve. For instance:

2: "I quite understand your feeling about trout fishing. I once dug three dozen little-neck clams at Shinnecock Bay, and I got a real kick out of it!"

For clams, you may substitute flounders, bullheads, frogs, Cape May goodies, eels or crabs—although for best results we have found little-necks to be rather superior. Trout fishermen deeply resent any drawing of parallels between their favorite quarry and any non-salmonoid creature; they feel, with some justification, that the trouts, charrs and salmons are in a class by themselves—particularly concerning the skill required to hoodwink these cold-water aristocrats with the artificial fly. I have seen a confirmed dry-fly man turn a deep magenta with rage when his host, a hand-line fisherman for fluke and cod, alluded to the spiritual kinship between them by virtue of a common pursuit—and only a hasty change of subject prevented a nasty scene.

YOU now have a fairly well-stocked arsenal to use against any trout fisherman who comes within range—but here are some smaller-bore remarks which you may use in your kindlier moods:

3: "I never took up trout fishing because I never eat fish."

To a trout fisherman, this is tantamount to saying that you don't play tennis because you have found tennis balls to be indigestible, or that you've given up billiards because your doctor has forbidden you to eat ivory. All dyed-in-the-wool angling addicts fish for sport, not for food; they scorn the pot-fisherman as the gentleman harness-driver scorns the milk-wagon charioteer. Increasing numbers of them return all captured trout to the stream (seldom the worse for wear—if lip-hooked, as fly-

caught fish almost always are); they may creel a brace of breakfast-fish, or keep a few big ones to confound the tyros back at the camp or hotel, but in the main, sport-fishermen realize that a trout in the stream is worth a dozen in the ice-box so far as future sport is concerned, and they act accordingly. (My friend, Don Ray, never takes a lunch with him while trouting, but carries a salt-shaker and broils a fresh-caught trout by the streamside; if he has a bad day he goes lunchless; thus he not only has his heart in his sport, but his stomach as well. But Don would fish just as fanatically if trout were as incombustible as gila monsters—and so would all his brethren.)

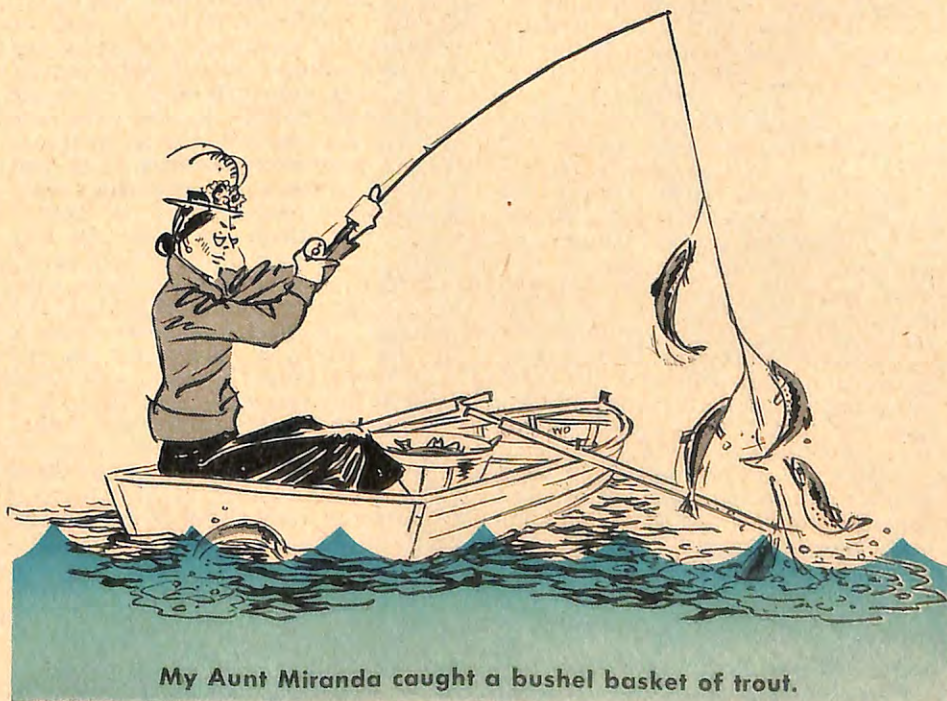
4: "Personally, I don't fish, but I do think it's nice to have a hobby."

Many trout fishermen have hobbies—collecting rare editions or prints, breeding Aberdeen-Angus cattle, painting watercolors, playing the

zither, writing bad poetry, supporting an indigent, or indolent brother-in-law, and so forth—but trout fishing is never one of them. Trout fishing, to the honest-to-Pete angler, is not a hobby but a Way Of Life. It is the peg on which he hangs all the other, less important articles of his existence: family, business, religion, politics, etc. A hobby is something that can be taken or left alone; trout fishing is an affliction of the soul, like Shintoism or paranoia, and is as incurable as snoring or idiocy.

The beauty of this remark is that the victim is unable to take violent offense; he knows that his horror of the word, when applied to his sport, is essentially unreasonable and irrational, and that no amount of explanation could make his position clear to the non-angler; he is made excruciatingly aware of the spiritual gulf that separates him from the

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My Aunt Miranda caught a bushel basket of trout.

It's a Man's World



BY DICKSON HARTWELL

NOW up jumps a courageous lady by name of Poppy Cannon to declare in a 4,000-word thesis that it is really the women who enjoy most of the natural physical advantages available to human beings, who get all the breaks of our patriarchal society and who have the most fun. This I interpret as a direct attack on this column—which holds the opposite view—particularly as Miss Cannon titles her discussion, “It’s a Man’s World—Maybe”.

Miss Cannon’s theme covers a lot of territory. She says, for example: women live longer than men; fewer of them die in jail or in debt; they collect on most of the life insurance; they are rarely bald; their clothes are more comfortable and better to look at; they have fewer ulcers, allergies and less tuberculosis; they are about one-tenth as color blind; boy babies die like flies where girl babies thrive; women have a majority of the voting power; they are better automobile drivers; housewives, except for routine chores, do their work when they please, and whenever they get in a jam they can take refuge in their traditional weakness, or have a good cry, while a man is expected to keep his chin up as long as somebody will sock it.

This is just the bare bones of Miss Cannon’s text. She has scores of examples of the advantage of being a woman. But perhaps they are enough to serve as a silencer the next time the little woman complains about needing some clothes. And maybe the Cannon gal has something. Maybe it isn’t a man’s world after all, but if it is the women who are endowed by nature, as well as social and economic custom, with superior facilities for living the good

—and long—life, then it is time men got some compensations. If men must shoulder the curse of Adam and battle a hostile pro-feminine civilization as well, then two evenings out a week aren’t enough.

IT MAY not appear important, what with the political news at home and in Europe, but it seems to me that just about the most significant paragraph I’ve come across recently was tucked away in a minor trade journal. It mentioned, quite casually, that wool has been processed in laboratory experiments so that it will neither shrink nor itch.

My first experience with wool that shrank happened while I was a youngster in California. I was on my way to grammar school and wearing new woolen knickerbockers. By some mischance, having to do with not keeping my nose to the grindstone, on this particular morning I fell into a creek which ran along the route. Those wool pants shrank so fast I could feel them walking up my thighs. By noon it was agreed by mutual consent with my teacher that my continued presence at school constituted a hazard to public decency. On the way home I again took the creek road so as to have plenty of time to contemplate my sins. And again I fell in, this time while trying to snag a bullhead with a forked stick. Since my pants were by then reduced to the size of bathing trunks, it mattered very little except to the bullhead which was so badly frightened that it moved nearly four feet away from my splash zone and sat there (or stood there, or lay there, or whatever it is that bullheads do) drowsily watching me pour the water out of my shoes.

That night, after I had been thoroughly disciplined on the incontrovertible evidence of my shrunken knickers, I prayed to God to abolish corporal punishment and wool pants. And now comes the answer—the first installment, anyway—to my appeal.

My experience with itchy wool was also painful. Some years ago I went to the Yukon to participate for a brief time, as a non-technical observer, in an expedition testing new methods of aerial map-making. Although it was summer I was convinced that at any time of year it would be cold that close to the North Pole. So I loaded up on heavy woolen underwear at \$6.00 a pair.

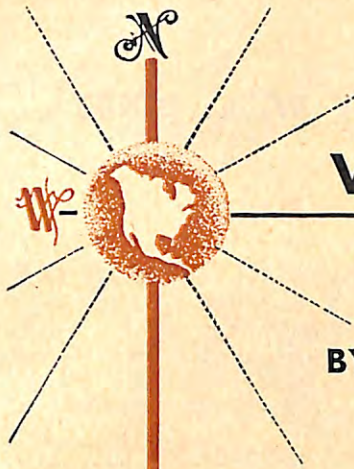
My schedule called for transfer from boat to train at Skagway, Alaska, and thence by narrow gauge railroad to Carcross, Yukon Territory, and then by unheated expedition plane an unknown distance north. Obviously, it seemed, I would have to be dressed for weather, and as the boat throbbed into Skagway harbor on a delightful June morning I appeared on deck, dressed conventionally enough on the outside, but underneath were my brand new woolies. Already they had begun to itch me.

The magnificent trip up the famous Trail of ’98 on the toy train might have been bearable had it not been my strange fortune to have as a seat companion a young lady with the verve of Ginger Rogers, a figure like Ann Sheridan’s and a face—well, it was the kind of face you look at before you size up the ankles, if you know what I mean. I have been in many public conveyances and sat opposite my share of comely creatures, and invariably they stare frozen-faced out the window or bury their pretty faces in a magazine, leaving me to make my passes at the thin air.

But this girl, Anita her name was, wanted to talk. She wanted to tell me all about herself and then learn about me, ordinarily about as pleasant a conversational arrangement as I can imagine. And all I wanted to do was scratch. But my mother had taught me that nice people didn’t itch nowadays, and if they did, only in private would they yield to the insistent temptation to give themselves a finger massage.

So there was the gorgeous Anita, revealing her life to me and eagerly ready to hear a hopped-up version of my life story. And here was I, just sitting on my hands and squirming. My ankles, my knees, my waist, the small of my back, even my shoulder blades cried desperately for succor and desperately I ignored them. In moments of forced concentration I would hear Anita leading her heart at me with questions such as, “Do you think people know at once when they meet someone they like?” and the classic, “Do you believe in always sticking to hard and fast conventional rules?” And I, who ordinarily handled such inquiries the way a Nevada gambler handles a Renovating

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VACATIONS UNLIMITED

BY EDWARD TYNG

**North, East, South and West,
all offer holiday lures.
But try the Northwest!**

LEWIS and Clark discovered the pathway to Oregon through the great Northwest, but they did something few who have followed in their footsteps have done. They missed the Yellowstone Park. Whether travelers take the trip by transcontinental railroad or by automobile through the northwest Rockies, they all visit Yellowstone. When sightseeing and stopovers are so convenient, most persons do not wish to pass up such an opportunity.

Since that first and oldest national park is the highlight of any northern transcontinental journey, it is a good place for this column to start. It should also be mentioned here that those who go there today have something to look forward to—the Red Lodge High Road that was completed in 1937 and became a fifth gateway, an entrance so spectacular that one of the associate directors of the National Park Service, A. E. Demaray, who presumably has more-than-average knowledge of scenic wonders, said he was at a loss to find words to describe what he saw. "I have seen nothing like it anywhere in my travels and I doubt if its awe-inspiring panorama can be equalled in the far-famed Alps."

For the benefit of those who have not been there it should be mentioned that the oldest gateway is the Gardiner, on the northern border, reached from Livingston, Montana; the Red Lodge Gateway is on the east, with Billings the portal city; from the east also there is the Cody Road, from the city of that name in Wyoming. From the south the gateway is through the Grand Teton National Park, Wyoming, and the west Yellowstone is reached by the Gallatin Canyon Road that starts from Bozeman, west of Livingston, in Montana. The Northern Pacific Railway and the Burlington serve four of the gateways: Gardiner, Cody, Red Lodge and Bozeman-Gallatin. Gallatin also is served by the Milwaukee Road and West Yellowstone is reached by the Union Pacific.

Returning to the Red Lodge High Road, unlike other roads which go through towering mountains, it climbs them (the Beartooth Mountains) to an altitude of nearly 11,000 feet, which makes the new highway one of the loftiest in the world. What this means may be seen from the fact that Mount Washburn is 10,317 feet high and Eagle Peak, highest in the Yellowstone, is 11,360 feet. Sylvan Pass, on the Cody Road, is 8,557 feet and the highest point of the Continental Divide in the park is 8,522 feet. At its highest point, where it reaches the summit of the Beartooth Range, the Red Lodge High Road attains 10,940 feet and for more than 20 miles it remains around 9,000.

The road, which gets its name from a

Crow Indian's red tepee that once stood at what is now Red Lodge, Montana, follows Rock Creek southward, through Rock Creek Canyon, where the climb begins from 6,000 feet, zigzagging up the mountains, around Mae West Curve (Mae never had anything like this), and requires 15 miles to climb 5,000 feet. Leaving trees and clouds behind, the road finally emerges on the Beartooth Plateau. From that point and past the "Over the Top", the traveler finds one of the world's greatest panoramic views. Buses making the trip have open tops, permitting unobstructed views, and the views have been estimated to cover, on a clear day, 250 miles. It is a land of perpetual snow and mountain flowers, sharp peaks and abundant wildlife. From one vantage point 32 lakes may be seen. In these lakes and streams trout leap for mountain flies and the angler will long for a rod. At length the road passes Beartooth Lake, over which the great Beartooth Butte towers with its mantle of snow. However, one is not yet in the Yellowstone Park and won't be for another few miles, when the highway again crosses the Wyoming-Montana line.

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Northern Pacific Railroad Photo



The 308-foot Great Falls in the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone River.

Gadget & Gimmick Department

BY W. C. BIXBY



IF YOU have any hand-operated gadgets in your home, now is the time to get rid of them. You don't want neighbors talking about you, do you? Of course not! There are only a few areas left in the country where it is safe to have manual appliances. Williamsburg, Virginia, is one of those spots. Other such places are in Connecticut. In these areas they have gone to the opposite extreme. Everything must be hand-operated or the neighbors talk. They are areas of retrogression and their main industry is in antiques. In these peculiar places it is mandatory that you have an old-fashioned bed warmer and anyone caught sneaking into the house with a new super-electronic controlled heated blanket is shunned from then on. So unless you live in one of these places, it is best to go over the house from top to bottom and remove all hand-operated appliances. Do it now, don't delay. Below are some replacements in an automatic way.



IN THE change from a manually-operated civilization to an automatic electronic era, one item has, until now, been overlooked. It is difficult to understand just how it did get overlooked, but it did. It's this matter of pencil sharpeners. Can you believe it—even engineers, scientists

and research men took their dull pencils to a handcrank-operated pencil sharpener and sharpened the pencils, using their muscles, or (heaven forbid) they took out a pen-knife and scraped the enveloping wood away from the lead. This unfortunate oversight by inventors has now been remedied, praise be, and there is an electric pencil sharpener available. It sharpens any size pencil, colored pencil or crayon, to three adjustable points of fineness. When the pencil is sharpened to just the right point, the sharpener stops automatically. No more will you have to pull the pencil out, look at it and see that more must be done. It's all automatic and works either on AC or DC. Think of all the hours you spend sharpening pencils. They will be saved by this new sharpener.



THERE is nothing that upsets a fly fisherman more than losing his trout flies. The more enthusiastic the fisherman, the more upset is he likely to become if he leans over and drops his fly box and watches it sink from sight forever before his horror-struck gaze. This unfortunate scene just painted for you can never come true if you have the new fly wallet which floats. Made of plastic, this cork and acetate affair will fall into the water, perhaps, but it can be retrieved. It is made in three sizes, one to fit a jacket pocket and two hip-pocket sizes. Why it is necessary to have two hip-pocket sizes is a mystery to me, but then I'm not much of a fisherman. At any rate, when you do drop your favorite batch of flies wrapped securely in this wallet, they will remain in sight. That is, they will remain in sight as long as the fisherman keeps up with the floating wallet bobbing along in fast water.

ANOTHER advance in the camera fiend's field is the new and practically everlasting photo-flash bulb. No longer will it be necessary to clutter up the floor with used flash bulbs and make the place look like the home of an overproductive but indiscriminate hen. This bulb was perfected by the Navy Photographic Service and is in its minor way another postwar marvel. The tube employs a gaseous discharge tube and is good for 5,000 exposures.



TWO new vending machines of a startling nature are coming out. One of these will be placed in train and bus stations and will sell books to you. The affair has a selection of 96 different books. They are cloth-bound and of the pocket-size variety. All you do is put a quarter in the slot, select a title that sounds interesting and pull the slot-machine-like handle. Since there are no lemons in this machine, every quarter invested will shoot you a book. For the traveler it will save a great many nervous seconds when he attempts to catch a languid book-selling clerk's eye while "All Aboard" is being sounded. The other machine will be installed in airports throughout the country. It, too, is a likely device. It sells prepared insurance policies to cover you throughout your air trip. The rate is 25c per \$5,000. Insert a quarter, the machine wheezes into action and soon delivers a policy ready to be signed, plus an envelope for you to mail the policy to the beneficiary. Some morbid souls will find such a prelude to an air trip discouraging but wiser folk will recognize the advantages to the idea.

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What America is Reading

BY ALBERT HUBBELL

Our bookworm takes a careful look at the new crop of fodder.

There was an ill-assorted company in Mr. Steinbeck's stranded bus, and thereby hangs a novel.

JOHN STEINBECK'S first big novel—"Cannery Row" of two seasons back could hardly be called that—since 1939, is "The Wayward Bus". This book has already stirred up a lot of fuss and fury among the critics and reviewers. It has been highly praised on all counts by some; it has been just as vehemently denounced by others as a fraud and a failure. Although moderation is not one of my salient virtues, I should say the critical truth lies somewhere between those two extremes. Let us examine the book.

Very briefly, this is the narrative of a trip on a one-bus line that links two important highways in California. It is flood time, and the bus driver is forced to take a little-used back road where, by one of the inevitabilities of fiction, the bus breaks down. The passengers are a mixed lot—a business man, his wife and daughter; a blonde trollop, who makes her living by sitting nude in giant wine-glasses for the edification of stag nights; a movie-struck waitress, in love, at some distance, with Clark Gable; a traveling salesman; a pimply and highly concupiscent youth, and so on. With the bus out of commission for a few hours, the persons involved are permitted to act and react on each other so that their characters emerge, briefly, quite naked.

At this juncture in synopsisizing a plot of this kind, the reviewer usually says, "Grand Hotel"—so I'll say it, "Grand Hotel"—another example of what someone has called "the drama of arbitrary confinement".

Now, it is very doubtful that Mr. Steinbeck would write a novel with such a down-at-heels plot if he hadn't had something more on his mind. To those critics who have chided him on paucity of imagination in choosing such a device I say, nonsense; Steinbeck could have thought up a more ingenious one if he had wanted to. No, this is allegory, or parable, or symbolism—what you will. And it is here that I begin to wonder what the book is really about.

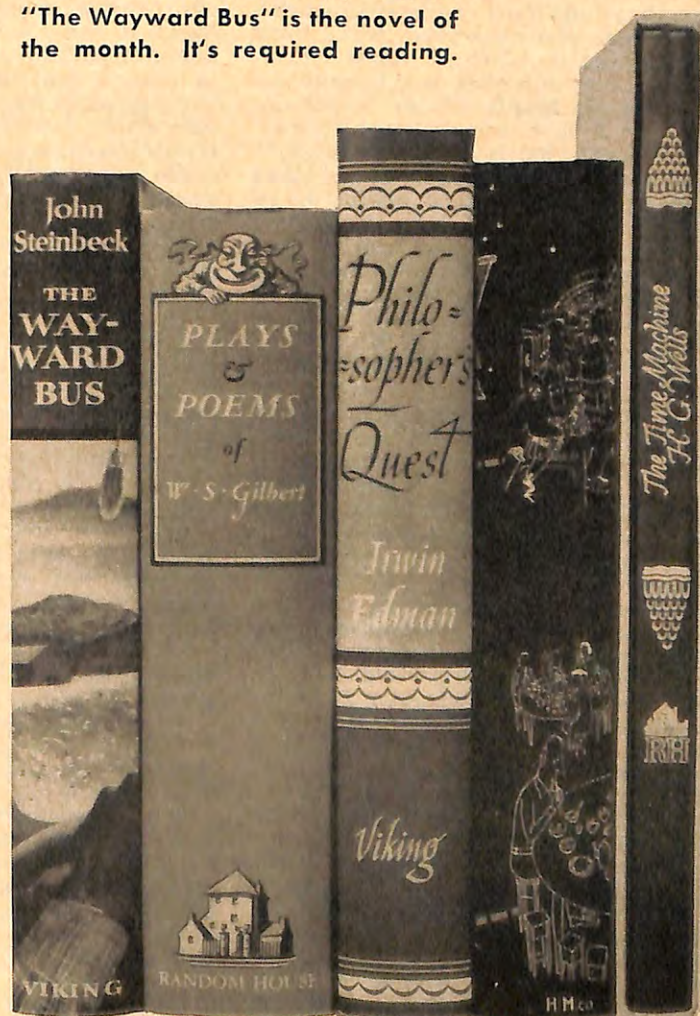
The narrative is interesting enough, though nothing very dramatic takes place nor are you led to believe it will. The writing is good—good Steinbeck—and marked by awareness, close and specific observation of nature and man and machine and a sense of the comic that might be considered a little heartless if we didn't know that Steinbeck is not an artist without pity. But the "message"—to use an old-fashioned word—is confused. Or, at least, confusing.

The basic theme would seem to be sex—and that's pretty basic. All of the people on the bus are considered in the light of their sexual attitudes toward life, and the mild little incident of the bus's being mired for a while, brings them all into undeclared sexual war upon each other. The salesman tries to make time with the blonde; the businessman, in his own way, does likewise (he offers her a job); the pimply boy makes a

(Continued on page 38)



Above: John Steinbeck, whose "The Wayward Bus" is the novel of the month. It's required reading.



Hell on the Half Shell

(Continued from page 9)

an ashtray around and around with her finger and staring at it.

"All this talk," Nels said angrily. "Look now—I have something for you."

He fumbled for the ring. But the waitress came and held a sandwich list between them. Nels throttled his impatience.

"Order something good," he said, "to celebrate with."

"I'm not hungry, Nels."

"You will be." He smiled at the waitress. "Two specials, with steak in them. French fries and tomatoes. Apple pie with ice cream. And coffee."

The waitress departed. He fished for the ring again.

"Nels," Milly said, "this fight Paul spoke of. What is it?"

"It's nothing. Just talk."

"With Carkin? Is it with Carkin?"

Her voice was like Ada's, tired now and discouraged. "Must you always be fighting with Breault's men, just because they do things different?"

Nels blew a noisy sigh. He would not argue tonight. He reached across the table and caught her hand and said again, "Milly, I have something," and made her look at him. Then quietly he said, "A while ago I swore not to get married until this business with Breault was settled. But I have been thinking. Jeff is married. Armand Lussier is married. Everybody is married. Maybe I was wrong. So tonight I have something for you." He squeezed her hand. He looked into the sea-blue eyes and smiled, and the eyes were warm again. Even before he found the ring she leaned across the table to kiss him.

Then the door opened behind her. Her brother came in. The ring slipped back among the coins and keys in Nels' pocket.

Her brother Everett was young and crazy and had been drinking tonight, or why would he come here to a place full of angry bullrakers who hated him? He steadied himself with a hand on the counter while looking defiantly down the room, then walked to an empty stool and plunked himself down between Paul Leeland, who looked nervous, and Vin Lussier, who looked disgusted.

Nels was quiet. He knew better than to produce the ring now. After all, there was blood binding Milly to this crazy kid who, deciding for himself that the men of the Cove would always run second best to Breault, had put away his bullrake and gone over to Breault's side. She might not admire him for it—Nels hoped she didn't—but she had to defend him.

Everett saw her and grinned. He came to the booth and stood there rocking a little on his heels. "You better not keep this man out too late, Sis," he said. "Pretty Boy and Carkin, they have a date Monday, I hear."

Pretty Boy. Nels' spine stiffened

against the back of the booth. That was Carkin's name for him, dreamed up weeks ago when the Leeland newspaper had run pictures of quahaug men, and under one of Nels had been foolish words like "handsome" and "war hero". Carkin used the name to taunt him. No one else called him Pretty Boy.

He said carefully, "Look, Everett. You're drunk enough to go home, I think." And he would have stood up to give the words weight, but Milly's hand was on his arm. Everett laughed and went back to the counter.

Nels swore behind his teeth. It was not good for him to take insults meekly from one of Breault's men—not with his brother Jeff nursing a smashed leg. He rose, scowling, and said to Milly, "We'll go down the street to the drugstore." But it was too late. Her brother and young Lussier—Armand Lussier's boy—were at it. And when Lussier went back on his heels against the counter, a tonger named Perry stepped in, and then the others.

It was rough. The men of the Cove had grievances to settle. Behind the counter the proprietor twisted his hands and made futile noises, and the short-order cook clutched a long-handled pan. Nels started forward, but stopped. He could not take sides in this. He sat down again heavily, thrusting his hands into his pockets where they would not go reaching for trouble without his knowing it.

He hoped Milly would realize his position, but, white and shaking, she turned to him. "Nels, make them stop!" And when he stared past her, shaking his head, her fists pounded the table. "Nels!"

He was silent. He could do nothing without making a bad situation worse and if she did not see why, there was no use trying to tell her. He put a cigarette in his mouth—not defiantly but to quiet his hands. For through the anger in her eyes he felt every punch aimed at her brother. Only his pride remained steady.

He sat it out, smoking his cigarette. The fight ended. Everett lay under a counter stool, groaning, and Milly ran to him and fussed over him, and still Nels sat. Paul Leeland went to help her, and together they walked the beaten man out of the place. Milly never once looked back.

In a mood black as bottom mud, Nels slapped money on the table and went across the street to the bar-room.

It was when he came out of the bar that he was spoken to. The street then was all but deserted; only a small group of hangers-on remained at the corner. Big Jake Sine, one of them, called to him, and because he could think of no reason not to, Nels walked over.

Jake thumped him on the back.

"Good for you, Nels! Tonight you're free again, hey? And good riddance!"

There it was, the whole black evening distilled into a few words, and from a mouth he could close with a fist. He struck savagely. Without waiting to see the end of it, he turned on his heel and stalked away.

Tomorrow, maybe, they would gang up on *him*. Let them.

HE WAS at his boat early the next day, to be out of the way when Jeff showed up—because Jeff would hear from the others about last night's affair at the Claw, and then the whole story would have to be told.

But luck was against him. Someone had been using the boat—kids from the bayfront cottages, probably—and an oarlock socket needed repairing. He was on his knees with a screwdriver when Jeff came down the road with Frankie D'Ambro and Big Jake.

Nels thought it best to be on his feet, ready to defend himself, when they reached him. He stood waiting. It was too bad. He wanted no feud with a good man like Jake. But the time for talk was past.

They halted above him on the dock, and Jake Sine scowled down at him—an honest scowl that could have meant anything. When the big man spoke, though, it was without rancor. "Nels—forget last night. My mouth and your fists, they both need to be tied down. Today we have bigger things to work on." He looked to Jeff and Frankie for confirmation, and they nodded.

"Last night, after the fight at the diner," Jake said, "we laid out a plan."

"What plan?" Nels asked dryly. There was always a plan. Last week it was to burn Breault's house down; the week before, to march in the city and sit on the State House steps.

"You'll see. Tonight at your house we'll talk it over." Jake went along the pier to his boat and began throwing his gear into it. Frankie followed. Only Jeff remained.

Nels curled his thumbs in his belt and looked with displeasure at his brother. "This fight with Carkin is my fight," he said. "I told him off. I want no help."

"The big fight is with Breault," Jeff said.

"And how can we fight a man like Breault?"

"By working together," Jeff declared. "All along," he continued, on guard against letting the wrong word out, "the men knew you could lead them, Nels. But with Milly's brother working for Breault, they held back. For that you can't blame them. But now it's different. Tonight you'll see."

"Why wait till tonight?"

"Well, we have to talk to Paul Leeland again—"

"What's he got to do with it?" Nels demanded, seeing again, in his mind, Paul helping Milly last night when no one else would.

Jeff smiled. "Paul's father has a boat, if you remember. The fastest boat on the bay. We think maybe you can run her, Nels, if Paul can get her for us." Nodding wisely, he moved away.

At the house that night there was a voice in Jeff's room that did not belong to Jeff, Jake, Armand or any of them—a little voice in the mind of Nels Lind, insisting the plan was not so good. But for the life of him Nels could not find the hole in it, and so he was silent.

Paul Leeland said the plan was wonderful. Jake and the others were convinced it would work.

"As a reporter, I have to be impartial," Paul said. "But I know what you men are up against in fighting Breault's money and influence. If I can help without getting openly involved, I want to."

Without getting involved. There, maybe, was the hole. Paul would not borrow his father's boat because that would involve him. But he would look the other way while the men took the boat without permission. "The *Witch* is right there at the dock," he insisted. "Dad's out of town. Who will know?"

"I don't like it," Nels said.

But the arguments were all against him. The night would be dark. The boat might not even be recognized. Before daylight it would be back at Leeland's dock. Nels shrugged and let the talk go on to a discussion of details, and when those were settled he opened the door.

In the kitchen Ada stopped him as he went to the closet for his boots. She caught at his arm. "Nels, what's going on? Tell me!"

"Jeff and I, we're going out for a little while," he said carefully.

"Where? What for?"

"Oh, for nothing much, I guess."

She knew the uselessness of questions. "Nels," she begged, "be careful. Make Jeff be careful. . . ."

In the children's room Penny was crying. Nels went in and talked to her. "You be good now," he said. "Ma's worried." Then, taking a ring from his pocket, he fastened it to the crib with a piece of string and set it in motion, and when he walked out of the room the child was contentedly watching the ring swing back and forth, back and forth, like a pendulum.

He closed the front door behind him. The men had left for the cove, and Paul Leeland, waiting on the porch, was impatient. "Hurry, will you?" he said irritably. It was eleven o'clock.

By twelve, Nels had left Paul at the Leeland dock and brought the boat around to the cove. The men came aboard. They carried strange gear for quahaug men. Armand Lussier had a shotgun. Jeff and Big Jake carried axes. Frankie D'Ambro, with a fish knife stuck in his belt, swung a ten-pound sledge.

Nels looked at them soberly. "One of us should have a baseball bat, I think," he said. Then, silent, he went to work.

She was a good boat, a thirty-foot sport cruiser with spacious cockpit, high freeboard and broad beam, designed for offshore fishing in rough water. She could overhaul with ease anything of Breault's that might be prowling the grounds. Better still, she could be throttled down for stealth. The tar-black night closed around her, cool and damp, as she slipped without lights into the passage.

"She'll do, eh?" Jeff asked.

"She handles good."

"You're quiet tonight. You don't like this?"

"I don't like it. No."

Jeff laughed—the laugh of a man with a score to settle who sees at last a way to settle it. "Perhaps Breault will not have a boat out tonight. Then you can rest easy."

"On nights like this there is always a boat out. We'll find one off Hellas Point, I think."

He was almost right. The boat was not off the point but she had been, and was nosing along the edge of the passage when Armand Lussier's sharp eyes picked her out. She was dark, of course. But her slow crawl was a dredger's gait, and the blubbery chant of her exhaust was a sound any quahaug man could have identified in his sleep. Nels swung the nose of the *Witch* toward her, and behind him in the cockpit the men of Martin's Cove made ready their weird array of weapons.

It was almost too easy for his liking. The sneak approach was smartly worked, but should have been effective only up to a point. Then Breault's men should have come alive and run for it. After all, the Fish and Game Inspectors had boats, too, and sometimes used them.

But Breault's hirelings were not alert, and the *Witch* was rubbing her paint against the name *Teresa B* on the dredger's gray side before a shout went up. Then it was too late.

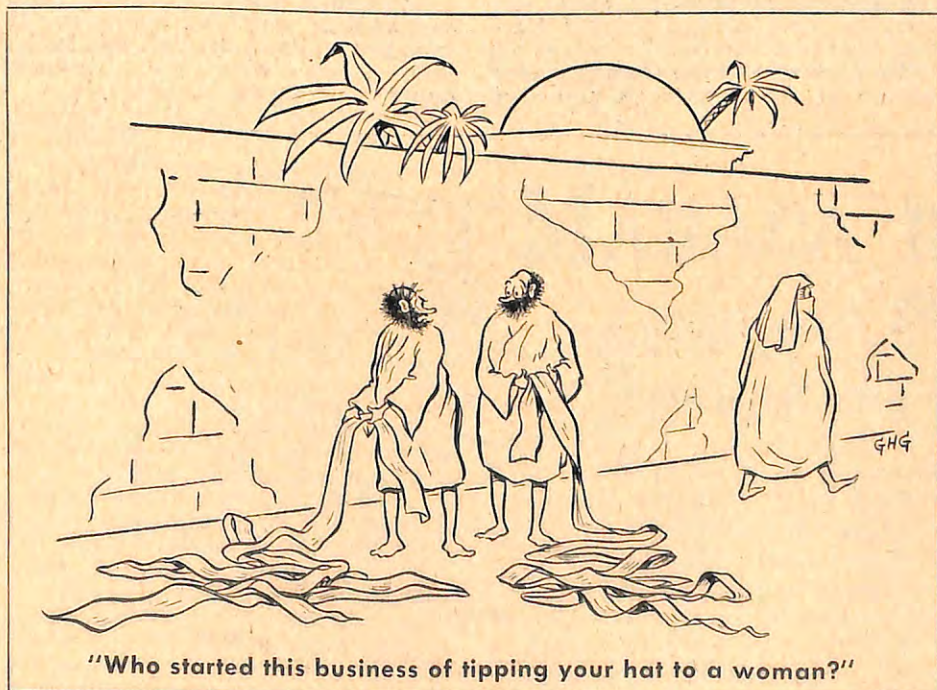
Big Jake led the assault. Ax in hand, he landed on the dredger's deck before the boats were fast. The others were but a breath behind him, leaving Jeff at the *Witch's* wheel. And again, to Nels' way of thinking, it was too easy.

There was Carkin, scowling like a cornered bear among the quahaug barrels. But Carkin did nothing to turn the tables, and that was not like him, whatever the odds. There were the men of his crew. Saltwater men. No one questioned their courage, no matter how murky their ethics. But instead of striving to toss the intruders into the sea, they were sullenly at bay, watching Carkin. Had they been warned in advance to make no move without his approval?

A booby trap, Nels thought. Be careful.

But there was not time to be careful. Armand Lussier's shotgun held Carkin's men quiet. Big Jake swaggered to the scoop ring and swung his ax. Frankie D'Ambro, wearing a monkey's grin, splintered the barrels of shellfish with a sledge on his way to the engine. Only Nels hung back. On the faces of Carkin's men he saw the watchful tenseness of executioners on a firing line, awaiting an order.

Suddenly Carkin yelled. At the same time he moved so swiftly that the shotgun was slapped to the deck before Armand could turn it to meet him. A brave move, well-timed. Nels leaped to counter it. But there was more. Out of the wheelhouse, slugged and stumbling, came Frankie. After him, from the darkness forward, lurched men who must, of course,



"Who started this business of tipping your hat to a woman?"

have been planted there. One had a revolver; his eyes' glitter said he would use it.

Big Jake and Armand halted. Frankie picked himself up. Nels looked at Carkin and, under his breath, began swearing.

Carkin was grinning now. He could afford to. He stepped around a broken barrel, reached out, tapped Nels on the chest. "You are surprised, eh? A bullraker never did have the sense of a flatfish!" He looked about him at the damage done and shook his head in solemn disapproval. "A bad business, smashing up another man's boat. What will the law-makers at the State House think when they read about it in the papers? For you this is not so good, Nels."

"Agreed," Nels said grimly.

"You should have known how brave and fearless are the men who work for Napoleon Breault," Carkin mocked. "Even when outnumbered."

Nels was silent.

"The people who read the papers will not be on your side after this. Oh, no!" Carkin's eyes were dancing.

"All right," Nels retorted. "This time you win. I said this was a bad thing; no one would listen. Now we'll go home and read in the papers—as you say—how the terrible men from the Cove stole a boat and tried to wreck you and were beaten off." He could find no grin to match Carkin's, but his scowl was eloquent. "No doubt there will be pictures of your damaged boat to prove it. And some remarks about hoodlums and criminals who take the law into their own hands. No one will think to ask why the *Teresa* was here to be way-laid." He turned away. "You win, Carkin. Somehow you knew—"

"Wait, Nels."

Nels halted. He had guessed it was coming. Breault may have given orders, but Tom Carkin was a man with a mind of his own. Ruthless, yes. Crooked, certainly. But no coward.

Nels set himself as best he could on the gritty deck and took in a breath. There was no room for fancy footwork among the barrels. He could have wished for more of it; he was faster than Carkin, but less powerful. Carkin, crouching, came to him sideways like a crab and began the fight with a jabbing left hand.

It was not height that made Carkin a legend on the bay. His strength lay in arms and shoulders. In a thousand sly tricks. In doggedness. He was grinning now. He had grinned when mauling Jeff with a baseball bat. But Nels was ready. Even eager. Something, perhaps, could be salvaged here from the night's sorry defeat. He stood his ground and gave back the blows that stung him. It was Carkin, puzzled at last, who maneuvered for more advantage at the risk of stumbling over broken barrels. A looping blow, perhaps lucky, exploded on his ear and staggered him when his guard dropped.

Nels surged in to keep the upper

hand. He knew how the fight would end when Carkin's men took over. All right, let it. More than one of his own people had battled Milly's brother, who stood now by the wheelhouse with troubled eyes and sagging mouth, out of his depth in a business black as this. But Nels would have one satisfaction, at least. The thought spurred him to do all possible damage before he was overwhelmed. From this night on, Tom Carkin would know which of them was stronger, would watch his tongue and perhaps his tactics. A savage blow twisted the dredger's mouth. Reeling, he went down. His men closed in to finish the job for him.

But Milly's brother moved, too. Only by chance did Nels see it. No fighter, Everett leaped on his man's back from above, like a cat dropping from a fence. He had the revolver before the startled dredgers knew what madness possessed him. He was white and shaking. But brave, too, for one so wet behind the ears. Against the wheelhouse he stood with his legs planted wide and chest heaving, the gun wobbling in his hand. "Leave him alone!" he shouted. Then Armand Lussier took the gun and passed it to Nels, and aboard the *Teresa* there was dead quiet until Big Jake boomed a laugh.

Alongside, at the wheel of the *Witch*, Jeff spoke. "Hurry it, will you? Finish the job and let's get out of here!" Big Jake and Frankie moved to obey him. But Nels stopped them.

"It would be a foolish thing," Nels said. "Carkin himself was kind enough to tell us so."

They thought he was crazy.

"We can wreck the boat and make Breault spend a deal of money fixing her up, yes," Nels told them. "Then what? The papers will call us names. The people at the State House will wash their hands of us." He stepped forward to look down at Carkin, still on the deck. "I think you knew we were coming tonight, Carkin. Someone told you."

Not looking at him, Carkin glared instead at the frightened figure of

Milly's brother and said, "Go to hell."

"I think the man who put this plan into our foolish heads was paid by Breault," Nels said quietly, and nodded to show he was sure of it. "Breault was worried. He saw a fight coming up between you and me that he could not head off. Then the story of the baseball bat would get in the papers too, and with the hearings set for next week, that was bad. So he planned some publicity of his own."

Carkin, staring back at him, had to smile.

"You let us sneak up on you too easy," Nels said. "You wanted your boat smashed up a little. But only a little, eh? Only enough to make pictures for the papers. You, Everett"—he turned his head—"did you know this? I guess not, or you would have kept out of trouble last night."

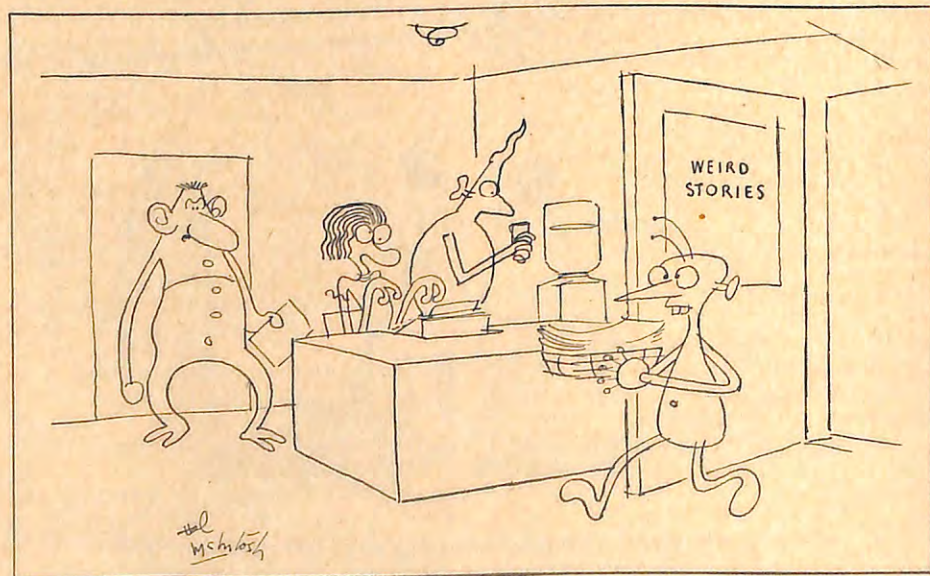
"If I'd known," Everett said shrilly, "I never—"

"It doesn't matter. Carkin, listen. We could wreck your boat, but I think we won't do it. Only enough to keep you from getting back to Breault before we have a talk with a certain party. Jake, Armand—put an ax to the gas line and let them row the passage, if they can, to see what it's like for a change."

Nels, now, was grinning. With the toe of his boot he touched Carkin's rump. "Give Breault a message," he said. "Tell him this: We have no people at the State House to whisper in the ears of. But before this night is over we'll have some facts down on paper, over a signature the law-makers will look at twice. Perhaps, though, we won't need to show it to them. Perhaps from now on Breault's boats will dredge where the law says they should dredge, and not be prowling out at night to steal a living from men who mind the rules. We'll wait and see."

Big Jake and Armand came back and stood at his side. Carkin scowled at the three of them.

"Tell him that," Nels said, "and say we'll be watching his boats. It would be a pity to drag all this to the State House, when it's a private fight."



"You can't win," Carkin retorted. "A man like Breault, he's too smart."

"Perhaps. Nothing is forever. But for now, I think, there will be no more baseball bats, eh?" Nels reached down and hauled Carkin to his feet. "One thing more, between you and me. A quahaug man, I think, should work for a boss who once in a while, at least, goes out in the bay to fish for quahaugs. Such a boss might understand more and scheme less." He paused to let that sink in. Then, turning, he stepped from the dredger to the *Witch*, motioning Everett and the Cove men to follow. And because of what he had said or the way he had said it, there were no oaths from the *Teresa*, no catcalls from the *Witch*, as the boats parted. Perhaps, indeed, nothing was forever. But men could try.

Nels thought of Milly and frowned at her brother. "For what happened at the diner, Everett, I am sorry. But it was your own fault."

The boy nodded.

"For tonight—thanks."

"I never realized. I always thought it was only a question of dredging or using rakes. . . ."

"Like Milly," Nels said. "And Ada." He was glum again. The immediate future he could see clearly enough. Ashore, Paul Leeland would be waiting to hear the result of the mission. They would not even need to hunt him down. With persuasion—which would be a pleasure—he would talk. Would write it out. Would sign it. What Carkin told Breault would be no lie; there would be a paper, and Breault was smart enough to act accordingly. But with Milly there was no telling. Not even with Everett in the fold again. With Milly he could only hope.

All the way back to the Cove he made up excuses for going to see her. But none was any good.

At the dock Paul Leeland was waiting. He had seen them rounding the point and driven over. It was simple. The paper was in Nels' pocket when, with Jeff, he climbed the hill path home.

"What's the matter?" Jeff said quietly. "You should be happy."

Nels was thinking of Milly.

They went up the porch steps. The door clattered open, and Ada was in Jeff's arms. Was he hurt? Was he all right? In a rush the words came, engulfing him. Nels stood aside. With Ada and Jeff now, you knew where you stood. You could be sure. Ada and Jeff were forever. Was Jeff all right? Nothing else mattered.

He went inside, scuffing his feet. He stopped. It was four o'clock in the morning but Milly was there waiting. She ran to him and was trembling. Her eyes were red from the night-long vigil. "Nels—darling," she sobbed against him, "are you all right?"

It was too bad to wake a two-year-old at such an hour, but how could it be helped? Nels tugged his boots off and went on tiptoe into the children's bedroom.

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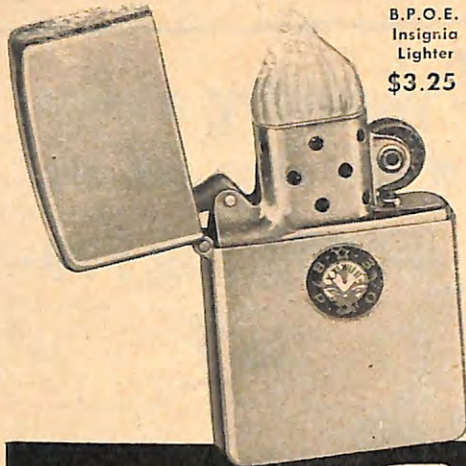
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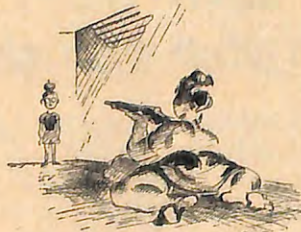
(Continued from page 18)



IT IS safe to assume that you have a frozen-food locker and are all stocked up with frigid goodies. To safeguard all these foods, a modest alarm system has been invented which will indicate whenever the temperature in your freezer reaches a dangerous high. You can wire the device either to a buzzer or a light which will flash as a warning. Operated on the thermostatic principle, the alarm is sealed against dust and works on 110 volts AC. If, for any reason, the temperature rises, the door left open or any conceivable breakdown make the alarm function. The thermostat is calibrated and guaranteed to within three degrees Fahrenheit.



AS MENTIONED before in this column, it is good technique to bring the wife some little present occasionally. Who knows, some day she may give you a present in return. Instead of holding your breath waiting for her to reciprocate, however, dash out and get this new bacon grill of curious design. It is a top-of-the-stove utensil and has a curved surface to let the bacon be fried and drain off the grease at the same time. It will no longer be necessary to search frantically for a piece of brown paper on which to let the bacon become degreased and cold simultaneously. This way it drains while it cooks and comes out crisp and hot for your enjoyment.



WHO doesn't love to shoot guns? Very few people actually do not like shooting a gun now and then. Well, here is a gun which may be

fired at home for target practice if you like. It shoots precision pellets at a low enough velocity to make it safe for home use—on targets of course. You can fix up as difficult a target as you might want—in the attic or cellar. (If you've recently had your house redone, you'll call either of those two places a 'rumpus room'.) The gun is .175 calibre and quite accurate at short distances. Some fun—eh, kid?



MAN'S ingenuity takes another forward step. For years men have been going out trying to catch fish with rod and reel. The bait used has varied from grubs and angle-worms to cunning contrivances which are supposed to make the fish believe they are getting a mouthful of Mayflies, bugs or other smaller fish. Instead, of course, they get a mouthful of hooks. The latest in a long line of lures has a shrewd and cagey idea back of it. The plug is shaped as many game-fish plugs are, sort of like a minnow with hooks underneath it. But it is a hollow, transparent plastic plug and inside it you are to place an actual live minnow. The magnified minnow wiggles; the plug wiggles. There is a hole in the plug so water gets in to keep the minnow alive and reasonably happy.



IT IS time to alert all the camera fans again. A new, lightweight 16mm. motion picture camera, formerly restricted to military use, is now available. Its main feature is that it is electrically driven (batteries do it, I suspect). This, as all camera fans know, eliminates the tedious and frustrating rewinding that must be done on the older type of camera. Aside from the frustration of rewinding, the old cameras were unable to record certain industrial operations and sport events to full advantage simply because the camera had to take time out and do nothing while it was being rewound.

PICTURE QUIZ: Which of these five people gives the right reason for buying U.S. Bonds?

(ANSWER BELOW)



1. Easy to save! "I'm putting my money into U. S. Bonds because it's the *easiest way* for me to save. Under the Payroll Savings Plan, I put aside a regular amount each week for Bonds. So far, I've saved \$500 without missing the money!"



2. Good investment! "Getting back \$4 for every \$3 I invest—the way I will in ten years' time with U. S. Bonds—is my idea of a *good investment*. I know it's safe and sound, too, because it's backed by Uncle Sam. Buy Bonds, I say."



3. Plans for the future! "Ten years from now, the money I'll get for my U.S. Bonds will help to send my kids to college, or buy our family a new home. I think that buying U. S. Bonds is the wisest thing a family man can do."



4. Fights inflation! "I want America to stay economically sound. That's why I'm putting all our extra dollars into U. S. Bonds. It's like buying a share in our country's future prosperity!"



5. Rainy day! "Maybe a rainy day's coming for me. Maybe it isn't. But I am taking no chances. That's why I'm buying all the U. S. Bonds I can through my Payroll Savings Plan."

THE ANSWER

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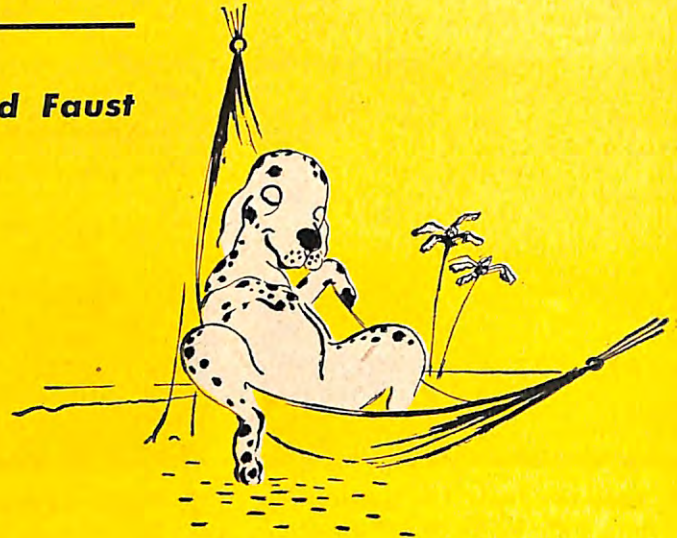
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IN THE DOGHOUSE

with Ed Faust



Now we got tropical dogs.

Please, Mr. Faust, what next?

IT MAY come to your memory that a month or so ago these columns were devoted to dogs of the North, which roughly form a group of breeds with much in common. In your February issue of *The Elks Magazine*, the editor cued me with a suggestion that I give this sermon over to dogs of the Tropics, and it's a welcome idea.

The breeds we'll examine this month are not all native to tropical countries, but there isn't one that doesn't hail from a climate that behaves itself better than the one in which I write this, some sixty miles east of New York City. Your editor also brought up the name of the Chihuahua, and this too is a good bet for Faust. It is likewise a reminder of the only time I visited Mexico where those purps originated. At that time, I was solemnly warned by certain well-meaning friends to bring along a Spanish-English dictionary if I didn't want to starve to death, not knowing how to read a Mexican menu. Well, sir, nothing like that happened—and I didn't bring Webster with me—since there is so much Latin in the English language, it isn't difficult to get the meaning of many Spanish words. Besides, with English the commercial language of the world, it was quite easy. In fact, all the Spanish I needed was *cerveza* and *gracia*, beer and thanks. Don't scoff at the word beer because at that time we in the States were going through the Noble Experiment. Mex-

ican beer was good, because that country was smart enough to grab some of the better American brewmasters.

But at the risk of precipitating an International Situation, I can't hand the Mexican railroads anything resembling a bouquet. Maybe they're better now, but at that time, the express trains I used, while fast, only made stops between stations and then they *lingered*. One other fact I recall is that the trip from New York City to Mexico City gave my poor watch the toughest time it ever had, going through so many time zones. In fact, it gave up entirely and started to run backward. (Come, come, Faust, your memoirs aren't exactly fascinating; get on with the dog discussion.)

Suppose we begin our exploration into the dog world of warmer climes with an examination of Mexico's two contributions to canine citizenry: the Chihuahua and the Mexican hairless. You'll probably see a lot of the former in the Southwestern States, but they're much rarer elsewhere in this country. As for the latter, they're as scarce as the winning combinations in a slot machine. Occasionally you may see a few at one of the larger dog shows but they are not popular pets by any means. Both are tiny tykes, a pair of the former being scarcely bigger than a pair of book-ends. The Chihuahua, pronounced "Sheewawa", is a two-coated breed—one smooth; the other, long. It is claimed for them that they

existed in Mexico as early as 900 A.D. The evidence advanced is in the carvings found in a Mexican monastery which was built from stones taken from one of the Toltec pyramids. The carvings show ancestors of these dogs; somewhat larger than the Chihuahua of today, they were a breed named the Techichi. The name Chihuahua (all right, printer, I'll try not to use the word again) is derived from the State of — that name. They were first seen by Americans along about 1850. It is further said of them that one of the ancestor breeds found its way to this continent from Asia over the land bridge that formerly existed between the two continents.

The breed was highly regarded by the wealthy Toltec classes and it seems to have played some part in the religious life of that ancient civilization. It was frequently the victim in solemn sacrificial rites, and was believed to serve as a guide for the human soul in its journey through the shadows of Hades. It's an alert, perky little pooch, somewhat pop-eyed and, oddly, has the reputation of being very much a family dog, preferring its own breed to all others. The weight for the smooth-coated ranges from one to six pounds and it comes in every color known to dogs. The rarer, long-coated variety will weigh from two to eight pounds, with the same color range.

The Mexican hairless is a dog about the size of a fox terrier. He, too, like most toy dogs, is alert and, like the Chihuahua, possesses erect ears and a slightly goggle-eyed expression. He's one of the few hairless dogs in the world. Africa has one, and so do Brazil and Argentina, and Turkey with its greyhound. We might also add China, whose crested dog is hairless except for a curious crest which forms a topknot. The crest may occasionally be seen in other hairless dogs, but it is not a characteristic common to the type.

The Mexican hairless is an ancient animal of reputed Chinese ancestry. It is also said by its breeders that, like the Chihuahua's ancestor, it was brought to this continent by the Toltecs when they crossed the aforementioned land bridge. Its technical name in Mexico is "Biche"—no, I don't mean to be vulgar—the word is Aztec for naked. Among the supersti-

tious in Mexico, it is believed that the dog can cure many illnesses, principally rheumatism, if it is held close to the afflicted person's body. He's found in all colors you'll see among dogs, and he's preferred by breeders if he has a hairy topknot.

MOVING farther west we find the Japanese spaniel, a long-coated little fellow with a pushed-in face and a parti-color coat, either black and white or red and white. His size varies but the preference is for a very small dog. The pure-bred standard gives scant attention to the dog's weight, other than to specify that, where dogs at the shows are divided by weight, the classes should be under seven pounds, or over seven. It is thought that the breed originally was Chinese and the story goes that it was introduced into Japan as a gift of a Chinese emperor. Like the Pekingese, they were dogs reserved for royalty. I reported, some years ago, in this column, how they found their way into the white man's civilization, but for the benefit of those who since have become readers of this Magazine, I'll tell it again. When our Commodore Peary opened Japan to the rest of the world—and what a favor that was!—he was given some of these purps, a pair of which he later presented to Queen Victoria of England. They were very popular in this country some fifty or sixty years ago. They too are pop-eyed. They're said to be unusually clean and to possess a bright, alert disposition. Their only drawback—get this—is that their feelings are easily hurt, which makes them sulky.

Going still farther west—how do you like the trip so far?—we come to China, home of the Pekingese, another toy dog somewhat resembling the Jap spaniel, with a pushed-in face, long coat and bulging eyes. His color can be any of those found among dogs. Regardless of what claims to antiquity are made for other breeds, here is one about which there is no doubt. Records of its existence go back to the Eighth Century. Being reserved exclusively for royalty, it was death for the "no tickee, no shirtee" gent who was found with one in his possession. They are spunky little dogs, so much so that one of their nicknames in China is "lion dog", although some

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say that designation is due to the great ruff of fur they have around their necks. Another tale goes to the effect that they were also termed "sleeve dogs" because their small size permitted their being carried in the ample sleeve of the old-fashioned Chinese robe. They were originally brought to England following the sacking of the Royal Palace in Pekin, capitol of China. Yes, in those days the maps and place names stayed put. What Pekin is called at this hour, I wouldn't know. Again Victoria was given one of these dogs. Four were brought back to England by the English soldiers who found them. The remaining three were bred by the Duke of Richmond and Lord Hay. He's a dignified little cuss—the dog, that is—to the point of condescension.

Moving over to Africa—how we do get around!—there's that breed that is new to America, the barkless Basenji. What a boon to distracted neighborhoods if more of these dogs were spread around. He doesn't bark but he does utter a peculiar sound when excited. It's described in the standard for the breed as something between a chortle and a yodel. Holy Smoke! a yodeling pooch. I wouldn't believe it if I hadn't seen it in print, because I've only seen a few of these dogs and then only at the very largest dog shows.

They are a trifle larger than a fox terrier and the colors are black and white, tan and white, black, or chestnut with white points. The muzzle is fairly long and the dog wears a worried look, somewhat like a bloodhound's. He's classed as a hound, and is a fine all-arounder in his native locale, effectively used for retrieving, tracking, pointing and flushing game. In a country where the native hunters have few, if any, firearms, it is absolutely necessary to get close to the game, and these dogs, generations of them, were trained to be silent. It's a very old breed, said to have originated in Egypt and later to have found its way into the jungles. The Basenji is said to be dead game,

which it'd have to be for certain kinds of African hunting. The few who breed them claim that they are unusually clean and, strangely, keep that way with the same body-cleaning habits as those possessed by Tabby the cat.

Two other African dogs are the Afghan hound and the Saluki. I'm not going to bore you with repetition. I've written about these purps before. They are large hounds, with the Afghan wearing a silky topknot. Almost any solid color is permitted for the Afghan, and the same goes for the Saluki, with the addition of a grizzled and tan, tri-color (black, tan and white) and black and tan. The Saluki is much the shorter coated of the two, and both have the long hound ear. In fact, you'd swear that the Afghan was wearing a Jacobin wig and you'd further take oath that next to the bloodhound he's the saddest looking pooch you ever saw. These are said to be the oldest of all breeds and the claim is made for them that carving on Egyptian tombs show them as dating back some four thousand years.

We now return you to China. There originated a dog that achieved immense popularity in the United States during the alleged Gay Nineties. (Gay Nineties, my eye! What was so gay about them? No radio, no movies, few telephones, no automobiles to speak of, bad heating, worse lighting—take it away!) The dog I refer to is the pug, a true Chinaman. If you are on the sunrise side of forty you will be an exception if you've ever seen one of these dogs. They're small, weighing from fourteen to eighteen pounds. If you could apply the term "stubby" to a dog, it would fit the pug to a T. He's either grizzled or black. He has a pushed-in schnozzle and, to some extent, resembles the English bulldog. The breed almost became extinct in this country but in latter years there has been a revival of interest in it. Officially this dog is classed in the toy group.

Another rare toy is the Italian greyhound, said to have been devel-

FAME IN A NAME

By Fairfax Downey

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Some say it was James, others that it was his brother, Rezin P., who devised the knife. Anyway it's a likely story that James was spurred to invent it by having cut his hand while working on a hostile Indian with an ordinary butcher knife. Seeing the need of a better tool for such everyday tasks, he designed a strong, well-tempered blade with a guard, well-balanced so that it could be either wielded or thrown. When a duel on a sandbar island in the Mississippi developed into a free-for-all, James demonstrated the knife

on his opponents—conclusively.

It was an all-purpose knife. It was handy not only for a fight but to skin game and eat with, while after a meal its function won it the sobriquet of the "Arkansas Toothpick". Cutlery factories in Sheffield, England, adopted it as a model and turned out large quantities for export to the United States.

Perhaps when the Mexican assault overwhelmed the Alamo, James Bowie, lying sick on his cot, struck his last blow with his bowie-knife.



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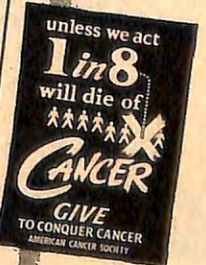
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oped in southern Italy during the days when Rome was at its peak. In every respect he's a miniature greyhound but has none of the hunting spirit of his larger cousin. All doggy colors are permissible, including the rare blue. A dog of eight pounds or under is preferred by its breeders.

A gay little fellow, another Mediterranean native, is the Maltese. This fellow's coat is so profuse that it's hard to guess whether he's coming or going. It's a dog whose antiquity has been definitely estab-

lished. Its origin, as the name suggests, is the Island of Malta. He was well known to the ancient Greeks, who painted pictures of him, and he was a reigning favorite with many whose names are great in Roman history. Sometimes he's referred to as a terrier, but he's not; he's a spaniel. Specimens of this breed are pure white and seldom weigh more than seven pounds. It is not at all a common breed, although it has many good qualities to recommend it, being gentle, lovable and loyal.

Vacations Unlimited

(Continued from page 17)

The Silver Gate Ranger Station Park entrance and registration point come shortly after Cooke City. The route then parallels Coda Butte Creek to the Lamar Valley Bison Ranch where there are more than 1,000 buffalo, one of the few herds left.

Ninety-five miles from Red Lodge, the High Road joins the Grand Loop of the Park, in an area of beaver dams and petrified trees, of which there are many examples. Nearby is Tower Fall, which tumbles 132 feet but is still a mile and a quarter above sea level after it has tumbled.

The Grand Loop is the standard great circle route that takes the visitor to all the other scenic wonders of the Yellowstone, the Mammoth Hot Springs near the Gardiner Gateway, the Norris Geyser Basin, and, farther south, the Lower Geyser Basin and Old Faithful, Yellowstone Lake (good fishing, without a license) and what is generally supposed to be Nature's greatest masterpiece, the

Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone with its Lower Falls, 308 feet high.

For about \$60 one may make a two-and-a-half-day tour of the Park, including transportation, meals and lodging, by way of the Red Lodge Gateway. By other gateways the cost is slightly lower. One-day tours in the Greater Yellowstone country outside the park are available from Cody and Billings.

TRAVEL HELPS

If you want more information about Yellowstone, and travel arrangements to the 1947 Convention at Portland, we've got it. Drop a note to our Travel Department, telling us what you need, and we'll send it to you.



No, it's not Fujiyama. It's Mt. St. Helena in Washington. Lake Spirit is in the foreground.

One of the qualities which appeal to visitors to the Yellowstone is its compactness; for example, from Red Lodge to the Grand Canyon in the park the distance is 121 miles; from the Gardiner Gateway to Mammoth Hot Springs it is only five miles and from the Springs to Old Faithful Geyser it is 51 miles. Yellowstone Lake is 17 miles farther around the circle and from the Canyon Hotel to Mammoth Hotel it is 40 miles. All told, the Grand Loop is 145 miles long and most of it is hard-surfaced and oiled.

Between Red Lodge and Cooke City a new road, completed in 1940, extends to Cody through some of the most spectacular mountains. This is recommended to those who have extra time and wish to do a little exploring in a primeval wilderness along a highway that winds between peaks rising to 12,000 feet. It is called the Sunlight Basin Road. Another worthwhile experience is to go South from Bozeman, Montana, to West Yellowstone. This route is through the Gallatin Canyon in the Gallatin National Forest. Bozeman is the oldest established town on the Northern Pacific in Montana and the center of the fertile Gallatin Valley, principal agricultural section of Montana, and is also noted for its cattle, coal, asbestos and fishing and hunting. All derive their name from Albert Gallatin, Thomas Jefferson's Secretary of the Treasury, who, while Ambassador to England in 1826, put forward this country's claims to the Pacific Northwest. Bozeman perpetuates the memory of J. M. Bozeman, a pioneer who settled there in 1864 and was killed three years later by the Blackfeet on the Yellowstone River east of Livingston. Calamity Jane lived in both Bozeman and Livingston and sold papers on Northern Pacific trains.

Although the first trappers apparently entered what is now Yellowstone Park about 1807 and 1808 and John Colter described its wonders after a visit in 1807, years went by until 1870, when the wonders were finally described with fair completeness, during which there were only rumors that few believed. Old Faithful Geyser, which puts on a show with sound effects, is still a major attraction. Every 50 to 80 minutes it shoots its column of steam and hot water 140 feet into the air, the sound effects that precede the eruption being something like the roll of drums.

Note for eastern and southern visitors: Take warm clothes. Because of the altitude, there are sometimes frosts, even on midsummer nights. The Yellowstone is not a cold place, as the averages go, and in winter the thermometer rarely goes under 40 below, but summer temperatures are often in the 60's.

The Yellowstone country abounds with dude ranches of all types and sizes and it also has a vernacular that tourists soon learn. All tourists

are dudes and lodge, hotel and transportation employees are often called savages. Heavers are girls who wait on tables and dishwashers are pearl divers. Chambermaids are pillow punchers, porters are pack rats and bus drivers are gear jammers. The park rangers go by the name of ninety-day wonders. Rotten logging is the term applied to what goes on when two are alone, in the moonlight, with a log to sit on.

All along the Northern Pacific's main line are to be found relics or monuments marking the old Gold Rush days when bearded prospectors combed the mountains and washed sand for the precious dust; there is still some placer mining carried on. After leaving Logan the railroad forks, one branch going to Butte and one to Helena, the two lines joining again at Garrison. At the foot of the Big Belt Mountains, near Helena and in the Helena National Forest, is Confederate Gulch from which more than \$10,000,000 in gold has been taken. The main street of Helena, Montana's capital, was Last Chance Gulch, which produced \$50,000,000 gold. In the days of Last Chance, before the railroad made transportation cheap, flour cost \$125 a barrel and other necessities were proportionately dear. A little farther along is the Mullan Tunnel through the Continental Divide. In 1865 there was discovered there one of the largest gold nuggets ever found. It weighed nearly 15 pounds and was worth \$3,200. That was when gold was \$20.67 an ounce and you could hold on to it.

One of the places not to miss in going to or from the Yellowstone area are the Bad Lands of North Dakota, traversed by the Northern Pacific between Fryburg and Sentinel Butte. This butte is a high knob that rises 620 feet above the town of that name. General Alfred Sully, who campaigned with Custer, called this country hell with the lights out. The Bad Lands are the product of wind and water erosion and are colored fantastically with streaks of red from the burning of lignite beds. In the Bad Lands, now more properly called Pyramid Park, one of the natural wonders is the Petrified Forest of great tree trunks and stumps. Some are perched on pedestals created by the eroding forces. Medora is the station stop for those who wish guides and automobiles with which to do some exploring.

Among the sage brush, buffalo grass, cactus and wild cherries there are still antelope, coyotes, jack rabbits and prairie dogs. A few oldtime livestock ranches are back from the railroad a bit and, within a few miles of Medora, Theodore Roosevelt, who loved the Bad Lands, lived on his ranch in the '80's. A section of the area has been set aside in his honor. In 1882, Howard Eaton established in the Bad Lands what is said to have been the first of the dude ranches, as they are known today.

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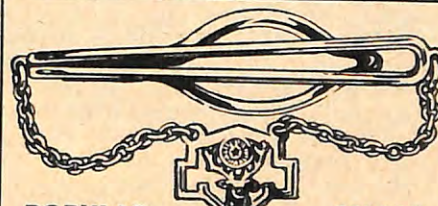
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Red AND Gun

BY DAN HOLLAND

There is a theory being noised abroad that in order to catch trout you must first psycho-analyze them. Hmm!



John Wedda

DID you ever try to psycho-analyze a fish? It's not easy, that's for sure. Men have spent years in the attempt, only to wind up being psychoanalyzed themselves. A successful fish analyst is a trout fisherman, an unsuccessful one, just another nut.

Every trout fisherman, whether he knows it or not, is a fish psychologist to some degree. His success on the stream is apt to be measured by his ability to probe a trout's mind. And probing a trout's mind is not a simple task. Success comes only to a fortunate few, often after years of study. In fact, trout are not nearly so easy to analyze as are humans, a condition evidenced by the fact that more trout lures are bought than bit.

There are several degrees of success among fish psychoanalysts. For instance, there is the common variety which persists in believing that all fish at all times prefer worms to all other food. This type of fisherman can be found patiently dunking large gobs of unappreciative worms on most any stream the first few days of the season. However, he soon becomes so discouraged that it requires almost a full year to rebuild his enthusiasm. The next opening day will likely find him at the same spot, fishing patiently in the same manner with the same lack of luck.

A slightly higher order of trout fisherman has gone a little deeper into his subject, and has studied the trout's childhood to determine how adolescence has influenced his adult behavior. He discovers, for instance, that the local hatchery feeds its trout on ground sheep liver and lungs. Consequently, on opening day he baits his hook with a juicy piece of liver, instead of the conventional but unfamiliar angleworm, which he wisely assumes that the city-bred trout never saw before graduation from public hatchery No. 53.

One New Jersey fisherman I know did a little private detective work around the fish hatchery until he had the method and time of feeding down pat. It seems that the caretaker made the rounds with a bucket of food, flinging scoops of it across the rearing ponds as he walked. Each scoopful made a skittering splash almost like a charge of shot striking the water. The trout, of course, immediately boiled up on the spot to get their share. On opening day our hero arrived at the newly stocked stream, armed with this vital information, a pocketful of fine gravel and a bait-box filled with fresh liver. His plan of attack was to sling the gravel across the pool to cause the necessary commotion, then toss in his baited hook to greet the fish attracted by the disturbance. Incidentally,

he is the kind of person who drops lead slugs in a blind man's cup and sticks chewing gum under theater seats.

There is another type of fisherman who, although a higher form of humanity, gets less cooperation from the trout. He is well meaning, enthusiastic and a hard worker, but he never learns. He has no conception whatsoever of fish psychology, a condition which, while it does not lower his social prestige, neither does it fill the creel. In his attempt to find why he fails as a fisherman, he in turn becomes the victim and falls into the snares of that master human psychologist, the salesman. This poor unfortunate soon finds himself the possessor of charts telling when fish will or will not bite, of personally autographed trout flies and of lures and gimmicks which would look better on his wife's hat than on a trout stream. This type is as persistent as he is susceptible. He spends the Winter expounding trout fishing theories and the Spring trying to put them into effect. And although his results are meager, he is not easily discouraged.

At the top of the list is the super-psychologist. This fellow knows without question what trout eat, and when and why. He has mercilessly pried into the trout's innermost secrets. Nothing is sacred and nothing has been left

turned. He not only knows what a trout eats, but he can tell you the complete life cycle of the various water insects which compose the trout's bill-of-fare, and probably knows as well what they in turn eat.

This fisherman will likely sit on the stream's edge studying the situation for ten or fifteen minutes before wetting a line. He will look at the sky, take the temperature of the water, glance at his watch, note the height and condition of the stream, and finally state confidently that a Size 14 Whirling Blue Dun on a 3X, 9-foot leader is what they want, and whether or not the trout realized it before then, the amazing thing is that he's probably right. He has studied his subject thoroughly and reduced it to a science. He knows more about the factors that control a trout's behavior than does the trout himself. Such a man, who is also fairly adept at the mechanics of fishing, catches trout and plenty of them.

I knew such a man who was completely baffled by a hatch of small brown caddis flies which composed the majority of the summer surface feed of the trout in his favorite stream. He hadn't been able to buy or tie a fly to imitate the caddis successfully. Although the natural and the imitation looked almost identical to the fisherman's eyes, the trout had an irritating habit of eating the naturals and allowing the imitation to float by unsampled. This was the type of individual whose pride was cut to the quick when he was outsmarted by a fish. His humiliation was severe. Finally, he captured some of the natural caddis flies, took several imitation flies, then submerged himself in the bath-tub, face up, with a rubber tube in his mouth for a breather. In this inverted position he floated the insects and flies over himself. By means of his trout's-eye view he detected the flaws in his previous attempts and tied some successful imitations. That's what I mean by a super-psychologist. This particular man was on the verge of a nervous breakdown when he finally succeeded, as his experiment might indicate.

But there's still another form of trout fisherman, who has even this super-psychologist beaten when it comes to filling the creel. He's rather incredible. He hasn't studied many books on trout behavior. He knows little about the effect of the tides in New Jersey on the habits of trout in Wisconsin, nor has he read any theories on sun-spots as they relate to a trout's appetite. In fact, maybe he hasn't read anything at all, and he doesn't intend to. Yet he catches the fish.

Once when, in contrast to the other fishermen around me, I was having a particularly successful day on an Eastern trout stream I began thinking about this situation. It wasn't all luck, I was sure. Just then I came to a nice pool at the foot of a rip and I found myself reasoning that if I were a trout I would lie between the

heavy current and the backwater at a point where the most food would be brought by me with the least swimming effort on my part, and also where I could see well up the current in such a position that the light of the sun would help me rather than hinder me spot food. I also reasoned, since there was no hatch on at the time, that a nice, colorful little streamer might look particularly appetizing. I confidently cast to the spot decided upon and immediately caught a fat 14-inch brown trout. How, I wondered, had I been so sure of myself? Then suddenly the horrible truth dawned on me: maybe I think like a fish.

It's not nice to contemplate. A man can be an able psychologist and a student of trout behavior and mannerisms—thereby becoming a successful fisherman—and still remain a normal human being. There are others, though, who just naturally think like fish. They know instinctively where in a stream or lake a fish will live, when he wants to eat and what he wants to eat. They don't have to read any books to find out, and maybe they can't explain how they know, but know they do. It's just as easy for such a fisherman to tie on the right pattern and size of fly as it is for him to go into the corner drug store and order an ice cream soda. And if anyone is going to catch trout, he's the guy.

Two brothers, Irishmen named Maloney, whom I gather did right well poaching some of the large estates in the old country as lads, were the most amazing trout fishermen I have ever seen. They worked several heavily fished trout streams near metropolitan New York—streams that the average fishermen would swear were long since fished out. Consistently from these seemingly barren waters they produced the most unbelievable creels of fish. They fished with worms occasionally, and some times with minnows, or again they would change to hair-like leaders and Size 16 dry flies. They could handle tackle from the coarsest to the finest with both ability and logic; and whatever they used the trout took as though charmed. It was disheartening to meet the Maloney brothers coming off a stream, for their creels were always heavy. Somehow you felt that there was no room for an ordinary mortal after these two had combed the water.

I don't say the Maloney brothers thought like fish, but when I see anyone so uncanny at luring trout from their homes, I half expect to see him jump and snap at a passing Mayfly or dart away and hide under a rock at too sudden a move.

Once long ago, up on the Battenkill, I fished with a gentleman I have never forgotten, owing to his unique appearance. He looked like a fish—of the sucker variety. However, I think that the fact that he also was a good fisherman was just coincidence.

Thinking like a fish can conceivably be a great help, but looking like



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one has never been proven of any advantage in catching trout.

Opening day brings forth every type of fisherman, from the sorriest to the most accomplished. The beginner will be there taking his first lesson by slipping in the icy water. The dry-fly purist, unable to wait for balmy weather that brings forth surface-insect food, may be caught sheepishly tying on—heaven forbid—a spinner! The garrulous type, of course, is on hand because there are more fishermen present on the first day to listen, and he is more interested in talking about big fish than catching them.

Opening day is the grandest day of the year for the trout fisherman. Everyone is out. Old friends who haven't been seen since pussy-willow time the year before are met again. Tales are swapped, a few fish are caught, a lot more lost and a good time is had by all. No real trout fisherman would think of missing it, and the excitement attracts many who know nothing and care less about the art of trout fishing, but who come just because they don't want to miss anything.

One opening day on the East Branch of the Croton in New York several years ago, I saw a character dressed in a derby hat, cutaway coat, striped trousers and spats standing motionless on a rock at the stream's edge. Hardly able to believe my eyes, I edged a little closer for a better look. He held a short casting rod firmly in both hands and from it dangled a bass plug at his very feet.

"What are you fishing for?" I asked.

"Trout", he answered impatiently, and we let it go at that.

Certainly that was his first visit to a trout stream. Likely it was his last, although it is possible that, if he had the patience and persistence born of most fishermen, he's an accomplished angler by now, for we all must start somewhere.

Some start out by blundering along; others by going to a sporting goods store and buying all the latest outdoor clothes and fishing gear including, hopefully, a net and a large creel. Smarter ones make it a point when beginning, or even when starting the season on new waters, to get next to a fellow who knows the answers. A few lessons from him, and by the time the chill has worn off the water and the uninitiated have become discouraged and taken up golf, he will begin to see results. He will never become a really top-notch fisherman, however, until he learns the habits, likes and dislikes of his quarry, the trout.

Studying fish psychology will not necessarily make a screwball out of a person. Some of us are quite normal; although I was talking to a fisherman the other day who said his wife was quite concerned over him.

"Why?" I asked.

"I like trout, that's all," he said.

"There's nothing wrong with that," I assured him. "So do I."

"You do?" he brightened. "Then you must come right over to my house. I have trunks full of them!"

How to Annoy a Trout Fisherman

(Continued from page 15)

main body of mankind; and after the first rush of blood to the head, he slumps in dejection while the word rankles and festers in his psyche. In a few minutes, he will make some phony excuse for taking his leave, but before he stinks off, you might let him have this one, as a sort of coup de grace:

5: "My Aunt Miranda, who suffered from galloping cretinism, caught a bushel basketful of trout the only time she ever went fishing. Some place in Quebec, I think it was. So there really can't be anything difficult about it."

Now, I decline to make any statement here that could be construed as derogatory to the Province of Quebec, which is rightly known as something of an angler's paradise. But it is a fact well-known to all eastern trout fishermen that, in most of Quebec's bounteous lakes and streams, trout are so abundant and so lame-brained that the veriest schlemiel of a duffer can catch his limit of native brookies before you can say "Salvelinus fontinalis". Fishing in a Quebec lake which, if not actually virgin, had been but recently deflowered, I



I once dug three dozen little neck clams and I got a real kick out of it.

once caught several dozen scrappy little square-tails on an absolutely bare hook—and every time I flipped a burnt match into the water, half a dozen trout would rise to it. My consort, an amiable creature who had hitherto never held a rod in her hand, picked up a spare rod out of sheer boredom and proceeded to catch trout hand over fist, until a particularly



Personally, I don't fish, but I think it is nice to have a hobby.

sloppy cast sunk a barbless Tupps Indispensable into the Indian guide's ear and she went back to The Critique of Pure Reason, convinced beyond redemption that the whole silly business was a monstrous hoax. I feel quite certain that even a third-rate angler on an average Quebec lake could keep a large trout-cannery operating on double-shifts all through the season—and without employing a dropper-fly.

The point is simply that an ability to catch trout by the long ton in little-fished wilderness water is no index of angling skill, since no skill is involved beyond the ability to sit in a canoe without capsizing it. And there is approximately the same relation between Quebec trout fishing and fishing in heavily-pounded "weekend streams" as there is between punching a body-bag and punching Rocky Graziano. In both first instances, the non-expert will make an excellent showing; in both second instances, he will end up floundering-flat on his can.

And there, sir, you have it: five easy-to-memorize sentences, with a money-back guarantee that any four of them will rout the most heavily entrenched trout fisherman once and for all. Never again need you endure yawnsome yarns about the big one that got away, while you struggle to maneuver the conversation back to your favorite topic.

In return, I ask very little. Indeed, I ask only that you tell me some equally foolproof, effective and non-violent method of dumbfounding the blubberbrained blabbermouth who says to me:

"Frankly, I haven't the patience for trout-fishing."

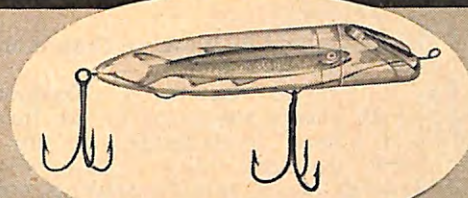


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It's a Man's World

(Continued from page 16)

heiress, could do no more than mumble, "Yes, ma'am."

A certain hirsute development which covers the front of my torso had almost immediately set up a fierce incompatibility to the wool. Several times the tormenting conflict between the hair on my chest and the barbed fuzz of the wool became unbearable, and involuntarily I drew my fingers across the afflicted area. But once when Anita stopped in the middle of a sentence and stared at my breach of etiquette, I made a quick recovery by patting my chest and coughing. "A touch of the old asthma," I explained laughing, but not very loudly. Thereafter I had several coughing spells in which my chest got a severe drubbing and which provided some temporary relief. There is no doubt that Anita found me the most singularly unresponsive male ever to journey north of 54-40.

When we stopped for luncheon we sat at a table with several other people and Anita devoted her attention to a slight, unprepossessing young man whose only qualification, so far as I could judge, was a lack of woolen underwear. Evidently that was sufficient, for when we resumed our journey Anita was not sitting with me but opposite the unwooled rival. I had lost the girl but I hadn't lost the itch. My opinion of people involved in the development and manufacture of wool and its products was at that moment several degrees below absolute zero.

The news of the imminent arrival of itchless wool is therefore of special significance to me, though somewhat tardy. But I would advise the wool people not to build up any extensive sales organization to meet the summer needs of people in Yukon Territory. Most of them know what I discovered: summers in the Yukon

can be hot and the mosquitoes have chased every horsefly out of the Territory.

IT SHOULD be welcome news that there is now on the market some clothing of good quality. There is also some of the shoddier war-type material at prices higher than an eagle's tail feathers. And some merchants are trying to sell this stuff at the regular mark-up instead of sale-pricing it. In the cloak and suit trade the phrase is "liquidation of questionable merchandise", a perfectly honorable proceeding, so long as the clothes are not misrepresented, either directly or by the potent inference of a high price tag, as first quality merchandise.

Shop carefully during the next few months and get all your money can buy. Here is one example: a large Midwestern clothing store has been selling a line of shirts at \$7.00 each; shirts of such inferior quality that in pre-war days they wouldn't have given them away. They wear out quickly, they launder delicately or they shrink, and they fray. But this store has another shirt at \$5.00 which will give three times the service of the \$7.00 shoddy. There aren't many of these good shirts so the clerks reserve them for customers who insist on value.

This store is not exceptional; it is typical. But customers are catching on and department stores report startling increases in complaints, mostly on quality. Until clothing pipelines fill with good merchandise there will be shortages and we still will be demanding more than we can get. We'll use 850,000,000 pounds of wool this year against a pre-war 600,000,000 pounds and the average outlay for clothing will be twice what it was in 1941. In any case Rule No. 1 in buying clothing is to get the best; it's

FAME IN A NAME

By Fairfax Downey

Prescription for Fame

So well esteemed was the young medico that he was called to teach in King's College in New York, the future Columbia University. In 1755 he moved to Charleston, S. C., and established a practice. But medicine was only his vocation. His hobby and chief interest was botany, and his reputation in that field spread across the Atlantic to Europe. The question, "What's in a name?" had an adequate answer here. The shingle of this doctor, so skilled in the lore

of flowers, read—A. Garden.

After the Revolution Dr. Alexander Garden moved to London, became vice-president of the Royal Society and gained the friendship of the great Swedish naturalist, Linnaeus. It was Linnaeus who crowned the doctor with immortality by naming after him the fragrant and beautiful white flower thereto known as the Cape Jasmine. Beaux pay tribute to him, whenever they favor their ladies with a corsage of gardenias.

cheaper in the end. But in the next few months, make doubly certain to get as good as you pay for.

AS A farmer I often discover special country recipes which city people can't conveniently enjoy. But now I've got one you can whip up even on the back of a two-burner gas stove. It's a recipe for tomato butter and it's so delicious I tell my family it's our social security; come the Revolution we'll sell enough to retire handsomely, because a man's taste buds react the same whether he is a Republican or a Communist.

The concoction is as simple as shooting fish in a barrel. Take a good-sized pot and cook up about five pounds of peeled and sliced tomatoes to which have been added a couple of cups of vinegar, $4\frac{1}{2}$ cups of brown or white sugar (or both types mixed, but brown is better), $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce of stick cinnamon, $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce of ginger root, and $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce of mixed mace and cloves tied in a bag. Peeling tomatoes is a tough racket unless you scald them first by dipping them for a few seconds in very hot water. Then the thin outer skin slips right off.

You cook this mess so it burbles quietly for about three hours. Then yank out the bag of cloves and mace and when the stuff cools in the refrigerator you can serve it with almost any kind of meat (it's wonderful with ham and eggs), with bread, or you can dip your finger into it and lick it. Use only the best tomatoes, fully vine-ripened if you grow your own. And if you're smart you'll put some in jars and seal the top with paraffin. Then next winter you can make the neighbors unhappy by bragging about it.

Bargain notes: There is a new folding table top selling for around \$6.00. It has a flat felt surface and may be used on an ordinary card table and seats seven comfortably . . . For beer and ale this summer there is a collection of six crystal mugs, each of which is decorated with the illustrated inscription "Here's How" in a different language. About \$7.50 . . . Just about the most personalized gift I've seen recently sells for only \$6.00. It is a small candy bowl on which the name of the recipient, together with the date, and the name of the donor too, if desired, is baked into the design. This is the sort of wedding gift people hang onto . . . Those who have a great urge to own a carved ship model, made to scale and complete in nearly every detail, don't always have \$185 even for a bargain. But if you enjoy this happy combination of circumstances you can now get an exquisitely wrought three-foot model of the famous clipper, "Flying Cloud", and put it on the mantel, or in the study, or in your office and be the envy of your friends for years to come.

Sartorial news-of-the-month: A Detroit haberdashery has offered for sale men's bow ties executed in rabbit fur for \$3.00; in mink at \$300.

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Tops in Flavor**

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What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 19)

strong play for the waitress, impelled by his hopeless desire for the blonde, etc., etc. Conceding for a moment that human beings are that obsessed by sex, what is Mr. Steinbeck's point?

Well, it seems to be that our so-called civilization has corrupted our naturally noble instincts. Indeed, there is only one person in the company, the Mexican bus driver, who has not been so corrupted, and, as you see, he is not an American. He, Juan Chicoy, is the hero of the fable, and held up by the author as a kind of ideal; he is simple, he does not fumble around or lie to himself, he takes what he wants as naturally as he takes a glass of water when he feels like it. But where the structure of the novel breaks down is in its lack of universality. It seems to me that if you're going to write an allegory, it must apply to the *whole* of the problem you've chosen, to have real meaning metaphorically. The people of Juan Chicoy's bus are hardly a representative lot: the business man, successful though he may be, is a fool; his wife is a frigid self-pitier; the youth, a deplorable example of humanity, though pitiable. There is not a person aboard who has any mental stature, or any ideas aside from those arising from the primitive hungers. From this kind of writing arises the charge that Steinbeck is anti-intellectual—and there may be something to it at that. Anyway, this cross-section of American humanity—a group of people among whom is not one person of any worth at all—is held up in quiet scorn in contrast to a "natural man", an honest primitive who, also, is not endowed with very many brains. So what are we to infer from all this? That our civilization is a lie, that we are a base, stupid, materialistic, sexually dishonest people? Well, some of that may be true, but it isn't *all* true by any means.

I would recommend, however, that you read "The Wayward Bus", because with the faults enumerated above, it is still a very interesting novel. It would be hard to imagine Steinbeck's writing an uninteresting one. (Viking, \$2.75)

"THIS IS THE STORY" by David L. Cohn is a diverting book about the war with serious undertones and, occasionally, overtones. The author traveled around the world during 1944-45, visiting war theaters as an adviser to the Army Services Forces. Of a thoughtful turn of mind, he jotted down his impressions of what he saw, which was a lot: the American soldier, on duty and off, at play, at love-making (if you can call it that), and at the grim business of making war. He talked to all kinds of people—generals, statesmen, peripatetic movie stars and ordinary

citizens of a dozen countries from Corsica to Burma. His book abounds in good stories—some funny, some not—which have flavor and meaning. Although I hesitate to recommend the average war book in face of the growing public apathy to this kind of writing, I can recommend this one without reservation. (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.00)

THE AUTHOR of the widely-read and delightful "Philosopher's Holiday", which proved that the American public, in appreciable numbers, will read something besides romantic novels about bygone naughty ladies and detective stories, has followed that book with another in much the same vein—a group of inter-related and easy-going essays, some in fiction form, about philosophy and the kindred arts of being civilized. Irving Edman could be called a popularizer of philosophy, but he is by no means a vulgarizer. He writes in a leisurely fashion, or at least it reads as though written that way, but he doesn't write down. He gently prods the reader to think about all manner of things in a painless and very engaging manner. (Philosopher's Quest, Viking, \$3.00)

THERE IS, about the figure of Henry Adams, something slightly forbidding. He could almost have said, with Walter Savage Landor, "I strove with none, for none was worth my strife." He cared very little for popular acclaim—indeed, he had a horror of the popular, and his great books, "Mont Saint Michel and Chartres" and "The Education of Henry Adams", were privately printed, even though their author was aware of their importance and excellence, to be circulated among a select few. A new volume of Adams' letters to his friends and family, and a satisfactorily bulky one, has now been published. This mass of interesting and entertaining correspondence gives the reader an insight into the mind of this son of the fabulous Adams tribe; it shows him to have been a warm-hearted, witty, slightly cynical and not always very tolerant gentleman who was representative of what is best in the phrase "the old school". (Henry Adams and His Friends, edited by Harold Dean Cater. Houghton Mifflin, \$7.50)

"BAB" (WILLIAM SCHWENCK) GILBERT wrote some of the most charming satirical verse that ever found its way into anthologies. Edward Lear, Lewis Carroll and Hilaire Belloc were his contemporaries and his rivals in wit and in the tongue-in-the-cheek method of dealing with the issues of the day. All of these manipulators of English, and their adroit expressions of thought, have survived the years and the concom-

itant slang of subsequent generations without becoming stale or worn. These men of words were beyond the caprice of fashion, even though they may not have been great writers.

The Gilbert and Sullivan operas are the longest-lived light operas ever produced, and the reason, most aficionados will agree, is the libretti. To quote from the preface of this new volume of Gilbert's verse, written by the celebrated composer, Deems Taylor, ". . . if Gilbert had never met Sullivan, if he had written the best of the Savoy operas with another composer, they would still be performed. The words might not have been set with such felicity (Sullivan's prime distinction is that he is the first—and almost the only—composer to catch the distinctive rhythms of English speech, and translate them into terms of music), but they would still be Gilbert's words." Inasmuch as Mr. Taylor is so eminently qualified an expert in this particular field, we go on to quote, "Had Sullivan chosen another librettist, he would still be remembered; it is permissible to wonder whether he would still be performed. Sullivan has several peers in his own field—Offenbach, Auber, Von Suppe, Herbert, Johann Strauss. Gilbert had none, and has none. He has been approached, upon occasion, as a writer of humorous verse and song lyrics—by Charles Stuart Calverly, Franklin P. Adams, Brian Hooker, Wallace Irwin, and P. G. Wodehouse, among others. But no successor has possessed quite his peculiar combination of gifts. As a librettist, as a deviser of entertaining plots, able to unfold them with equal effectiveness and charm both in prose and verse, he stands alone." (Plays and Poems of W. S. Gilbert, Random House, \$3.50)

A MIDDLE - NINETIES literary conception of the "brave new world" has been exhumed and republished in a book of distinguished format. It is a youthful effort of H. G. Wells and, although "dated" and somewhat juvenile, contains some thoughtful speculations on future life. The early Wells envisioned no race of Supermen. He held that in defeating nature, man will defeat himself.

To lend plausibility to his projections into the future, Wells invented one of the neatest gadgets yet—The Time Machine. This is a little box complete with a saddle and a lever. Since the design of the machine is based on an elementary theory of relativity, interesting things occur when the intrepid time traveler pulls the lever. In fact, the first yank lands him squarely in the year 802,702 A.D., not a pretty place to be. If Wells was right, you should be very pleased that your life span includes 1947. (The Time Machine, Random House, \$2.75)

Elk Newsletter

(Continued from page 4)

Events of recent weeks indicate that 1947 will develop into a critical year for the automobile industry. Continuing the fight for dealer outlets which began during the last months of the war, the industry entered 1947 with 457 new retail automobile firms started for every 1,000 in existence the year before, thus leading the entire retail field in new businesses established. Meanwhile, dealers are predicting that you'll be able to get spot delivery of almost any kind of car before year-end.

★ **Does small business enjoy equal justice under law?** Commerce Department officials don't think so. They say financing and tax problems strike the small businessman with more severity than the large businessman. As a remedy they are advocating: (1) some method of averaging income subject to taxation over a number of years, since earnings of small business fluctuate more widely and (2) provisions of adequate long-term financing on reasonable terms.

★ **Meanwhile small retailers** are urged to take advantage of the provisions of the George-Deen Act under which the U. S. Bureau of Education provides classes in retail training by skilled instructors. A buyers' market is returning, it is pointed out, and salespeople must be properly trained to give satisfactory service--if old customers are to be kept and new ones gained.

★ **Latest reports** indicate that skiing, the Nation's newest "big business", set a new record during the winter. High-powered promotion of winter sports Meccas is given much of the credit, but an important factor has been the impetus given the sport by the military training of ski troopers. Resorts and lodges from New England to California were heavily-booked throughout the season.

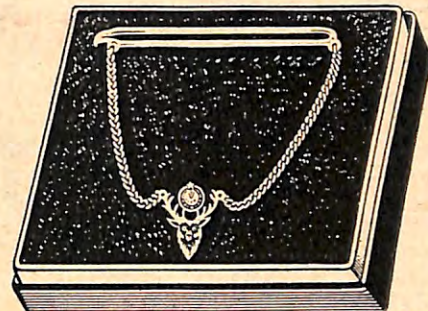
Millions were spent by the winter sports lovers during the winter just past and states and communities in the snow belt are expected to bend every effort to increase the "take" even more next year.

★ **If you are interested** in exporting or importing--activities which built the fortunes of many a small businessman in the past--the Office of International Trade has prepared a booklet to help you. "Guides for New World Traders" may be obtained for 10 cents from the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, or from Department of Commerce field offices.

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Every Elk will be proud of this handsome 1/20 12-karat yellow gold-filled tie holder. Baked enamel clock shows the B. P. O. E. symbol beautifully. Prompt delivery; satisfaction is guaranteed. Makes a wonderful gift. Please send check or money order. Mail Order Only.

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1734 Carew Tower Dept. C-23 Cincinnati, O.

The Magnificent Mytton

(Continued from page 13)

of the various candidates were the rule rather than the exception. Richard Darwall, whose painstaking biography of Mytton is the source for much of this information, says that the master of Halston entered into the spirit of early 19th Century politics most whole-heartedly. When the campaigning was at fever pitch, Mytton rode through the towns of his constituency in a brass-buttoned coat, a ten-pound note dangling from each button. As quickly as one bill was snatched off, he would replace it with another.

With the aid of such innovations, he scored a handsome triumph over his opponent.

"To preserve unsullied the trust you have committed to my hands," was the pledge of the new M.P. Unsullied it certainly remained. When Mytton arrived in London to take his seat, the day was hot; he found the halls of Parliament stuffy, and the discourse exceedingly dull. In an hour's time, he had had quite enough of the whole business and was posting back to Halston. He never attended another session throughout his entire term.

Two years after their marriage his wife died and with her death the last restrictions upon Mytton's extravagance disappeared. Things finally came to such a pass that his solicitors made him a proposal that if he could manage to get along on the equivalent of \$30,000 a year they would be able to save his most valuable properties.

"What!" roared the Squire, upon hearing of this offer. "I should not give a straw for life if it were to be passed on six thousand pounds a year."

All Shropshire buzzed with gossip of the wild doings at the Halston manor house: of a dog fight staged in the main drawing room which ended with Mytton biting the winning dog on the nose; of the time he set fire to his shirt-tails to frighten off an attack of hiccups. A hairdresser from Shrewsbury saw him toss off a bottle of lavender water "as a chest warmer against the night air". Nimrod, the British sporting writer, recalls how the Squire excused himself from the dinner table one night and reappeared shortly afterwards astride a bear. Another time, Mytton placed a drunken friend in bed with the bear and two bulldogs.

Tiresome guests were given short shrift at Halston. One night, the master, after a dull supper at which he entertained the local vicar and physician, accoutered himself as a highwayman and intercepted his guests on their way home. "Stand and deliver!" bawled Mytton, brandishing a huge pistol under their noses. Before the terrified pair could answer, he commenced blazing away

with blanks and pursued them all the way to the nearest village.

The squire was short and squat but possessed of gigantic physical strength. His biceps were said to measure a full two inches more than those of the reigning heavyweight boxing champion. He loved brawling by night, and by day he was an indefatigable sportsman. During the fox-hunting season he would have relays of hacks waiting along the fifty-mile road to the meet and after hunting all day he would return the same evening to Halston. His conduct during the chase itself caused more than a few popped monocles and raised eyebrows in the haughty fox-hunting circle. He was not much of a man for the proper form—and all that sort of rot. He rode close on the heels of the hound pack, leaving his companions far in the rear where they could be as genteel as they liked. Once, while in hot pursuit, Mytton saw the quarry swim a large, swift-running stream. The other huntsmen caught up with him at the river bank, then skirted around on a long detour to the nearest bridge. This was too slow for Squire John. Taking over an empty ferry boat he loaded it with his horse and some dogs and paddled furiously to the opposite side.

Duck hunting was another of Mytton's favorite pastimes and in the art of camouflaging himself to trap these fowl he went to lengths that caused wonderment in his most dogged admirers. In midwinter, he was seen going forth of an evening clad in nothing but a white night-shirt, and on one occasion he was known to have discarded even that garment to pursue a flight of birds across a frozen lake.

When not engaged in hunting, Mytton would drive his tandem around the countryside at a mad clip. Guests who rode with him often remonstrated but without avail. Indeed, their protests usually had a dangerous effect. Irked by the complaints of one friend, the Squire finally turned to him and said: "Was you never much hurt then by being upset in a gig?"

"No, thank God," replied the other, "for I never was upset in one."

"What! Never upset in a gig? What a damned dull fellow you must have been all your life."

So saying, Mytton spun the carriage over a roadside embankment and dumped the fellow into a ditch.

Some years after his first wife's death, Mytton took another bride—a Miss Gifford of Chillington. This lady was made of stern stuff. She and her family had studied the situation at Halston very carefully and had come to the conclusion that the madcap Squire could be brought to heel. At least she went into the affair with her eyes open but it was no go, and she finally obtained a separa-

tion. Mytton had a son by his second marriage whom he christened "Euphrates" after a well-known race horse of that era, but, mercifully perhaps, the child did not live to suffer with this monstrous handle.

Mytton's costly fancies multiplied as his fortunes dwindled. He had a violent hatred of paper money and used to throw fistfuls of it angrily into the woods. Sometimes for the amusement of his guests, he would spread a five-pound note on a piece of bread and eat it. One evening, as he was returning from a gambling session where he had won heavily, he fell asleep and all his winnings, which were piled in his lap, blew out of the window. Mytton regarded this as a highly amusing personal reminiscence and enjoyed retelling it to his friends.

These and numerous other eccentric pecuniary habits were hardly calculated to stave off his impending financial ruin. In the last decade or so of his career, he managed to dispose of some \$3,000,000—a performance which might be envied by many of our latter day pillars of cafe society. When every last asset had been drained off and even the great oaks which shaded Halston Hall had been chopped down to finance its improvident master, Mytton fled to France to avoid his old creditors and to make a few new ones. Impenitent to the end, he took to himself a young lady identified only as "Susan" who followed him from inn to inn a jump or two ahead of the bailiff.

At length, he returned to England and a debtors' prison not far from Halston. Here, in 1833, John Mytton paid his last bill—one tendered by years of high and riotous living—and his remains were returned to Halston Hall to be buried in the family chapel. A detachment of the Shropshire cavalry, in which he held an honorary commission, guarded the casket and three thousand simple country folk paid tribute to his lifelong generosity by attending the last rites.

Moralizers might say that John Mytton had been paid in the "wages of sin". Still, history has treated him kindly. Even such stiff fellows as Sir Bernard Burke, of "Burke's Peerage" fame, are unable to stifle an austere chuckle in setting down the vicissitudes of the Squire of Halston. They assure us too that Mytton had no regrets and cite as proof a conversation he had with a relative who came to plead with him not to part with a certain property that "had been in the family so long".

"How long?" asked Mytton apathetically.

"About five hundred years," replied the relative.

"The devil it has," said Squire John, brightening. "Then it's high time it should go out of it."

News of the Order



ACTIVITIES SPONSORED BY THE ELKS
NATIONAL VETERANS SERVICE COMMISSION

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S VISITS

A CANDIDATE FOR GRAND SECRETARY

EDITORIAL

Louisiana's singing Governor, James H. Davis, backed up by members of his band, sings some of his own songs to veterans at the U. S. Hospital in Alexandria. The members of Alexandria Lodge sponsored this fine Christmas show as part of its entertainment program for convalescent servicemen.

Activities Sponsored by the Elks National VETERANS SERVICE COMMISSION



Above: A veteran at the Will Rogers Hospital at Oklahoma City, Okla., is visited by E. E. James, member Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, during a party held by the Elks National Veterans Service Commission.



Above: A convalescent serviceman at one of Brooklyn's Veterans Hospitals receives a gift during the Christmas party given by Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, at which the famous De Marco Sisters entertained.



Above: One of the women patients at Base 81 Veterans Hospital at Kingsbridge receives her gift during a Holiday party staged for veterans there by Bronx and New York, N. Y., Lodges. Hundreds of compacts and cigarette lighters were distributed.



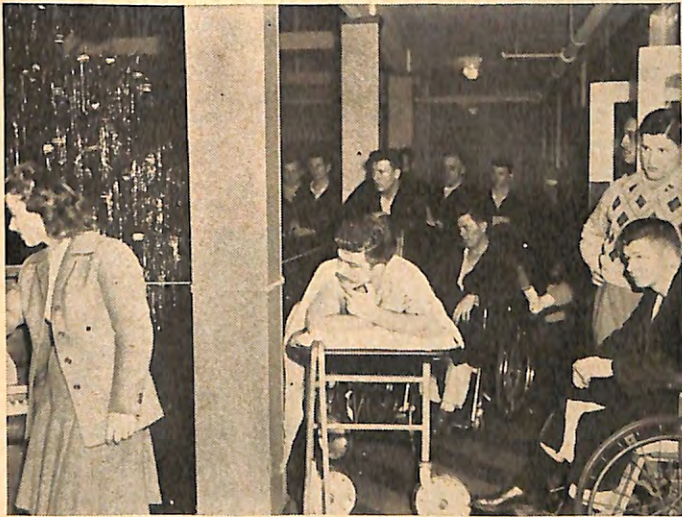
Right: Packages for the boys at Sampson Naval Hospital are filled and wrapped by members of Elmira, N. Y., Lodge and their assistants.



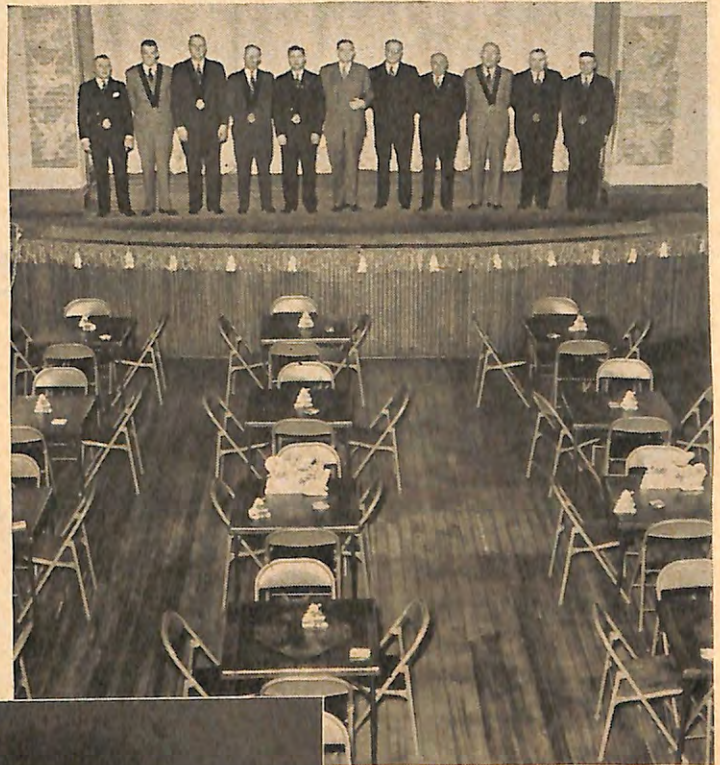
Above: Through the courtesy of the Elks Veterans Service Commission of Freeport, N. Y., Lodge, Santa Claus visited patients at Mitchel Field Hospital and gave a party for them, too.



Above: Four of the servicemen at Wichita Veterans Administration Hospital try their luck on the new pool table donated to the Hospital by the Elks National Veterans Service Commission through the Kansas Elks Assn.



Above: A photograph taken during the Christmas Program given at one of the Veterans Hospitals in Ohio by the Hospital Service Program Committee of the Ohio Elks Assn.



Above: Pueblo, Colo., Elks, Gov. John C. Vivian and Colo. State Hospital Supt. Dr. F. H. Zimmerman photographed with some of the chairs and tables supplied by the lodge to that Hospital for a recreation room for the seventy-two veterans confined there.



Left: Santa is pictured with the boys at Hines Hospital who enjoyed a Christmas party given for them by Harvey, Ill., Lodge.



Above: Some of the patients at a nearby Veterans Hospital who enjoyed a special Christmas party sponsored by Johnson City, Tenn., Lodge.



Above: Elk officials are pictured with servicemen at a party given at Halloran General Hospital by Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge.



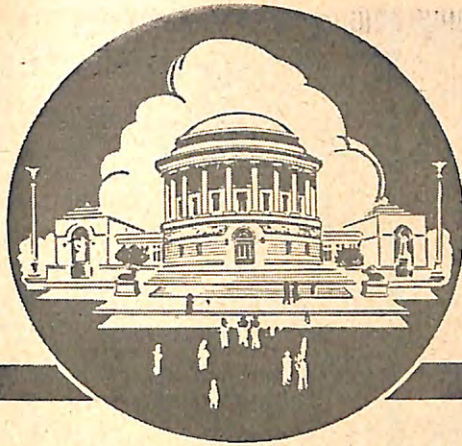
Above is a photograph taken during the banquet held by Chicago (South), Ill., Lodge for returned warriors of World War II a few days before Christmas.



Right, above, are the members of the California Elks Association Veterans Service Committee as they met at Oroville for the North District meeting to organize their program.



Right: The Cigarette Collection Committee of Hackensack, N. J., Lodge which gathers an average of 600 packs a week for hospitalized veterans.



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FRANK J. LONERGAN, Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142. Suite 1022, Corbett Building

WADE H. KEPNER, Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, No. 28. 1308 Chapline Street

The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

The Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., is maintained as a residence for aged and indigent members of the Order. It is neither an infirmary nor a hospital. Applications for admission to the Home must be made in writing, on blanks furnished by the Grand Secretary and signed by the applicant. All applications must be approved by the subordinate lodge of which the applicant is a member, at a regular meeting and forwarded

to the Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications. For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title 1, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home, address Hugh W. Hicks, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, The First National Bank, Jackson, Tenn.

News of the

SUBORDINATE

LODGES

DALLAS, TEX., Lodge, No. 71, on his anniversary, Jan. 13th, honored one of its members who has rendered 47 years of faithful and untiring service to the Order, Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight George W. Loudermilk.

Some 24 men became affiliated with Dallas Lodge that evening in his honor at the first initiation to be held in No. 71's fine new home. Nine Dallas P.E.R.'s attended, including State Pres. Floyd B. Ford who addressed the gathering, and many other dignitaries from various Texas lodges. Among the congratulatory wires received from all over the State was one from Gov. Beauford Jester, a member of No. 71.

Mr. Loudermilk has served the Order in many important capacities, including the office of President of his State Association, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee for two terms and Vice-Chairman of the Texas Elks Crippled Children's Institution, Inc. His grasp of the Order's aims and principles was evident in the splendid address he made to the new Elks. He urged them to attend every lodge meeting they can, and painted a glowing picture of the many facets of the Order, including its war activities and its service to veterans; the Elks National Foundation, and most particularly the fine work being done by the Texas Elks in aiding crippled children and in erecting the Hospital at Ottine for the treatment of young polio victims.

CALEXICO, CALIF., Lodge, No. 1382, entertained Paul R. Beck, District Deputy for its neck of the woods, not long ago and marked the occasion by initiating 21 men into the Order. L. A. Lewis, a former member of the Grand Forum and a candidate for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler, and Trustee W. F. Peterson of the State Elks Assn., accompanied Mr. Beck. This was the largest class in the history of No. 1382.

ARTESIA, N. M., Lodge, No. 1717, was instituted recently under the auspices of the officers of Carlsbad Lodge No. 1558. Located in Southeast New Mexico, in an agricultural and oil-producing region, Artesia Lodge is the first to be instituted in New Mexico since 1921. The ceremonies were in charge of D.D. Harold Long of the South District.

ST. CLOUD, MINN., Lodge, No. 516, is one of the outstanding clubs of the Northwest. Instituted in 1899 with 118 charter members, nine of whom still retain their membership in the lodge, it now boasts a list of 680 typical Elks with 30 applicants awaiting initiation.

No. 516 owns its own home and has just completed a fine remodeling job on the building, but the first annual indoor circus sponsored by the lodge did not take place there. It was held in the Tech High School Auditorium for three days, with a matinee performance daily. Proceeds of this huge show went to the Elks Welfare Fund.

The members of St. Cloud Lodge have always been noted for their interest in charitable works. They contribute yearly to the Elks National Foundation and to the State Association for the maintenance of an Elks Welfare Worker at the Rochester Mayo Clinic, and, during the war, gave \$1,500 to the Elks War Commission Fund. During the past five years No. 516, in cooperation with the Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, has sponsored a Magazine Subscription Drive to secure funds for the welfare of residents of Stearns, Benton and Sherburne Counties. Through these very successful drives, the Elks were able to purchase an iron lung in 1941, and during the past few years they have provided two Hanflig Orthopedic beds and six Colson wheelchairs. These contributions to the three counties are available to any resident without charge.

BEMIDJI, MINN., Lodge, No. 1052, always enjoys its Annual Roundups. The war stopped the regularity of this event, so the latest, the seventh in the lodge's history, was eagerly awaited and well attended.

The crack Crockston, Minn., Lodge Degree Team conducted the initiatory ceremonies and shared the delights of the delicious steak dinner served on Roundup night.

GALENA, ILL., Lodge, No. 882, held its annual venison dinner this winter and about 150 local Elks, joined by a delegation from Dubuque, Ia., Lodge, went to work on the generous helpings of the tasty meat and all that was served with it. An entertainment program rounded out the program.

1

Elk officials turn over Winthrop, Mass., Lodge's gift of a motorette to Edward E. Adams who has been crippled since birth.

2

Est. Lead. Knight Oris F. Heinauer hands a \$650 check to Miss Elinore Smith, Executive Secretary of the Casa Solina Home for Crippled Children, as part of the proceeds of Ontario, Calif., Lodge's Charity Mins-trel Show. The Sister Kenny Foundation and the Cancer Research received \$225 each.

3

Anaheim, Calif., Lodge goes over the top on its third Elks National Foundation Certificate and places a down payment on a fourth. Secy. Harwood R. Larson gives the checks to E.R. Wm. G. Stedman. The last Certificate was sponsored by the lodge's band.

4

Officials of East Chicago, Ind., Lodge present their third artificial lung for the use of the polio clinic of Lake County at St. Catherine's Hospital.

5

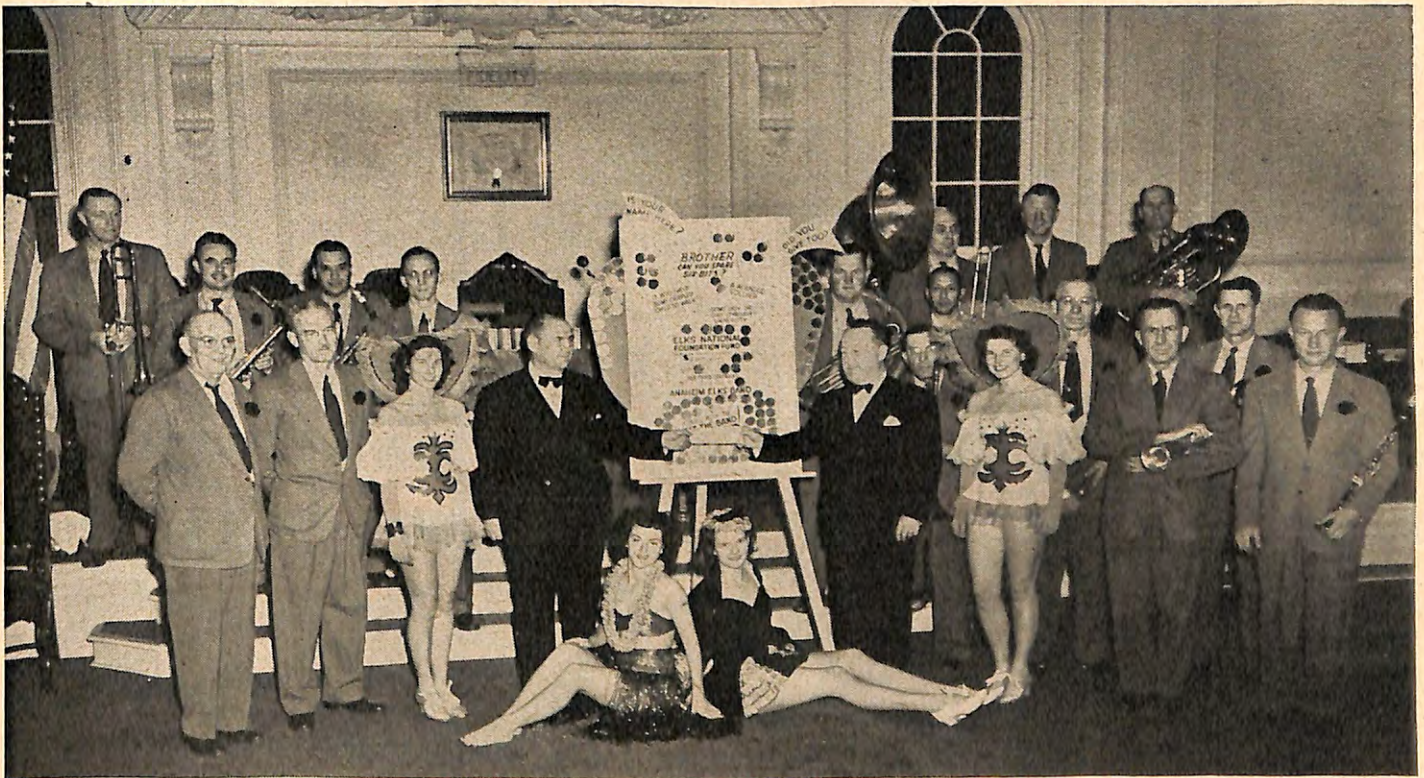
D.D. Robert F. Coningham presents the dispensation for Port Clinton, Ohio, Lodge to Secy. Dan J. Griffin. The lodge was instituted in January with a charter membership of 108, 95 of whom were initiated that day.



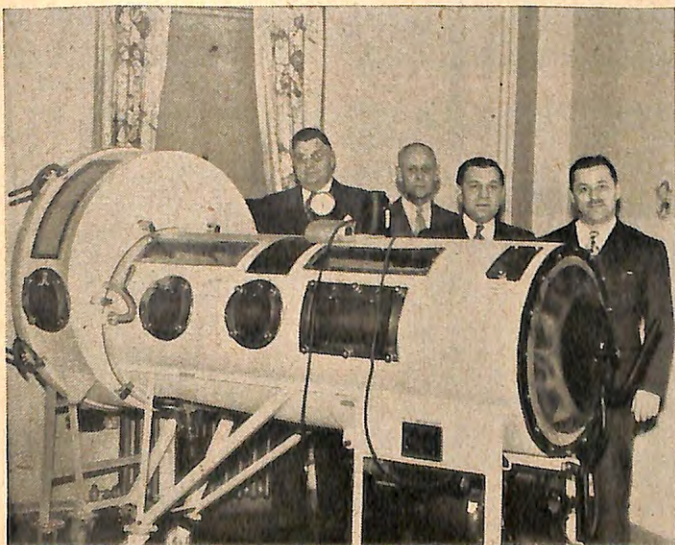
1. WINTHROP, MASS.



2. ONTARIO, CALIF.



3. ANAHEIM, CALIF.



4. EAST CHICAGO, IND.



5. PORT CLINTON, OHIO

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Lodge, No. 276, believes in doing something tangible to wipe out juvenile delinquency. As part of the lodge's drive to curb this menace, 100 boys of the city were given free memberships to the Y.M.C.A. at a regular meeting of No. 276. Mayor Joseph Altman, P.E.R. of Atlantic City Lodge, addressed the young men and reminded them of the benefits of affiliation with the "Y".

WASHINGTON, MO., Lodge, No. 1559, entertained nine of its 14 former leaders on Past Exalted Rulers' Night, and an added attraction was the presentation of the Certificate of Appreciation issued by the Elks War Commission. Vice-Pres. John Dumont of the Missouri State Elks Assn. joined the Washington Elks that evening, and enjoyed the delicious turkey luncheon served after the meeting.

MADISON, S. D., Lodge, No. 1442, recently presented a new inhalator to the city's fire department for use in emergency calls throughout Lake County. The equipment cost \$614 and its purchase was voted by the Madison Elks when they learned the city's need for this life-saving device.

OHIO NORTHWEST DISTRICT. Kenton, Ohio, Lodge, No. 157, was host to an anything-but-dull meeting of its District during a weekend early in December. Registration showed 365 Elks in attendance, representing twenty-three lodges.

Saturday evening a dance took place, as well as card games and several committee meetings. Brunch was held at the Country Club on Sunday and at two p.m. the Elks got down to business with reports made by all State and District Chairmen. It was decided that the Northwest District would hold four meetings a year instead of two. In the evening dinner was served to 370 members and their ladies, following which the Octette of Tiffin Lodge entertained. During the afternoon the ladies had enjoyed card games and motion pictures.

BOISE, IDA., Lodge, No. 310, has an active group of members, and an equally active group of members' wives. Over 200 of these ladies were entertained recently at a card party. The ladies have staged a number of these parties, which are growing increasingly popular, not only to the ladies themselves, but to the Elks as well.

OREGON STATE ELKS ASSN. Two hundred Elks, representing the 27 Oregon lodges, met on Feb. 8th at the home of Roseburg Lodge No. 326 for the midwinter session of the Ore. State Elks Assn.

The visitors were welcomed by Mayor Albert G. Flegel, a member of No. 326, who promptly gave State Pres. John N. Mohr the key to the city.

A dance was held for the delegates the evening of Feb. 7th and a five-act floor show featured the entertainment program the night after the meeting which was preceded by a banquet.

As part of the city's official welcome, traffic policemen deposited nickels in parking meters where delegates' cars were parked. The cars were identified by special windshield stickers, and \$10 worth of nickels was provided for this purpose by the members of No. 326.

REDONDO BEACH, CALIF., Lodge, No. 1378, threw its annual Football Night as usual, and this one was really a humdinger. Surprise speaker of the evening was Jeff Cravath, head coach of the University of Southern California Trojans, who revealed himself as a Fighting Irish admirer by announcing that he chooses Notre Dame's first team as the best football team in the country; Notre Dame's second team, second; N. D.'s third team, third; Army, fourth, and U.C.L.A., fifth.

The affair is a yearly tribute to the members of the Redondo Union High School football team, and this one had everything, including a fine dinner and a floor show, with anecdotes from several other leading grid coaches. Each member of the high school team was introduced to one of the largest crowds ever to jam the dining room of No. 1378's home.

FORT WAYNE, IND., Lodge, No. 155, recently gave a cocktail party and banquet for its returned World War II veterans. Approximately 110 former Fort Wayne servicemen attended, including State Pres. Paul G. Jasper, P.E.R., a former Infantry Captain serving in the Pacific area, who presided as Toastmaster, and James M. Tucker, a member of No. 155, erstwhile Secretary of the State of Indiana, a former Lt. Commander in an amphibious force in the Italian campaign, who was the principal speaker. E. R. Jules F. Doriot and Secy. Amos L. Jockel, P. D. D., presented a gift to each veteran on behalf of No. 155.

1
Port Chester, N. Y., officials, including E.R. Ralph Maxon, third from right, have a good time in the company of their lady guests at a recent party given at the lodge home.

2
Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman S. Paul Seeders, D.D. Geo. A. Lessig and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Grakelow, left to right, at the speakers' table during the mortgage burning dinner of Pottstown, Pa., Lodge.

3
A class of candidates initiated into Grand Forks, N. D., Lodge by their white-garbed Past Exalted Rulers, among them former State Assn. Pres. M. Dave Miller, center.

4
The members of Massachusetts State Champion Ritualistic Team who hail from Everett Lodge and will vie for top honors at the Grand Lodge Convention.

5
Hartford, Conn., Lodge entered this "circus wagon" in the parade preceding the institution of Danielson, Conn., Lodge.

6
This group participated in the formal presentation of Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge's gift of an examining and operating table to Locust Mountain State Hospital.

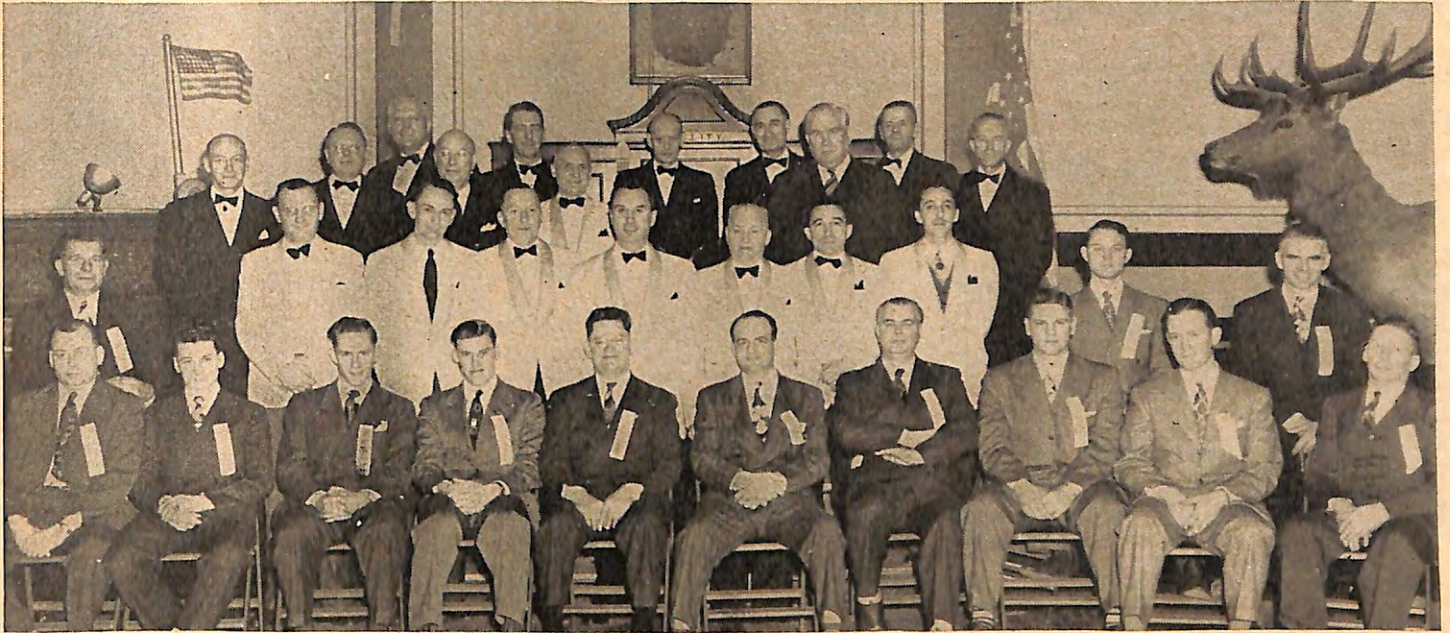
7
Past Exalted Rulers of Rock Island, Ill., Lodge as they were photographed at the supper held in their honor at a special program which is an annual affair.



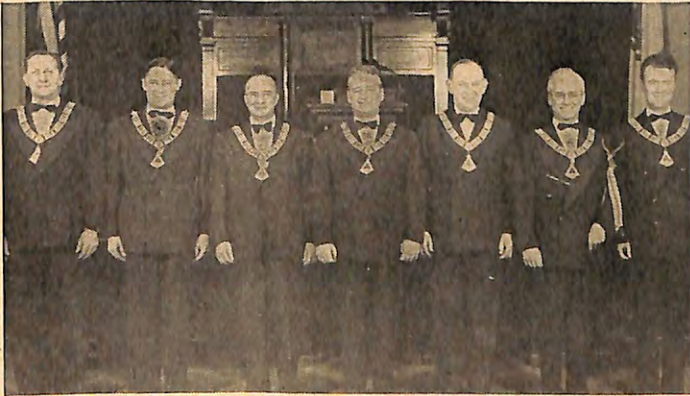
1. PORT CHESTER, N. Y.



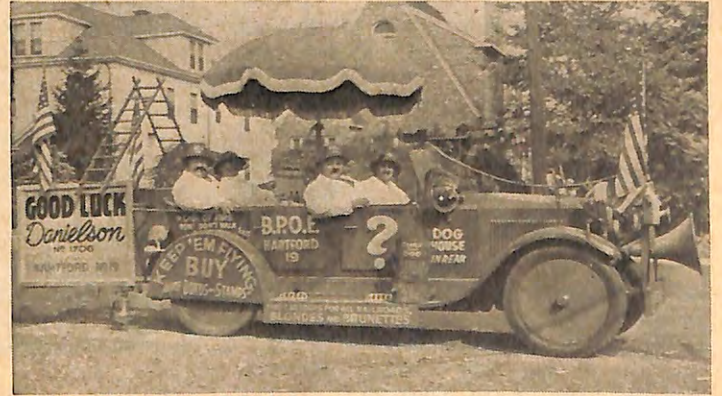
2. POTTSTOWN, PA.



3. GRAND FORKS, N. D.



4. EVERETT, MASS.



5. HARTFORD, CONN.



6. SHENANDOAH, PA.



7. ROCK ISLAND, ILL.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE

LODGES

ARMY WEEK April 6-12

Considering the manner in which the Order has cooperated in the U. S. Peacetime Army Recruiting Program, the week of April 6-12 should be as much Elk Week as Army Week.

"A Strong America Is a Peaceful America" is the theme of this week whose purpose is to honor our nation's soldiers, living and dead, who did so much to make peace possible; to call attention to the new peacetime pattern of national defense; to acquaint the public with the Army's assignments here and abroad, and to explain the need for an efficient Army of volunteers to discharge the duties vital to building world peace.

In the light of these high aims, the Order of Elks should take an important part in celebrating this week. The subordinate lodges are urged to plan special activities, programs and promotion in cooperation with the War Department which has extended a special invitation to the B. P. O. Elks to join with the Armed Forces in local celebrations throughout the country.

It is suggested that the lodges contact nearby Army Recruiting Stations, or the Public Relations Officer at the nearest Army camp, post or station, for assistance in tying in with celebrations planned in their areas.

AUGUSTA, KANS., Lodge, No. 1462, lost one of its most hard-working members when E.R. Cecil M. Powers died suddenly of a heart attack. His death came as a great shock to his Brother Elks; only that afternoon, Mr. Powers had enjoyed a bowling contest and had made plans for the Past Exalted Rulers' dinner to be held by the lodge the following Sunday.

Only 45 years old, Mr. Powers was most active in both lodge and civic affairs. He was serving on the State Board of the Elks Bowling League at the time of his death, and had been a member of the City Council. He was also a past state president of the League of Kansas Municipalities and held membership in the Kiwanis Club and the Masonic Lodge.

Funeral services were held in the Baptist Church, of which the late Exalted Ruler was a member. Augusta Elks attended in a body. Interment took place in Elmwood Cemetery. In his memory, the chimes donated to the Church of the Nazarene by the lodge were played, although they had not yet been formally dedicated.

A native of Tipton, Mo., who established residence in Augusta in 1922, Mr. Powers is survived by his widow and 22-month-old daughter, and by three brothers and two sisters.

POTTSTOWN, PA., Lodge, No. 814, really put on a show for 87 of its members who had served in various branches of the armed services during the past war. Each veteran who attended the reception received a gift of bookends made of nickel-plated gun cartridges mounted on ebony wood.

Of No. 814's 700 members, 139 were in uniform, two of whom died in service.

The main address of the evening was delivered by Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Max Slepik, of Philadelphia Lodge, Pennsylvania's No. 1 veteran of World Wars I and II. D.D. George A. Lessig also spoke, and Brig. General Harry W. Kutz extended his best wishes to these veterans.

Approximately 350 attended the dinner and the floor show which followed.

Pottstown Lodge set the torch to more than \$60,000 worth of mortgages and promissory notes at its home not long ago, formally opening the three-day celebration of its 45th Anniversary and mortgage burning. The long-awaited ceremony, which took place before more than 400 members, followed a delightful banquet. Among the Order's notables who joined in the festivities were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Charles H. Grakelow and John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation, and State Pres. Lee Donaldson, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Credentials Committee, who extended the congratulations of the more than 75,000 Elks of Pennsylvania.

A stag party was held the second day of the celebration, when a floor show and a buffet supper were enjoyed.

On Feb. 3rd No. 814's largest class of candidates in some years was initiated. A buffet supper followed in honor of these 45 new Elks.

BILOXI, MISS., Lodge, No. 606, staged its regular Carnival Ball late in January and it was an unqualified success. The festivities included the "crowning" of a new King and Queen who accepted the scepters from last year's monarchs. The fun went on until the early hours, when the "King", H. L. Schwan, Sr., entertained his "court" and special guests at breakfast.

At a regular meeting early in February, a class of 14 men was initiated in the presence of D.D. Murray G. Hurd who delivered an interesting address. He emphasized the charitable activities of the Order, and proposed the establishment of a series of inter-lodge and inter-district ritualistic contests.

1

Screen Star June Haver is pictured as she entered the home of Rock Island, Ill., Lodge for a party not long ago, when she paid a visit to that city.

2

When Washington, Mo., Lodge celebrated Past Exalted Rulers' Night the coveted Elks War Commission Certificate of Appreciation was presented to the lodge.

3

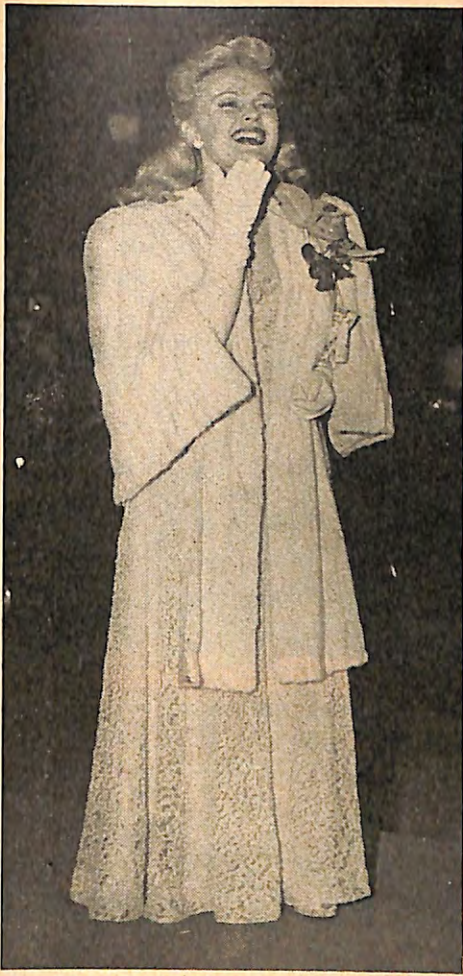
The new members of Dallas, Texas, Lodge who were initiated in honor of Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight George W. Loudermilk in recognition of his 47th anniversary as a member of the Order.

4

The delegation of 27 Hot Springs, Ark., Elks who chartered a bus for a trip to Texarkana Lodge included State Elks Association officials and several out-of-towners.

5

A picture taken during the finale of "Now and Then", a Minstrel Show and Musical Revue, put on by Concordia, Kans., Lodge, which netted \$3,000 for the Cloud County Infantile Paralysis Fund.



1. ROCK ISLAND, ILL.



2. WASHINGTON, MO.



3. DALLAS, TEX.



4. HOT SPRINGS, ARK.



5. CONCORDIA, KANS.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

1

Jeff Zappone, Chairman of Latrobe, Pa., Lodge's Athletic Committee, presents the lodge's \$1,000 check to Marcus W. Saxman, Jr., President of the Latrobe Foundation for the establishment of a memorial in that city to mark it as the birthplace of professional football.



1. LATROBE, PA.

2

This photograph shows the officers of Baltimore, Md., Lodge and the class of sixty-one men they initiated not long ago.



2. BALTIMORE, MD.

3

The members of New Mexico's newest lodge at Artesia as they were photographed on the occasion of the lodge's institution.



3. ARTESIA, N. M.

4

Officers and Elk dignitaries are pictured with the class of 119 candidates recently initiated into Escondido, Calif., Lodge in honor of P.D.D. Morley H. Golden.

5

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert South Barrett is pictured with Past Exalted Rulers of St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge and the lodge's Grand Exalted Ruler's "Class for Peace."

6

Silver Spring, Md., Lodge's newest members are pictured with local and visiting Elk dignitaries, including Tri-State Assn. Pres. R. Herbert Ricketts, in whose honor this large class was initiated.



4. ESCONDIDO, CALIF.



5. ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.



6. SILVER SPRING, MD.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE

LODGES

ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION AIDS WRONG-DOERS

Last summer, an official of the United Prison Association of Massachusetts informed Chairman John F. Malley of the Elks National Foundation, that young men about to be released from Norfolk Prison Colony frequently deserve and desire further educational advantages. Such assistance was not then available.

The Board of Directors of the Mass. Elks Scholarship, Inc., of which Mr. Malley is President, has since taken action on this project. An award has been made available through an Elks National Foundation scholarship allocated to the Mass. Elks Assn. by the Mass. Elks Scholarship, Inc., an educational grant has been effected providing tuition for selected inmates of the Reformatory for Women at Framingham and the Norfolk Prison Colony.

Some time ago, the Elks Youth Organization, under the sponsorship of the Mass. Elks Assn., decided that constructive occupation would aid in keeping young people between the ages of 12 and 18 out of mischief. However, it is inevitable that some of these youths will eventually find themselves in trouble, with a possible sentence in reform school. It is to bring as many as possible of these stray sheep back to the fold of good citizenship that the Elks are cooperating in this scholarship plan.

HUNTINGTON PARK, CALIF., Lodge, No. 1415, honored the Boy Scouts on the 37th anniversary of that organization's founding not long ago, when members of Troop 17 and Sea Scouts from the SS "California" gave demonstrations of their training. Both groups of boys are sponsored by No. 1415. Sheriff Eugene W. Biscailuz, P.E.R. of Santa Monica Lodge, was present and his Exhibition Pistol Team put on a demonstration of trick shooting.

The Huntington Park Elks recently presented the largest single contribution received by the Calif. S. E. March of Dimes Committee. The \$200 check was presented to C. R. Pearman, treasurer of the local campaign, by E.R. Vernon Moore.

BRECKENRIDGE, TEX., Lodge, No. 1480, is all decked out in a beautiful new home, the dedication of which was held in January.

Pres. Floyd B. Ford and other officers of the State Elks Assn., and Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight George W. Loudermilk were among the large delegation of Dallas Elks on hand for the big event. All lodges in Breckenridge's district were represented in the crowd of more than 350 Elks.

NORWALK (SOUTH NORWALK), CONN., Lodge, No. 709, didn't let the homecoming visit of D.D. Charles R. Mitchell go by without making an occasion of it. More than 500 Elks, representing lodges in the eastern and western sections of the State, convened at the lodge home, and a roast beef dinner was served in the grill room to more than 400 members.

Shortly after eight o'clock, following a brief business session, visiting dignitaries, headed by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin, were introduced. Present and former Connecticut Elk officials were present in large numbers, and included Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Martin J. Cunningham; John J. Nugent, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials; James L. McGovern, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, and State Pres. James T. Welch.

A class of 16 candidates was initiated in Mr. Mitchell's honor, after which the Deputy addressed the crowd and later received a gift from the lodge. A most enjoyable entertainment program closed the affair.

CALIF. ELKS ASSN. The Veterans Service Committee of the California Elks Association has a big job ahead of it with 17 hospitals to take care of. The 84 lodges in the State have been marked off into six districts, with each lodge having its own committeeman. In this way the California Elks are able to serve the 17,000 hospitalized veterans.

Oroville Lodge No. 1484 was host not long ago to the North District meeting of dignitaries to organize the Veterans Service Committee Program. State Chairman Robert N. Traver of the Veterans Service Committee; Hal Harper, Field Director, and D.D. M. L. Marders, Jr., were among those who attended this important conference.

ESCONDIDO, CALIF., Lodge, No. 1687, doesn't hide its light under a bushel, although Escondido means hidden. The local Elks came right out in the open at a recent meeting and initiated a class of 119 candidates in honor of P.D.D. Morley H. Golden.

No. 1687 was instituted March 2, 1946, with 145 members. The rolls now total 309, with 20 applications pending. D.D. Paul R. Beck was among the dignitaries of the Order who attended this initiation.

1

The officers of Spokane, Wash., Lodge who were the winners of the Washington State Elks Assn. Ritualistic Contest held in Tacoma recently.

2

At the beginning of the latest drive for funds for infantile paralysis sufferers, Decatur, Ill., Lodge presented a twin artificial lung to its community.

3

E.R. Eugene R. Hayden, Jr., right, presents a gift on behalf of Olean, N. Y., Lodge to Charter Members Louis N. Lang, left, and Louis G. Wahl at the Old Timers' celebration which 350 members attended.

4

A much-needed autoclave is presented to Good Samaritan Hospital by members of Vincennes, Ind., Lodge.

5

Members of Bemidji, Minn., Lodge check up on the steak dinner served to local and Crookston Elks at Bemidji Lodge's 7th Annual Roundup.

6

Officers and committee members of Sterling, Colo., Lodge pose with the "iron lung" the lodge purchased for its city's Good Samaritan Hospital.

7

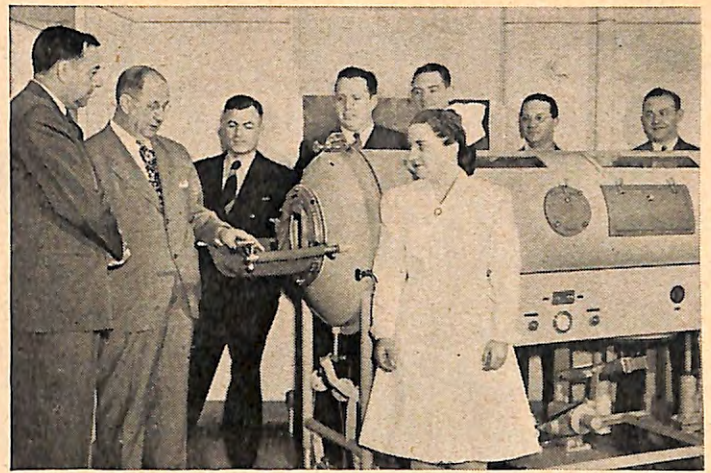
P.E.R. Carl Nelles; E.R. Rudolph Gaecle; P.E.R. I. D. Lee, Fire Chief, and Mayor O. J. Tommerason pose with Madison, S.D., Lodge's gift of an inhalator which was presented to the city's Fire Department.

8

D.D. Andrew C. McCarthy, E.R. Nicholas T. Pellegrino and State Assn. Vice-Pres. James F. Nilan, left to right, are seated before Lynbrook, N.Y., Lodge's Champion Ritualistic Team for the N. Y. Southeast District.



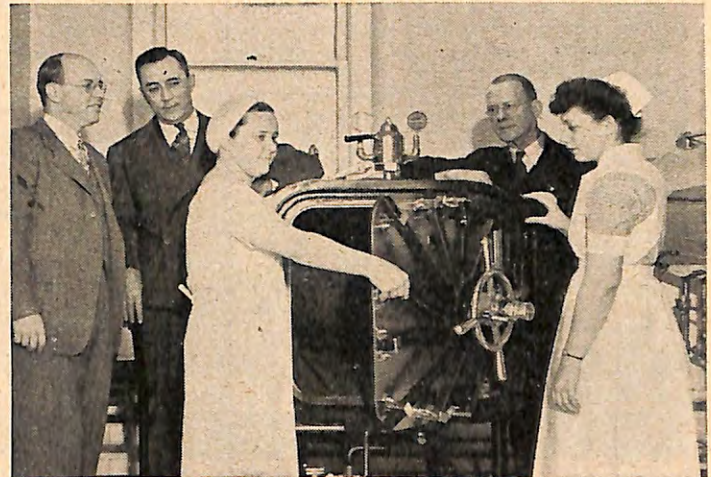
1. SPOKANE, WASH.



2. DECATUR, ILL.



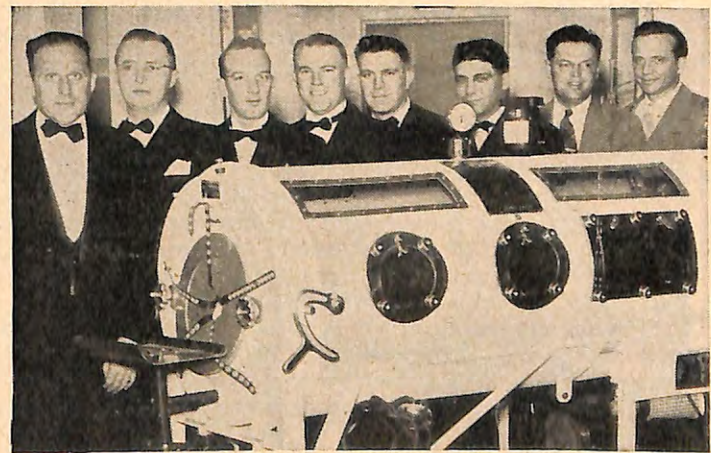
3. OLEAN, N. Y.



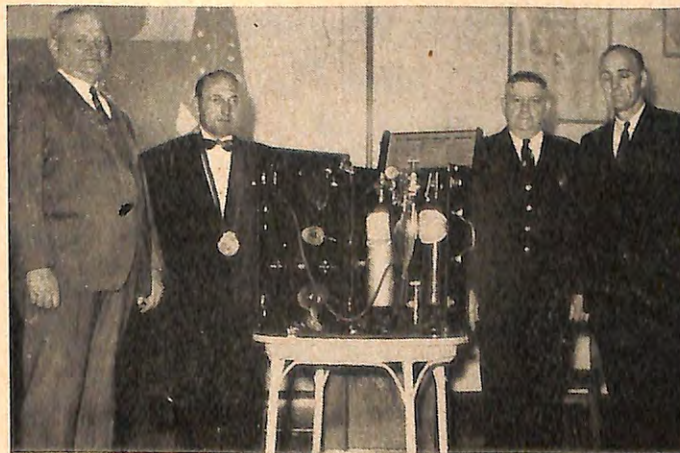
4. VINCENNES, IND.



5. BEMIDJI, MINN.



6. STERLING, COLO.



7. MADISON, S. D.



8. LYNBROOK, N. Y.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE

LODGES

THE ORDER'S HISTORY IN MOTION-PICTURE FORM

"Twixt Dream and Deed", a 16mm. film, either sound or silent, presenting the history of the Order from its inception to the present day, can be acquired by lodges and State Associations to be shown at regular meetings or to prospective members. It is suggested that the sound version of this thirty-minute color film be secured, since its narration and musical background make it the more dramatic.

The film can either be purchased or secured free of charge for one-day use. Up to this time, about 100 lodges have purchased copies of the film for permanent possession, and with the limited number of prints available for one evening's use, lodges must wait from two to three months before a copy can be sent to them on that basis.

The prices of the prints are \$125 for the sound version and \$100 for the silent. Please address all inquiries and requests to the Chicago Film Laboratory, 18 West Walton Place, Chicago 10, Ill.

McALLEN, TEX., Lodge, No. 1402, was joined by State and Grand Lodge officials when it celebrated its first anniversary in January. In one year, its membership has grown from 105 to 308.

Grand Est. Loyal Knight George Strauss addressed the crowd, as did several other Texas Elks including Pres. Floyd B. Ford, Vice-Pres. Barney Myers and Secy. H. S. Rubenstein of the State Assn. and Past State Pres. Raymond L. Wright.

A buffet supper was served to approximately 300 members, who also enjoyed typically Mexican entertainment furnished through the courtesy of Vice-Mayor Ruben Gonzalez of Reynosa, Mex. The birthday celebration was concluded when the new members of No. 1402 were initiated at the home of San Benito Lodge, sponsor of the new lodge.

KANSAS ELKS ASSN. To help Wichita Veterans Administration Hospital patients to while away the long hours, the Elks National Veterans Service Commission, through the Kansas Elks Association, recently donated a new pool table to the Hospital.

E.R. Wallace D. Hutchinson of Wichita Lodge formally presented the gift in the presence of other Elk dignitaries, including Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight H. Glenn Boyd, Secy. of Wichita Lodge.

CHICAGO (SOUTH), ILL., Lodge, No. 1596, took 30 veterans from Vaughn General Hospital to the Harris Theater not long ago to see a matinee performance of "Harvey". Later, Joe E. Brown, who stars in the show and is himself a member of the Order, met the veterans personally. Among them he found some of the boys who had seen him on his frequent overseas jaunts to entertain fighting troops.

The veterans were treated to dinner and another show at a local restaurant before they departed for the Hospital at 8:30 that evening.

RIDGEWOOD, N. J., Lodge, No. 1455, rolled out the carpet a short time ago to welcome D.D. Edward W. Ladd whose homecoming visit was a matter of great interest to over 300 Elks, including members from New York, Massachusetts, West Virginia and even San Juan, Puerto Rico. Many past officers of the State Association, and former District Deputies, were there, along with Howard F. Lewis, former member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, Pres. Daniel Reichy and Vice-Pres. Dick Robinson of the Association, and D.D. Charles J. Geng, Jr.

The Ridgewood Elks gave a leather traveling bag to their distinguished Brother, and, not to be outdone, the Northeast District lodges came through with a handsome gold wristwatch.

GEORGIA ELKS ASSN. The Executive Committee of the Georgia State Elks Assn. met for the Georgia-West district meeting at Dalton, where plans were completed for the 1947 Convention in Macon, May 24-25-26. Seven lodges were represented by 25 Exalted Rulers, Secretaries and other active members and it was decided to send the 1947 winning Ritualistic Team to compete for national honors at the Grand Lodge Convention in July.

SAN DIEGO, CALIF., Lodge, No. 168, has at least 150 members on its rolls who are travel-minded.

A two-day trip was made by that many San Diego Elks to Yuma, Ariz., Lodge, No. 476, not long ago. The travelers made the journey by bus, and the visitors took in the many marvelous sights of the great Imperial Valley. Plenty of entertainment and good food was provided on the two-day visit.

1 The members of the Grand Exalted Ruler's "Class for Peace" are pictured at the time of their initiation into Danville, Va., Lodge.

2 Officers of Bath, Me., Lodge are photographed with visiting officials of other Maine lodges when D. D. John McComb paid his official visit to the home of Bath Lodge.

3 The officers of Prescott, Ariz., Lodge are shown with a class of candidates initiated by them not long ago.

4 When D. D. Jacob Weitzen made his homecoming visit to Perth Amboy, N. J., Lodge, Past State Assn. Pres. August Greiner formerly of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee presented to him a gift as a token of esteem and appreciation. E.R. Charles Marosi Jr. looks on approvingly.

5 The Iowa Elks Association Juvenile Service Commission puts its heads together over plans to give cooperation and encouragement to the youth of the State at a meeting held recently in Burlington.



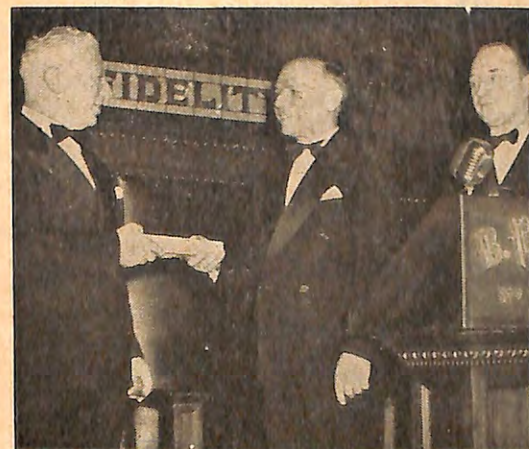
1. DANVILLE, VA.



2. BATH, ME.



3. PRESCOTT, ARIZ.



4. PERTH AMBOY, N. J.



5. IOWA STATE ELKS ASSN.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE

LODGES

VINCENNES, IND., Lodge, No. 291, played good samaritan to Good Samaritan Hospital recently when it installed a \$2,450 autoclave there.

In case you're wondering what an autoclave is, it's a steam-pressure apparatus used in the sterilization of equipment which must be dry when handled. The Hospital's sterilizing facilities were inadequate, with the increased load the institution was carrying. It was necessary to operate the former autoclave 15 to 18 times daily; the new machine takes care of so much at one time, that only three to five operations are needed each day.

MILES CITY, MONT., Lodge, No. 537, knows the value of the unusual in collecting funds for charitable purposes.

The latest Elks Annual Radio Auction, held for two evenings over Station KRJF, was a terrific success. Merchandise, donated to the lodge by local merchants, is put on the auction block and knocked down to the highest bidder who can be either one of the studio audience or put in his bid by phone if a member of the radio audience.

An example of how popular this unique form of "painless" giving is out there can be seen in the amazing fact that a one-dollar bill, put up for auction by one of the audience, went to a bidder who paid \$6.50 for it.

Receipts ran well over \$1,300 and, as usual, were given to Elk committees in charge of distribution of funds to the needy.

IOWA ELKS ASSN. The capable Juvenile Service Commission of the Iowa Elks Assn. has been doing a fine job of extending service to Iowa's young people through cooperation and encouragement. The Commission is prepared to extend aid to the State's young men and women and to State-approved institutions, and will make available to the needy youth the proper standards to acquire educational, professional and industrial opportunities. To date, sixty-seven young people who have been released from training schools in Iowa, are being counseled, advised and cared for.

At a recent quarterly meeting of this group in Burlington, word was received that, through the Commission's efforts, a beauty school is to be installed in the Training School for Girls at Mitchellville, at a cost of \$2,500, to facilitate rehabilitation for the young women when they are released.

EAST CHICAGO, IND., Lodge, No. 981, donated its third artificial lung for the use of the polio clinic of Lake County, located at St. Catherine's Hospital. In 1939 St. Catherine's was the recipient of both a large and small lung, and when it was discovered recently that another was needed, the Elks came through again.

NEW MEXICO STATE ELKS ASSN. The last Convention of the New Mexico Elks Assn. was a two-day affair which took place in El Paso, Tex. Many Past Presidents of the organization were present, with 191 visitors and delegates registering from the nine New Mexico lodges, and El Paso, Tex., Lodge.

Reports were made by the Association's committees and the District Deputies, and the following officers were elected: Pres., Past Grand Tiler Morey Goodman, Santa Fe; Vice-Pres., R. O. Sandusky, Tucumcari; Secy., Joseph Falletti, Raton; Treas., Charles Watkins, Carlsbad; Trustees: Ben Ginsberg, Roswell; John Brentari, Gallup; Joseph Ruvolo, Albuquerque; Alfred E. Rogers, Las Vegas, and Mike Snider, El Paso. The following officers were appointed: Tiler, A. B. Stabernow, Raton; Sgt.-at-Arms, Bill Kilgore, Carlsbad, and Chaplain, William Johnson, El Paso.

The delegates decided at this meeting that the 1947 Convention will be held in Carlsbad.

THREE RIVERS, MICH., Lodge, No. 1248, had itself quite a time recently. On January 16th, Old Timers Night took place when 33 of No. 1248's 63 20-year members were on hand for a gala banquet.

Past Exalted Rulers of the lodge did the honors in the initiation of a class of ten candidates in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton on February 6th. This affair took place following a dinner held in the lodge home.

CAMBRIDGE, OHIO, Lodge, No. 448, voted to subscribe \$3,500 to the Guernsey Memorial Hospital Campaign recently, thus becoming the first fraternal organization in Cambridge to take such action.

In setting the pace for its city, the members of No. 448 joined with local service organizations in the campaign for an adequate community hospital for its county. (Continued on page 62)

1

Officers of Racine, Wis., Lodge are pictured with the Grand Exalted Ruler's "Class for Peace" which they initiated recently.

2

Here are displayed some of the items placed on sale at Miles City, Mont., Lodge's Radio Auction which garnered \$1,300 for the local Elks' charitable distribution.

3

When the North Dakota State Elks Assn. met for its recent quarterly meeting, Grand Trustee Sam Stern, third from left, watched State Pres. George McKenzie present the Assn.'s \$7,500 check to Miss Helen Katen of the Anti-Tuberculosis Assn. in payment for Camp Grassick as a convalescent home for crippled and underprivileged children.

4

Some of the 47 children enrolled at the Marion County Children's Home are pictured with Elk officials and the fully equipped pony which Marion, Ohio, Lodge presented to the children recently. A buggy, not shown here, was also included.



1. RACINE, WIS.



2. MILES CITY, MONT.



3. NORTH DAKOTA STATE ELKS ASSN.



4. MARION, OHIO

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S VISITS

GRAND EXALTED RULER Charles E. Broughton visited warmer climes late in January. A large group of members of **ATLANTA, GA., LODGE, NO. 78**, welcomed him January 20th and initiated 77 men in the Grand Exalted Ruler's "Class for Peace" at a special meeting at the Ansley Hotel. A banquet followed, attended by over 600 Elks. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland introduced the Order's present leader to the diners who included District Deputies Reuben A. Garland and Loomis Taylor. The next day, Exalted Ruler Dr. B. A. Williams and Secretary Tom Brisendine escorted Mr. Broughton to "Aidmore", the Crippled Children's Convalescent Home and Clinic maintained by Georgia lodges.

COLUMBUS and **EAST POINT, GA.** Lodges were also visited by Mr. Broughton between Jan. 20th and the 29th, as well as those at **ENSLEY, BIRMINGHAM, HUNTSVILLE, GADSDEN and SHEFFIELD, ALA., NASHVILLE, COLUMBIA and JACKSON, TENN., WEST PALM BEACH, PAHOKEE, BELLE GLADE, LAKE WORTH, FORT LAUDERDALE, CORAL GABLES, MIAMI BEACH and MIAMI, FLA.** The Grand Exalted Ruler was accompanied through Alabama and Georgia by Judge McClelland and in Tennessee by Hugh W. Hicks, Home Member of the Board of Grand Trustees.

A DELEGATION of Elks headed by State Association Vice-President Edward W. McCabe, District Deputy for Tenn., West, met the visitors at Huntsville, Ala., Jan. 24th and drove them to the home of Columbia, Tenn., Lodge, No. 686, where a reception took place. Luncheon was enjoyed at the Twin Oaks Dining Room when Judge McClelland and Mr. Broughton both received one of Tennessee's famous hams. Prior to their arrival at Huntsville, the Grand Exalted Ruler's party visited Birmingham where Mr. Broughton placed a wreath on the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler, Basil M. Allen. During his travels, the Order's leader paid visits to Georgia Warm Springs and to several crippled children's hospitals in Florida.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's party was then met by a group from Nashville Lodge No. 72, including Mayor Thomas L. Cummings who took him to the lodge home and then to a banquet attended by seven hundred Elks at Maxwell House. The Elks Glee Club performed nobly and Past State President Alfred T. Levine did a wonderful job as Toastmaster. State Secretary R. E. Simpson welcomed the honored guest on behalf of the Tenn. State Elks Assn. and Joe Carr, Secretary of State, did the same on behalf of the State of Tennessee. The Grand Exalted Ruler

then inspected the home of Nashville Lodge, when open house was held. The following morning Mr. Broughton and Mr. Hicks visited Jackson Lodge No. 192.

WHEN the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived at Vero Beach, Fla., he was met by D.D. J. Alex Arnette who accompanied him to West Palm Beach where he was welcomed by Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz and a delegation of Florida Elk officials, including W. A. Wall, a former member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee. The State Highway Patrol and local police escorted the party to a reception at the home of the local lodge. Later the party visited with officials of Pahokee Lodge, No. 1638, and then went to Belle Glade where Belle Glade Lodge No. 1716 was initiated, with all lodge stations filled by former and present Grand Lodge officers. A class of 75 was initiated by the Degree Team of Pahokee Lodge and later chicken barbecue was served to the 400 present.

THE Grand Exalted Ruler and his retinue returned to West Palm Beach where Mr. Broughton and many other Grand Lodge officers spent the night. The lodge arranged a breakfast in honor of their distinguished guest with past Grand Lodge officers, former State Association officials, and officers of Fort Pierce, Lake Worth and Fort Lauderdale Lodges. At that time, Mr. Broughton received a leather brief case, and Mr. Sholtz, a gold pen. Past Grand Est. Lecturing Knight Chelsie J. Sencerchia, State Association Secretary, then accompanied former Governor Sholtz and Mr. Broughton to Miami. One of the Grand Exalted Ruler's pleasant duties was to dedicate the new home of Coral Gables Lodge on January 28th.

FEB. 8th found Mr. Broughton in Providence, R. I., for a meeting and banquet sponsored by the **RHODE ISLAND STATE ELKS ASSN.** at the Narragansett Hotel, attended by 200 Elks and ladies. The affair also marked the 79th Anniversary of the Order. Senator Theodore Francis Green addressed the group, as did Gov. John O. Pastore and Mayor Dennis J. Roberts, both members of the Order. Asst. Attorney General John E. Mullen, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, introduced the Elk dignitaries who included Past Grand Exalted Rulers John F. Malley and E. Mark Sullivan; Grand Treasurer John F. Burke; L. A. Lewis, a former member of the Grand Forum and a candidate for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler; Grand Est. Lecturing Knight Daniel

1
Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton is pictured with Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge's impressive "Class for Peace" and Exalted Ruler John A. Seramur.

2
Mr. Broughton, second from left, first row, sees E.R. Harold J. Reardon of Norwich, Conn., Lodge present a \$1,500 check to Miss Mary Barry, Chairman of the Infantile Paralysis Campaign Committee, in the presence of Past Grand Exalted Rulers E. Mark Sullivan and John F. Malley, left and second from right respectively.

3
Here are some of the dignitaries of the Order who attended the banquet given by Nashville, Tenn., Lodge for Grand Exalted Ruler Broughton, seated center with Judge McClelland on his right.

4
Mr. Broughton and Judge McClelland are pictured with Georgia Elks on his visit to Atlanta, Ga., Lodge.

5
When the Grand Exalted Ruler visited Birmingham, Ala., Lodge he visited the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Basil M. Allen. Left to right are: D.D. Frank B. Lemont, Mr. Broughton, E.R. Gus Gulas, State Assn. Secy. John Antwine and Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland.

6
Florida Elk officials seated with the Grand Exalted Ruler and Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, fourth and second from right respectively, at West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge.



1. MILWAUKEE, WIS.



2. NORWICH, CONN.



5. BIRMINGHAM, ALA.



3. NASHVILLE, TENN.



6. WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.



4. ATLANTA, GA.

E. Crowley; Past Grand Est. Lead. Knight John P. Hartigan, Judge of U. S. Federal District Court; President Anthony F. Lawrence of the Rhode Island State Elks Association; President Edward A. Spry of the Massachusetts State Elks Association; Frank E. McKenna, State Association Trustee, and Morton O. Chamberlin, District Deputies for Rhode Island and Massachusetts West, respectively, and many other prominent Elks.

Past State Pres. Ambrose H. Lynch, Past District Deputy, presented a sterling silver service to the distinguished visitor on behalf of the Association.

ON FEB. 10th the Grand Exalted Ruler was guest of honor at a banquet given by the **MASS. STATE ELKS ASSN.** at the Copley Plaza Hotel in Boston. While there he visited **BOSTON LODGE NO. 10** and **ARLINGTON LODGE NO. 1435**. Feb. 11th found him at the **CONN. STATE ELKS ASSN.** banquet in New London. During his stay in Connecticut Mr. Broughton visited **NORWICH, PUTNAM** and **DANIELSON LODGES**. At Norwich he and Past Grand Exalted Rulers Malley and Sullivan saw E.R. Harold J. Reardon present a \$1,500 check to Miss Mary Barry, Chairman of the Committee in charge of the Infantile Paralysis Campaign.

ON FEB. 12th, the Grand Exalted Ruler, with Mr. Malley, Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Burke, left New England for St. Louis for the February Past Grand Exalted Ruler's Conference held at the Jefferson Hotel Feb. 15th and 16th.

ON THE 13th **BELLEVILLE, ILL., LODGE, NO. 481**, welcomed Mr. Broughton, and the following evening he was the guest of **ST. LOUIS, MO., LODGE, NO. 9**, at a banquet, and was honored by the initiation of a "Class for Peace". **SHEBOYGAN, WIS., LODGE, NO. 299**, Mr. Broughton's home lodge, also initiated a class of this title on Feb. 18th.

CHARLEROI, PA., LODGE PRESENTS

GRAND SECRETARY J. EDGAR MASTERS FOR REELECTION

The delegates to the 1947 Grand Lodge Convention in Portland, Oregon, this July will again have the opportunity to reelect Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494, to that office.

An Elk since 1903, Mr. Masters became Exalted Ruler of his lodge in 1908. In 1911 he was Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee and has since served on various other Grand Lodge Committees, including the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare.

The Board of Grand Trustees had Mr. Masters as its Chairman for three years, and he led the Order as Grand Exalted Ruler in 1922. At the end of his term

of office as leader of the Order until he became Grand Secretary in 1927, Mr. Masters was a member of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission.

Since his election as Grand Secretary twenty years ago, Mr. Masters has been unanimously reelected at each subsequent Convention of the Grand Lodge, and each year gives fully of his time and effort to the execution of the duties of his important office.

Besides his Elk affiliations, the Grand Secretary was Treasurer of Washington County, Pa., for four years and acted as President of the Southwestern Pennsylvania State Normal School Board.

News of the Subordinate Lodges

(Continued from page 58)

KINGMAN, ARIZ., Lodge, No. 468, commemorated its 47th Anniversary some time ago with the initiation of a class of candidates, and the judicial action of a Kangaroo Court. Judge Harry Moir (law west of the Hassayampa) managed to find some charge against every Elk present, so that considerable income was realized, all of which, in true Elk Spirit, went to charity.

SILVER SPRING, MD., Lodge, No. 1677, entertained President R. Herbert Ricketts of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia Elks Assn. not long ago and initiated a class of thirteen men in his honor. This addition brings No. 1677's membership up to more than 300.

A pre-initiation dinner was held by the Silver Spring Elks for President Ricketts at the Stone House Inn at which State Vice-Presidents John S. Miller and George Davis were present, along with District Deputy Henry A. Schuoler.

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.

BOISE, IDA., Lodge, No. 310, lost the dean of its Past Exalted Rulers when N. Eugene Brasie passed away in a local hospital recently at the age of 70.

Past Exalted Ruler Brasie, a lawyer, was initiated as a member of Boise Lodge on April 8, 1908. He immediately became active in Elk affairs and was elected Exalted Ruler of his lodge in 1911.

STERLING, COLO., Lodge, No. 1336, really lives up to every word of the principles of the Order. In 1946 gifts of \$25,000 were made to the City Recreation Program, and a resuscitator was bought for the use of the people of Logan County in Good Samaritan Hospital. Among other donations were three scholarships to Sterling Junior College, contributions to the Salvation Army and many other organizations.

HARVEY, ILL., Lodge, No. 1242, sent a delegation of 65 persons to Hines Hospital Christmas Eve to bring Holiday cheer to the several hundred disabled veterans confined there. Many Elks wives and members of the auxiliary happily wore themselves out to make the party the huge success it was.

Bingo games, with cash prizes, suitable gifts and refreshments were enjoyed to the music of a fine orchestra, with Bud Sterling, a Harvey Elk, playing Santa Claus. Photographs taken during the affair were sent to the veterans as a further gift of No. 1242.

ROCK ISLAND, ILL., Lodge, No. 980, has been nothing if not active during the past several months. On Hallowe'en, the lodge's costume ball was one of the most fascinating affairs going on in town that evening. The fact that screen star Miss June Haver, who was in town on a visit, made a personal appearance at the party probably had something to do with its success. However, even without its fair guest who was introduced by Mayor Melvin McKay and Monte Hance, both Elks, the Rock Island membership would have had a grand time at this affair, which included dancing and prizes for the best costumes.

The 20th Anniversary of this live organization was held in conjunction with its New Year's Eve party and it was another huge success. A more recent occasion took place Feb. 3rd when former leaders of Rock Island Lodge were honored on Past Exalted Rulers Night. These men included P.D.D. Dr. Marcus M. Archer who reported on the Midwinter Elks Roundup at Champaign which had taken place over the previous weekend.

ALEXANDRIA, LA., Lodge, No. 546, secured the services of no less renowned an entertainer than Governor James H. Davis, a member of Shreveport Lodge, known to the entertainment world as Jimmie Davis, and his band, to put on a Christmas show for the veterans of World Wars I and II at the U. S. Hospital in Alexandria.

W. A. Rexer emceed the program and introduced the talent, as well as Dr. P. A. Waters, Manager of the Veterans Hospital, E.R. Wm. Lambdin, Sr., Elmer Burke, Special Service Officer for the Hospital.

The program was put on in the Hospital auditorium to a capacity audience of some 300 veterans and their guests. It was also carried through the interphone communication system to about 500 bed-ridden patients.

The entertainment of veterans will be a monthly Elk project.

GULFPORT, MISS., Lodge, No. 978, turned the business end of its recent Past Exalted Rulers' Night over to its former leaders who filled all the offices and initiated a class of candidates.

Twenty-two Biloxi Elks paid a call that evening, along with E.R. C. M. Drey, State Assn. Trustee, and four P.E.R.'s. Members from Jackson, Mich., and Green Bay, Wis., were there too.

PORT CHESTER, N. Y., Lodge, No. 863, has gone to the aid of the United Hospital by voting to supply it with a much-needed incubator.

No. 863's program includes the showing of Army and Navy pictures on World War II operations; another, entertainment by well-known radio and theatrical performers.



P.A.* means **Pipe Appeal**

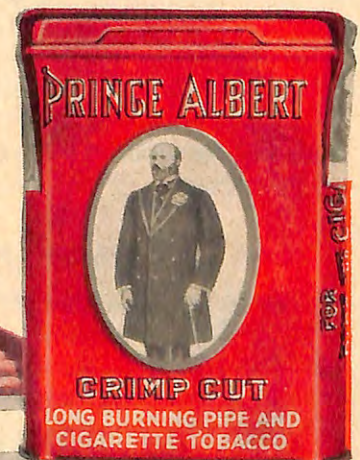
No wonder he gets a royal welcome! He has the distinctly masculine appearance of men who smoke pipes. That appeals to women... as mild rich-tasting Prince Albert appeals to pipe smokers!

P.A.* means **Prince Albert**

- And Prince Albert means real joy and comfort in your pipe! There's no tobacco like crimp cut P.A. for rich, satisfying flavor...yet it's mild and easy on your tongue. Prince Albert is specially treated to insure against tongue bite! No wonder more pipes smoke P.A. than any other tobacco.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

FOR ROLL-YOUR-OWN CIGARETTES —
CRIMP CUT PRINCE ALBERT SPINS UP
FAST AND EASY... SMOKES RICH,
TASTY, AND COOL



THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Editorial

"TO INCULCATE THE PRINCIPLES OF CHARITY, JUSTICE, BROTHERLY LOVE AND FIDELITY; TO PROMOTE THE WELFARE AND ENHANCE THE HAPPINESS OF ITS MEMBERS; TO QUICKEN THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM; TO CULTIVATE GOOD FELLOWSHIP . . ."
—FROM PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION, BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS

The Year Begins



THE MONTH of April marks the beginning of the subordinate lodge year. Throughout the Order new Exalted Rulers are taking command and lodges ride the flood-tide of success. The year which ended on March 31st was one of the most successful in the Order's history. Figures indicate that membership has reached an all-time high and prosperity is the rule everywhere.

To be selected as Exalted Ruler of a lodge of Elks is a great honor. It marks the recipient not only as a leader in fraternal affairs, but as a man of standing in his community. With this honor goes the responsibility of keeping the lodge on its forward march to preserve the fine public relations the Order now enjoys and to keep the membership rolls clean.

Harmony rules throughout most of the lodges and it is an obligation of the Exalted Ruler to preserve an atmosphere of Brotherly Love without which there is no harmony. In all lodges there are differences of opinion, but if they are honest differences without personal animosity, executive diplomacy will subordinate them to the welfare of the lodge.

The first public ceremony over which the new Exalted Ruler will preside is Flag Day. Grand Exalted Ruler Broughton has appealed to all lodges to make this a day worthy of the patriotism of the Order and the significance of the event it celebrates.

Memorial Day is one of the Order's traditional ceremonies and gives public expression to the Order's tenet: "An Elk is never forgotten." It should be an impressive demonstration of the sentiment underlying the day.

Subordinate lodges choose Exalted Rulers for their devotion to the principles of the Order and the ability and enthusiasm with which they have practiced them during their Elk careers. Men who accept office do so with a full realization of the obligations entailed and must be relied upon to do their full duty to their lodge and to the Order.

The Elks Magazine congratulates the Exalted Rulers and officers who assume their stations for the ensuing year and extends its best wishes for a happy, harmonious and successful administration.

It Can Happen!



UBORDINATE LODGES have had an exceptionally prosperous year. All signs point to their continued prosperity. Times continue good. Post-war depression has not yet appeared to lay a heavy hand upon our industry, but it is in good times—the years of plenty—

that lodges with full treasuries should guard their substance against leaner days that might come.

There are very few lodges that do not possess full treasuries and these are an ever-present temptation to overspend. At the present time wartime restrictions and scarcity of material and labor have confined lodge spending to essential repairs and replacements, but there is danger in the easing of shortages and the lifting of restrictions.

Every Elk is proud of his lodge. They desire to see it housed in the best possible quarters. In the light of prosperity the old home may look a bit shabby; there is temptation to build a new one in financial abundance. It is a laudable ambition, this desire for the best, but it must be kept within bounds. Not so many years ago, during a period of unusual prosperity, too many lodges were tempted to build beyond their means, with the result that when "the great depression" struck and the tide of prosperity receded, the shore was strewn with the wrecks of many Elk homes.

Circumstances today are different. The Order is prosperous. There is no depression in sight, but the wartime spending peak is past and money is being channeled into more normal grooves. The temptation to build is tempered by restrictions and high costs and it is certain that the Board of Grand Trustees, passing upon building applications, will be guided by past experiences.

However, even if there is no immediate danger of an epidemic of building, it would be well for all lodges to keep in mind the eventuality of the proverbial "rainy day".

The Ritual



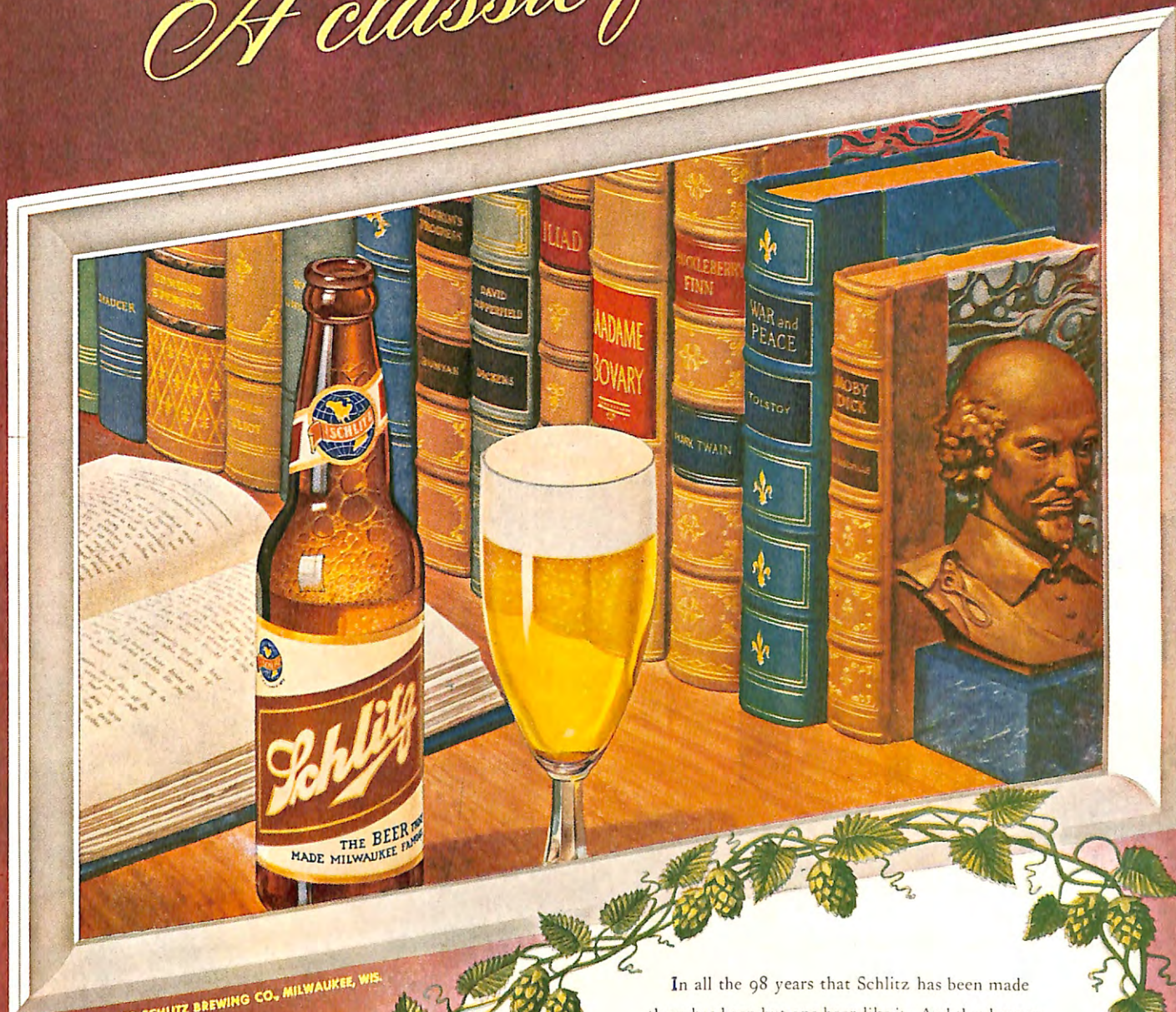
AT THE OUTSET of the lodge year, with new officers assuming their stations in the lodges throughout the Order, a word emphasizing the importance of ritualistic perfection is not amiss.

The Ritual is the foundation of the Order. It is the medium which conveys to the initiate the principles, purposes, objectives and ethics of the Order. If they are to be impressed upon the neophyte, they must first find a place in the hearts of the officers conducting the ceremony of initiation.

At the last session of the Grand Lodge the representatives decided by an overwhelming vote that there would be no change in the present Ritual, but it must be remembered that the Ritual, no matter how beautiful, is, according to the manner of its interpretation, either a mere collection of words or a beautiful exposition of the philosophy of Elkdom.

It is the impression produced upon the candidate by the Ritual that makes him either an Elk, or just another member.

A classic flavor



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In all the 98 years that Schlitz has been made there has been but one beer like it. And that beer is Schlitz itself . . . so distinctive in its goodness that it has won renown all over America and around the world as the beer that made Milwaukee famous. The flavor of Schlitz sings of sunny fields and golden grain . . . of skillful hands and patient ways. And through it all runs the elusive yet matchless melody of the hops. Never, in Schlitz, will you taste harsh bitterness . . . just the *kiss* of the hops.

Just the kiss of the hops



THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

**EXPERIENCE
IS THE BEST
TEACHER!**

From the rivers of Georgia, Mrs. Dorothy Newstead has followed the trail of game fish to the Atlantic and Pacific.



Mrs. Dorothy Allan Newstead

Holder of the International Women's All-Tackle Record for Cobia

A record catch! Sixty-nine pounds of the rare yellow-bellied cobia. Landed in 35 minutes by Mrs. Dorothy Newstead in the Gulf Stream.



**EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER...
IN DEEP-SEA FISHING...
IN CIGARETTES TOO!
CAMELS SUIT ME TO A 'T'**

More people are smoking CAMELS today than ever before in history!



Remember? You stood in line to get cigarettes...took whatever you could get. That's when millions learned Camels suited them best.

Yes, experience during the war shortage taught millions the differences in cigarette quality!

• Mrs. Dorothy Newstead speaking: "During the war shortage, I smoked many different brands. That's when I found Camels suit my 'T-Zone' best!" You and millions of other smokers, Mrs. Newstead.

Result: *Today more people are smoking Camels than ever before.* But, no matter how great the demand, this you can be sure of:

Camel quality is not to be tampered with. Only choice tobacos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.

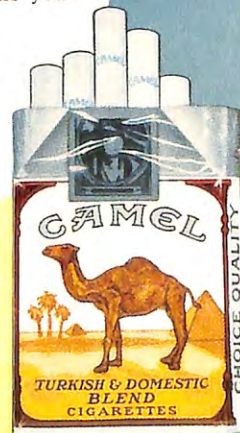
YOUR 'T-ZONE' WILL TELL YOU...

**T for Taste...
T for Throat...**

That's *your* proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit *your* 'T-Zone' to a 'T'

According to a recent Nationwide survey:
**MORE DOCTORS
SMOKE CAMELS**
than any other cigarette

• Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors - in every branch of medicine - to name the cigarette they smoked. More doctors named Camel than any other brand.



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