

# 25<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Issue

JUNE 1947  
20 CENTS



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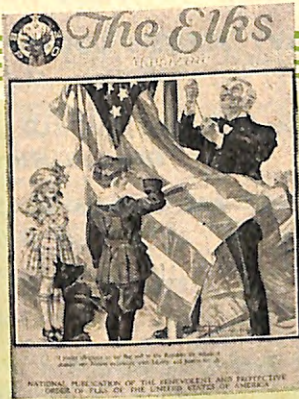
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# *A Message* from the GRAND EXALTED RULER



## AN ANNIVERSARY

IT IS most timely for nearly a million members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks to pay tribute to *The Elks Magazine*, which is celebrating its Twenty-Fifth Anniversary.

As your Grand Exalted Ruler, let me offer my congratulations on another milestone in the twenty-five-year journey of a publication that has made a great contribution to the Order.

As we go back through the years, we are mindful of those heroic struggles in the early stages, and how step by step we have builded, until today *The Elks Magazine* is in a million homes, libraries and public places.

May I, privileged as I am to head the Order this year, voice my appreciation to Chairman Bruce A. Campbell and members of the National Memorial and Publication Commission for their untiring service in building the Magazine to its present exalted position. Years of work—twenty-five—a long time in any man's life, and with but one

aim—to make the publication worthy of its name.

### THE EMBLEM OF LIBERTY

In these days when the United States of America is having a rebirth, and men and women are thinking of the contribution we can make in spreading the gospel of our freedoms, let us observe Flag Day in every city where there is an Elks lodge.

My year, and that of every Exalted Ruler, will be a greater success if we can make this day the biggest in history. The Flag is the emblem of liberty. Bring in the local government, the schools and set an example for the boys and girls of tomorrow.

My year is fast drawing to a close, a fruitful year because members of the Order have been faithful to their trust. For this you have my lasting gratitude.

*C. E. Broughton*

CHARLES E. BROUGHTON  
GRAND EXALTED RULER

# JUNE, CONTENTS



**He always gave  
a Manhattan  
an even break**

My father used to say that while W. C. Fields liked to act tough, his heart was big as his nose. And even though he personally preferred Martinis, he was delighted to serve his friends Manhattans made with Abbott's Aged Bitters.

Abbott's Aged Bitters are the clean-tasting, mellow result of nearly 75 years experience in blending and ageing. In the stately homes of Maryland, where fine living is cherished, Abbott's outsells all other bitters combined.

Next time—try Abbott's Aged Bitters. See for yourself how America's oldest bitters can make a good cocktail great!

*C. W. Abbott*

### MANHATTAN

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SINCE 1872  
**C. W. ABBOTT & CO., Inc.**  
BALTIMORE 24, MARYLAND

## THE **Elks** MAGAZINE

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE  
BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER  
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THE ELKS NATIONAL MEMORIAL  
AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

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**IN THIS ISSUE**  
**We Present—**

**W**ITH this issue, *The Elks Magazine* celebrates its twenty-fifth birthday. In recognition of completing its first quarter of a century, the editors have arranged a cover which is a composite of those we have published throughout the years, grouped around the Magazine's first cover, a Flag Day picture, by the late, great Frank X. Leyendecker.

Further to acquaint the members of our Order with the achievements of the B.P.O.E. as recorded in three hundred issues of the Magazine, we present, on pages 12 and 13, an article recounting the history of the Magazine and what it has published since its inception.

It has occurred to this Department that, what with all the hullabaloo about taxes, too little has been said about "hidden taxes"—an important factor in the tax situation which has been ignored. Therefore we commissioned Mr. Philip Harkins to find out all he could on the subject, and we present his gleanings to you in "The Hidden Hand" on page 4.

A subject of ever-increasing interest is that of the salvage of buried treasure; ever-increasing because technical and scientific developments bring closer and closer the day when the sea will yield immense treasures to the salvagers. You may find out what's cooking in "Davy Jones's Locker" on page 6.

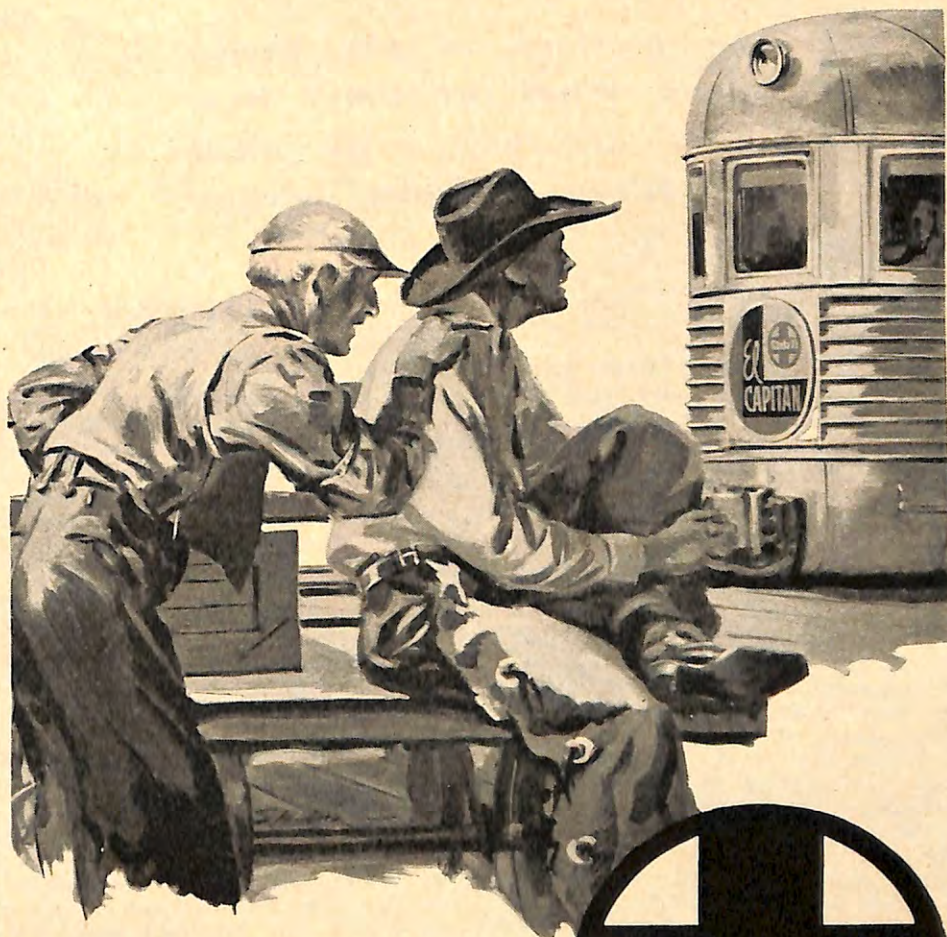
There's a new broom sweeping up the rubble and dirt in the horse-racing business; a lot of stuff is hidden under the rug. All will be revealed to you in "The New Broom", by J. Alvin Kugelmass on page 16.

Next month comes the Grand Lodge Convention in Portland, Oregon, and, with it, its attendant festivities. A complete program of the activities which will take place in Portland during the week of July 11 appears on page 42.

Mr. Hubbell has inserted his inquiring nose into the book-publishing business, and presents you with his findings, while down in Washington our "authoritative source" lets you in on the business picture as it appears from the vantage point of the Capital.

Our questions to the Elks Panel of Public Opinion this month were difficult ones: Do you think juvenile delinquency is on the increase or on the decrease? If you think it is on the increase, what do you think are the causes? The answers to these inquiries were most interesting and, we think, significant. At the same time we sent out these questions we wrote thanking the members of the Panel and asking them if, now that new Lodge officers had been elected and new members added to the Panel, they still wished to receive and answer the queries. We were gratified by the number of members who wished to be retained upon the Panel. C. P.

# "El Capitan ... nothing like it in railroading"



You're right, Pop!

El Capitan, fast as the Super Chief,  
is the only all-chair-car streamliner  
between Chicago and California.

Soon this fine coach-fare (plus small extra fare) train will be equipped  
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El Capitan will leave Chicago and Los Angeles *every day*  
instead of every other day as at present.

Watch for announcement of new schedule.

## **SANTA FE SYSTEM LINES**

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# The HIDDEN HAND

BY PHILIP HARKINS

**The Mystery of the Excise Taxes. What are they? How much do they cost? Meet Mr. Filcup—a typical victim.**

**W**ELL," said Mr. Filcup with a sigh of relief, "thank goodness, that's over with."

"What?" said Mrs. Filcup, plunking a plate of bacon and fried eggs on the breakfast table.

"March," said Mr. Filcup, "the month of March."

"Beware Ides of March," said the Filcup Junior, artistically breaking a fried egg and watching yellow rivulets run over white meadows. "Somebody said that to Caesar before they bumped him off."

"You're a smart boy, Junior," said Mr. Filcup with a shake of the salt of sarcasm, "I thought they'd given up studying Caesar in these days of streamlined education."

"I wish they would," said Miss Filcup, "and throw in Napoleon and Alexander the Great."

"And geography and English grammar too," cried Mrs. Filcup. "Sure, throw them all out the window and put jukeboxes in the classrooms. Faugh!" Mrs. Filcup warped her stout ship into the dock with the assistance of just a few tugs on her girdle. "Now what was it your poor father was going to say before he was so rudely interrupted?"

"I was just going to say," said Mr. Filcup smiling gratefully at his wife, "that I am always glad to see March ripped off the calendar. It's a long month, a windy one and, worst of all, it's the month of my annual meeting with an agency known as the Department of Internal Revenue."

"Oh yeah, income taxes," said Junior.

"Junior," said Mr. Filcup with a slow wag of his round and ruddy face, "you're getting smarter every day."

"Well," said Junior, painting a white napkin with brilliant streaks of yellow, using his mouth as a brush, "I don't see why people get so worked up over income taxes. The govment's gotta have—"

"Maybe it's because you've never paid any, Junior," said Mr. Filcup. "Maybe some day, oh, some far, distant day, in the far distant future,

you'll earn enough to pay an income tax."

"In the very far, distant future," said Miss Filcup.

"Oh yeah?" said Junior.

"Well, all I can say," said Mrs. Filcup, "is that I'm glad one person in this family can and does pay an income tax."

And that was about all there was time for that morning in the home of Stephen (Steve) Filcup, middle-aged, reasonably benevolent, of average tolerance, generally good-humored, husband and father; place of birth and residence, Plainville, U.S.A.; business, real estate and insurance.

On this fine day in the life of the Filcup family, Steve Filcup drove his new car into the filling station and cried, "Fill 'er up and check the oil, will ya?" Bill put in six gallons of gasoline and two quarts of oil. As Mr. Filcup reached into his pocket for the mazuma a hidden hand reached in with him and deftly collected 1½c on each gallon of gas and 1½c on each quart of oil. It was so slight a touch, so gentle a trickle of golden pennies that Mr. Filcup hardly noticed it. In fact he didn't notice it at all. The hidden hand withdrew and in it were 12 of Mr. Filcup's pennies.

Mr. Filcup's next stop was Dave's Smoke Shop where he said, "G'morn-

ing Dave," and bought two packs of cigarettes at 20 cents a pack. Mr. Filcup noticed that Dave's hands had dirty fingernails, but the hidden hand being more or less invisible made no impressions on Mr. Filcup's brain, although it juggled his change much more cleverly than did Dave, taking out 14c—7c for each pack of cigarettes.

That was the morning Mr. Filcup picked out a few cigars—always likes to have a few around the office and smokes one himself once in awhile. Special customers, special friends, deserve something a little special so Mr. Filcup paid 25c apiece for his cigars. The hidden hand was right in there when the change came back and took 2c for each cigar, a total of 12c.

That was also the day Mr. Filcup, of the Filcup Real Estate and Insurance Company, made three out-of-town calls. They were long distance but not a very long distance at that. Unfortunately, each call was over 24c and the hidden hand, observing this, twiddled its skinny fingers and grabbed 25 per cent out of each call. One call was overtime and the hidden hand snatched 25c out of Mr. Filcup's dollar. Another was a 60c call—the hidden hand took 15c. The other two calls were cheaper and cost Mr. Filcup only 10c and 5c, respectively. The remainder of Mr. Filcup's calls were local on which the hidden hand took a straight and simple 15 per cent at the end of the month.

This was also the day that Mr. Filcup made a few little purchases he had been thinking about for some time. For example, there was that

*(Continued on page 37)*

**A penny here, a nickel there—excise taxes nip hourly at Mr. Filcup's dollar.**



CLOTHING



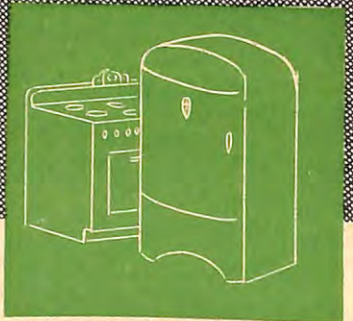
THEATER



Illustrated by JOHN WEDDA



GASOLINE



APPLIANCES



TICKETS



LIQUOR



TOBACCO



TELEPHONE

# Davy Jones's

**D**AVY JONES'S locker is about to become the scene of the most highly organized series of treasure hunts in the long and adventurous history of man. They have no connection with pearl diving, nor with the age-old effort to extract gold from sea water, where scientists say there is about \$750,000,000,000,000 of it—three fourths of a quadrillion—in suspension. These are hard-boiled business propositions. Anybody can get in if he has \$25,000 to risk. For that sum he may get back half a million or more.

This treasure is lying at varying depths in all the seven seas. Gold and silver, bullion and minted, by the ton. Buckets full of precious stones. Paper currency by the bale in dollars, pounds, rupees, kroner, rubles and Swiss marks. There was a known \$834,926,100 of it in the strongboxes of sunken ships before the war, though many of the hulks had not been located. Now, as a result of sinkings by German, Italian and Japanese submarines, there is a great deal more—how much is anybody's guess. It may be a billion and it may be five.

To get at the treasure there are now poised at the pier heads of all the world's great ports, expeditions equipped with every electronic device the Navy has made public and a lot it hasn't. Some of them have no ships as yet, but they have or are gathering the newest deep-sea diving apparatus—one-man, flexible submarines. They have hired or signed up the scant score of deep-sea diving aces who know what they are doing, and a thousand or more of the diving adventurers who just don't care—so long as they can hear the clink of yellow gold.

The war is the only thing holding these expeditions in port. It isn't over, according to Charles Courtney, and won't be until all the peace treaties are signed. What these treaties do with the land masses and the populations of the world is no concern of the treasure hunters. They are interested only in the definition of national maritime boundaries. The limit was three miles from shore at one time, though Uncle Sam shoved it up to twelve to catch rum runners

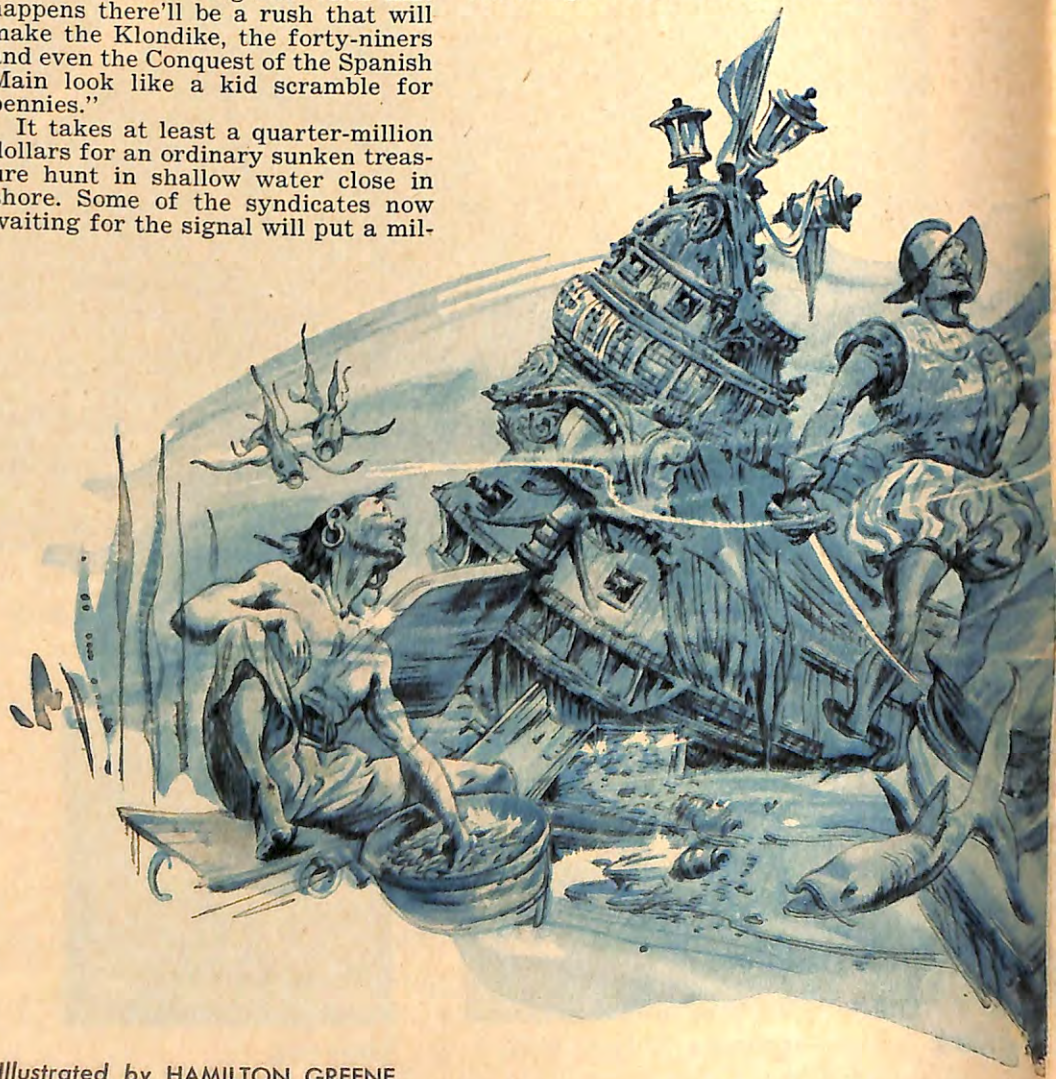
during prohibition. But just now there isn't any.

"Start operating a salvage ship fifty or a hundred miles off any coast today," says Courtney, "and a sub or a destroyer will turn up within a few hours and want to know who you are and what you're doing. Finders keepers operates only when it has the backing of international admiralty law, and nobody will know what that is going to be with respect to sunken treasure ships until all the peace treaties are signed. When that happens there'll be a rush that will make the Klondike, the forty-niners and even the Conquest of the Spanish Main look like a kid scramble for pennies."

It takes at least a quarter-million dollars for an ordinary sunken treasure hunt in shallow water close in shore. Some of the syndicates now waiting for the signal will put a mil-

lion, and as much more as may be necessary, into their operations. That kind of capital is available because improvements in diving and other undersea salvage apparatus during the fighting, along with radar, have made it a simple and certain matter to locate the ships recently sunk. They have also brought a lot of the old treasure within reach.

What this means may be indicated by the statement that the record depth for any substantial recovery of sunken gold before the war was 380



Illustrated by HAMILTON GREENE



# Locker

BY WILLIAM A. MCGARRY



feet. This was made by the divers who got to the strong boxes of the British Cruiser *Hampshire*, in which Kitchener of Khartoum, First Lord of the Admiralty, went down off the Orkney Islands during World War I. It took the Germans, the British and others interested several years to locate that wreck.

**C**COURTNEY is the lock wizard who directed the *Hampshire* job and personally filled an untold number of canvas bags with Russian gold coins minted in England. He says salvage work now can be carried on at 600 feet, and that an improved diving suit carrying its own respirators will permit a man to work for two hours, free of anything but a light telephone line. The work is still hazardous because of undersea currents and other perils. Unquestionably, many divers will lose their lives, but there is no shortage of applicants.

A cross-current slammed the door to a strongroom in which Courtney and two other divers were sacking the coins on the *Hampshire*. One of the men was dead when he was brought to the surface. Another had his chest crushed. Courtney was unconscious for three days and then found his hair had turned white. For the umpteenth time in a lifetime of taking undersea risks he swore he'd never go down again. But now he admits that he has tested the new respirator apparatus at more than 500 feet.

Respirators, according to Courtney, do to the air discharged from the lungs of the diver exactly what is done with it in submarines. The carbon monoxide is extracted by a chem-



ical solution which recovers the purified oxygen so that it may be used over again, with enough fresh supply from a cylinder to give the diver a full intake of air. At present divers are carrying two of the respirators, but there is no reason why more cannot be sent down to them if it becomes desirable and safe for a man to stay in a hull more than two hours.

It is possible that even the telephone line to the surface may be dispensed with in some of the operations, as in the cases where closing a bulkhead door behind a group of divers will eliminate the danger of undersea currents. Having gone to the moon with a radar signal, the electronic engineers can go anywhere they can send a man with sending and receiving apparatus on or under the earth and sea. Refloating entire hulls will be much easier by reason of these improvements and the naval development of better salvage equipment.

As a consequence, corporations for secondary salvage have been formed in many lands to follow up the treasure hunters. They are after hulls that treasure-diver reports show to be worth while refloating, and also machinery and such valuable raw materials which are not injured by salt water. A lot of the gamble is being taken out of treasure seeking by the secondary salvagers. They pay the pioneers a flat sum or a percentage of their take after the first divers get the bullion—or find there isn't any—provided the ship and its cargo promise a profit.

Panic hit the crew of the salvage ship after the tragedy, as it gener-

ally does, particularly when storms are raging. That ended the attempt to get all of the \$10,000,000 England was sending to the Czar, along with her most famous military hero, to keep the Russians from quitting. The venture paid off handsomely, however. On the first haul, before supplies ran out and the salvage ship had to put back to port, Courtney has published the statement that \$300,000 was recovered. He won't tell the take in the second haul, but it is reported to have been more than three times that amount.

Another reason why capital is available for treasure hunts today is that never before in history was there a flight of capital comparable to that which took place when Hitler began to go berserk in Europe. Every government invaded or threatened shipped gold and silver to this country, and the neutrals sent it to get the advantage of dollar exchange. High-ranking Nazis shipped gold, jewels and stolen art works, transferring them to Swiss subsidiaries and thence to caches in this country and South America.

Ironically, the largest previous trans-Atlantic transfer of gold took place four centuries ago in the days of Hernando Cortez and other Spanish conquerors of Mexico and Peru. Hundreds of millions went down in Spanish galleons in the Caribbean, as will be shown. But hundreds more got to Europe. Gold is virtually indestructible. Much of the bullion hurried to this country at the outset of World War II undoubtedly is the identical metal stolen by the conquistadors from the Aztecs. But not

all of it got back, and that's why adventurous money is plentiful.

The syndicate that backed the *Hampshire* and earlier highly profitable ventures was headed by the late Sir Basil Zaharoff, the fabulous "Mystery Man of Europe". Others in the venture were Frederick Krupp, head of the Krupp shipbuilding plant at Kiel; Johan George Stein, inventor of an armored diving suit; Prince Oskar of Hohenzollern; Hjalmar Schacht, and, according to report, Colonel E. H. R. Green, son of the famous Hetty Green. In the lists now lined up are many famous playboys with large bankrolls and some high-ranking retired admirals.

Before World War II the specialists who do the actual work of salvage, or direct it, had lists of wealthy American, English, French, Italian, Greek and other rich men with sporting blood in their veins. The usual custom was to take in twenty investors at \$25,000 each after a wreck had been located and proof had been obtained that it carried gold, precious stones or other durable wealth such as ivory. The underwriters paid half of this in advance and chipped in the rest if results justified it. They were guaranteed the return of their investment, plus fifty per cent, or as much more as they could bargain for, of the recovery—if any.

Some idea of the bait may be gleaned from the figures now released regarding merchant ships sunk during the war just ended. The U. S. Navy announced the total loss by this country of 1,554 vessels of 6,277,000 deadweight tons. The British Information Services say Great

Britain had lost 11,500,000 tons—more than two-thirds of her pre-war merchant fleet—by the end of 1943. The Netherlands loss was estimated at 550,000 tons up to October of 1945. The Norwegians lost 700 ships of 4,000,000 tons, the French 284 of 1,380,583 tons. When the losses of the smaller belligerents and neutrals are computed, it probably will be shown that close to 10,000 bottoms went to Davy Jones's locker before the war ended.

Not all of these vessels carried gold or anything else that it would pay to recover. But virtually all of the east-bound freighters did, particularly in the early years of the war. Most of the sinkings took place in European waters, although many occurred within sight of our shores. The treasure hunt is expected to hit its peak in Europe, probably within the next year. That, too, will depend on the ultimate disposition that the big powers make of the seas.

FOR obvious reasons publicity was shunned by the pre-war syndicates. All the groups had access to the same sources of information as to what wrecks offered the most likely prospects and where they were located. Under international salvage law as it was, the first ship to tie up to a wreck had a prior lien. It remains to be seen whether that will be so hereafter. Moreover, the income tax collectors in all countries are more curious today than ever before, and undeclared gold is "hot money" in the United States. There is a question as to whether it is still legal to divide the take of the gold among the crew and divers, but the hope of such division is enough to enlist all the assistance and capital necessary.

In spite of attempts at secrecy a number of salvage operations have come to public knowledge because they are close enough inshore to be seen from the land. The first operation on the Atlantic Coast to get under way was that of the Diamond Salvage Company of Washington, off Atlantic City, with headquarters at the Avon Fishing Pier two miles south of Asbury Park. A dispatch to the *New York Times* announced that the small auxiliary salvage craft *Eleanor* had tied up to the sunken Netherlands freighter *Arundo*, sunk by a German torpedo April 28, 1942. The Diamond Company got there first with a small boat while its larger craft was on the way.

The backing for this operation has not been announced, but it is a far more ambitious undertaking than the usual speculative hunt for gold alone. According to Robert Hansen, of Middletown, N. J., in charge of operational headquarters, the salvagers plan to raise the entire ship, if they can. The *Arundo* lies in 150 feet of water. She was operated by the British Ministry of War Shipping and carried trucks, automobile tires, two Diesel-engined locomotives worth several million dollars each and a shipment of valuable instruments. These have not been identified to the public, but men at work on the job say they may be worth far more than the rest of the cargo.

The fact that salvage vessels have been made available to the Diamond Company gave rise to the conjecture that the British Ministry, the Dutch owners of the vessel and possibly Lloyds or some other marine insurance company might be back of this venture. The oldest and largest of the American salvage companies—

Merritt, Chapman and Scott—is under contract to work exclusively for the United States Navy, along with many of the smaller companies. As a consequence most of the boats and special apparatus required for salvage work are still unavailable to civilian interests.

The Navy is not hanging on to the equipment and its divers because of interest in gold. Its first concern is to locate and destroy submerged wrecks near enough to the surface to be menaces to navigation. After that it wants to find out whether the ship went down from a torpedo or a mine and how much damage was done. Where refloating is possible it is interested only in fighter craft and auxiliaries. If the vessel can't be refloated, or wouldn't be worth the expense, the Navy in some instances may want to recover records, chief among them identification of any personnel who may have lost their lives.

A second expedition, outfitted at Miami Beach, Florida, represents the fifth attempt to get at a little matter of thirty million dollars worth of Aztec gold sunk in the Spanish galleon *Santa Rosa* half way between Key West and Cuba. Irwin A. Williamson, explorer and inventor, located the wreck several years before the war. All he got out of his first four ventures were the ship's bell and a number of cannon. But they served to make definite identification, and historical records show that the *Santa Rosa* had the gold aboard when a hurricane hit her.

This treasure was part of the hundreds of millions obtained by Cortez, first by guile and persuasion and later by conquest and torture. The  
(Continued on page 21)



# It's a Man's World



BY DICKSON HARTWELL

RECENTLY while peering over Mr. Gallup's shoulder I learned to my surprise that not two men in five claim to carve expertly. Astonished at this intelligence, I immediately checked a batch of wives. "Is your husband a qualified carver of turkeys, ducks, chickens and roasts?" I asked. Four out of five said their husbands had the carver's twitch, a nervous disorder which results in hacking meat into little pieces, like Swiss steak. Four out of five, mind you, couldn't tell whether the grain in a leg of lamb went up, down or sideways.

Though somewhat more elegant, carving is really no more difficult than picking the teeth. Each takes a little practice. To wrestle a roast and win two falls out of three, the knife, first of all, should be razor sharp. If you use a sharpening steel (trick wheel-whirling gadgets may ruin a good knife) don't run the knife over the steel away from you like sharpening a pencil. Bring the knife across the steel toward your body. No need to worry about cutting yourself unless you've had six cocktails—in which case you've nothing to worry about anyhow.

Next, never try to carve on a metal or china platter. A wooden carving board should fit inside the platter and the roast or fowl should be placed on this—prevents scratching the platter for one thing, but, more important, it gives you something to stick your fork into and get some leverage. A roast that slithers around while being carved is not only disheartening, it's dangerous. Get a good grip on it. I've seen one loosely held get away and jump ten feet across a dining room. The record

is held by Anaxagoras Adams of West Springfield, Massachusetts—nineteen feet, six inches from a four-foot sideboard.

Now, cut across the grain; otherwise the meat won't stay in one piece. To tell the direction of the grain wet a turkey leg and hold it to the wind. The cool side is north; consequently you set a rolled or rib roast on its flat side and carve horizontally, taking off slices from the top down. If the enemy is a leg of lamb or a ham, place the fat side up on the steak board, turn the bone to your left and cut the thing at right angles to the platter. Start in the middle, though, in the thick, fleshy portion, and work your way out from there. When attacking fowl, cut off a leg, thigh joint and wing from one side. Jab the fork astraddle the breastbone and then slice the white meat with the knife roughly parallel to the breastbone. If you don't know where the breastbone is then only luck can help you.

FOR men who get stage fright at the mere mention of a roast there is a helpful dingus which has been used since the time of Richard I, known to his buddy-chums as the Lion Hearted. It is a huge two-tined spear with a handle you can grip in your fist the way you grip a suitcase. With this instrument you can impale the most recalcitrant roast, holding it firmly while you sever it slice by slice.

A great virtue of carving, these warm days, is that it takes place indoors. But even that may be lost if the female passion for meals cooked outside on grilles doesn't soon abate. With the arrival of the picnic, or

out-of-doors-eating season, practically all of American womanhood imagines herself a Girl Scout again and screams for meals grilled in the backyard, or some other exotic and inconvenient place bearing less than coincidental resemblance to a kitchen. Hundreds of thousands of hapless husbands will be driven outside this summer at the point of a barbecue fork and made to grill frankfurters or steaks, and to roast otherwise innocent corn while a crowd of cynical guests stands around fingering empty paper plates and sipping warm cocktails while getting hungrier and hungrier.

This manifestation of civilization is, I must admit, beyond my comprehension. For more than ten thousand years man has been trying to evolve simpler and simpler methods for cooking food that is more complex and more delectable. We've been so successful that now a bright young bride can compete in her own kitchen with any goateed Waldorf chef who ever drew a garlic breath. This point of perfection in domestic science has been achieved only recently with the development of electric mixers, herb and spice collections, metals that don't tarnish and, that most blessed of modern culinary contrivances, the pressure cooker. In a properly equipped and directed kitchen it is now possible to prepare quickly and without particular effort a superb, multi-course meal which a few years ago might have required an entire day and considerable labor.

So now what happens? Darned if the little woman doesn't make a pitch for a backyard grille. She starts off by flattering husband George into the belief that he is a great, natural woodsman and can turn out a better meal with a campfire and a frying pan than Escoffier could with six assistants. And so George finally gets himself a trick barbecue apron decorated with comic bright sayings and cartoons, a pair of asbestos gloves to protect his pinkies, several forks three feet long, a king-size saltcellar and a dozen steaks. Then he commands the wife to gather some friends around to observe in his natural habitat the hottest hunter and trapper since Daniel Boone.

The friends come and do their best to keep out of the smoke which threatens to asphyxiate some and smudge others. They try unsuccessfully to slap mosquitoes without spilling their drinks. Between coughs they respond to the prodding of their hostess and exclaim intermittently but with diminishing fervor, "My, that smells good." The rest of the time they make suggestions not precisely designed to be helpful, while George sweats out his first contact with a flame bigger than a cigarette lighter.

By actual count George makes seventy-three trips to the kitchen for items like salt and celery and cigarettes and butter and spoons and salad and rolls and beer and a sharper knife and beer and paper

(Continued on page 35)

# What America is Reading

BY ALBERT HUBBELL

THERE have been few novels about Soviet Russia written by foreigners, for a variety of reasons I don't think need be gone into here. And of them, there have been *very* few good ones. Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon* is probably the best; and now we have another, a first novel about life in Moscow during the war that commands attention.

*A Room on the Route*, by a young Australian named Godfrey Blunden, is no second *Darkness at Noon*, nor is it consistently a first-rate piece of fiction. But somehow the book comes off as a convincing picture of life in Sovietland as it is lived, or endured, there in the third decade of the revolutionary regime.

Mr. Blunden has not written a "friendly" book; from the outset the reader is aware that this novel, if not exactly an indictment, is not going to show him the Soviet paradise as it is usually painted by the more breathless votaries of Lenin and Stalin. But there is nothing savage in Mr. Blunden's presentation, nor does he seem to be grinding any particular axe. He has written an honest book and though maybe he's no great shakes yet as a writer of fiction, his story is worth listening to.

"The Route" is a highway leading from the Kremlin out to the country, where high functionaries of the dictatorship have their comfortable little *dachas*, to which they repair in armored limousines at early hours of the morning. Because of this circumstance, the Route is painstakingly guarded by the NKVD; all apartment tenants whose windows command this road are first checked for political reliability by the secret police and thereafter subjected to close surveillance. Nobody's taking any chances of a loyal citizen suddenly getting a notion to take a pot shot at a commissar's car from his window. The glorious regime has completely won over the people, and all that; but it's better to be on the safe side.

"The Room" of the title is one of those tiny apartments which Moscow dwellers have to call home and which happens to house some unaffected persons and their friends. There is Rachel Semyenovna, who fought for the Revolution in the early days and married a Bolshevik hero—a high officer in the Red Army—who, in the changing years of the 1930s, was suddenly arrested on some trumped-up charge and "interrogated" in prison in such a manner that he returned home completely broken in health. Rachel's husband is absent at one of the partisan fronts as the story opens, serving as a humble volunteer in a people's battalion. Her son, a brilliant youth who thought too much for his own welfare, is also missing, swallowed up in one of the vast concentration camps for political dissidents. A visitor to the flat is Gregor Sokur, former NKVD agent, a Russian equivalent of the SS man—amoral, de-humanized, cynical to his roots—who started life as a Marxist idealist and whose hard shell is merely the logical product of a system in which, ultimately, no one believes in anyone else, or in anything at all. Gregor, for some dereliction of which he is not guilty, is waiting for his arrest. His attitude toward his fate is a shrug of the shoulders, for he

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Mr. Hubbell takes a look at some books—some serious, some light and some in between.



Godfrey Blunden, whose new novel concerns life as it is lived—or endured—in Soviet Russia.



THE

# Elks

MAGAZINE

## SILVER JUBILEE

BY JOHN SCHMITT

**This history of The Elks Magazine's twenty-five years of service to the Order reveals a wealth of achievement.**



**B**ILLIONS of covers and pages of *The Elks Magazine* have sped through rotary and flat-bed presses since the first day of June, 1922, when this book made its debut as the national official publication of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America. They leave in their wake a 25-year record attesting to the fidelity with which this medium has served and promoted the interests of the great American Fraternity which is its publisher.

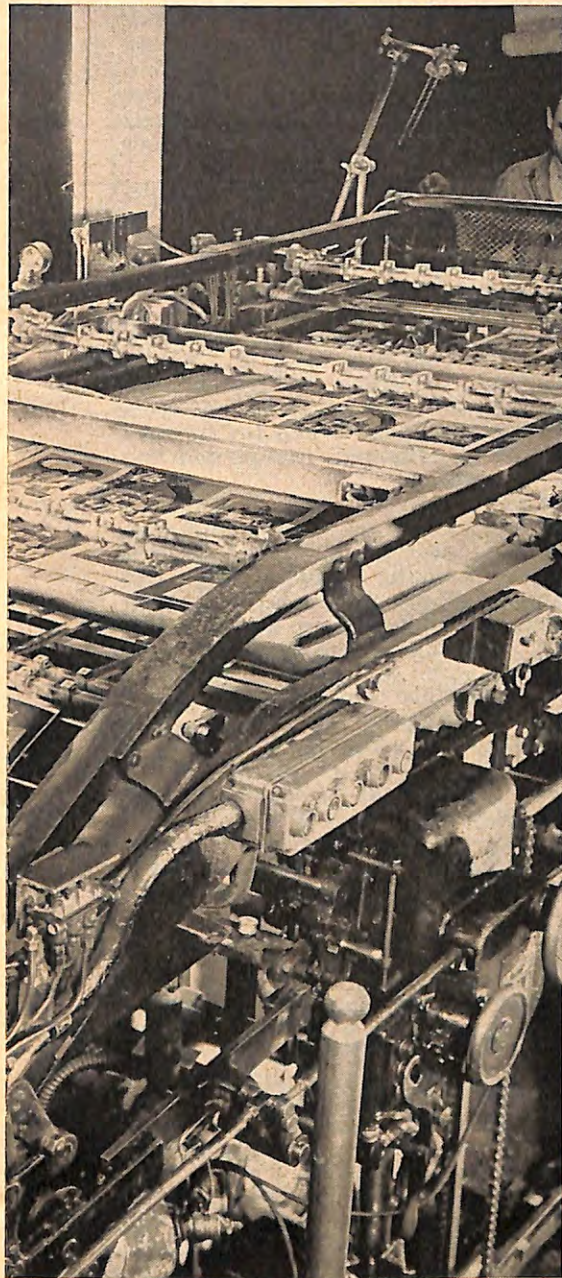
*The Elks Magazine* was created by Grand Lodge action in Los Angeles in 1921, when the management of the new official organ was vested in the Commission which was then named the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission. The original Commission was composed of nine members: three veteran Past Grand Exalted Rulers, Joseph T. Fanning, John K. Tener and Rush L. Holland, who had held the Order's high office

in 1903, 1907 and 1908, respectively, and six Past Grand Exalted Rulers, James R. Nicholson, Edward Rightor, Fred Harper, Bruce A. Campbell, Frank L. Rain and William M. Abbott, who had been the chief executives of our Order in the six years immediately preceding the establishment of the Magazine. Mr. Tener served as Chairman and Mr. Fanning as Secretary-Treasurer and Executive Director.

In addition to the foregoing, a number of Grand Exalted Rulers held membership on the Commission during their terms of office. Grand Exalted Rulers William W. Mountain and J. E. Masters first served one year each in their official capacity and then were appointed to the permanent membership. Grand Exalted Rulers John G. Price, William Hawley Atwell, Charles H. Grakelow, John F. Malley, Murray Hulbert, Walter P. Andrews and Lawrence H.

Rupp lent their counsel in turn as *ex officio* members.

In 1931, at Seattle, the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission submitted to the Grand Lodge, as required by the original resolution creating the Commission, a final report on the completion of the Memorial Building together with its recommendations for the permanent government of the Magazine and the Building by a five-man commission. The report was adopted, but instead of five members, all eight members then on the Commission, namely: John K. Tener, Chairman, Joseph T. Fanning, Secretary-Treasurer and Executive Director, Rush L. Holland, Fred Harper, Bruce A. Campbell, Frank L. Rain, William M. Abbott and William W. Mountain were reappointed to serve on the newly-established National Memorial and Publication Commission until the number was reduced by death, resig-



Above: at the printing plant of the McCall Corporation the May cover of your magazine is shown rolling off one of the high-speed four-color small McKee printing presses.

nation or otherwise to five. It was provided by the Grand Lodge that, when the number was so reduced, the Grand Exalted Ruler should designate terms of service of one to five years for the remaining members. That action was taken in 1937 at the Denver Convention, following the deaths of Past Grand Exalted Rulers Fanning, Harper and Mountain, when William M. Abbott, Frank L. Rain, Bruce A. Campbell, Rush L. Holland and John K. Tener were designated to serve for terms of from one to five years respectively.

Only Past Grand Exalted Ruler Campbell has served continuously as a member of both Commissions handling publication affairs. He was elected Chairman in 1937, succeeding Mr. Tener. Past Grand Exalted Rulers Rightor and Nicholson left the original Commission in 1927 to serve on the Elks National Foundation Committee, and Mr. Masters also left in that year to take up the post of Grand Secretary. Following service on several other Grand Lodge bodies, Mr. Nicholson returned to the present Commission in 1942.

The present members of the National Memorial and Publication Commission who maintain the excellent record of the Order's Magazine are: Past Grand Exalted Rulers Bruce A. Campbell, Chairman; John R. Coen, Vice-Chairman; James R. Nicholson, Treasurer and Managing Director; John S. McClelland, Secretary and Michael F. Shannon, Assistant Secretary and Assistant Treasurer.

The original Commission left details of organization of the new publication to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning as Executive Director, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Robert W. Brown as Editor, and Charles Spencer Hart as Business Manager. Mr. Brown served as Editor only a short time. In 1922 and up to the time of his death in 1924, he suffered recurrent attacks of illness which kept him from his desk.

Following the death of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Brown, Mr. Fanning was named Editor and Executive Director of the Magazine. To his vigilant direction, and to the efforts of Mr. Hart, *The Elks Magazine* owes its auspicious start and early success. Mr. Fanning continued in active management of the Magazine, and as Secretary-Treasurer and Executive Director of the Commission, up to the date of his death on Christmas Day, 1936. Mr. Hart left the post of Business Manager in 1937 to serve our Order as Grand Exalted Ruler.

*The Elks Magazine* has held faithfully to the basic editorial policy adopted a quarter of a century ago. As announced in the first issue, its primary editorial objective was to place into the hands of each Elk monthly "fraternal information that will insure recognition of the Order's beneficent power, a keen appreciation of its uplifting mission, a deeper pride of membership, and a constant inspiration to a renewal of fraternal obligation and an incentive to greater

fraternal activity". In addition, it was the Commission's purpose that the Order's official publication should be "a vigorous, high-class, literary and fraternal journal . . . be of interest and information to all the members of an Elk household . . . be entertaining as well as instructive". How those ends were attained we hope to develop in this brief résumé.

It is interesting that the Order should have deferred until the magical 1920s the establishment of a national periodical to insure the proper conveyance of news of the Order to our members, for the need of such a medium existed, both theoretically and actually, long before 1922. One must readily admit that several hundred thousand Americans create news by their very organization as an American fraternity, and by the impact of that fraternity on American society. Especially is this so when a fraternity such as the Elks holds to the virtues of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity as the cardinal principles of the Order, and by a multiplicity of lodge activities, gives continuous evidence of its practical application of Charity.

The actual need for an official publication was made evident as early as 1913 and stands out in bold relief in the Grand Exalted Rulers' reports of both Thomas B. Mills and Raymond Benjamin.

In 1913, nine years before the Order's Magazine was established, Grand Exalted Ruler Mills expressed his dissatisfaction with the style in which news of the Order reached our members. He first directed attention to the fact that too many papers were applying for permission to publish Elk news under Grand Lodge sanction. "Some of them are never heard of again," he wrote in his official report; "some of them make a brave beginning and are soon lost sight of; some of them struggle along in a precarious way for a time, and quite a number of them manage to keep on an even keel on the sea of somewhat doubtful success." He then made this recommendation: "I think the time has come for the Grand Lodge to discontinue the granting of licenses for any more of these so-called fraternal papers. Further, I believe that the Grand Lodge should seriously consider the question of issuing a publication for the general information and guidance of the Order at large."

Grand Exalted Ruler Benjamin, in 1915, applied a criticism to these loosely-controlled fraternal papers which was much more serious. He cited five specific instances in which editors of privately-published Elk papers attempted, in extremely bad Elk taste, to promote a friend's candidacy for public office by mentioning the candidate's connection with a particular Elks lodge. "No one will contend," Mr. Benjamin declared, "that such a permit releases the member who is the publisher of such a magazine from obeying his obligation or the law of the Order with respect to politics."

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# IN THE DOGHOUSE

with Ed Faust



Ewing Galloway Photo

**Dogs are natural lens-lice, but  
you have to pose them carefully.**

**B**EING outdoors-time, vacation time for many, early summer is an incentive to picture-taking. I mean picture-taking by rank amateurs, not those candid-camera semi-pros with the super-duper equipment. Just guys like you and me, armed with nothing more complex than a simple Kodak or one of those box-like Brownies. A lot of these people own dogs, and those dogs are going to get photographed with or without their bosses in the picture.

Now, the moral to the experience I just related is not to try to snap your purp unless you pose him, and unless you have a camera with a mighty fast lens in order to catch action. Dogs on the loose can move pretty quickly and this calls for a lens and shutter of considerable speed. I might add that if you have such a camera, this sermon isn't for you; you'll know plenty about the art.

Now that the war is over—or is it?—cameras are back on the market in increasing numbers and they are better than ever. Film once again can be secured—and Brother, that is all you need. Your local photographer can handle the developing and printing chore and in many places this is taken care of by the corner druggist. You can even mail film to studios which specialize in such work—many of them advertise in national magazines. But it is more fun to do your own developing and printing and, fortunately, both are very simple tasks, albeit they're time-consuming to the busy man or woman.

The same rules for taking pictures of humans—or almost anything, for that matter—apply to photographing your purp. Rule one for the amateur is to have the source of light—

sun or artificial—at your left and to the rear. It takes a lot of experience and special technique to get good pictures when shooting against the sun, or any other bright light. As you know, the lens picks up the light reflected from the object you photograph; hence a short exposure is required to photograph a dog that has much white in its coat. Conversely, to get a good shot of a dark-coated dog calls for longer exposure. How much time depends upon how much light you have. If yours is a camera with some variety of shutter speeds, then on bright days, with your dog in the open, you can get a good picture with your shutter speed set at 1/50th of a second and your lens stopped down to f.11. If you have a misty sun, use the same speed but open your lens down to about f.8. If the day is cloudy but bright, use 1/25th of a second with a lens opening of f.8. If there's no sun at all and clouds are heavy, try a speed of 1/25 and a lens opening of f.5.6, or try not taking pictures at all. Snapshots taken at that time lack contrast and have few, if any, shadows to enliven the picture. For anything slower than these speeds you'll need a tripod and a dog that stays put when you pose him.

Before taking a formal picture of your dog it's a good idea to show him the camera. Let him get acquainted with it by his schnozzle. Some dogs are actually camera-shy.

Before you begin, it's well to plan your picture, whether it's to be informal or formal. This will save much wear and tear on you and the dog. By informal pictures I mean the kind that show the dog playing, having a tug of war with someone,

using an old rope or cloth, or playing with one of his favorite toys. For this sort of picture you'll have to take the shot of the dog either coming toward you or going away. You see, you need a very fast shutter and lens to stop action across the camera's field of vision.

"But suppose I want a formal picture and my dog hasn't been drilled to stand on command or to stay put when I tell him?" Then you'll have to tie the dog to some anchored object or have someone restrain him on the leash. If the latter is the case, then focus on your dog, if it's only the dog you want, and try to have the person stand as far away from Fido as possible. When the finished picture is trimmed, the person can be eliminated.

Don't try to snap your dark-coated dog against a dark background; you need the contrast of a light wall or fence. Lacking either, you can stretch—between two stakes, trees or posts, or against your house wall—any kind of white cloth that has no pattern. See to it that there are no wrinkles, since they will show up and mar the picture. For the dog with considerable white in its coat, reverse this procedure by choosing a dark background. Shrubbery, as a rule, doesn't make a very good background—too much leafy detail and too much light reflected from the leaves on a sunny day. Don't pose a particular dog where the sun is broken into patches of light, such as under trees, shrubs, etc. The patches show up confusingly in the finished job.

It will make your dog look on his toes if you have a rubber mouse or some other squeak job to attract his attention just as you click the shutter. If you can't get one, try to imitate the sound yourself. Darned silly, but we're concerned with photography, not dignity.

Unless you want a formal head study, you'll find that an average distance of fifteen to twenty feet will give you an over-all picture of the dog. If you use a box camera that is set for from twenty-five feet to infinity, you'll have to back away another five feet.

Now, it isn't a good idea for amateurs like us to try to photograph His Nibs from an odd angle; leave that to the shutter-sharks or the professionals. About the best level to shoot at is the shoulder of your dog when he is either standing or sitting. If he's lying down, you can still get a good picture, but don't hold your camera too high. For the formal picture, it's well to give the dog a good polishing first. The grooming won't hurt him and will smarten up his appearance.

Don't pose the dog in long grass unless you have a gun dog and you're trying for a hunting pose, although even then it's best to show *all* of the dog, from hocks to whiskers.

Just as when photographing children, you'll need all the patience you have in stock—and if you haven't enough, borrow some—because losing

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**Poll returns indicate a division of opinion regarding the problem of juvenile delinquency.**

**F**OR this month's Poll, the Exalted Rulers and District Deputies comprising the Panel membership were asked about a matter that is of particular interest to the Order of Elks, which has as one of its primary objectives the development of the nation's youth. The subject is juvenile delinquency. Has it increased or decreased since the War? Is it as widespread as some believe?

The reasons Panel members offer for waywardness among minors are many; so many that they are difficult to list. However, it was encouraging to note that there was a close division of opinion as to whether delinquency is increasing or decreasing, with a slight majority believing that it is on the increase. Of the total number of Panel members questioned, 46 per cent replied, the returns on a national basis being as follows:

**QUESTION 1: ADMITTING THAT DURING THE WAR YEARS THERE WAS A WAVE OF JUVENILE DELINQUENCY, DO YOU THINK SUCH A WAVE HAS INCREASED OR DECREASED?**

Increased .....48%  
 Decreased .....46%

*Note: Less than one-half of one per cent of the replies either indicated a belief that there has been little or no change, or were entirely noncommittal. The remaining five and a half per cent did not register an opinion which could be tabulated.*

The total returns received were subdivided into four geographical areas which are indicated on the accompanying map. While the national figures show that 48 per cent of the Panel members believe that juvenile delinquency has increased since the end of the War, there is an interesting difference of opinion when the replies are retabulated on a sectional basis.

	Increased	Decreased
The 12 Northern States	46%	49%
The 9 Eastern States	59%	36%
The 16 Southern States	45%	47%
The 11 Western States	45%	50%

*Note: In each section, the returns total less than 100% because a few of the returns were incomplete.*

**QUESTION 2: IF YOU THINK THAT JUVENILE DELINQUENCY HAS INCREASED, WHAT DO YOU BELIEVE ARE THE REASONS?**

For this question it is impossible to prepare percentage figures, or even attempt to list all the reasons given by Panel members. "Natural war aftermath," said some. Others pointed to economic conditions and high cost of living. Still others said that lax wartime-and-after morals are to blame. Easy divorce resulting in broken homes, faulty law enforcement, lack of home discipline, over-indulgent parents, publicity given to the subject, lack of religious training, unsupervised play, inadequate play facilities, publicity given to crime, lurid movies, cheap magazines, sensational radio programs—these are only a few causes which Panel members hold responsible for increased waywardness among minors. However, there was one cause that a majority agreed upon—parental delinquency. Most of the members feel that the origin in most cases is the home.

**COMMENTS:**

- "Delinquency will keep on decreasing as long as we have great organizations such as the Elks and the American Legion to help guide American youth."
- "Children have not been trained to earn their own money. Has made them seek money the easy way."
- "Lack of juvenile legislation to end delinquency."
- "As adults we have been delinquent in offering youth new interests and new avenues of activity as challenging and uniting as those of war."
- "Homes broken by both parents working. Too many gangster movies and radio programs."
- "Dire need of social and community centers."
- "Too little respect for school teachers. Authority too lenient in most states."
- "Think they can do better than the gangster villains and get away with it."
- "High wages, high prices create delinquency among parents."
- "We need more hairbrushes applied in places other than the head."





# The New

BY J. ALVIN KUGELMASS

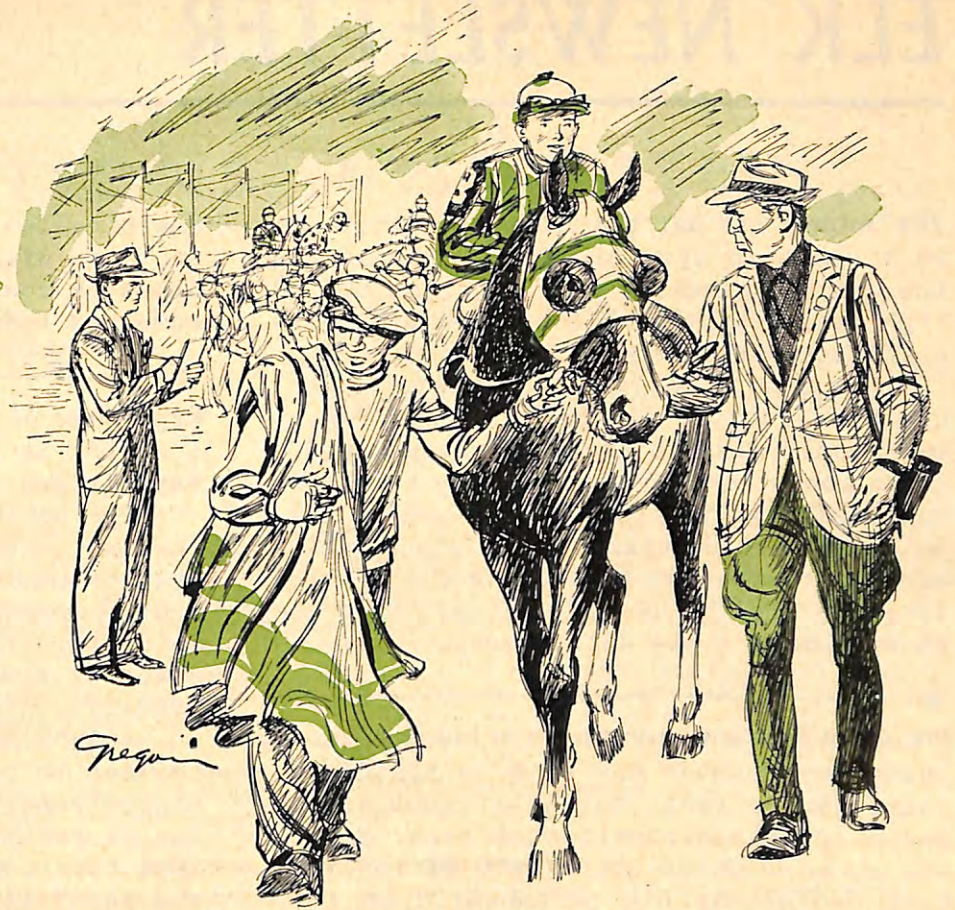
Illustrated by GREGORI



The resale of track admission tickets was a lucrative racket until TRPA men stepped in and ended it.

# Broom

**Fast-stepping ex-FBI agents are protecting the \$1,500,000,000 horse-racing business.**



ONE day last Spring, to nobody's surprise, a horse named Joe S., who knew his station in life, loped home an easy sixth at Fairmont Park, Illinois. However, a few days later he was fired with that divine spark. The natty white socks on his hind legs flashed like telegraph poles when you're on a train, and he ran 'way ahead of the field and was soon eating his oats without a heave to his chest. The following day he finished second, and on two other days in the same month he was again a horse destined to go places as he paid the thigh-slapping customers \$10.40 and \$6.20, respectively, for first in both races.

A few months later on a farm near Haviland, Kansas, a horse with a similar pair of natty white socks on his hind legs was quietly submitting to the inspection of a pair of courteous men who had formerly worked for the Federal Bureau of Investigation. The Kansas horse, whose real name was Joe S., had committed no crime, but his owner, Charles Mitchell, was brought before the Illinois Racing Board for substituting a ringer. Mitchell confessed to the substitution and admitted that he had run the first Joe S. under a variety of names at small tracks in Oklahoma. One of the names, ironically enough, had been Charlie's Mistake. The ringer, the investigators found, had been sired by Whisk K., a stallion of excellent breeding.

Early in 1945, at Hialeah in Florida, six ticket-sellers were tried

and convicted of re-selling admission pasteboards. They had been netting \$1,000 a day for twenty days before being snagged by a pair of amiable ex-FBI men. Their method was simple but foolproof until the Thoroughbred Racing Protective Association stepped in. The ticket men were simply turning back the turnstile readings. However, seasoned men from the Association, all former FBI agents, soon determined that certain of the machine parts in the turnstiles were strangely free of grime and grease. In other words, they had been tampered with. The six are now serving sentences for larceny.

In the comparatively short time that the TRPA has been operating on behalf of the Thoroughbred Racing Association, 39 individuals have either been ruled off or suspended from operating on race tracks in the United States; 16 have been convicted in local, state and Federal courts, and 70 cases are before various state racing commissions for action. The cases involved horse-doping, ringers, and plain racketeering such as bribing jockeys.

The mutuel play in the United States is big business, very big business, and it has grown so vast in fifteen years that the Thoroughbred Racing Association—which keeps a weather eye open for abuses, makes rules for racing and tries to protect racing's good name—called in one Spencer J. Drayton, formerly a chief assistant under J. Edgar Hoover, to keep the sport and the play clean.

The Association recalled in alarm a 1910 reform wave that almost closed every track in the country after certain scandals had made page one consistently.

Drayton, who holds two university degrees and is 37 years old, set up offices in New York, Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles, Miami and Baltimore. He hired a fast-stepping group of FBI men to work with him. Among the various specialists, for example, is Edmund P. Coffey, who heads the Scientific Research Division of the Protective Bureau. Coffey's job, among other things, is to determine the doping of horses. Other divisions keep undesirables from the track. Firmly and gently, touts and stooges for gambling syndicates are kept away from the neighborhood of tracks.

In 1940, about \$408,000,000 went through the mutuel machines. In 1946, more than a billion and a half dollars were wagered. During the same period, attendance at tracks rose from eight and a half million to more than nineteen million. The Association knows that most players are the two-dollar, respectable, on-the-nose plungers, and the Bureau in the main was set up to maintain the middle-class respectability that would keep the customers coming.

Besides having been trained by the FBI, Drayton's men know all about administration, policing and prosecution. None has police powers but merely calls in the proper authority.

*(Continued on page 29)*

# ELK NEWSLETTER

★ WASHINGTON

The miners are not the only ones peculiarly in the public eye this June. Thanks to the end of Selective Service, some 500,000 high school youths will be graduated with no strings attached this month.

How many will join the Army now the draft is out the window? The War Department would like to know. It needs 30,000 men a month to maintain the Army our international commitments require--and it has not been getting them. So no stone has been left unturned in putting the Army's story before the new graduates. What they do will make a big difference.

★

**President Truman's campaign to lower prices** by voluntary methods may have an immediate, short-term effect, but Department of Commerce officials report that other factors are at work which are likely to react more decisively and permanently on the price structure.

They point out that many groups of commodities which have increased in price far above the past relationships of the all-commodity price index are expected to be in larger supply relative to demand by fall. Leather and leather shoes, still in tight supply, will be much looser by year-end, it is anticipated. Meat, so important to the average consumer's budget, is another item which is expected to be more plentiful later this year. Soap is another household item which is expected to come down the price scale because of increasing supplies of raw materials.

★

**There is some loosening, too, in lumber.** As an illustration of the peaks lumber prices have reached, Department of Commerce officials point out that in recent months a buyer's dollar could command only as much lumber as could have been purchased for 35 cents in 1939.

But the availability of lumber for domestic use will hinge in considerable degree on the extent of export controls through the balance of the year. It is estimated that some 700,000,000 board feet will be exported in 1947, if export controls are continued. If exports are

uncontrolled, that figure could be easily doubled, with serious consequences for domestic construction programs in the home and industrial fields.

★

**Regardless of the building supply situation,** industry is expected to cut its rate of expenditure in the six months just ahead.

The Nation's manufacturers report they will spend \$3 billion in the second half of this year on new plants and equipment, compared with \$3.2 billion estimated for the first half and \$3.4 billion actually spent in the last six months of 1946.

Actual additions to property will be smaller this year than last because of higher construction costs, although dollar expenditures are estimated above the 1946 total, according to a joint survey of the Securities and Exchange Commission and the Department of Commerce.

★

**Funds** have been granted to the Bureau of Reclamation of the Department of the Interior and the Bureau of Plant Industry of the Department of Agriculture for the study of methods of chemically controlling the weeds which choke the Nation's great network of irrigation ditches. Eliminating them by mechanical means is both time-wasting and costly. This joint research problem may do much to solve a problem vexing many western and southwestern States.

One chemical, Benoclor 3-C, which destroys the green-coloring chlorophyll of plants, already has given promising results. An emulsified form of chlorinated hydrocarbon, it is heavier than water and gives the weeds a "cooked" appearance within an hour after treatment. The treated plants sink to the canal bottom, whereas plants destroyed mechanically cause clogging farther downstream.

★

**A report** is expected shortly on a similar battle--in southern waters--with one of America's most unwelcome imports--the Japanese water hyacinth.

(Continued on page 41)



# VACATIONS UNLIMITED

BY ED TYNG

**Mountains, glaciers and swift flowing rivers are spectacular sights in the Canadian Rockies.**

FROM Montana to the Pacific Coast the vacationist has such a wealth of mountain scenery and resorts from which to make a choice that time and his pocketbook are the only guides. Northwest Montana offers Glacier National Park which, with the adjoining Waterton Lakes National Park in Canada, forms the Waterton-Glacier International Peace Park. The Blackfeet Highway goes through the Park north to Waterton Lake and connects with Canadian highways.

The Park is a paradise for the fisherman, the hiker and for horseback riding. Nearly every animal in the United States, except buffalo, antelope, raccoons and possums, is found there. Bears loiter around the camps and beavers industriously pursue their construction work, often forcing relocation of trails because of flooding of the right of way. There is a colony of beavers opposite Goat-haunt Camp. The beaver is a typical inhabitant of the Northwest and the Canadian Pacific Railway uses him as a trade mark.

Many attractive tours of one to several days, at all inclusive prices comparable with rates in the other parks, are available through bus and launch companies. There is boat service between Goathaunt Camp and the town of Waterton Lake, the international boundary being crossed about half way across the lake. Waterton-Glacier Park has many Indians, survivors of the Blackfeet tribe which conquered other tribes and fought bitterly against the white men. The Indians occupy a reservation east of the Park, but greet visitors at Glacier Park station and Hotel.

Mount Rainier, which towers 14,408 feet and nurses 26 glaciers from its region of perpetual snow, is the outstanding feature of the State of Washington as well as the park in which it is situated. Its huge bulk occupies a fourth of the Park's 378 square miles and its glacier system is one of the most extensive in the world to come from a single peak. Five of the glaciers are big ones. From Paradise Valley or White River it is possible to ascend the mountain itself, but those who do so are required to show

that they have the stamina, equipment and experience necessary for such a hazardous undertaking.

Seattle and Tacoma are the gateway cities to Rainier, and buses go to Paradise Valley, where there are excellent places to stay. Apparel is included in the cost of saddlehorse trips. One of the sights the visitor will not forget is the 50-mile belt of wildflowers around Mount Rainier, a characteristic of all mountains crowned with rivers of moving ice. The mountain, which is an extinct volcano, is forested to an altitude of 4,500 feet, but the level where flowers are most abundant is 5,400 feet. The trees are prostrate mats at 6,500 feet, which is the timberline.

One of the unusual trips a visitor can make from Paradise Valley is the 31-mile stretch of the Wonderland Trail to Yakima Park, through a beautiful river canyon and across  
(Continued on page 33)

Canadian National Railways Photo



Maligne Lake, in Jasper National Park, Canadian Rockies.

# Gadget & Gimmick Department

By W. C. BIXBY

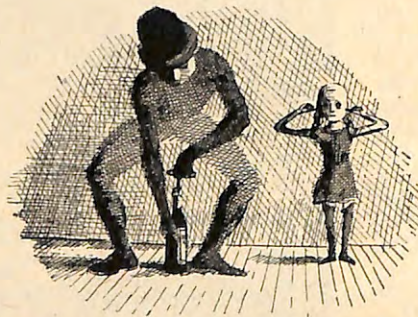


HOW would you like the top of your head to tingle? It's not necessary to bang it against the wall since there are more modern methods at your disposal. The good old hairbrush has gone the way of all gadgets. It's electrified now and it makes your scalp tingle. So versatile is the brush that you can tingle with A. C. or D. C. What more can you expect? The new brush massages the scalp whilst you get stray locks in place. The nylon bristles have a rotary motion which causes much wear and tear on bristles, but you need have no fear because you can get bristle refills, of all things. The manufacturer guarantees the brush for a year, which is probably more than you can say for your hair.

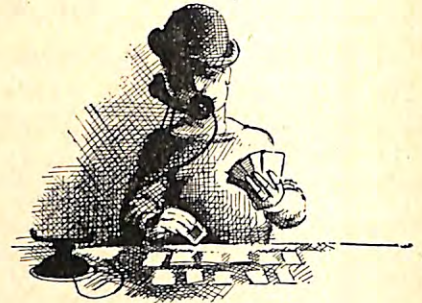


THE women won't like this one, but it certainly sounds like a good bet. A company has solved the poker problem. Well, not solved it really. They've made it easier for you to call the boys in for a "friendly" game. (Incidentally, who ever heard of a friendly game of poker?) At any

rate, the company has produced four metal sections which can be fastened on to a regular-size card table, converting it into a round table ready for the chips. The completed table has eight felt-lined poker-chip wells, four ash-tray wells, and eight drinking-glass wells. There is also a bit of felt to cover the regular card-table top. Each section has a steel leg which is detachable. The extra legs make the table a sturdy 60-inch job which can seat eight players. The added stability also comes in handy for table pounding or can be utilized very nicely as a stable gun rest if firearms are brought along.



GETTING corks out of bottles without (1) breaking bottle and losing contents of same, and (2) blowing one's natural top, has always been a problem. Well, the problem is solved now, thank heaven. This corkscrew is a mass of mechanical genius. You place the implement atop the bottle as in days of yore, and turn the top handle. Keep turning it until the flanged part of the corkscrew is snugly in place over the lip of the bottle and everything is ready. Now, instead of tugging and wheezing like a walrus, you turn your attention to the handle on the side of the corkscrew. A few turns and the cork is withdrawn as easy as you please. This product is a must for all men who pull corks from bottles and an absolute must for all those who are fastidious about drink-mixing in general. Happy cork-pulling to you all.



PEOPLE who write while they telephone need help. It may not be psychiatric assistance they're in need of, but to look at most of them clutching phones and scribbling illegibly on elusive scraps of paper, the idea of a psychiatrist doesn't seem too out of place. However, there is a new gadget out now that will reduce their trouble to a minimum. It is a small piece of aluminum which clamps to the hand grip of a cradle-type phone. Flip the hinged part of the gadget open and it rests the phone securely on your shoulder while you write some blonde girl's telephone number. The metal strip is small and can be engraved with your phone number or used for advertising. And if you don't have a cradle-type phone you're 'way behind the times and shouldn't be reading all this modern stuff.



GREAT forces are at work trying to reduce the static you get on your car radio. There is nothing so aggravating as getting to the punchline of a joke on your favorite comedian's radio program and then have the point to the joke lost in a scratch of static. Everything clears up in a moment, but all you hear is laughter from the studio audience. No laugh for you in that situation, is there? Well, as I say, great forces have been at work. In fact, the solution is in sight with the advent of a new powder which has been developed. You can blow this powder into the inner tubes on your car and it will improve your radio reception.

# Davy Jones's Locker

(Continued from page 9)

historians have it that Cortez got this particular haul by promising to make all sorts of improvements to the Aztec Empire, and then sent it to Spain instead. King Montezuma, who hadn't been taken into custody at that time, thereupon announced that his gods had put a curse on the metal and that it would be protected by "birds of the air, fish in the sea and people on the globe".

Williamson is too tough to be bothered by Aztec curses, but he admits that he was chased off the wreck of the *Santa Rosa* on one occasion by a school of sharks and on another by giant manta rays. He had equipment trouble on a third and almost lost his life in quicksand on the fourth. He and his friends put up the money for those expeditions. This one is far more portentous because Williamson has induced one of the big motion picture producers to finance it. Other salvage men are wondering what will happen when the temperamental movie actors and technicians try to get that way with divers—who are also temperamental—and much tougher.

**B**ACK in 1938 a scientific expedition sponsored by Beloit University succeeded in locating two other galleons in a necklace of coral atolls known as Silver Bank, about thirty-five miles north of Cape Frances Viejo. They were part of a fleet of 15 or 16, escorted by battle frigates, wrecked by a hurricane in 1632. Records of the conquistadors show the fleet had more than \$70,000,000 in gold and silver bullion and plate, and precious stones. Only about \$3,500,000 of this has been recovered.

Captain John D. Craig, deep-sea photographer and explorer and author of "Danger Is My Business", headed this search, in which the government of the Dominican Republic cooperated. Other members were Waldo H. Logan, president of a Chicago firm, who went along to represent Beloit; Dr. Edgar End of Marquette University Medical School, and Gene Mohl, co-designer of the Craig-Nohl diving suit. None was interested in gold, but the findings of the scientists set afoot half a dozen treasure hunting groups, all of whom had to drop their plans when the war started.

One of these now re-formed groups has been reported as ready to sail from Australia. It, too, is headed for Inca gold—for which capital can always be obtained in New England. There is historical reason for this. In the Fall of 1643 another fleet of 15 galleons was sunk by a hurricane in the same vicinity. Some years later one of the hulks was located in only 16 feet of water by Captain William Phips, a New England trader and adventurer. Going down himself without any diving suit he suc-

ceeded in bringing up enough gold to fill a small bucket. He also discovered enough more to justify a real salvage operation. So he set sail for England and exhibited his find to King James II. The latter financed the venture.

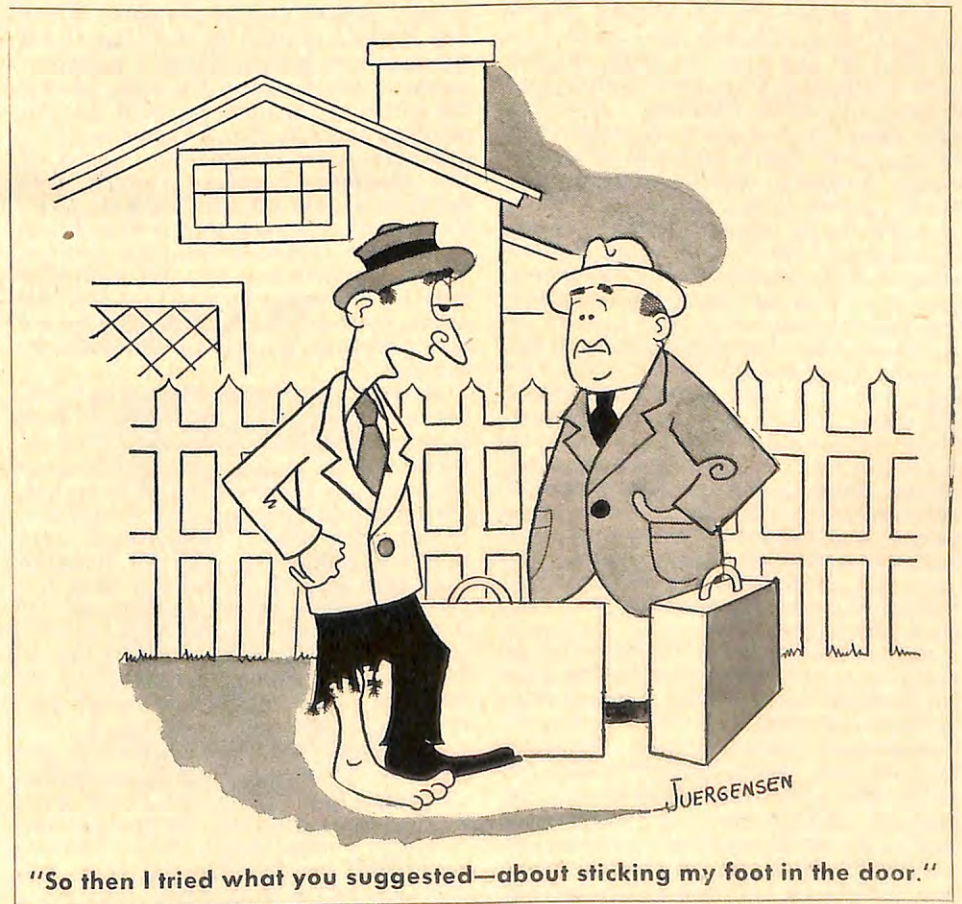
Phips then produced what may have been the first apparatus that would permit men to work under water, an inverted tub or bucket not quite the height of an average man. It had to be pulled down with weights, or pushed from above, and the air supply was limited to the amount in the tub as it entered the water. When that was exhausted the diver released the weights, or pulled a cord, and the bucket shot to the surface. Then he dropped out, and swam to his ship. Naturally a man couldn't work very long, but Phips and his crew recovered two million dollars worth of gold and silver from the wreck. He is said to have paid a fourth to the King and divided another fourth among his crew. King James appointed him Governor of Massachusetts Colony.

The conventional type of diving suit still in use was developed about 1800, at which time the diving bell also was invented. Far more improvement has been made in the bell type than the working one, but it is useful only for observation. Dr. William Beebe, in what he called a

bathysphere, descended in 1934 to a depth of more than 3,000 feet. Dr. Otis Barton is now in Bermuda preparing to make a descent to a mile in a huge sphere equipped with wheels. Atmosphere is maintained at sea level pressure in these appliances and oxygen is supplied from oxygen tanks.

Innumerable attempts have been made to develop armored suits. The salvagers of the *Hampshire's* gold had three that cost \$20,000 each, but they were so heavy that the divers could only work on the outside of the hull. While decompression was unnecessary and all danger of the "bends" was eliminated, divers in the Stein suit could not use axes or saws. Lieutenant Harry E. Reiseberg invented a suit that will stand the pressure existing at 1,500 feet. The Navy also has experimented with a "robot diver," or ball, which will go to 5,000 feet. It is equipped with 12 different attachments bolted to nine-foot arms and manipulated by the man inside the ball. These devices are said to be sensitive enough to deal a hand of bridge—but they can't get into the ship.

For that reason the treasure hunters still plan to depend for most of their undersea work on the old-fashioned diving suit. Many improvements have been made on this suit, but the Navy has not made them



public. It is known that helium gas is now being used to improve the oxygen supply. Helium in small quantities has no effect on the lungs. It will not alter the character of oxygen, but it will combine and, since it is lighter, it is more easily pumped. The Navy has been using it as a "carrier gas" on much of its underwater work.

In any event, the New England interest in treasure hunting inspired by Captain Phips has continued through the centuries, and now it has taken on some of the proportions of an undercover gold rush as a result of a find made in 1944 on Cape Cod. Merchants of Chatham, a small town on the heel of the Cape, have wondered for years how a few old-timers who never did any work always had plenty of money and often turned up with ancient English, Spanish and Portuguese coins. Then Edward Rowe Snow, Harvard graduate, historian and explorer, took a vacation on the Cape, got caught in a storm and found refuge in the cabin of a beach dweller.

The old-timer became interested when he learned that Snow was deeply versed in the history of the area. Their talk got around to the pirate ships that often operated off the New England coast, and finally his host took Snow into another room and told him to have a look. Snow's eyes bulged. There was a heap of gold and silver coins on the dresser, and a mound of them on the floor in a corner. Snow estimated there was about \$8,000 worth of metal in the room, to say nothing of the value of the coins to collectors.

After some polite urging Snow learned that a wreck had been discovered off the Cape in 1879. It had been identified as a pirate ship lost during the 17th Century. Nothing was done in the way of organized salvage, but every now and then the beach dwellers would take a dive. Some years ago a group of them brought up an ancient wooden chest. It fell apart as it was being hauled aboard, but not before the fishermen saw that the contents spilling into the sea were coins.

Sagely, the Cape Codders kept the secret. They did no diving while visitors were near and agreed not to put the coins on the market all at once. They were sold a few at a time to numismatists in Boston and elsewhere. Snow is 41 and is a wounded veteran of the North African campaign, but he made a dive himself and recovered a dozen coins. He says any man with any diving ability could make a comfortable living from the wreck.

Snow's chief interest was and is historical, but he has done very well for himself since then. From a waterfront bartender he had heard of a character known as the "King of Calf Island" who hid out there in 1856 with a hoard of gold coins. He died in 1862 without revealing its hiding place. However, the caretaker on Brewster Island, in Boston Harbor, told Snow he knew there was an

Italian volume printed in 1690 which revealed in code a spot where pirate gold was buried. He also said he believed the book was on Brewster Island.

For some years prior to the war, Snow was a familiar figure on that and other islands in Boston Harbor, and after his discharge from the Army he took up the search again. He prowled the beaches and looked into all sorts of out-of-the-way spots. Finally, in 1945, he located the Italian book in an abandoned summer house on Greater Brewster. On page 101 he found a series of pin pricks over certain letters. He couldn't make head or tail of it, so he took the volume to Miss Harriet Swift, head of the rare book department of the Boston Public Library. It took her 18 hours, but Miss Swift worked out the complex code.

Snow and his brother Donald, with several Cape Cod residents, rowed to a spot on the outer bar of Nauset Beach, a mile and a half northeast of Chatham, where the message said a chest had been located. Donald Snow was a radar expert in the Army. He had made a small set for himself to detect metal. It registered no less than six times. Each time the party dug to varying depths up to ten feet and found metal, but not the chest. On the seventh attempt, 12 feet below the surface, they uncovered an ancient copper chest, ten inches long, and six inches wide by six deep. In it, when a network of locks had been pried off, were 350 coins from France, England, Peru, Mexico, Spain and Portugal.

The collectors' value of these coins is only \$1,950, and of the chest, \$300. But Snow's exploit in locating it set the treasure hunting world agog because it represented the first known use of radar for locating gold, as well as other metals. Since then the Snow brothers have located the wreck of the steamer *Portland*, which was sunk in a gale off Chatham in 1898. Radar experts are now being hired by all the treasure hunting groups. Their importance to the industry may be indicated by the fact that all other methods have failed to locate other wrecks known to contain fortunes.

It isn't only radar that makes location of virtually all the World War II sunken ships a certainty. All of them carried radio, and all or nearly all had time to send the SOS signal, giving their latitude and longitude, before they sank. The salvage ship now needs only to go to the location indicated and circle until it gets the radar picture, or return signal. Or it can send out a blimp or a helicopter if the expedition is in a hurry. Then a manifold of oxygen can be dropped along with the anchor and the divers can get to work.

The manifold is another of the wartime improvements in undersea salvage. The diver goes down with a regulation air line. At the bottom he plugs a short hose—30 or 40 feet, depending on the distance from the entrance of the hull to the treasure—

and disconnects the 300 foot or longer line to the salvage vessel. Dragging the long hose has been one of the chief impediments to success in salvage work inside sunken ships heretofore. It has also been one of the most dangerous parts of a task loaded with risk to human life.

**S**HARKS are not regarded as particularly dangerous by veteran divers, but when they—the sharks—get drunk on air bubbles expelled from the diver's suit they are frequently tough playmates. At 100 feet or lower a certain type or species of shark is found that never comes to the surface. If it did it would get the bends and possibly blow up. But it gobbles eagerly at the bubbles and then begins to roll around in circles much like an earth-bound human inebriate. If the tail of the 30-foot piscatorial souse hits a diver it will knock him off the diving stage and may kill him if the blow breaks his air line. For this reason the divers on deep-water jobs always go down in threes and cling together for protection. They sigh with relief when they get past the 200-foot level or thereabouts, since the sharks can't go much lower than that anymore than they can go to the surface.

No matter how much experience they may have had, divers never cease to marvel over the light phenomena of the ocean depths. The darkness begins to close in at 30 feet or thereabouts. A little lower it becomes absolute. At this point the divers agree that mental depression sets in. The diver thinks of all the things that can happen to him and becomes convinced this will be his last dive. He swears—as he may have done a hundred times before—that if he does get back to the surface he will never go down again. It is only by a strong effort of will that he refrains from pulling his signal cord or howling through his telephone to be hauled up.

The fear and depression are generally relieved when the stage reaches the level of the pressure-defying sharks. To some extent they end the total darkness, since their hides are coated with or exude some sort of phosphorescent substance. Many others of the weird looking deep-sea fish have this quality, too. Therefore the descent is lighted up a little from there on down. The divers always know when they are getting near the bottom, no matter how deep it is, because the waters gradually become illuminated with light reflected from the sand. At 380 feet, objects are discernible at a distance of ten feet or more.

Quicksand is no problem to divers working in large groups on the hulls of sunken vessels. But when they have to go to the bottom around it, this is another major menace to life. It has been noted above that one treasure hunter was almost trapped by quicksand around the wreck of the *Santa Rosa* near Key West. The same freak of Nature has baffled



most of the long series of divers who have been trying to get at the buried gold of the pirate, Jean Lafitte, or one of his contemporaries, for the past 60 years. The stuff is known to be at Fowlers' Bluff, on the banks of the Suwannee River in Florida, at a point 15 miles from the Gulf.

It is said that at least \$200,000 has been spent in attempting to recover pirate loot estimated to be worth anywhere up to \$15,000,000. There is no question the gold is there. More than 50 years ago some of the old men still living in the nearby town of Chiefland, then known as Hardee Town, helped to dig out a chest from beneath a live oak shown on an ancient map of the treasure site. They were not permitted to see its contents, but whatever was in the chest was used to establish a bank at Gainesville, Florida, erect an office building and put a backwoods sawmill owner in the millionaire category.

Dr. A. Hyatt Verrill, historian and author of several books on pirates, privateers and buried treasure, says he is convinced that Emmett Baird, the sawmill man, made a big haul at the spot in 1897. He got the map from an old man who had first worked the hole in 1888. Verrill has been interested in a number of projects seeking the rest of the gold, including one abandoned at the outbreak of the war. This group is now, or shortly will be, working on the site again, with capital supplied by New England and Florida businessmen.

Quicksand occurs when some peculiar action of water in a limited area churns ordinary sand around until a large quantity of the grains become perfectly round. Everybody knows that sand is sharp because the grains are irregular in pattern. The edges can be felt as one rubs sand between the fingers. It is this structure that makes it possible to pack it even under water. But since the grains of quicksand have no edges they will not pack and cannot support any weight.

Lafitte, or whoever the pirate was, may or may not have known of the quicksand when he buried the treasure in the Suwannee. It is said to be more probable that the quicksand has been produced since. In any event the stuff has sucked back one particularly large chest at least a dozen times in relatively recent years, just when the treasure hunters had it almost in their grasp. On several occasions the chest was actually in the clear when the cable snapped. On others the cofferdams were wrecked by floods or hurricanes. At the time the treasure was buried it was well above high water at a spot marked by three live oaks on the pirate's map. Since then large areas of the Everglades have been drained and several small streams have been diverted into the Suwannee. As a consequence there's nothing left of the oaks but stumps, and these are under water at high tide.

Disappointment at some time or

another is one of the most certain by-products of treasure hunting. Fishermen digging for bait near the Suwannee site some years ago found what they took for a nest of petrified turtle eggs. They started to skip the "eggs" across the rapidly flowing stream and had used up all but one when the holder dropped it. The object broke into several pieces and a one-carat diamond fell out. Students of pirate lore say it was customary to bury stolen gems in a ball of clay. It is said the particular diamond referred to is now being worn by a lady in Orlando.

**T**HE late Simon Lake, submarine inventor, was a treasure hunter, but he never found anything of value. This perhaps was because he spent more time inventing complicated apparatuses for undersea salvage than on the work itself—and also because he hated to give up a project even when it failed to pan out. Lake held a contract with the U. S. Treasury until his death in 1945 to get the gold out of the British frigate *Hussar*, which crashed into a rock in 1780 and sunk in what is now called Hell Gate. The *Hussar* is supposed to have been carrying \$1,800,000 to \$8,000,000 to pay off British Troops in this country.

Much more money has been poured into the *Hussar* project than the one in Florida, but the total yield since 1875 has been a collection of gold guineas dating from 1711 to 1776. Lake lost his savings and the family homestead in his attempts to get at the strong boxes of the wreck. Courtney studied the records, looked over the site and refused to waste time on a single dive. He is convinced that whatever is left of the wooden ship is now under somebody's cellar in Astoria. Silt deposits and dumping operations, he says, have pushed the shore line far out beyond the point where the ship went down.

First of the recent seekers after easy wealth to go after the *Hussar*—

and the only man ever to make any money out of it—was one George W. Thomas, who founded the Frigate *Hussar* Company in 1875. He got the money out of the sale of stock and not out of the ship, although U. S. Treasury Secretary John Sherman gave him a contract under a law dealing with wrecked, abandoned or derelict property, giving the Treasury ten per cent of the take. If that law is still on the statute books today it is, needless to say, obsolete. The income tax has taken care of that.

When he thought up the *Hussar* scheme, Thomas was a street peddler selling a snuff guaranteed to cure catarrh. Once he had the Treasury contract he gave that up and devoted all his time to the sale of stock in the project. He had an old scow and some grappling tackle, and is said to have brought up a few buckets with the name of the *Hussar* on them, a few firearms and some furniture. Thomas pushed along the sale of his stock with the statement that he was going to "devote the millions to the Lord", when he got them. Rich men and poor ones fell, and Thomas providently invested the take in Hackettstown real estate—for himself. Eventually a couple of stockholders rebelled and the Treasury revoked the Thomas contract, but he died a rich man.

In 1894, a man named Thomas M. Eppley, who had been one of the investors, succeeded in getting the contract. He was a New York lawyer and hydrographic surveyor. After spending a lot of his own money and that of some friends, he gave up in 1897. Lake became interested in 1936 and brought up \$3.67 in modern small coins with suction pumps—probably loose change that had been dropped by earlier workers at the site. The British government had two brigs and a diving bell over the *Hussar* in 1794, and the U. S. Navy tried to salvage the vessel in 1811. In 1818 a Major Baird of the U. S. Navy headed a company of adventurers trying to get into the wreck, and later a company headed by Captain Samuel Evans, Commandant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, sold stock at \$15 a share and got chains under the wreck, but they always slipped. In 1850 the Worcester *Hussar* Company was formed with money put up by businessmen and bankers in that Massachusetts City.

British investors have been even more free with their savings in financing treasure hunts than people in this country. One venture sold 40,000 shares of stock at \$2 a share, and Sir Malcolm Campbell, builder of racing cars, put up money for another. The British expeditions have frequently paid off. At one time three were operating on lakes in Central American countries. Incas and Aztecs are said to have dumped golden images and precious stones into the waters as sacrifices to their gods. Sometimes they neglected to remove the human victim wearing the stuff who had been "honored" by selection as a sacrifice.



# Silver Jubilee

(Continued from page 13)

When, at the Los Angeles Convention of 1921, the Grand Lodge did take the important step of establishing a sponsored magazine, the action was predicated on a report submitted by the Elks National Headquarters Committee whose membership included Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener, as Chairman, Joseph T. Fanning, James R. Nicholson, Edward Rightor, Fred Harper, Bruce A. Campbell, and Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott, *ex officio*. The Order finally had an official voice, a voice which was to speak in behalf of the Fraternity, and, equally important, a voice which was never to speak against any member's religious belief, or his political or economic convictions.

As mentioned earlier, it was the editorial objective of the Publication Commission to hand to every Elk monthly news of our Order. A few hours with the bound twenty-five-year record of *The Elks Magazine* show us how that end has been reached through several fraternal avenues, an important one being the Speech of Acceptance of each Grand Exalted Ruler and his official messages to the members throughout his year of leadership.

The official pronouncements of our chief executives are the metred and crystallized aims, activities, sentiments of this American Fraternity. In a bound record such as ours, they present a vivid graph of the pulse of Elkdom, point up both the immediate and the long-term objectives of the B. P. O. E., with curves changing sharply according to the need of the day. The Magazine has always given prominent space to them, and as we look through the bound record we take an undue pride in possessing them, a pride that is justified only when we recall that through *The Elks Magazine* a copy of each one of them has been delivered, over the years, to every member in good standing.

*The Elks Magazine* came into being at a time when one of a series of outstanding Grand Lodge activities was under way, the erection of a fitting memorial to honor the Brothers who had served in World War I. In its very first issue it announced that the site for the Memorial, which was to be erected in Chicago, Ill., had been purchased. From that issue forward it did a thorough job of keeping the members informed of progress in the architectural competition to decide the building's design, in the awarding of the contract and in reporting the pace of construction. From time to time, as each new treasure came from the chisel of the sculptor or the brush of the artist, the exquisite works created for the building were pictured in the Magazine. The Elk in Ketchikan, Alaska, and the Elk in Balboa, Panama Canal Zone, were kept as thoroughly in-

formed as the Elk in Chicago's environs who had opportunity to view the magnificent appointments of this memorial at first hand.

The succession of reports on the Memorial Building culminated in the issue of July, 1926, which was devoted to a verbal and pictorial representation of their unique edifice to all members of the Order. In lavish space, that issue attempted to provide a vicarious inspection tour of the classic structure. It made entrance by way of the specially-designed bronze doors, passed leisurely into the great central memorial hall and went into detailed description of the variegated marble in the floor, in the walls, in the 24 huge columns forming an interior colonnade. It made reference to the art glass windows alternating with the spaces for murals between the giant columns, and then dramatically focused attention on the ornamental domed ceiling of the memorial hall, a full one hundred feet from the floor. Leading out of the memorial hall, the Magazine took the reader through vaulted archways into the beautifully appointed reception room, which one Chicago columnist acclaimed as a room that "would serve for a coronation", and then passed on to the offices in the administrative wings.

The account of the rededication of this memorial to members of our Order who served in the second World War, published in the November, 1946, issue, is too fresh in the minds of all of us to require comment. As rededicated, this temple of memory will serve to keep green our consciousness of the services and the sacrifices which our Brothers were called upon to offer for country.

The Order's memorial to its war heroes had been in its proud position on the shore of Lake Michigan only a short time when the Grand Lodge turned to another undertaking which has redounded to the credit of the Elks, the establishment of an Elks National Foundation fund for the higher education of worthy students, for the relief of the afflicted, and for the many other benevolent ends to which the income of the principal fund is put.

The first announcement of this noble ambition appeared in a two-page circular letter printed in the April, 1928, issue of *The Elks Magazine*. Addressed to the "entire Order of Elks", it was an appeal from the Elks National Foundation Committee, whose membership included Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson, as Chairman, Charles E. Pickett, Raymond Benjamin, Edward Rightor and James G. McFarland, for opinions and suggestions relative to the advisability of embarking on so important a mission to benefit American society. That our members endorsed the venture with enthusi-

asm is evident from the speed of the transition of this humanitarian enterprise from thought to reality.

No later than the December, 1928, issue, the Magazine carried to the membership, in the Grand Exalted Ruler's official message, the news that the lodges had ratified the creation of the Elks National Foundation by a substantial majority. The next official message named the Trustees of the Foundation: Past Grand Exalted Rulers John F. Malley, Raymond Benjamin, Edward Rightor, Charles H. Grakelow, James G. McFarland, Charles E. Pickett, and John G. Price. It is interesting to note that since its organization John F. Malley, ardent proponent of the Foundation, has served continuously as Chairman, and Raymond Benjamin as Vice-Chairman, and that of the "charter members" we still find Brothers Rightor and Grakelow helping to guide the decisions of this important board in the pathways of Elk tradition. Messrs. Pickett and Price passed away and Mr. McFarland resigned in 1946 when he moved at the New York Convention the Grand Lodge approval of the appointment of his successor. Their places on the Foundation Board are filled by Past Grand Exalted Rulers Murray Hulbert, Floyd E. Thompson, and Robert S. Barrett.

The Magazine leaped to the opportunity to carry to our members news of the Foundation. Millions of copies gathered at presses and stepped in continuous file over the bindery racks to record, issue by issue, the five-dollar, the fifty-dollar, the thousand-dollar, and, occasionally, the twenty-five-hundred-dollar contributions that nurtured the early growth of the infant fund.

Through the untiring efforts of the Foundation board, and partially, it may be assumed, through the cooperation which the Magazine attempted, this national charitable fund increased steadily, despite the economic upheaval which greeted its inception. The first report of the Foundation was printed in double-spread in our issue of September, 1929, a date which is indelibly impressed upon the minds of everyone.

It is a tribute to the wisdom of the Foundation Trustees that subsequent promotion of the fund in the dark days of the Depression was not carried on as intensively as it had been at the beginning, although we do see in the record evidence of continuing efforts to attract attention to Elkdom's super-charitable structure. At one point in our bound volumes we find a two-page representation of an Honorary Founder's Certificate; at another, the Foundation board's offer of scholarship awards; here and there intermittent reports and bulletins. In recent years, the Trustees' appeals for support have again become more in evidence, with reminders that

under its charter the principal fund of the Foundation is preserved by investment and that every penny of the income, with nothing deducted for overhead, is expended in its worthy undertakings.

Following each annual Grand Lodge Convention, the Magazine has carried to the members of our Order interesting excerpts from the Foundation's comprehensive reports to the Grand Lodge, naming the sum total of the fund at the particular date, and detailing how the income of the fund was spent in countless ways when Need extended a supplicating hand. The Magazine has also had the privilege of printing each year the Foundation's Supplementary Report to Grand Lodge. We know from our correspondence what a pleasure the members derived from seeing the pictures of the deserving young men and women who received Foundation Scholarship Awards, and reading the everyday activities of those outstanding students.

In recent years, this agency of our Order has gained new momentum, as we will see from a quick look at the record. In May, 1939, on its tenth anniversary, the Foundation had built up to a total capital fund of \$481,983.53. By May, 1945, only six years later, the principal fund had passed a million dollars, and the August, 1946, issue of the Magazine informed the members that the Fund had reached \$1,269,675.27, nearly treble its tenth anniversary total. May its momentum never grow less. To it, we say, for the quarter-century ahead, "Godspeed and best of luck."

The next major use of the facilities of the Magazine for the proper conveyance of news of a Grand Lodge activity began in July, 1940, when the Grand Lodge created the Elks National Defense and Public Relations Commission to serve the Order in the approaching national crisis. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson was called upon to head this Commission as Chairman, and Past Grand Exalted Rulers James T. Hallinan, John R. Coen, Michael F. Shannon, David Sholtz, Dr. Edward J. McCormick and Henry C. Warner were drafted for active membership. The Publication Commission immediately offered to devote space in every issue to report to the membership the timely activities of the new Commission.

The news on those early pages achieves keener significance in retrospect. Published letters from the President and from members of his Cabinet accepting the Order's offer of fullest cooperation in any eventuality or contingency that might arise. The report that 1,000 lodges held Americanization and preparedness meetings; the designing of an Elks National Defense Poster; the National Essay Contest in which 700,000 school children prepared essays on the theme, "What Uncle Sam Means to Me"; the Order's alertness in the fight against fifth columnists; the "Keep 'Em Flying" program to procure cadets for the Army Air Corps



**"Why didn't  
somebody tell  
me these things?"**

---

"BEFORE joining the Army last year, I talked it over with quite a bunch of people.

"Most of what they told me was good — the pay, education, travel, insurance, retirement plan and all that.

"But nobody brought up another side of the picture — the *inner satisfaction* you get from an Army job.

"Maybe I can put it better this way. I want *more* than good money and security. I figure that a man isn't really happy unless he's *somebody* — doing a job he feels is important. I began to feel this way the first time I walked uptown in uniform.

"This may sound off the track, but I like to think I was born with a *purpose*. Not just to work for a living. Not just to eat, sleep and take up space. But to leave the world better off than it was.

"This job is pretty much in the Army's hands, and I'll have to admit I like to be part of a big show. I was too young to do my part from '41 to '45 — but not for *this* job! I hate to think what would happen if we muff it

"This is a roundabout way of saying I'm proud of my job! But I hope you get the idea, and pass it along to fellows who have what it takes."

**Urge the finest young men you know to join now!**

**U. S. ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE**

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

and brief them in 400 refresher schools established under the auspices of the Elks, the evacuation of children from war zones. How handicapped would the Order have been, with news of that caliber to transmit to every member, had it no official publication in which to handle it!

Following Pearl Harbor and our entry into the war, our Defense Commission became the Elks War Commission, with two names added to the original membership list: those of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland and Past Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson. The tempo of activities within our subordinate lodges increased. War Commission operations grew complex. This phase of the Magazine's quarter-century history points up a vivid period of the history of our Order itself.

Our pictorial record, "Elks in the War", gives lyric evidence of the Commission's practical and morale-building contributions to the war effort. On one hand we see again the many recruiting campaigns—for Army Air Corps Ground Crews, for Naval Air Corps Cadets, for Army Engineers, Navy Seabees, for Veterans Administration Nurses—successes all of them, in which the War Commission guided our lodges. The pictures reminding us of hospital entertainment and the gifts supplied to convalescing patients excite renewed approval, as do the reports of rehabilitation work, aid for our Brothers in Manila, efforts to help in Agana, Guam, and the Commission's sponsorship of the thoughtful activity of supplying slippers to servicemen in camps and military hospitals. And then, in this record of patriotic, humanitarian and fraternal services, we come to those pictures printed in the war issues of the Magazine which must have touched the heart of every member on the home front and made him exert that extra effort—in his job, in his lodge—with enthusiasm. Here is a happy party of Elks and their ladies readying Christmas "G" Boxes for shipment to members in service.

In another issue we find a bright picture of a reception and dance given to boys in uniform on the occasion of the opening of an Elks Fraternal Center. Another photo shows a dozen members of a lodge busy in the campaign to "Write 'Em a Letter". They are samples of hundreds of similar scenes which took place in our fourteen hundred and fifty lodges in support of these three phases of the War Commission's program.

It was a red-letter day in Elk annals when the War Commission redecorated and remodeled the luxurious former home of a New York City banker and opened it, on December 11, 1943, as its own Fraternal Center. Our members who saw its interior pictured in the Magazine know of its excellent appointments.

Many members will recall the morale-building announcements of the War Commission published in the Magazine during the wartime period. One at hand refers to smokes sent to

the boys overseas. "In the year starting May, 1943," it reads, "15,640,000 cigarettes and 701,280 packages of pipe and cigarette tobacco were shipped abroad to men in the Armed Forces." Many, too, will remember seeing numerous pictures showing packages of books sent to men in the Merchant Marine at the instance of the War Commission.

At the New York City Convention in July, 1946, Past Grand Exalted Rulers James T. Hallinan, as Chairman, Henry C. Warner, Dr. Edward J. McCormick, David Sholtz, E. Mark Sullivan, Frank J. Lonergan and Wade H. Kepner were appointed as members of the Order's representative body in veterans' affairs, the Elks National Veterans Service Commission. We are all too familiar with the activities sponsored by this relatively new Commission to need reminders of the program which they have promoted. The day-to-day acts of our lodges, guided by the Elks Veterans Service Commission, are too much in current evidence, both in Elk homes and in the pictorial reports in *The Elks Magazine*, to take much of the reader's time for them here. Happily, the new Commission has taken up where the War Commission left off in the objective of serving those who served. It is food for contemplation to look at the Elks Veterans Service Commission as an example of how an organization like the Elks keeps on the job when whimsical popular attention meanders elsewhere.

In twenty-five years of publication, no assignment has been executed by the Magazine with more spirit than the presentation of news of the activities of the subordinate lodges, particularly news depicting the humanitarian works of our lodges in the domain of Charity.

From our Grand Secretary's records, we know that in the sixty-six years during which this information was recorded, the charitable expenditures of our lodges have totaled more than sixty-seven million dollars. It is interesting to find that fifty-five millions of this amount, or 82 per cent, were spent in the quarter-century of the Magazine's existence.

It has been the Magazine's happy task to convey to the members of our Order news of the individual activities of our lodges which make up that impressive total. It was our function to portray, by pictures and word, those acts of the lodges which furnished continuing evidence of the dynamic contributions of our Order in the field of humanitarian endeavor.

Any bound volume in our 25-year record contains many concrete examples of the form of the humanitarian gifts continuously donated by our lodges to local hospitals. A glance at a few of the pictures leads one to speculate on the immeasurable worth of these gifts to the stricken and needy people of our land. Here, in this volume opened at random, for instance, is a picture of a fracture table with its intricate devices for holding broken limbs in various posi-

tions. On this page we see an oxygen tent, with its elaborate, vital equipment. This therapy tank was donated by an Elks lodge to a crippled children's clinic. Here are nine Iron Lungs presented simultaneously to borough hospitals. One has to turn only a few pages in this pictorial record to feel satisfied that communities at every compass point in our nation are the richer for these generous acts and impulses of the Elks. And gifts to hospitals make up only part of the absorbing record.

Other charitable activities of our lodges reported in a few issues of this one volume of the Magazine's bound record take such diverse forms as sponsorship of boys' softball, basketball and baseball teams, and of an all-girl fife and drum corps; erection of quarters for a blood bank at a cost of \$2,500; donations to the Elks National Foundation; production of a minstrel show for a particular benefit; purchase of a surplus Army transport plane to provide a novel clubhouse for Girl Scouts; erection of a city's honor roll tablet; sponsorship of a Boy Scout band; distribution of gift baskets to brighten a day for crippled children in an Elk-operated home devoted to the care of these unfortunate youngsters.

This list, impressive in itself, represents only a minute sample of the news of charitable lodge activities circulated to our membership by the Magazine in its first quarter-century. Needless to say, much other lodge news in many other categories was relayed to each member every month. News of the loyal patriotic service of Elks to country reported in our wartime issues—their promotion of War Bond rallies; their contributions to blood banks; their recruiting of nurses, engineers, Seabees, aviators; the wienie roasts, and Christmas parties, and community singing with which they entertained men and women in the Armed Forces—news of everyday lodge activities. It is hardly possible, by pointing out a few printed pictures or news items, to give a digest, or even an indication, of the volume of lodge news printed in 300 monthly issues; but it may be said that many, many footprints of the forward march of Elkdom are impressed clearly in the News of the Order section of our bound record.

The knowledge that 82 per cent of the expenditures for charity were made since the Magazine came to the Order's hand causes us to wonder, at times, whether it may be concluded that this magnificent work of our lodges was furthered and quickened through the publication of fraternal news in the Magazine. Small cogs are known to spin great wheels. If our assumption is correct, then everyone associated with the Magazine, and certainly its owners, the Elks themselves, should derive a warm glow of abiding satisfaction from this accomplishment.

In spite of conscientious efforts to publish as much news of the Order as possible, the Magazine has had to turn back a good amount of material

# Out of some cold figures, came a story to warm merica's heart

**N**OT LONG AGO, the Secretary of the United States Treasury studied a figure-covered sheet of paper.

The figures revealed a steady, powerful upswing in the sale of U. S. Savings Bonds, and an equally steady decrease in Bond Redemptions.

**But to the Secretary, they revealed a good deal more than that, and Mr. Snyder spoke his mind:**

"If you give them the facts," he said, "you can always depend on the common sense and long-range judgment of the American people.

"The last few months have given us heart-warming proof of that.

"After the Victory Loan, sales of U. S. Savings Bonds went down—redemptions went up. And that was only natural and human.

"It was natural and human—but it was also dangerous. For suppose this trend had continued. Suppose that, in this period of reconversion, some 80 million Americans had decided not only to stop saving, but to spend the \$40 billion which they had *already* put aside in Series E, F & G Savings Bonds. The picture which *that* conjures up is not a pretty one!

"But the trend did NOT continue.

---

**How about YOU?** The figures show that millions of Americans have realized this fact: there is no safer, surer way on earth to get the things you want than by buying U. S. Savings Bonds regularly.

They are the safest investment in the world. They pay you \$4 for every \$3 at the end of 10 years. And you can buy them automatically, almost painlessly today, through either of two plans:

"Early last fall, the magazines of this country—nearly a thousand of them, acting together—started an advertising campaign on Bonds. This, added to the continuing support of other media and advertisers, gave the American people the facts . . . told them why it was important to buy and hold U. S. Savings Bonds.

"The figures on this sheet tell how the American people responded—and mighty good reading it makes.

"Once more, it has been clearly proved that when you give Americans the facts, you can then ask them for action—and *you'll get it!*"

## What do the figures show?

On Mr. Snyder's sheet were some very interesting figures.

They showed that sales of Savings Bonds went from \$494 million in last September to \$519 million in October and kept climbing steadily until, in January of this year, they reached a new postwar high: **In January, 1947, Americans put nearly a billion dollars in Savings Bonds. And that trend is continuing.**

In the same way, redemptions have been going just as steadily downward. Here, too, the trend continues.

Moreover, there has been, since the first of the year, an increase not only in the volume of Bonds bought through Payroll Savings, but in the number of buyers.

If you are eligible for the Payroll Plan, for your own sake and your family's sake, get on it . . . and watch your savings mount up.

If you are not eligible for the Payroll Plan, but have a checking account, see your banker and get him to tell you about the new Bond-a-Month Plan.

Either of them will set you on the road to financial security, and the happiness that comes with it.

## Save the easy, automatic way—with U. S. Savings Bonds

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



that it would like to have printed. Sometimes photographs were not clear enough for reproduction. Quite often the reason was limited space and a flood of material. In other cases, it was a matter of observance on an occasion conducted by all lodges on a particular day, which, if published in one case, would have necessitated the publication of 1,456 identical pictures and items. This is a point which cannot be explained too often. Last year at the Grand Lodge Convention, an Exalted Ruler sat down with a few members of the Magazine staff and said, "I've brought along with me to the Convention some wonderful pictures taken on June 14th when we celebrated Flag Day. We had the Governor of our State with us for the occasion. Will you publish them in the Magazine?" Unfortunately, we could not say that the pictures would be published, and we only hope that the explanation relative to generally-observed occasions which we offered to that lodge leader was clear and acceptable.

The "News of the State Associations" department of *The Elks Magazine* is another avenue by which the members have been kept informed of the happenings within our Order. The State Association activities reported in the Magazine also embrace an impressive list of charitable deeds which bring credit to the Fraternity and identify it as a component part of the American way of life. Operation by a number of State Associations of homes for crippled children; entertainment of veterans in hospitals; operation of a Fresh Air Camp for boys; awarding of scholarships to worthy students—these are but a few of the many substantial activities of the State Associations reported in the Magazine. Reports of the different State Association Conventions have been displayed in tasteful layout in our pages, illustrated with interesting photographs to lend local color.

No series of comments detailing the service of the Magazine to our Order would be complete without a reference to the record of the National Memorial and Publication Commission in its financial administration. Chairman Bruce A. Campbell, in presenting the Commission's report to the Grand Lodge in July, 1946, made this concise mention of surplus earnings of the Magazine, and remittances of surplus Magazine earnings to the Grand Lodge, which is quoted from our August issue:

"During the twenty-four years of the existence of the Magazine, we have turned over to the Grand Lodge the sum of \$3,967,783.52 out of total surplus earnings of \$4,769,015.99; thereby accomplishing the results set forth in our printed report.

"After consultation with the Board of Grand Trustees and the Grand Secretary, we have decided to turn over to the Grand Lodge this year out of surplus earnings and for Grand Lodge

purposes the sum of \$300,000.00. When this payment is made, the aggregate amount turned over to the Grand Lodge during the twenty-four years of the existence of the Magazine will be \$4,267,783.52."

As this is written, the official figures are not yet available for the current fiscal year, although enough information is at hand to indicate that total surplus earnings of the Magazine for the first twenty-five years of its existence will be approximately five million dollars. The Chairman predicts that in all probability additional amounts will be turned over to the Grand Lodge at its 1947 meeting in Portland to make the aggregate turned over for the twenty-five-year period approximately four million, five hundred thousand dollars.

In the quarter-century under review, the editors have paid sustained heed to the general contents of the Magazine, not only to keep fresh the interest of the Elk in his official publication, but to attract the attention and interest of members of his family and his many friends to this book and to the humanitarian and other works of lodges reported therein. Primarily, the editorial effort has centered on printing stories, articles and monthly features from the pens of competent authors, and cover designs and illustrations from the brushes of outstanding artists and illustrators in the publication field. Interspersed, were fraternal articles written by prominent members of the Order. Special features, such as the Elks Honor Roll, were given place in the general section. In the June and July, 1938, issues, under the heading of "Three Score and Ten", the Magazine attempted a two-installment history of our Order. Historically, too, the Magazine greeted the 75th Anniversary of the B. P. O. Elks in the February, 1943, issue, with an article entitled: "The Order's Diamond Jubilee".

This basic editorial diet was augmented from time to time, with varied light features. Early in the record, editorial tidbits consisted of poetry and occasional pages of humorous stories and comic poems. We ran now and then a page of humorous cartoons on the subject of the gasoline buggy when it was but a crude model of its present resplendent self. Quiz pictures were a feature in the Magazine as early as 1927, with camera shots of God-made and man-made America. Intermittently, our camera focused, to the extent of a double-spread, on fishing scenes, curious foreign "taxi's", and the like. In 1931 David Lawrence wrote for us a "News from Washington" column of the type which is now a fad in the magazine world. A baseball contest in the '30's won good response.

Popular diversions like contract bridge and crossword puzzles have had their play in departmentalized columns on occasion. "Pixies"—those individual cartoon drawings such as the one a few issues back in which

the wife is shown holding a handkerchief to her husband's nose and explaining to a couple nearby, "He's so dependent on me"—have been a recent editorial favorite. And of course we have all been conscious of repeated rearrangement of contents, particularly the most recent change in format adopted early in 1947, with new features including the "Elk Panel of Public Opinion".

What guides the editor in preparing his editorial bill of fare? Simply his knowledge of his readers' tastes, which he gleanes in a number of ways: by readership surveys, analyses and correspondence. This last is, by far, not the least. Letters from readers supply the lifeblood of any publication, both for editorial and advertising ends. The most welcome gift that our 900,000 members could present to *The Elks Magazine* in celebration of its Silver Jubilee would be 900,000 letters—one from each Elks' reader.

In our twenty-five-year record, we find interesting historical sidelights. Names of author contributors which have appeared in our book and which now grace particular niches of success: Irvin S. Cobb, Hendrik Willem van Loon, Damon Runyon, Courtney Ryley Cooper, Octavus Roy Cohen, Robert Benchley, Gabriel Heatter, to mention a few. Products of our high-powered American economy are entertainingly redeveloped for us as we page through these volumes. In the matter of a few hours, automobiles grow again from the wind-bucking models of yesteryear to the sleek, slithering beauties of today; tire surfaces change from early experimental elevated dots to the efficient, ground-gripping treads of the present-day product. The format of the Magazine itself, restyled from the timid illustrations of the 1920's, captures new attention in the vivid, colorful treatment of today.

This, then, is our earnestly-tendered digest of the contributions of *The Elks Magazine* to our Order in the 1922-1947 first quarter-century. We trust it merits the hopeful pride which we employes feel in presenting it. Even as the ink dries on the page, and we look ahead to the year when the golden jubilee chapter comes to press, we cannot help but feel that the next summary will make a still more impressive record. For the curve of the Order of Elks, plotted on the graph of America, is upward. The planning of our Order's leaders has guaranteed it. The day itself demands it. We are in the coils of an era of organization. Its first phase is material, with a theme of self-interest. It is, indeed, an offensive of materialism, crass and shortsighted. The defensive reaction should logically take the form of counter-organization by those who hold to values of the spirit, and, of course, the Elks are in the vanguard of those who cling tenaciously to the many spiritual forces that comprise the nuclear energy of the American way of life. May the Magazine continue to serve the Order of tomorrow as well as it has served that of yesterday.

# The New Broom

(Continued from page 17)

ties and puts the case, in a nutshell, before them. No steps are taken to prosecute until all the evidence is in, a lesson well taught in the FBI National Academy. For example, there is the case of a trainer called Lyle Whiting who was charged with doping at Narragansett Park and was ruled off. Drayton's men happened across the case and investigated further. They found a groom in Whiting's employ who was to blame. Whiting was reinstated and the groom was penalized.

At first, the more than 40,000 employees of American tracks turned a wary eye toward Drayton's Bureau. There were many grumbles. They said that a Bureau man would be sleeping in every stall and would break up every penny blackjack game. It took but a few months to show that the Bureau was spending a good part of its time protecting employees from nuisances who had infested the tracks and also in inaugurating fire prevention measures, always a threat to barns and stables. Peanut sellers were vigorously avoided because track hands were sure a Drayton man was lurking beneath the white uniform. But the FBI men, who had been as well trained in courtesy as in dispatch, are now welcome figures at every racing meeting.

A plan for fingerprinting and photographing all personnel was set a few months ago to keep out undesirable, and returns paid off almost immediately. An applicant for a position at one track had a record of nine arrests for charges ranging from the confidence game to larceny.

The most difficult type of case confronting Drayton is that of stimulating horses. "Sharp lawyers," he says, "are able to use one method of dope detection against another in fighting a case for their clients. Right now it comes down to the opinion of one veterinarian against another; the finding of one pharmacologist against another; the methods used in one state against another, and the simple question of what constitutes stimulation."

In 1946, there were 46 cases charging the doping of horses before a race. Unless uniform methods are adopted by state racing associations to declare just what stimulation consists of and what proof of stimulation is acceptable, Drayton is not sanguine that culprits can always be prosecuted and jailed. "One thing the FBI taught me, and that's coordination. But there's no coordination from state to state. What's stimulation in one state is not so regarded in another."

He cites the case of Old Westbury, who won the second race at Tropical Park on March 9, 1946. When a urine specimen from the winner was examined by the state veterinarian, it was flatly stated that the horse had been

stimulated with benzedrine. Drayton's Miami office immediately went to work.

Old Westbury was owned by James Scaffidi, a Philadelphia contractor, who employed a groom called James Newton. The Bureau's men sat down with Scaffidi, Newton, Clarence Reynolds, the trainer, and Dr. Harold E. Sheetz, a veterinarian. Newton finally signed a statement that he had doped Old Westbury by inserting a needle into the horse's chest just before the second race. Reynolds was steadfast in denying complicity. However, Drayton's men found needles and benzedrine in Reynold's car. The Florida State Racing Commission barred Newton from Florida tracks for life and suspended an 18-month sentence against Reynolds.

The Bureau did not stop there. The facts of the case were given to the solicitor's office in Dade County and Newton was arrested, released on \$1,000 bail and skipped town. The track detectives easily found him on September 26th at Beasley Point, New Jersey. In the meantime, Reynolds was given another briefing, and he finally cracked. On October 17th, both entered pleas of guilty and were given suspended sentences.

But the investigation went on. The Bureau supplied enough evidence for the county solicitor's office to effect warrants for both Scaffidi, the owner, and Dr. Sheetz. Drayton smiles fondly when he says that his miniature FBI uses the same dogged tactics used by the poppa FBI. "Training will out," he says.

The horse, unlike dogs who have identifiable ridge formations on their noses, and humans who have distinctive fingerprints, is in the category of the difficult to identify. There is no natural tag to the horse's individuality, except, of course, for markings. But these have proved to be no insurance against substitution of ringers. Photographs, according to Drayton, are not foolproof. "Not only do many horses have similar markings, but markings are easily simulated," he says.

He is trying to get the Association to borrow the method used by the United States Army Remount Service where every horse has a number branded into the underneath side of the upper lip. The process is painless and not one case of injury or infection has resulted.

"It is impossible to tamper with a lip brand no matter how skillful the attempt," Drayton says. "A uniform method of tattooing a number on the lip will definitely do away with the practice of substituting ringers."

Drayton is proud that his staff has a collective FBI experience totaling more than 200 years. The first year's work has brought hosannas from horse owners, and most surprising and pleasing to him from leading sport writers all over the country.



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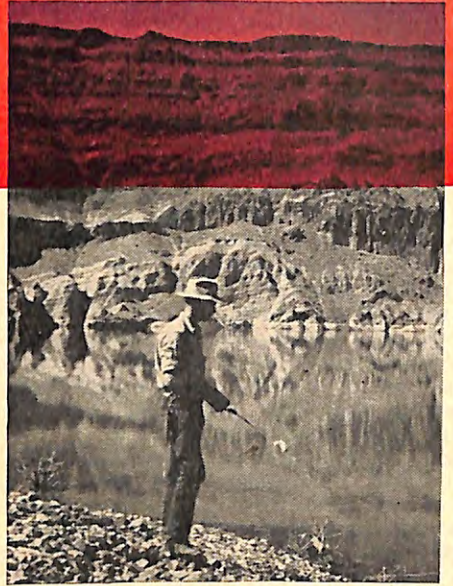
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# ROD and GUN

BY TED TRUEBLOOD

*Hatfield may not have been a fisherman, but he knew how to make a sportsman turn green.*



WHEN I lived in Nampa, Idaho, my fishing partner was Wallace Wakefield, a hard-boiled cop who was the best officer and the best angler in town. We got acquainted over a counter of tackle in Ben Davies' hardware store, and after half an hour of verbal sparring, during which we discovered that we both saw the game through the same knothole, we made a date to go fishing.

The first trip led to another and before long we had set up a partnership that was the scourge of every legal-size bass, trout, steelhead and salmon within 200 miles. It worked out fine, too. Sometimes I caught the most fish and sometimes he was lucky, and nobody's feelings got hurt very badly.

Then Hatfield entered the picture. He was Wakefield's son-in-law, and he was the most willing youth I ever saw. He would do anything for his wife's father, and his willingness to do it was exceeded only by Wakefield's willingness to let him. Just as an example, there was the time we taught Hatfield to be a salmon fisherman.

When we started he didn't know very much about fishing, and he knew nothing about salmon, but he finally came out a hero—even though it looked for a while as if he might not come out at all. Wakefield hooked a salmon in Bear River in a pool where a beaver with delusions of grandeur had been playing lumberjack. There were logs half way across the stream and willows were matted on the bottom along both banks. The water was about 12 feet deep.

Of course, the salmon shot straight into the middle of the brush and wrapped the line around a limb, but he chose unwisely because it was a

long, limber willow with the butt wedged into the bank. The line got tangled in the twigs at the outer end, and the willow had so much spring that the salmon couldn't break off. He would swim like sixty and bend the willow around and then it would spring back and take him with it.

Hatfield and I had come running up in response to Wakefield's calls for distress. We watched the salmon wear himself out and we tried to figure out some way to reach the stick. Then Wakefield began to shout, "Get him! Get him!"

I just laughed. I have heard commands like that before. Hatfield took it literally, however. He didn't even wait to take off his boots. He just laid down his rod and jumped in.

When the splash subsided his hat was floating away and he had hold of the willow. The salmon had tapped a fresh source of energy and was going crazy. Evidently it thought Hatfield was an otter.

That was a battle. The mud flew off the bottom until I couldn't see man or fish, and the pool boiled. I ran downstream a few yards to a bar and waded in and got set to drag Hatfield out when he floated by because, personally, I would just as soon play footie with a wild cayuse as try to bulldog a salmon in the water.

It was nip and tuck for what seemed to be about 15 minutes, but when Hatfield came up he had that fish by the caudal peduncle, and it *was broke to lead*. I rescued his hat and Wakefield gave him a dry cigarette. In a little while he was as good as new, although he did seem a little put out because Wakefield and I turned the salmon loose.

That night it froze in Bear Valley, and the next morning Hatfield's boots



were half full of ice because he had forgotten to drain the water out of them when he changed his clothes before he got supper and washed the dishes. (The youngest member of the expedition always did the cooking when Wakefield and Hatfield and I went fishing.)

Wakefield and I nearly split when he tried to put them on. Hatfield was always getting into trouble like that when Wakefield and I were teaching him to be a sportsman.

Lady Luck finally smiled on him, however, and when she did he certainly took advantage of her in an unregenerate and shameful manner. It happened when we were teaching him to be a bass fisherman.

Wakefield, by devious means well known to all anglers, procured a crude map of what was alleged to be a passable road to the upper end of the backwater of Owyhee Reservoir, in eastern Oregon. Immediately we were determined to go, although I'm not just sure how much better we expected the fishing to be there than at the lower end, which can be reached by a good road.

I had fished the lower end, and the first time I got a strike on the first cast, but missed. When I didn't get a strike on the second try I changed lures. (The boys had said fishing was good.) On the third cast I caught a six-pound bass.

I suppose Wakefield and I subconsciously thought that we would get a six pounder on the first cast at the upper end, although we assured each other (within Hatfield's hearing, of course) that our only reason for driving 90 miles over a goat trail was to give him every opportunity. After all, we said, we could catch bass almost anywhere, but Hatfield, who never had been bass fishing, must have his chance.

We left Nampa at mid-afternoon but didn't reach the lake until late in the evening, because of the so-called road. There was only time for Wakefield and me to make a few casts while Hatfield got supper, and then it was dark. We ate by the light of a gas lantern, and after Hatfield finished the dishes he got out his bass tackle and showed it to us.

He didn't have much. His rod and reel were all right, but his assortment of baits was poor. All his plugs were floaters and he didn't have a single weedless lure. I gave him a deep running, weedless spoon, and Wakefield gave him a plug.

I was ashamed of Wakefield. He had tried to trade that plug to me within a month of the time I met him, but I would have none of it. I knew then it was no good, and I subsequently saw him cast it until he wore the spots off. It still had a perfect no-hit record. I didn't comment, however, because, to be quite frank, I never had caught a bass on the lure I gave Hatfield, either, and Wakefield knew it, but I always felt it was because I didn't have the knack of fishing it just right.

Early the next morning we started out walking along the shore and

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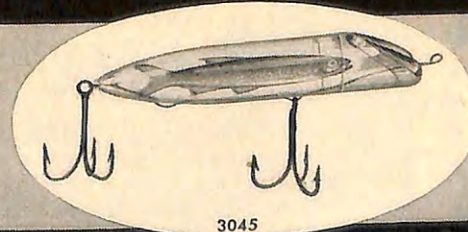
## Secretaries and Correspondents

### PLEASE NOTE

The Elks Magazine wants to print as much news of Subordinate Lodge activities as it can possibly handle. We must send the magazine to our printer considerably in advance of the day it reaches you. Therefore, please note on your records that all material sent for publication in the Elks Magazine should be in our hands not later than the 15th of the second month preceding the date of issue of the Magazine—news items intended for the August issue should reach us by June 15th.

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casting. That is all we did. We walked and cast for three hours. We finally even let Hatfield get ahead so he could fish the water first. As long as there were no bass, it didn't make any difference, anyway.

Finally, Wakefield and I got tired. We sat down to talk the situation over, and told Hatfield to go on fishing. As soon as we figured out the answer, we said, we would let him know. He continued along the shore, casting as he went. Wakefield and I rested until a red-and-black ant dragged a piece of straw up a sloping rock and fell off the other side.

We consoled ourselves with the thought that, no matter how good the fishing might be ordinarily, there are times when even experts can't catch them. It could happen to anybody.

By the time the ant had made a fool of himself we noticed that Hatfield was small in the distance. There was nothing between us and him but clear Oregon air, however, and we observed that he was behaving strangely. He was running backward up the shore.

Without a word, Wakefield and I started for him. A man who runs backward up the shore needs help. Besides, there might be another bass.

We got there just in the nick of time. Hatfield had a bass laid out on the bank. It was a big bass. I won't say just how big it was because I was excited and I might exaggerate, but it was too big to be caught by a beginner. Wakefield maneuvered into position on one side of Hatfield and I got on the other, and we cast our plugs out. Just as we started to reel in, Hatfield hooked another bass.

Wakefield and I gave Hatfield the full benefit of our experience. We advised him how to play that fish from the instant it struck until he finally slid it out on shore. Leap by leap and run by run we coached him—meanwhile, of course, keeping our own lures at work.

Evidently there were only two bass in that area because Wakefield and I failed to get a strike. We began to edge on down the shore, casting as we went. We left Hatfield admiring his two big fish—the second having turned out to be as large as the first.

After he had ogled his catch a few minutes he put them in the back of his jacket and came along behind us, fishing water we had already covered.

We maintained our lead, casting as far as possible and giving our lures all the appeal we knew, and we felt sure that one of us would tie into a lunker any minute. Our fishing was interrupted by a yell, however, and we looked back to see that Hatfield had hooked another bass. It was a little one of about three pounds, so Wakefield told him to turn it back.

Since this fish was caught from water we had covered, we decided to let Hatfield catch up and see what lure he was using. He wasn't at all considerate, lowering his rod tip to the water as he reeled in and casting out again quickly, but we both recognized

the plug as it sailed out. It was the Fishless Phantom that Wakefield had given him the previous night.

That was a crushing blow. Each of us had about a dozen lures in his pockets, but, obviously, neither of us would have a duplicate of a plug that never had caught a fish before. We put on those we did have which were most like it, however.

Hatfield came along behind. Wakefield and I fished carefully and hard. Hatfield sent out his casts to spots that had been well covered, but it wasn't long until he hooked another bass. He led it in and turned it loose. "I've decided not to keep any under five pounds," he said.

That was too much. I had fished for years before I caught a bass that weighed five pounds. I said to Wakefield, "We'll have to appeal to his better nature and get that plug away from him."

Wakefield agreed. He said to his son-in-law, "You know, in this bass-fishing game, when three fellows are together and one of them happens to have the only lure that will catch fish it is the custom to trade it around and give everybody a fair chance."

Hatfield said, "All right."  
He reeled it in, with his rod tip low, and turned his back while he untied the plug. It took him quite a while. Finally he walked over and handed it to Wakefield and took the one Wakefield had been using.

Wakefield cast the Fishless Phantom and reeled it in expectantly. He cast again, and again. He didn't catch a fish on it. He gave it to me. I didn't either.

**M**EANWHILE Hatfield lagged behind. We saw him walking backward up the bank and we knew what that meant. He wasn't a very good fisherman. He didn't know how to play bass. He hurried them.

After a while it got late and we had to head back to camp. Hatfield had trouble keeping up because he had his limit of bass. When we got there he sat down. He said, "I'm tired."

Wakefield and I were hungry. This was mutiny. I glanced at him. He leaned his rod against the car and opened a box. He took out a bottle and opened it and handed it to Hatfield.

"I'll get supper tonight," Wakefield said, "and Ted will wash the dishes."

I was shocked. Wakefield hates cooking. Then I caught on. We would soften Hatfield. We would make him ashamed of himself, and he would tell us how he caught the bass. I said, "Sure."

Hatfield passed the bottle. "Tomorrow," he said, "I will give you amateurs another lesson in bass fishing."

That's all he did say. We fed him. We waited on him. We appealed to his sense of gratitude for all we had taught him. I even cleaned his fish and hung them out to chill. But we couldn't break him down.

Next morning at dawn we saw that a storm was brewing. We had to

leave before the goat trail became impassable. Hatfield carried his secret home.

A year later I left Nampa and moved East. A few months after I arrived I got a letter from Hatfield. "Porkrind did it," he wrote. "A strip

of porkrind on the tail hook of any plug will take them. I tried half a dozen different lures and they all worked as long as I put on porkrind."

It certainly burned me up. Nobody but a beginner would even think of trying a thing like that!

## Vacations Unlimited

(Continued from page 19)

the spectacular Flying Pan Glacier.

Nearly half a million persons are attracted yearly to Mount Rainier, through the western gateways of Seattle or Tacoma (Tahoma—the mountain that was God, as the Indians referred to Rainier) or through Yakima on the east. The Northern Pacific Railway now offers the east- or west-bound traveler the Rainier Detour between Yakima and Seattle.

When army engineers harnessed the mighty Columbia River in Oregon, 42 miles east of Portland, they had the double purpose of developing electric power and improving navigation on the river by creating a deep lake extending upstream for 50 miles to The Dalles. At the same time care was taken not to interfere with the migrating habits of salmon moving upstream to spawn. The salmon have taken kindly to the "fish ladders" (series of pools with falls in between) and the antics of the fish jumping from one stage to another is a major source of interest for all who go to Bonneville.

At The Dalles, 190 miles from the mouth of the Columbia, one may witness a phenomenon that is frequently encountered in western rivers flowing through narrow chasms. The Dalles is supposed to have obtained its peculiar name from a French term relating either to the chutes through which the Columbia flows at that point, or to the basaltic rocks

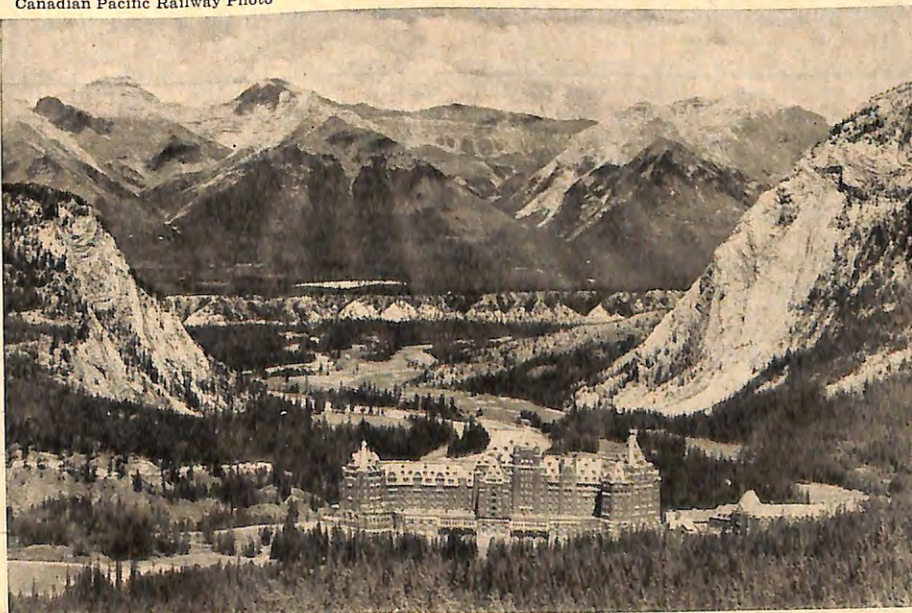
between which the river races. In places the normally wide river is compressed to a width of 130 to 200 feet, with a corresponding increase in the velocity of the flow. Farther north a similar sight is noted at Hell's Gate in the Thompson River and at Hell's Gate in the canyon of the Fraser, both of which are in British Columbia. The lock at the Bonneville Dam has made The Dalles accessible to ocean steamers.

There is an Indian village at the falls of the Columbia, eleven miles from The Dalles. Several tribes hold fishing rights there by treaty with the United States and catch salmon the old-Indian way. September and October are the best months to watch

### TRAVEL HELPS

If you want more information about Mount Rainier and the Canadian Rockies, or about travel arrangements to and from the 1947 Convention at Portland, Oregon, we've got it. Drop a note to our Travel Department, telling us exactly what you need, and we'll send it to you.

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the Indians at this village, called Celilo.

The tourist from the East who finds himself in Portland or Seattle may choose for his homeward path the journey south through Oregon and California or the northern trip through Canada and the Canadian Rockies. Vancouver, principal terminus of the Canadian Pacific, is the usual eastward departure point for Banff, Lake Louise and Jasper.

From Prince Rupert, or Vancouver, the second and third legs of the triangle route, the Canadian National runs to Jasper and from that Park it is possible, at slight cost, to go to Banff by the Columbia Icefield Highway, returning from Banff by Canadian Pacific. If one wants to do the whole triangle it is an ambitious undertaking, for it is an 1,850-mile trip. Many experienced travelers believe the triangle route, or at least portions of it, well worth the time, if for no other reasons than to enjoy the British Columbia scenery. Noteworthy points in British Columbia are the 300-foot Pyramid Falls, which come almost to the railroad track; the eight miles of rough water of the Thompson River that are suddenly freed at Hell's Gate, and that section of the Frazer River, also known as Hell's Gate, where its waters are forced into a channel of rock only 100 feet wide. And there is also Mount Robson.

Robson and its surroundings, easily accessible from Jasper (about 50 miles or two hours by train), deserve more than passing mention. One of the mightiest mountains in the world and the highest (12,972 feet) in the Canadian Rockies, Robson is remarkable for its huge bulk and for its flat top, which is covered with thousands of feet of ice and snow that feed glaciers on three sides. Comparatively few climbers have been to its summit and the visitors who go to Robson today by automobile and horse reach the foot of the mountain by way of the Grand

Forks River, past Lake Kinney and the Valley of a Thousand Falls. One of the best excursions is the 16-mile trip to Berg Lake—four miles by auto and twelve by saddle horse—where a boat trip to the Tumbling Glacier is available. This glacier is one of the few of that type in the Rockies. When the sun is shining hotly great chunks of ice fall from the glacier into the lake.

One of the most spectacular falls seen on this trip to Berg Lake is the Emperor Cataract, a huge volume of water leaping over a 500-foot precipice.

The 4,200 square miles of Jasper National Park cover so much colorful territory, including more than 70 per cent of the Canadian Rockies' highest peaks (Mount Robson is outside of the Park, in British Columbia), that it is impossible to do more than mention the highlights. The place is tops for golf, for fishing (Maligne Lake is something anglers dream about), for motoring, hiking, photography or for just plain resting. The golf course is proudly advertised as a place where the 18 holes of championship length (6,700 yards) are so well laid out in rugged country that there are no hills steep enough to make a player huff and puff. But there is so much variety and impedimenta that it is quite a trick to keep from huffing and puffing in making par, which is 71.

Jasper National Park was named after Jasper Hawes, who originally came from Missouri, married an Indian wife, had many children and eventually became manager of the Hudson's Bay Company post in the Athabaska Valley. The post became known as Jasper's House and for many years a whole section of the valley was known as Jasper. There is still a Jasper Lake and two mountains are known as Jasper portals. Jasper always was a restless individual and his restlessness brought him to an end that usually is not described in the tourist literature. He started down the Fraser River in

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Details of the itinerary and the actual operating schedule of the train are now available and if you'd like a copy, or any other information about it, please write to the Travel Department of The Elks Magazine, 50 East 42nd Street, New York City.

British Columbia on a raft one day and perished with his family in that river's treacherous rapids.

The highway between Jasper and Banff-Lake Louise, 186 miles in length, was opened for travel in 1940. At Lake Louise the highway joins Trans-Canada Highway 1. Banff is 36 miles east of Lake Louise station on the Trans-Canada 1. Famous Lake Louise is three miles from the station. Banff is Canada's oldest national park, dating from 1885, and its dry climate, altitude and sulphur baths have helped to make it a health resort. At Hot Sulphur Springs on Sulphur Mountain hot sulphur water gushes at the rate of 1,000 gallons daily. At the Cave and Basin Bathhouse there are two swimming pools where the water is hot throughout the year. One may select the pool where the water averages 92 degrees or the pool where the water averages 78. Sir James Hector, geologist for the Palliser expedition, explored

around Banff in 1858 and 1859. He discovered Kicking Horse Pass, through which railways and highways go through the crest of the Rockies. Although he mentioned the hot springs in his diary, the springs actually were located in 1883 by workmen building railways. The name given Kicking Horse Pass and the river of the same name had a simple origin. Sir James had a little trouble with his horse.

Within short motoring distance of Jasper and Banff national parks are Glacier National Park in British Columbia—not to be confused with the Waterton-Glacier Park—the Kootenay National Park, Yoho National Park, and Mt. Revelstoke National Park, all Canadian mountain playgrounds. Highway No. 1 from Lake Louise connects with No. 4 and No. 3, which in turn has several trans-border highways linking it to those in Montana at the Waterton-Glacier International Peace Park, which was the starting point for this story.

## It's a Man's World

(Continued from page 10)

napkins and potato chips and beer. Because meat cooks more slowly over an outdoor grille George makes at least seven incisions into the steaks to determine if they are done—which they aren't. "Be a few minutes, folks, before the steaks are done," he says, and suddenly remembers that he had said the same thing exactly seventeen times before.

Finally, in a state bordering on nervous exhaustion, George sits down and pours himself a hatful of lukewarm martinis. Refreshed, he attacks the steaks again and is amazed to discover that they have been suddenly transformed from very rare to very well done—as well done, in fact, as any piece of meat cooked since Prometheus brought us the blessing of fire. George serves them, though, and everybody falls to with a will. They douse their food liberally with barbecue sauce which fortunately comes in large bottles. The sauce forms in a large puddle on their paper plates and gradually makes union with the paper. The result is a dough-like concoction which, they happily discover, tastes pretty good.

As the last frontier of adventure for suburbanites, cooking out of doors provides hazards and surprises, but there is some satisfaction in knowing that the brains of the nation are assiduously working to eliminate them. It is no longer necessary to build a grille of a few rough stones and trust to native ingenuity and skillet skill to produce something edible. Now available for \$50 or so are factory-built metal grilles which provide the core for elaborate stone or brick masonry work (masons come to \$18 or so a day). When finished, your up-to-date grille need cost no more than a Cadillac—unless you want something particularly nice.

Already great progress has been made in the science of cooking out of doors. The latest patented development to hit the market provides these stellar features for what was once a pretty simple affair: built-in smoke control, removable grates and grilles, convenient baking oven, adjustable grate and scientific heat director. This achievement is splendid and obviously only a beginning. Soon we shall have developed enough accessories so that we can cook outside almost as handily as in a modern kitchen. Adventure marches on!

**DON'T** know how elephant steaks would work on a grille but when you go to Ringling Brothers Barnum and Bailey Circus this summer you may wish to know that the man who staged the production, John Murray Anderson, would rather work with elephants than with blonde and curvaceous showgirls. This is no animal trainer's idle fancy either, because Mr. Anderson is a noted Broadway producer of pulchritudinous extravaganza. Whatever attraction there is in showgirls he is likely to have noted.

His first close acquaintance with elephants occurred when he staged for Billy Rose the pretentious Hippodrome show, "Jumbo", in which several cavorting pachyderms were a principal attraction. In the same show Anderson also directed a Sultan's harem of chorines who gave him trouble like Russia gives trouble to the United Nations. By contrast Anderson discovered that elephants mind their own business, don't steal anybody's boy friend, do what they're told, aren't jealous, and can be found when you want them. "Elephants never forget," Mr. Anderson says, "but showgirls always do." Ander-



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son also notes that elephants have long *natural* eyelashes.

His only trouble with them occurred while attempting to stage an "elephant ballet". He made the mistake of having modernist Stravinsky compose the music. Stravinsky's music is occasionally more abstract than melodious and when the elephants heard what he had written for them they refused to perform. Wouldn't budge until Anderson sub-

stituted some music with rhythm to it, "Jewels of the Madonna". This bit of sagacious elephantine perception, Anderson now feels, clearly indicates a superior intelligence. "Dancing to Stravinsky would put a strain on anybody."

There's another rather cold-blooded reason why John Murray Anderson prefers elephants to show-girls. "When an elephant gets temperamental", he says, "you can shoot it."

# In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 14)

your temper at this time will get you nowhere. Don't shout at the dog and try not to have any noise or confusion near him. Another thing, if the dog is young and frisky, as most healthy dogs are, you'll need a special portion of that virtue, patience. In fact, you may have to wait a good many minutes before an opportunity to shoot presents itself. And when that time comes, you'll have to act quickly.

**D**ON'T try to photograph puppies when they are playing, unless you have—oh, I forgot, we're just amateurs without much experience or expensive equipment—a camera with a really fast shutter and lens. You can't get much, if anything, with the type of equipment we're using. It just can't be done until the pups quiet down. A gal I know, whose dog and baby pictures you've probably seen in some of the larger magazines, told me it took her years to master these subjects.

The experts who portray that aristocratic galoot, the show dog, have certain rules they employ which more or less have been demanded by the kennel owners. When photographing a dog of the terrier type, they shoot from a 3/4-angle, head-on, to foreshorten the length of the dog's back, because dogs of this sort are supposed to be built compactly; the shorter the back, the better. The 3/4-angle means to have the dog face slightly to one side, so you may see about three-quarters of his back. Dogs of the English bulldog type, or any other sort that has a pushed-in face, are usually photographed almost head-on, to emphasize the ef-

fect. This is done, too, with dogs resembling the chow chow and also with dogs of poodle-like appearance, although more of the sides of these dogs are shown. Foreshortened pictures frequently are taken of the beagle type but here it's optional; a full side-view is sometimes preferred. Gun dogs—setters, retrievers, spaniels and pointers—are portrayed full-side-on. Unless the desired picture is to be formal, such dogs always look better in the field. Better, too, are pictures of dogs doing things that are natural to them. Trick poses may be all right, but they don't make good pictures of the animal.

You may have to use a lot of film before you get just the picture you want but the cost is not very great and a good picture of your dog is worth having. As a matter of fact, professional photographers expect to take many pictures before they get the one they want. Not many bring home the photographic bacon with the first two or three shots.

Don't pose your dog long enough to tire him. A picture of a tired dog is fine if it's a hound at the end of a long day's hunting, but for other types of dogs, the tiredness will be unpleasantly obvious. If the photographic session is long, give the dog brief rest periods; let him play or rest or do what he wants to do, free from restraint. It's not a bad idea to reward your four-legged friend with a small portion of something he likes to eat.

If you are taking indoor pictures of Fido, you have both floodlights and flash-lamps at your disposal, but be sparing in their use if it is obvious that they alarm the dog.



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

# The Hidden Hand

(Continued from page 5)

leather suitcase Mr. Filcup wanted for a trip to the big city. It was a nice little bag at \$25. The hidden hand was not so hidden this time as it clipped Mr. Filcup for 20 per cent, or \$5.

In the late afternoon, Mr. Filcup dropped in at the local liquor store and bought a bottle of whiskey. It cost \$4. The hidden hand is very fond of whiskey; it took \$1.80. Mr. Filcup also bought some beer, half a dozen bottles. The hidden hand is fairly fond of beer and collected 1½¢ a bottle; 9¢ on the half-dozen. Remembering that Mrs. Filcup's relatives, the Agnews, were coming on Sunday to gnaw on a roast, Mr. Filcup bought half a gallon of wine which, he figured, would take care of at least two invasions of relations as well as a glass or two at special dinners. The hidden hand passed over the half-gallon and absorbed 30¢. It was just about here that Mr. Filcup remembered that his wedding anniversary was coming up. Simultaneously he saw a beautiful bottle of sparkling burgundy all dressed up in glamorous red tin foil. As long as I'm here, thought Mr. Filcup, I might as well buy that bottle, hide it at home and produce it on the anniversary. It was a charming idea and the hidden hand described graceful circles as it wafted 60¢ out of the purchase price.

When Mr. Filcup finished his business in the liquor store he carried his packages to the car and went home. Mr. Filcup was tired. So was the hidden hand. It had collected that day from one Stephen Filcup, citizen, the sum of \$8.60.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Filcup had been carrying on a little business of her own. At first the hidden hand had hardly touched her. It had just brushed her lightly as she bought a carton of book matches. The hidden hand received a measly 2¢ from this transaction. Then it took a few more pennies when Mrs. Filcup bought a couple of electric light bulbs. It was when Mrs. Filcup bought a handbag that the hidden hand reached in, like a disciple of Fagan, the storied professor of pickpockets, and collected 20 per cent of \$7.50—\$1.50. Swinging her new bag proudly Mrs. Filcup then looked at two separate items, one, a radio—a small radio for the kitchen—and two, a fur coat. The small radio was a cute little red plastic number for \$20. Mrs. Filcup couldn't resist it, nor could the hidden hand resist taking 10 per cent—\$2. Next, Mrs. Filcup looked at the fur coat. Here she summoned up all her will power, plus a sharp memory of a recent lecture from Mr. Filcup and resisted the coat which was on sale, marked down to \$150, payable in several installments. She would, she told herself, put that

off for awhile. Watching her, the hidden hand hovered hesitantly and then reluctantly went back to its own pocket. It had missed a tax of 20 per cent—\$30. Walking down Main Street, Mrs. Filcup remembered that the Agnews were coming and that the Agnews played bridge. She also recalled with alarm that her playing cards were worn and soiled, and so she bought two new decks on which the hidden hand took 13¢ a deck—26¢. On her way home Mrs. Filcup stopped at the power company and paid her monthly electric light bill on which the hidden hand ticked off 3 1/3 per cent.

It was now Junior Filcup's turn to cross the palm of the hidden hand. Like his father, Junior stopped in at the filling station early that morning. Junior's jalopy lapped up oil almost as ravenously as it did gas and Junior had to buy four quarts of oil, which put 6¢ into the hidden hand. After paying for all this oil Junior could afford only two gallons of gas—3¢ in the hidden hand. But where the hidden hand hit Junior hard on this fine day was in the sports section of the local department store where Mr. Filcup's son blew himself to a new tennis racket. The hidden hand took 10 per cent of the producer's price, a total of 50¢.

Passing a music store, Junior's bright eye lit on a bewitching clarinet. In his lively imagination Junior saw himself taking off on a few hot choruses in imitation of Benny Goodman and Artie Shaw while pretty girls swooned with admiration. If I buy it on the installment plan, Junior thought, it won't take such a big bite out of my savings. However, like Mrs. Filcup and the fur coat, Junior postponed the purchase of the clarinet, which had a list price of \$98.60. Junior, who has often heard about people paying the piper, had never heard about the piper paying the hidden hand. If and when Junior buys the clarinet, he will pay the hidden hand around \$5, or 10 per cent of the producer's price.

Junior's sister is now in the drug-store getting up \$1 for a lipstick, \$1 for face powder, 50¢ for face cream and 50¢ for a paste which soft-pedals perspiration and which is occasionally snatched by Junior. All this comes to \$3, for which Miss Filcup gives the hidden hand 20 per cent of the retail price, or 60¢. On the way home that afternoon Miss Filcup bought three of Bing Crosby's latest records from which the hidden hand musically deducted 10 per cent on the producer's price, a matter of pennies.

That night the entire Filcup family went to the movies where Mr. Filcup, in the role of guardian and protector and provider, shelled out \$2 for four admissions. As Mr. Filcup stood at the box office the hidden

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hand fetched him a smart whack right across the wallet—20 per cent, or 40c. And that was the way the day ended for the Filcup family.

IT WAS a day that had started with Mr. Filcup's remarks on taxes. Taxes? What are we talking about? Income taxes? No, of course not. Don't be silly. As Mr. Filcup said that morning, the month of March is tax month. Mr. Filcup, the provider, and head of the family, has paid his individual income tax for himself and dependents. Remember what Mrs. Filcup said? "I'm glad one person in this family can and does pay an income tax." Is Mrs. Filcup laboring under the misapprehension that just because she files no return in March she pays no taxes? I guess she is. I guess Junior is too. And his sister for that matter. And the reason for this lovely illusion is the hidden hand—hidden taxes. On the day sleight-of-hand, the now-you-see-it-in question, the hidden hand, the now-you-don't hand, took over \$10 from the Filcup family. An alarmist might take this figure and multiply it by 52, once for every week in the year. That would give him a staggering total of \$520 a year paid in hidden taxes. Would he be off his trolley? Not so far. For we didn't really put the Filcup family through the wringer. We didn't have the hidden hand hit them for the following: camera film, 15 per cent on producer's price, (the Filcup family takes its share of pictures); firearms, 11 per cent on producer's price (Mr. Filcup and Junior like to hunt and this takes guns); the new refrigerator, 10 per cent on producer's price; the new car,

7 per cent on producer's price (if the car costs the producer \$1,000 Mr. Filcup pays 7 per cent—\$70); cameras and photo equipment for Junior's dark room—25 per cent on producer's price and 10 per cent on that airplane ticket for which Mr. Filcup paid \$50—\$5 to the hidden hand. Isn't this fun? It's about as funny as a broken leg, for these are not month-of-March taxes, not individual income taxes but hidden taxes, and day in, day out, they take a steady, relentless toll from the income of the average American family.

A few years ago the Northwestern Life Insurance Company made an analysis of the hidden tax situation and found that a worker with a \$2,400-a-year income paid \$314 a year in hidden taxes! And yet this survey was made before hidden taxes rose in many instances from 10 per cent to 20 per cent under the pressure of staggering war budgets. A few years ago, for instance, cosmetics carried a hidden tax of 10 per cent. That is now 20 per cent—an increase of 100 per cent. Radios and phonographs used to be taxed 5 per cent, are now taxed 10 per cent—an increase of 100 per cent. Playing cards used to be taxed 10c a pack, are now taxed 13c a pack. Someone slipped up here—the increase is only 30 per cent.

The life insurance company figured that the \$2,400-a-year man paid out 13 per cent of his income in taxes. However, in computing these staggering figures the insurance company traced indirect taxes along weary roads of accumulation, through producers of raw materials, buyers, brokers, processors, jobbers and re-

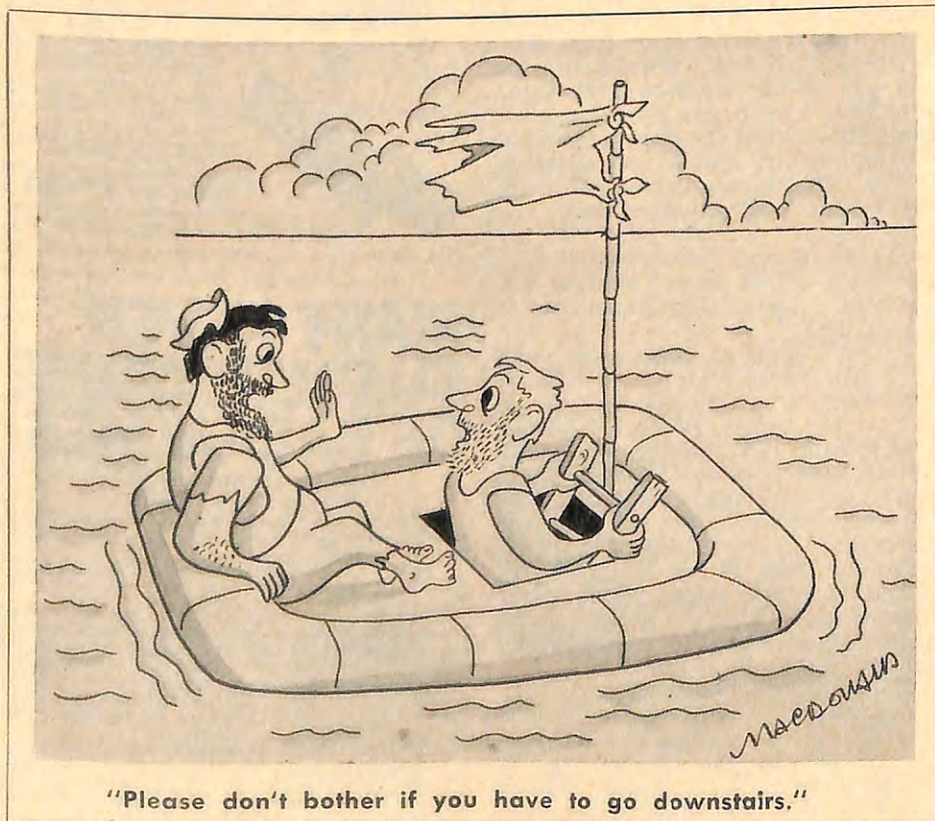
tailers. This kind of analysis calls for electronic calculating machines manipulated by mathematicians from M.I.T. and Cal Tech. It is probably wiser for us poor laymen to confine our figures to things we can get a grip on in everyday life. In the field of confused figures there is the old story about the taxes on the loaf of bread. It goes this way: The farmer with his wheat pays six taxes; the elevator operator who stores the wheat pays six more; the flour mill pays five taxes; the railroad that ships the flour pays eleven taxes; the trucker who hauls the flour bags pays seven taxes; the baker pays eleven taxes; the wrapper pays seven taxes. Tax experts claim that such theories are repetitive and subject to geographical qualifications.

Any layman delving into state sales taxes and such things as parimutuel taxes is liable to emerge as a candidate for the boobyhatch. But we'll throw in a few figures just for the heck of it. On gasoline, for example, state taxes vary from three to seven cents. State sales taxes vary from one per cent on the retail sales price to three per cent on the retail sales price. Some states take their sales tax on gross income or gross proceeds.

While gathering material for this article I spent some time with a bright young man at the Tax Foundation, Radio City, New York. Fourteen floors below us was a newsreel theater which used to charge 25c admission and now charges, with various taxes, 40c admission. The tax man started to figure out the admissions taxes on various theaters and then threw up his hands and said, "But the picture (not the moving picture) may change tomorrow because Governor Dewey has just given New York City authority to impose sales taxes."

Last year (1946) New York State took in over \$30,000,000 in taxes on bets on horse races. These taxes gave Mayor O'Dwyer of New York a bright idea and he promptly obtained permission from the New York State Legislature to put the bite on tracks around the city—Empire, Jamaica and Belmont. The attractiveness of this idea spread to the good burghers of Saratoga Springs, where famous races are held during the month of August. So the government of Saratoga county put a five per cent bite on the take at the mutuel windows at Saratoga and took in over a million dollars, enough money to pay for all county expenditures and leave some over to help liquidate the county debt. All Saratoga took was five per cent—for instance, 10c on a two-dollar ticket. But it's amazing what you can do with dimes and nickels, and it's amazing how painlessly the citizen is parted from his money, if you take it in small, sly doses.

In the year 1946, New York State collected over \$54,000,000 in hidden taxes on gasoline; Pennsylvania collected over 50,000,000; Ohio collected over 46,000,000; Illinois collected over 37,000,000; Texas collected over



"Please don't bother if you have to go downstairs."



43,000,000; California collected over 61,000,000. In state hidden taxes on liquor, New York was far ahead of the rest of the field taking in over 48,000,000—dollars, that is. Trailing New York were such states as Ohio and Illinois with over 26,000,000 each. New York also led in state hidden taxes collected on tobacco, with over 26,000,000 dollars in 1946. Massachusetts and Pennsylvania trailed New York with over 16,000,000 each in hidden tobacco taxes. New York, sweeping the field, also led in hidden state pari-mutuel taxes with over 31,000,000 dollars as compared to California's 22,000,000 dollars.

When our friend Mr. Filcup was making his remarks at the breakfast table about the month of March and so forth, he was living in a fool's paradise. March has gone, exulted Mr. Filcup, goodbye taxes. Goodbye taxes indeed. Oh sure, oh boy, oh brother!

Whoever cooked up the hidden tax knew something about psychology. This villain, an Egyptian probably, was well aware that if you apprehended a citizen, flung a blank in his face and growled, "Fill it out!" you would be greeted with anger and possibly a swift kick in the shins. But if you hid in the pump at the filling station or down at the bottom of a bottle of whiskey, or if you went up in the smoke of a cigaret, the victim, nine times out of ten, would ignore you.

Tax experts call hidden taxes "regressive". They mean that, unlike the individual income tax, hidden taxes do not rise in proportion to your income. For example, the vice-president of a big city bank may make \$15,000 a year, a teller in the same bank may get \$3,600 a year. The vice-president pays a much higher individual income tax than the clerk, because the government figures that even after the richer man has paid a few thousand dollars tax he will have sufficient money left over to live in comfort. At the same time, the government knows that a big whack from the teller's annual income would leave a very small margin of safety between health and security and disaster. The government therefore, with, more or less, the consent of its citizens, applies a progressive income tax. But in the case of hidden taxes it lets the chips fall where they may. The vice-president and the teller may each buy one pack of cigarets a day. On these cigarets each man, the richer and the poorer, pays a Federal hidden tax of 7c, a state hidden tax of 3c to 7c and possibly a city sales tax.

**T**HERE are certain important principles of taxation that have been passed down through the centuries from economists like Adam Smith. Some of these principles are: Certainty of the tax; convenience of payment; economy of collection. Another principle is ability to pay. This is a sticky phrase that starts long arguments. The vice-president is willing, more or less, to pay a higher income

tax than the bank teller, but how much higher is a moot point. Some tax people hold that if the hidden hand is manacled and removed from the citizen's pocket it will mean only that the money for running the government will have to be raised elsewhere by lifting exemptions on low incomes or putting higher taxes on high incomes.

Another criticism against hidden taxes is that they are "deflationary". The exponents of this argument claim that x number of people don't buy y number of cameras and clarinets because hidden taxes raise the price on these articles beyond the reach of the affected consumers. This, the theorists claim, means reduced purchasing power. Other theorists claim that the hidden taxes are so deft that the consumers rarely realize what hits them. To support this theory they point out that during the Depression, when purchasing power was low and individual income returns weak, hidden taxes contributed over 40 per cent of the total Federal revenue, whereas in 1929 they had contributed only 28 per cent of that revenue.

Hidden taxes did not become a permanent factor in U. S. revenue until the country became involved in a long and costly Civil War from 1861-65. After the Civil War hidden taxes became permanent, and for about fifty years hidden taxes and customs duties paid most of the government bills. Then in 1909 and 1913, Congress passed tax bills on corporations and individuals, respectively. Then came the first World War with its giddy profits and its sober losses. To help pay for the damages, hidden taxes increased in rate and breadth touching products previously exempt. During Prohibition, hidden taxes on liquor sagged almost as far out of sight as the stills of the bootleggers. After Repeal, hidden taxes in liquor rebounded and in 1946 raked in well over two billion dollars despite the fact that the hidden tax rate on liquor has skyrocketed 200 per cent since Hitler invaded Denmark in 1940. (Incidentally, state hidden taxes on liquor in 1946 amounted to just under \$400,000,000.)

During 1947 the present administration hopes to collect in hidden taxes several amounts such as the following: (in round numbers) tobacco—one billion, two hundred million; liquor and beer—one billion, eight hundred million; gas and oil—five hundred and seventy-five millions; all in all, around six billion dollars. Onto this pyre toss a few billion in state and city hidden taxes. Then, just for the agonizing fun of it, sit down some day, Mr. Filcup, and figure out as best you can from the foregoing, just how much you and the missus and Junior and his sister fork up every day of the year in hidden taxes. You may then evince a sharpened interest in the way all this dough is spent by Federal, state and city governments. For after all it's coming out of your pocket even though you rarely see the twinkling fingers of the hidden hand.

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# What America is Reading

(Continued from page 11)

knows that for him there is absolutely no out. He knows too much, he has outlived his rather curious usefulness and, when his time comes, he will not even be called upon to defend himself.

There is also Mary Anderson, another visitor—an American who married a Russian communist who has also fallen into disfavor. Mary and her two children are political pariahs; they can't make a living and they can't leave the country.

Into this cozy little circle is introduced James Ferguson, a young Britisher in Russia on war work. Ferguson is at once the narrator of the story and one of the characters in it who must sometimes be in ignorance of the actions of other characters—a structural weakness of the novel which isn't corrected by the episodic form in which it is written. Ferguson comes and goes, acting like a human bodkin in weaving together the stories of the persons who live on the Route. His life, apart from that, is circumscribed, as is the life of all foreigners in Moscow; the only other Russians he can associate with are more or less spying on him. Even his girl, a seventeen-year-old hoyden, is only permitted to live with him in order to get information for the secret police.

As I said before, there are defects in this novel, but strangely enough they are not in delineation of character, usually the salient fault of a first novel. An explanation of this might be that this book is something more than a complete work of imagination.

Here then is a peephole look at the Russian people and at an existence that to us seems almost totally devoid of comfort or joy or any kind of spiritual warmth. The outlook of these men and women is one of inert and hopeless cynicism; it's all the more remarkable that, because of a native charm and high spirits, they are able to have a few moments of pleasure. It is also noteworthy that Mr. Blunden's Russians, in face of the bareness of their lives, express no yearning to escape into the "bourgeois" world; as a matter of fact, they hold it in contempt. Only Mary Anderson would like to flee the country and go back to America, but then, she's not a Russian. The Russians themselves—and of course there are no old regime people among them—are all conditioned to think in terms of their socialist country and its dictatorship exclusively. If they fail as Soviet citizens, if they fall out of step, even unwittingly, there is no alternative but to die. (Lippincott, \$3.00).

## CHAMPAGNE CHOLLY

by Eve Brown

Since his death a few years ago, not much thought has been given to

the fabulous and elephantine gentleman from a Philadelphia Main Line family who wrote society gossip for the Hearst papers under the name of Cholly Knickerbocker, and it's highly doubtful whether a biography of him is what we need at this precise moment in history. However, not to put too glum a face on about it, there is a book just out on the late Maury H. B. Paul—a wacky sort of work by his one-time secretary (who doesn't appear to have liked him overmuch) that tells how he went about scandalizing and tickling society (upper and lower case, cafe and cafeteria) with his coldly planned printed indiscretions. Paul was a master, acknowledged by other members of his craft, for whom he had nothing but a sniffy contempt, which is about all he had for the members of the top hat and lorgnette set he wrote about in his gushing prose. His story is amusing, and a little repellent, but it's authentic history of a period and is packed with enough gossip and scandal to make a Sunday supplement editor whimper with envy. (Dutton, \$3.75)

## THE ISLAND WAR

by Frank O. Hough

This is the story of the Marine Corps in the Pacific and is one of the best war histories yet, within its limitations. Mr. Hough, a major in the Marines during the war, fills in the background to the Pacific campaign in a chapter or two, then starts in with Guadalcanal and details the bloody but inspiring progress of the Marines straight through to Okinawa and the Jap surrender. His book is well-integrated and devoid of that overstuffing of data about individuals and single outfits that makes so many specialized military histories tiresomely overweight. There are many unusually good pictures, as well as maps. (Lippincott, \$5)

## THE UNCOLLECTED WORKS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

edited by Rufus Rockwell Wilson

This is the first of a set of four volumes of Lincolniana which either escaped the attention of Nicolay and Hay, or was ignored by them altogether, when they were compiling their monumental archive on the Civil War President. It is a notable piece of research, and Mr. Wilson has been assiduous and painstaking in putting it together; but it would seem that a good part of the bulk of these data were omitted from the Nicolay and Hay work for good reason. The material is chiefly assembled from Lincoln's early political speeches in Illinois (on subjects which have lost their urgency for us) and of letters and legal documents—assignments, declarations of suits for damages, pleas in court, affidavits

and so on—drawn up by Lincoln and his law partner when they were practicing in the 1830s and 40s. These items will of course be of interest to specialists in the minutiae of the history of that time, and to historians of provincial jurisprudence in America, but it's hard to imagine the public getting terribly excited over a staggering succession of documents to the general effect that "said defendants though often requested have not as yet paid the several sums of money above demanded"—even though the papers are signed, "A. Lincoln". (The Primavera Press, Inc., Elmira, N. Y., \$5.00 a volume)

## THE QUEEN'S FALCON

by Ernest Blau

In *The Queen's Falcon*, Ernest Blau has written an unusual mystery story, not so much for any particular ingenuity of plot as for the central theme of the book—the ancient sport of hunting with hawks. The action all stems from the theft, by a light-fingered carnival man and his wife, of an antique book on falconry that had been in the possession of a noble French family since the days of Catherine de Medici. This book, traced by several interested parties to the American Middle West, is of great value—its clasp was fashioned by none other than Benvenuto Cellini himself—but it contains also a mystic evil agent that brings disaster to some of the persons involved. Though not written as well as it might be, this story is pretty good fun. (McKay, \$2.00)

## MY LIFE STORY

by Joe Louis

The autobiographies of leading sports figures are not famous for literary quality, nor are they apt to be very rewarding in other ways. For one thing, athletes are not much given to thinking; they are men of action and their actions have usually been too fully covered in the sports sections of the papers to permit their biographies to pack much in the way of surprises. Joe Louis' life story isn't any exception to the rule but, because of the light it sheds on a puzzling, though attractive personality, is worth reading. Whether or not he actually wrote it is problematical; he is not noted for articulateness—and this is quite an articulate book. But ghost-written or not, this story of a peculiarly American success, of a poor Southern farm lad who rose to the top of his very competitive profession and who unaffectedly assumed the role of example to American youth, is absorbing, even if you aren't an avid boxing fan. There are good descriptions of Joe's many fights and several excellent photographs to go with them. (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$2.75)

# Elk Newsletter

(Continued from page 18).

Huge sums have been spent to keep open narrow channels through the rank water hyacinth growth with elaborate cutting machinery. The report, based on joint Army-Department of Agriculture research, is expected to show that still another chemical, Two-Four-D--already known to home gardeners--is an effective remover of the commerce-clogging weed.



**A matter of concern** to every businessman, the Nation's mounting toll of fire losses is under serious study here. Losses in 1946 were \$561,487,000. Though not quite the greatest in United States history, the figure exceeds that for America's greatest conflagration--the San Francisco fire of 1906. That year's loss was \$42,876,000 less than last year's.

According to Major General Philip B. Fleming, Federal Works Administrator and chairman of the President's Conference on Fire Prevention, which met here last month, the Nation's loss, averaged over the 365 days, was the equivalent of a fire, each night in the year, in 82 manufacturing plants, 177 mercantile establishments, restaurants and office buildings and 79 garages and filling stations, not to mention more than 800 dwellings and apartments.



**That ring-around-the-bathtub** may soon be a thing of the past, but before it disappears another bit of American folklore will have to be washed down the drain by facts.

Under attack right now is the idea Grandmother handed down to Mother that suds and cleansing power are synonymous. Those rich, foamy suds may look nice and white, feel good to the hands and give emotional comfort to the user, but science has its own ideas about them. And a new rival has come forward.

The synthetic detergents made from petroleum derivatives have recently been making substantial gains and their production is expected to increase even more rapidly in the months to come.

Commerce and industry, which count the pennies and have no sentiment for suds, are naturally the greatest users. The man-in-the-street and the housewife will have to come along later, quite a bit later, judging from some experiments.

Tried in industrial washrooms during the war, the synthetic detergents were avoided by the workers, despite their superior cleansing powers--the men preferring soap--and suds. Such is the power of tradition and habit.

While housewives, too, continue to prefer suds--and the bathtub "rings" they deposit--the synthetic detergents may have to stand aside. But if previous experience with the introduction of new products is a criterion, new product may not have to stand aside for long.



Finely fashioned of 14 K yellow gold blazoned with fraternal insignia and flanked by two massive individual initials in contrasting white gold. . . . . Fed. tax incl. **\$49**

(As illustrated) With 6 pt. diamond set in platinum. Fed. tax incl. **\$69.50**

• You've seen this beautiful Park Lane fraternal initial ring nationally advertised in the Saturday Evening Post, Esquire, Holiday and the New York Times Magazine.

• Now, for the first time America's exclusive fraternal ring company brings you this unique, patented ring at a new low price!

• Just fill in the convenient coupon, inclose measuring guide for size. We pay the postage.

**Unconditionally guaranteed!**

Cut out measuring guide for your ring size. Mark off size on graduated scale. →

## MAIL COUPON TODAY

**FRATERNAL INITIAL RING CO.**  
545 Fifth Ave., New York Dept. 8

Gentlemen:  
Send me without delay the Park Lane fraternal initial ring. My initials are . . . . . Inclosed is my check . . . . . money order . . . for \$49 . . . , 69.50 . . .

Name . . . . .

Address . . . . .

City . . . . . State . . . . .

# THE GRAND LODGE

# CONVENTION

## THE PORTLAND, OREGON, 1947 CONVENTION PROGRAM

**SATURDAY,  
JULY 12**

**RECEPTION.** Arrival of Grand Exalted Ruler and Grand Lodge Officers, delegates, members and ladies.

**REGISTRATION.** Grand Lodge Members and delegates will register at headquarters hotel, The Multnomah, 319 S. W. Pine. Members and their ladies will register at Portland Lodge No. 142, 1532 S. W. Morrison.

**OPEN HOUSE.** Elks and their ladies at Portland Lodge.

**SUNDAY,  
JULY 13**

**CHURCHES.** Religious services in churches of all denominations.

**SIGHTSEEING TOURS.** To Mt. Hood, famous Columbia River Highway, seashores of Pacific Ocean and various other points of interest.

**BAND CONCERTS, CHANTERS AND DRILL TEAMS** at public parks.

**9:30 A.M. TO 5:00 P.M. RITUALISTIC CONTEST.** In Portland Lodge Room.

**MONDAY,  
JULY 14**

**REGISTRATION CONTINUES.** Multnomah Hotel for delegates, Portland Lodge for Elks and their ladies.

**9:30 A.M. RITUALISTIC CONTEST.** Portland Lodge Room.

**10:00 A.M. DRILL TEAM CONTEST.** Portland Baseball Park, 2409 N. W. Vaughn.

**SIGHTSEEING TOURS.** To continue.

**NAVY SHIPS** in harbor and open to Elks and their ladies.

**OPEN HOUSE.** All day and evening at Portland Lodge.

**12:30 P.M. LUNCH** at the Multnomah Hotel by Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton for District Deputies for the year 1946-1947

**8:00 P.M. OPENING CEREMONIES** in Civic Auditorium, 1520 S. W. Third, with broadcasting of ceremonies. All Elks and ladies invited.

**TUESDAY,  
JULY 15**

**9:45 A.M. PROMPTLY. REGULAR GRAND LODGE SESSIONS** commence in Civic Auditorium at 1520 S. W. Third. At this session the election of officers for the ensuing year will take place.

**9:00 A.M. GOLF TOURNAMENT.**

**9:00 A.M. TRAPSHOOTING CONTEST.**

**9:30 A.M. CONTINUATION OF RITUALISTIC CONTEST** at Portland Lodge No. 142, Lodge Room.

**10:00 A.M. TO 5:00 P.M. BAND CONTEST.** Portland Baseball Park, 2409 N. W. Vaughn.

**SIGHTSEEING TOURS.** Available morning and afternoon.

**12:30 P.M. LUNCH** at the Masonic Temple, 1119 S. W. Park, given by newly-elected Grand Exalted Ruler to the Exalted Rulers of subordinate lodges.

**1:00 P.M. SALMON BAKE** at Jantzen Beach Park for all registered Elks and ladies.

**6:30 P.M. STATE ASSOCIATION DINNERS.** Multnomah Hotel.

**7:30 P.M. BOWLING TOURNAMENT.**

**8:00 P.M. OPENING BASEBALL GAME,** Portland vs. Seattle—Elks Night.

**OPEN HOUSE.** Day and evening at Portland Lodge.

**NAVY SHIPS** in harbor and open to Elks and their ladies.

**WEDNESDAY,  
JULY 16**

**7:30 A.M. SPECIAL TRAIN** to Astoria and Seaside for "Salmon Bake", for all Elks and ladies.

**9:45 A.M. PROMPTLY. REGULAR SESSIONS OF GRAND LODGE** continue.

**9:00 A.M. GOLF TOURNAMENT.**

**10:00 A.M. TRAP SHOOTING CONTEST.**

**9:30 A.M. RITUALISTIC CONTEST** continues at Portland Lodge Room.

**11:00 A.M. MEMORIAL EXERCISES** in Civic Auditorium, 1520 S. W. Third, to which will be admitted all Elks and their ladies.

**1:45 P.M. FASHION SHOW** and program of entertainment for ladies only, to be announced in program to be distributed at Registration Centers.

**2:00 P.M. REGULAR SESSIONS OF GRAND LODGE** continue.

**7:30 P.M. DOG RACES,** Multnomah Stadium, mutuel betting—Elks Night.

**7:30 P.M. BOWLING TOURNAMENT.**

**8:30 P.M. GRAND BALL,** Masonic Temple. All Elks and ladies are to be the guests of the Oregon Convention Committee, which program will include many surprises.

**OPEN HOUSE** at Portland Lodge Club Rooms.

**NAVY SHIPS** in harbor and open to Elks and their ladies.

**THURSDAY,  
JULY 17**

**9:45 A.M. FINAL SESSION** of Grand Lodge Reunion.

**11:30 A.M. INSTALLATION OF NEW GRAND LODGE OFFICERS.**

**2:00 P.M. PAGEANT AND PARADE.**

*All requests for room reservations must be received not later than June 12, 1947—the closing date.*

*Additional Convention features will be detailed in a pamphlet to be issued at time of registration.*

### COMMITTEE

R. W. "Bob" Hibbitt, P.E.R.  
General Chairman  
Room 818 Dekum Building  
Portland 5, Oregon  
Telephone—  
Broadway 5380

# News of the Order



This photograph was taken during the disbursement of \$120,000 to charitable organizations by the members of Queens Borough, N.Y., Lodge. James G. Sweeney, Exalted Ruler of the lodge, is pictured as he presented a check to the Guiding Eyes, Inc., represented by O. Leonard Larsen and Guide Dog Sitka.

**ACTIVITIES SPONSORED BY THE ELKS  
NATIONAL VETERANS SERVICE COMMISSION**

**THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S VISITS**

**NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES**

**EDITORIAL**

# Activities Sponsored by the Elks National VETERANS SERVICE COMMISSION

**1**  
Acting for the State Elks Assn., Boise, Ida., Lodge presents a spinet piano to the Veterans Administration in Boise, the only active point of hospitalization for veterans in Idaho.



**1. BOISE, IDA.**

**2**  
Through the assistance of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission, Belleville, Ill., Lodge presented a combination radio-phonograph, which is being carefully inspected here, for the use of the boys in the isolation wards at Scott Field's Station Hospital.



**2. BELLEVILLE, ILL.**

**3**  
E.R. Clair S. Johnson, fourth from right, presents Indio, Calif., Lodge's \$1,000 check to Fred Barrigar, Chairman of the drive for the erection of the Community Veterans Building in that city, as other members of the lodge look on.

**4**  
Here are those who attended the dedication of the Honor Roll of Reading, Pa., Lodge in honor of those Elks who were in the Service from Reading before V-J Day. The ceremonies were in charge of the National Veterans Service Committee.

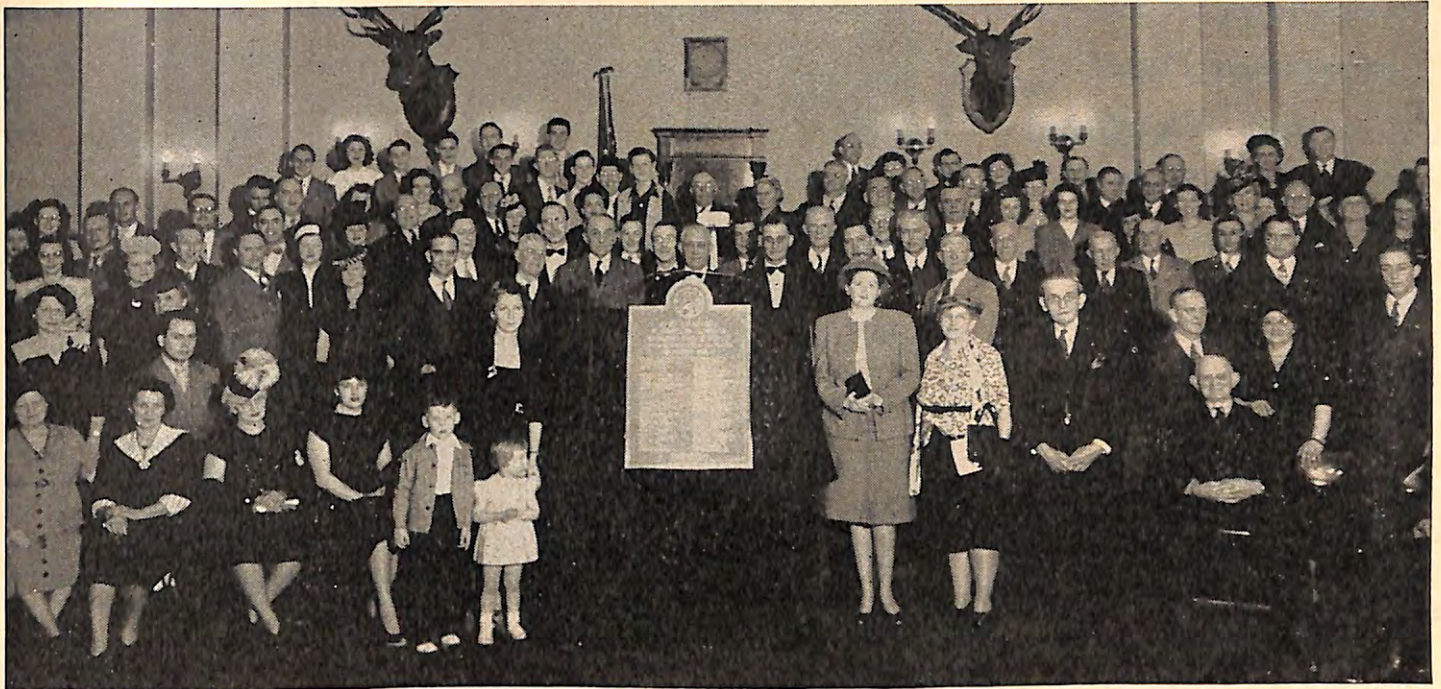


**3. INDIO, CALIF.**

**5**  
Veterans at Lisbon Hospital are entertained monthly with programs presented by the Elks National Veterans Service Commission, the Texas State Elks Assn. and Dallas Lodge. Two convalescent servicemen are shown as they received cigarettes from State Pres. Floyd B. Ford.

**6**  
Some of the 200 veterans at the Will Rogers Hospital who enjoyed a Bingo Game arranged for them by the Elks Veterans Service Committee of Oklahoma City, Okla., Lodge.

**7**  
A magician entertains a large group of convalescent servicemen as part of the Hospital Program of the Illinois State Elks Assn., sponsored by Jacksonville Lodge.



4. READING, PA.



5. TEXAS STATE ELKS ASSN.



6. OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.



7. JACKSONVILLE, ILL.

**ACTIVITIES  
SPONSORED BY  
THE ELKS NATIONAL  
VETERANS SERVICE  
COMMISSION**

**1**

Lockport, N. Y., Lodge gives a boost of \$1,000 to the local Paralyzed Veterans Housing Fund to provide special housing facilities for two paralytic soldiers who served in the ETO.



**1. LOCKPORT, N. Y.**

**2**

A photograph taken on a Veterans Administration Special Services Bus when South Carolina Elks took a group of veterans to see the Ice Vogues as part of the veterans' entertainment program sponsored by Columbia, S. C., Lodge. W. H. Harth, Chairman of the Hospital Committee, distributes cigarettes.



**2. COLUMBIA, S. C.**

**3**

Here is the decorated car entered by Roanoke, Va., Lodge in the local Army Day Parade. The Parade was followed by speeches delivered by U.S. Representative J. Lindsay Almond, Jr., and Major General Richard J. Marshall, Superintendent of Virginia Military Institute.



**3. ROANOKE, VA.**



*This stands for honorable  
service to our country.*



# THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S VISITS

**G**RAND Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton was injured in an automobile accident at Fly, Ohio, about three miles from Sistersville, W. Va., early Sunday morning, April 20th. He was taken immediately to the Sistersville General Hospital and then removed to the Ohio Valley General Hospital in Wheeling.

At first it was thought the Grand Exalted Ruler was suffering only from bruises and shock, but a bulletin issued by his attending physician stated that "X-ray pictures show an incomplete fracture of the 11th thoracic vertebra which will necessitate the application and wearing of a body cast in proper corrective position".

Riding with Mr. Broughton at the time of the accident were his secretary, Roy C. Heinlein, a member of Sistersville Lodge, and two other Sistersville Elks, P.E.R. S. A. Peters and Samuel Hubbard.

The Grand Exalted Ruler gave out the following statement from his room at the Wheeling hospital: "The fact that I have completed approximately 90 per cent of my visitations throughout the country is a source of pleasure to me. I will be able to return to my home in Sheboygan, Wis., just as soon as my physician gives assurance the trip will not be too strenuous. I am hopeful that by cutting down on activities and traveling, I will be able to make the Grand Lodge Convention in Portland in July and will be able to carry on my office work and keep in constant touch with *The Elks Magazine* and the office of the Grand Secretary in Chicago.

"I feel we are all very fortunate in escaping without more serious injuries. The automobile crashed off the highway down an embankment of some 30 feet and was prevented from dropping into a ravine some 150 feet below, by shrubbery which halted the dash of the car.

"My Secretary, Roy C. Heinlein, has returned to our office in Sheboygan to carry on our work and I hope to join him within a week to ten days although I am advised it will be necessary to wear the cast in which I have been placed for several months."

Mr. Broughton had been attending the 50th anniversary of **AKRON, OHIO, LODGE, NO. 363**, and was enroute from that city to Sistersville where he was to fill a banquet and meeting engagement Sunday evening prior to going to New York State for a week of visitations.

Unfortunately, Mr. Broughton's injuries will prevent his making any further subordinate lodge visits during his term of office.

**S**WINGING around the country in a tour that has brought him into 48 States during his tour, Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton spoke in **PHILADELPHIA, PA.**, on March 14th, at the lodge's 76th Anniversary, against minority groups that are in conflict with the American way of life.

"There can be no half-way patriotism, where country and government are at stake," he said. "Preaching hatred and a lack of tolerance breeds disrespect in the land we love and the Flag that has been defended on sea, land and in the air. You can have no anti-groups, whether they parade as Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, Communists, or under some other name, aimed to substitute a form of government that is foreign to our customs and beliefs.

"That is why we have set out this year to challenge these groups, and the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks has subscribed to every program of this character down through the years. Tolerance is the foundation and the groundwork of our Order, and it is linked with the destiny of our country. We challenged the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan in Wisconsin, and through a court decision nullified their charter on the ground that it denied the right of Free Worship, the right of Free Speech and the right of Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness. Our Government is based on the equality of individuals, a guarantee that has made the United States of America the citadel of democracy. Minority groups, unchallenged, may become majority groups as in the case of Hitler. In 1928 he had less than three hundred at a meeting, but, sowing the seed of dissension and preaching hatred and greed, he rose to power. Nothing like that must occur in America.

"In times of prosperity we have little to fear, but our country may approach another depression, and then this seed of dissension may harvest a crop that will bode ill for our democracy. To those who do not like orderly government, let them leave our shores, and the sooner the better. We stand ready to aid the unfortunate in other lands, but we resent any doctrine, foreign in character, that runs counter to ours, no matter from where it comes.

"The constitution of the United States breathes the air of liberty and in peacetime we must fight with the same vigor that was demonstrated on the field of battle. Less we cannot do and remain true to those who fought, bled and died that our freedoms might be preserved for posterity.

"Philadelphia is the citadel of liberty,

and it must forever remain so. God give us the power to wage a lasting fight, that men of all creeds subscribing to our Constitution shall continue as free and unshackled towers of strength in this great fight to preserve American liberty." A complete story of Mr. Broughton's visit to Philadelphia appeared in the May issue of the Magazine.

On March 20th the Grand Exalted Ruler turned up to participate in the 20th Anniversary festivities of **ELMHURST, ILL., LODGE, NO. 1531**, which began in the afternoon with a reception, and continued into the evening with a dinner, an entertainment program, a formal lodge meeting and a midnight smorgasbord at the lodge home.

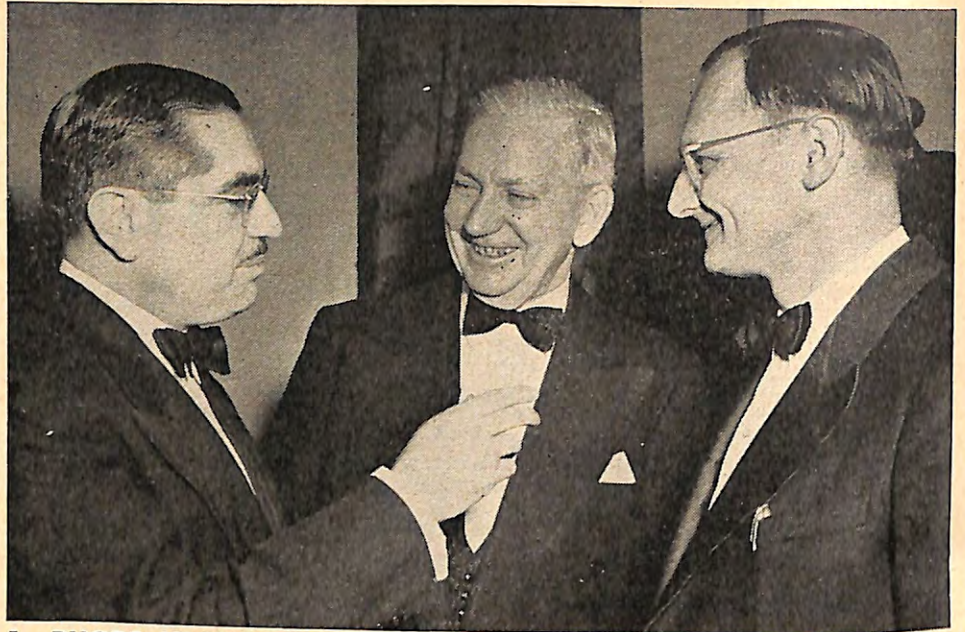
Among the Charter Members of the lodge who were special guests at the celebration was 88-year-old Charles H. Brinsmaid, the only living petitioner of the lodge. He gave an interesting history of No. 1531, contrasting the trials and tribulations encountered by the founders with the current success of this active group. Membership has grown from 89 to 557 in 20 years.

On March 23rd the Elks of **CHEYENNE, WYO., LODGE, NO. 660**, entertained Mr. Broughton at a banquet held at the Plains Hotel. Other speakers than the Grand Exalted Ruler were Grand Inner Guard Hollis B. Brewer; Judge O. R. Baum, Pres. of the Idaho State Elks Association, District Deputies R. L. Pence of Idaho and Bryant S. Cromer of Wyoming, Mayor J. J. McInerney, Governor L. C. Hunt and Federal Judge T. Blake Kennedy. Following this meeting the Order's leader visited **LARAMIE, WYO., LODGE, NO. 582**, and **RAWLINS, WYO., LODGE, NO. 609**, on the 24th.

More than 800 members of the Order, representing practically every lodge in the Idaho South District, greeted Grand Exalted Ruler Broughton when he made a call at the home of **IDAHO FALLS LODGE NO. 1087** on March 25th. It was the first time in the lodge's history that a leader of this great Fraternity had paid No. 1087 any more than a fleeting visit, and this unusual occasion stimulated the lodge officers to go "all out" in honor of their distinguished visitor who received a Navajo rug as a memento of his visit, with Judge Baum making the presentation. In his dynamic address, Mr. Broughton praised the Idaho State Elks Association for establishing the \$60,000 Crippled Children's Hospital at Boise.

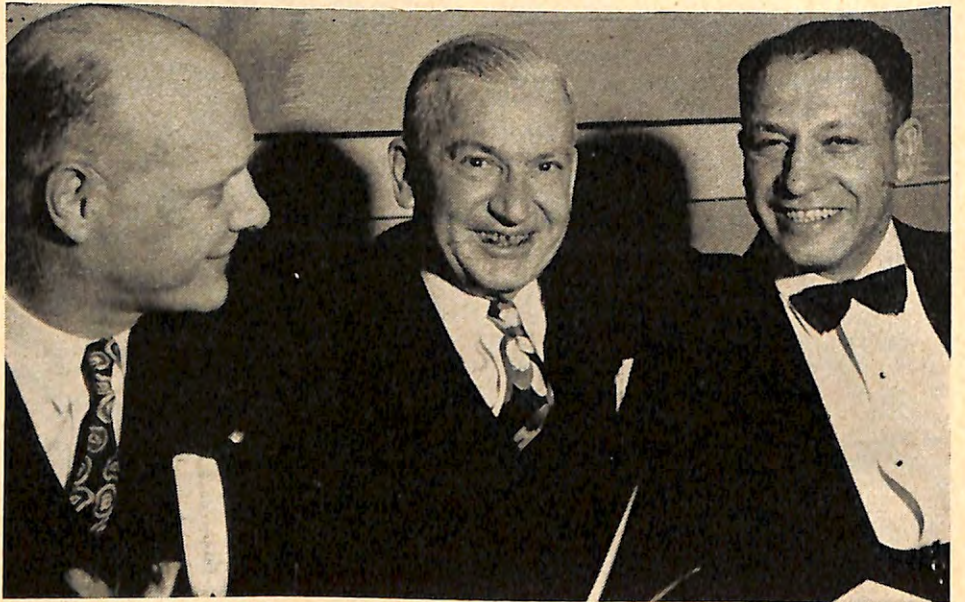
# THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S VISITS

**1**  
When Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton attended a meeting and banquet sponsored by the Rhode Island State Elks Association in Providence, Gov. John O. Pastore, a member of the Order, left, and Anthony F. Lawrence, President of the Assn., right, were photographed while in conversation with him.



**1. RHODE ISLAND STATE ELKS ASSN.**

**2**  
Col. Arthur E. Pierpont, P.D.D., Mr. Broughton and E.R. John Caruso, left to right, are pictured at the banquet given by Owosso, Mich., Lodge in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler. Over 500 Elks attended.



**2. OWOSSO, MICH.**

**3**  
Mr. Broughton and Past Grand Treasurer John K. Burch join officials of the Michigan State Elks Association during the presentation of the Association's gift of an ambulance to the Veterans Facility at Grand Rapids.

**4**  
Grand Exalted Ruler Broughton and Vice-Chairman and Secretary George I. Hall of the Board of Grand Trustees, center, are flanked by high officials of Elksdom in Pennsylvania including Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, left, during Mr. Broughton's visit to Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge.

**5**  
Mr. Broughton is pictured on the steps of the new home of Lima, Ohio., Lodge when he was met there by the lodge officers, Mayor William Ferguson and other Elk and civic officials.



**3. MICHIGAN STATE ELKS ASSN.**

**6**  
When the Order's leader visited Blackfoot, Ida., Lodge he was made a Chief of an Indian Tribe. He is pictured here receiving a pair of Indian gauntlets.

**7**  
The Grand Exalted Ruler is photographed as he addressed a large group of Elks at a banquet held in his honor by Niles, Mich., Lodge. The dinner was attended by a large group of Michigan State Elk officials.

**8**  
Officers of Toledo, Ohio, Lodge are seated with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick and Grand Exalted Ruler Broughton, fourth and fifth from left, respectively, while the large class of candidates initiated into Toledo Lodge in honor of its distinguished visitor, stands in the background. One of the 75 candidates was Dr. McCormick's son who is the third generation of his family to become a member of the Order.



4. PHILADELPHIA, PA.



5. LIMA, OHIO



6. BLACKFOOT, IDA.



7. NILES, MICH.



8. TOLEDO, OHIO

# News of the

# SUBORDINATE

# LODGES

**QUEENS BOROUGH, N. Y.,** Lodge, No. 878, over a period of years has earned a widespread reputation for generosity. This year the lodge's annual Charity Bazaar was a tremendous success and on the evening of March 25th, when the annual distribution of the receipts of this affair took place, it was found that the amount disbursed nearly doubled that of last year.

The "Pageant of Giving", as Dr. Paul Klapper, president of Queens College, so aptly called it, was presided over by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, Chairman of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission. E.R. J. G. Sweeney welcomed those who attended this affair at which virtually every charitable organization in the Borough was a beneficiary of part of the staggering sum of \$120,000. The recipients and the amounts allocated to them are listed below:

St. John's Long Island City Hospital.....	\$1,500
Flushing Hospital.....	1,500
Jamaica Hospital.....	1,500
Mary Immaculate Hospital.....	1,500
St. Joseph's Hospital.....	1,500
Rockaway Beach Hospital.....	1,500
Wyckoff Heights Hospital.....	1,500
Queens General Hospital.....	1,500
St. Anthony's Hospital.....	1,500
Triboro Hospital.....	1,500
Queensboro Pavilion for Communicable Diseases.....	1,500
Protestant Charities of Queens County.....	1,500
Catholic Charities of Queens County.....	1,500
Jewish Charities of Queens County.....	1,500
American Red Cross.....	1,000
Boy Scouts of Queens County.....	1,000
Police Athletic League.....	1,000
Salvation Army.....	750
Ottillie Orphan Home.....	750
Child's Service League of Queens Borough, Inc.....	600
House of Calvary.....	600
Girl Scouts of Queens County.....	600
American Legion Welfare Fund.....	600
Auxiliary of Triboro Hospital.....	500
Community Service Society of Queens County.....	500
Queens Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.....	500
College Point Community Ambulance Corps.....	500
Israel Orphan Home of Rockaway.....	500
St. John's Home for Orphan Boys of Queens County.....	500
St. Joseph's Home for Orphan Girls of Queens County.....	500
Visiting Nurse Service of Queens County.....	500
Queens Speech and Hearing Service Center, Inc.....	400
Little Sisters of the Poor.....	400
United Hospital Fund.....	350
Nursing Sisters of the Sick Poor, Long Island City.....	350
Nursing Sisters of the Sick Poor, Jamaica.....	350
Industrial Home for the Blind.....	250
Veterans of Foreign Wars, Welfare Fund.....	250
Dr. Leonard B. Goldman, Cancer Research.....	250
Catholic Guild for Blind.....	250
Greater New York Fund.....	250
Guiding Eyes, Inc.....	200
Beachhaven Convalescent Home for Cardiac Children.....	200

Seeing Eye Foundation.....	200
New York Heart Association.....	200
Cancer Drive.....	200
National Infantile Paralysis Foundation.....	200
Queensboro Home for Blind.....	150
Y.W.C.A.....	150
Emerald Society.....	125
American Social Hygiene Society.....	100
Queensboro Tuberculosis & Health Association.....	100

A \$1,000 donation to the Committee in charge of entertainment at U. S. Naval Hospital in St. Albans was also made, and the Child Caring Institutions of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Brooklyn for children of Queens County received the same amount. Five hundred dollars went to the Y.M.C.A. of Long Island City for use in its youth program, and \$400 was allocated to the Department of Welfare of the City of New York for its programs on sending deserving children of Queens County to summer camps. The Queens Elks also donated \$2,500 for maintenance of an Elks Room at St. John's Hospital.

Presentation of \$3,500 for No. 878's campaign to relieve juvenile delinquency, \$50,000 for establishment of Queens Borough Elks Charity Reserve Fund and \$20,000 for Charitable and Relief Fund of Queens Borough Lodge for the ensuing year were accepted by Municipal Court Justice John F. Scileppi, Pres. of the N. Y. State Assn. Henry G. Wenzel, Jr., former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, was also there.

Representatives were on hand for all organizations and Hospitals. Protestant, Catholic and Jewish Charities were represented by Rev. William C. Bennett, Right Rev. Msgr. John J. Reddy and Rabbi Max Meyer, respectively.

The program was interspersed with pleasant musical interludes provided by the Catholic Diocesan Choristers of Brooklyn and several soloists.

**EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO,** Lodge, No. 258, paid tribute to 104 of its members who served during World War II, and to the memory of the seven who lost their lives in the conflict.

The affair began with a banquet at which Lee E. Donaldson, Pres. of the Pennsylvania State Elks Assn. and former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, spoke and P.D.D. Ralph C. Benedum presided. The next evening a dance and floor show were held for these veterans.

**1**

Present when Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge distributed \$120,000 recently were, left to right, Dr. Henry I. Feinberg, Medical Supt. of Queens General Hospital; Edward M. Bernecker, Commissioner of the N.Y.C. Dept. of Hospitals; Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan; Dr. Marcus Kogel, General Medical Superintendent of N.Y.C. Hospitals, and Dr. W. F. Jacobs, Medical Superintendent of Bellevue Hospital.

**2**

When San Jose, Calif., Lodge celebrated Charter Members' and Old Timers' Night recently, these five P.D.D.'s initiated a large class.

**3**

This Lakewood team won the Ohio Northeast District Bowling Tournament at Ravenna.

**4**

This is the Elks Bowling Team of Olean, N. Y., Lodge which recently won the championship of the City League.

**5**

Elk and Hospital officials look on as an operating table is presented to the city's hospital by the members of Salamanca, N. Y., Lodge.

**6**

D.D. Paul R. Beck presents a Certificate of Appreciation to E.R. Philip J. Reifel of Ontario, Calif., Lodge.

**7**

When Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge burned the mortgage on its home, these P.E.R.'s participated.

**8**

Officers of Watertown, S. D., Lodge are pictured with Capt. Ray De Veter of the Fire Dept. and Mayor Sever Arneson, fifth and sixth from left respectively, when the lodge presented a resuscitator to the City Fire Dept.



1. QUEENS BOROUGH, N. Y.



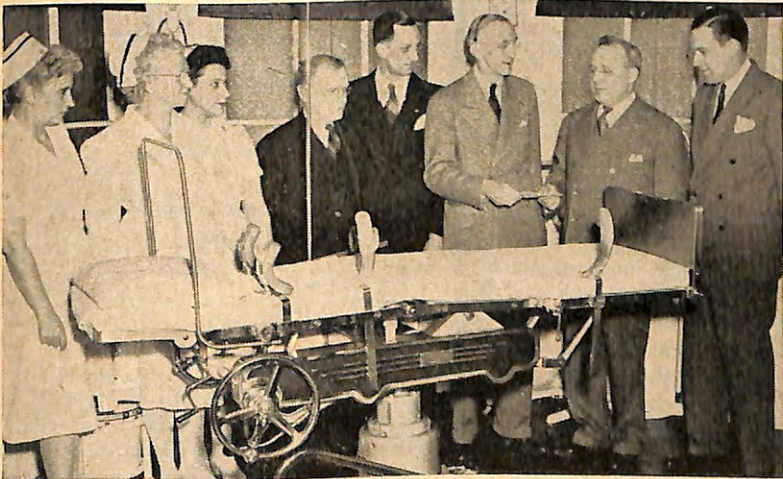
2. SAN JOSE, CALIF.



3. OHIO N. E. DISTRICT



4. OLEAN, N. Y.



5. SALAMANCA, N. Y.



6. ONTARIO, CALIF.



7. PORT CHESTER, N. Y.



8. WATERTOWN, S. D.

# NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

**BELLEVILLE, ILL.,** Lodge, No. 481, at an informal ceremony which took place in the Red Cross Department at Scott Field's Station Hospital, recently presented a combination radio-phonograph and numerous record albums to isolation wards C-12. The gift, the second made this year by the Elks of Southwestern Illinois, was made possible through the Elks National Veterans Service Commission, and will be enjoyed by the boys suffering from communicable diseases who are unable to take part in the entertainment programs put on at the Hospital.

**FROSTBURG, MD.,** Lodge, No. 470, recently entertained about 70 boys who represented it on the Junior and Senior Elks Baseball Team of the Frostburg Recreation Baseball League. The program included showing of motion pictures of the World Series baseball games of 1946, and the All-Star game of the National and American Leagues of that year. Following this, retiring-E.R. Harold Jenkins introduced Robert M. "Lefty" Groves, world-famous pitcher of yesteryear, who spoke on good sportsmanship. He preceded Edward Finzel, basketball coach at Beall High School. Later on, refreshments were served, concluding this program held at the home of No. 470.

**WATERTOWN, MASS.,** Lodge, No. 1513, recently turned over a valuable Iron Lung to St. Elizabeth's Hospital at Brighton. E.R. Arthur C. Descoteau made the presentation with a fine address; the Lung was accepted by Richard J. Cushing, Archbishop of Boston, President of the Trustees of the Hospital, who commented on the fine work being done by the Order and the many ways in which the Elks are striving to promote tolerance throughout the country. Dr. John Spellman, head of the Hospital's medical staff and brother of Francis Cardinal Spellman of New York, expressed his appreciation for the gift.

**BRUNSWICK, GA.,** Lodge, No. 691, has presented two artificial lungs to the City Hospital. The apparatus cost approximately \$2,000 and was an outright gift of the lodge, with the only qualification being that no charge be made to anyone in need of the lungs' assistance. The presentation was made not long ago in the presence of members of the Order, the hospital board and medical staff, city and county officials and the Girl Scouts.

## The State Associations Committee Reports the Following Convention Dates for 1947

Association	City	Date
Oklahoma	Tulsa	May 31-June 1
South Carolina	Charleston	May 31-June 1
Kentucky	Owensboro	June 1-3
North Dakota	Fargo	June 1-3
New York	Troy	June 5-7
Nevada	Reno	June 5-7
North Carolina	Charlotte	June 6-7
Idaho	Caldwell	June 6-8
Indiana	Evansville	June 6-8
Iowa	Davenport	June 6-8
Michigan	Saulte Ste. Marie	June 6-8
Utah	Salt Lake City	June 6-8
Nebraska	York	June 9-10
Minnesota	Faribault	June 12-14
Oregon	Coos Bay	June 13-14
New Jersey	Asbury Park	June 13-15
Wyoming	Rock Springs	June 13-15
Louisiana	Alexandria	June 14-15
Washington	Seattle	June 14-15
Kansas	Pittsburg	June 14-16
Rhode Island	Westerly	June 21-22
South Dakota	Deadwood	June 21-24
Virginia	Danville	August*
Maryland, Delaware & District of Columbia	Washington, D. C.	August 3-6
Wisconsin	Superior	August 21-23
Ohio	Cedar Point (Sandusky)	August 24-28
Pennsylvania	Erie	August 25-27
Colorado	Colorado Springs	September*
New Hampshire	Concord	September 26-28
California	San Diego	October 8-10

**FORT MADISON, IA.,** Lodge, No. 374, celebrated its Old Timers' Night recently and didn't leave out of the celebration any of the long-time members. The two oldest living members, Henry Rump and Edd Gott, who are now residents of the Elks National Home in Bedford, Va., received a telephone call from E.R. L. R. McCoy during the meeting and enjoyed conversations with several other long-time Elks in Fort Madison. A special unit of telephone equipment was installed so that both ends of the conversation were audible to the 340 members who attended the meeting at Fort Madison. No. 374 now has 134 members who have maintained continuous membership for more than 25 years.

**COLUMBUS, OHIO,** Lodge, No. 37, has been taking care of many of the needs of the 164 veterans and their families who are living in trailers at the State Fair Grounds.

Chairs, tables, rocking horses and other toys for the day nursery at the Grounds were provided by No. 37 recently, whose members also furnished rugs for the nursery floor and the lumber and insulation material to box in several trailers to add to their comfort during the cold weather.

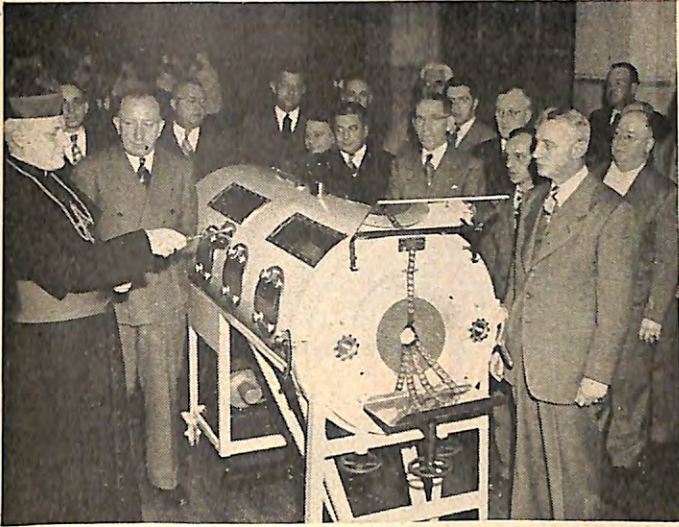
Each Sunday morning bus service from the Grounds is provided by the Columbus Elks so the veterans and their families can attend church services.

**1**  
His Excellency, Richard J. Cushing, D.D., LL.D., Archbishop of Boston, blesses the Iron Lung which the Elks of Waterloo, Mass., Lodge presented to St. Elizabeth's Hospital at Brighton. E. R. Arthur C. Descoteau, right foreground, looks on with other Elk dignitaries and hospital officials.

**2**  
Here is a group of brand-new Elks who were initiated into Elko, Nev., Lodge.

**3**  
Officers of Marshalltown, Ia., Lodge are pictured with a class of candidates initiated in honor of Clyde E. Jones, a member of the Grand Forum. The class included the father and son of E.R. J. E. Robb.

**4**  
These dignitaries of the Order were present when the mortgage on the home of Towson, Md., Lodge was burned.



1. WATERTOWN, MASS.



2. ELKO, NEV.



3. MARSHALLTOWN, IA.



4. TOWSON, MD.

# NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

**COLUMBIA, S. C.,** Lodge, No. 1190, has been making a regular thing of entertaining the patients in the Veterans Administration Hospital at Columbia. The lodge's Hospital Committee has seen to it that ambulant cases, as well as bed patients on ward floors, have had occasion to enjoy some of the many parties and entertainments put on at this Hospital.

**FRANKLIN, N. H.,** Lodge, No. 1280, turned out in full force for the official visit of D.D. Garrett A. Cushing, Secretary of the lodge. Many Elks from other New Hampshire lodges swelled the crowd of 200 which attended the meeting at which 12 new members were initiated.

After the ceremony, a banquet was held at the Daniel Webster Inn when the mortgage on the home, built in 1941, was burned at a ceremony conducted by members of the original building committee. E.R. George R. Lane introduced the Mayor of Franklin, P.E.R. Henry J. Proulx, who acted as Toastmaster. Among the New Hampshire dignitaries of the Order on hand were Past Grand Inner Guard Charles T. Durrell, and several Past District Deputies.

**ILL. ELKS ASSN.** The periodic clinic of the Illinois Elks Association Crippled Children's Commission took place in January at Paris, Ill., and was most successful. A great number of youngsters derived benefit from this clinic, and many cases for hospitalization were recommended by the clinician. Both the attendants and the children enjoyed refreshments through the courtesy of the ladies of the King's Daughters of the Christian and Methodist Episcopal Churches.

**LINCOLN, ILL.,** Lodge, No. 914, in cooperation with the Elks National Foundation's "Most Valuable Student Contest", announced the awarding of \$25 prizes to four girl seniors of Lincoln High School.

The Elks had intended to award \$25 to the winning girl and winning boy; since no boys entered the contest and since the records of all four girls were so outstanding, it was decided to award each of them an equal prize. The girls, Marilyn Augspurger, Jo Anne Fisherkeller, Mary M. Redus and Constance E. Sherbert, will enter the State contest in which three prizes of \$300, \$100 and \$50 will be awarded to the three winning boys and three winning girls.

**LINTON, IND.,** Lodge, No. 866, held a lively party for Elks and their families not long ago at which the famed Indiana Elks Chanters appeared and presented a fine program. The lodge home was filled to capacity for this affair which included a buffet luncheon in the dining room of the building. Dancing and "open house" kept everybody happy for the remainder of the evening.

**MICH. STATE ASSN.** Muskegon Lodge No. 274 was host to a fine mid-winter session of the Michigan State Elks Assn. with over 160 members registered, denoting almost 100 per cent attendance. The highlight of the meeting occurred when Past Pres. Owen Gavigan, formerly of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, presented to Col. Walter Baker the Association's \$4,200 check to cover the cost of a new ambulance for use at the Michigan State Veterans' Facility at Grand Rapids.

**MIDDLETOWN, OHIO,** Lodge, No. 257, held its Past Exalted Rulers' Night not long ago and the program included cocktails at the lodge home and dinner at the Hotel Manchester.

The lodge meeting opened at 8:15 with the Past Exalted Rulers doing the honors. During the meeting, E.R. George Davies, on behalf of the Middletown Elks, presented a gold P.E.R.'s pin to each of the lodge's former leaders who were present, and later on, all enjoyed refreshments in the lodge's club rooms.

**SAYRE, PA.,** Lodge, No. 1148, mourns the death of its Secretary, F. Elmo Daly, who passed away unexpectedly in Daytona Beach, Fla., at the age of 63.

A lifelong resident of Sayre, Mr. Daly was a member of No. 1148 for thirty years and succeeded his father as Secretary of the lodge more than 25 years ago.

Funeral services were held at the Alteri Funeral Home after the body arrived from Florida, and a Requiem High Mass was celebrated at the Church of the Epiphany of which Mr. Daly was a communicant, with several Sayre Elks participating as active and honorary pallbearers.

The body was placed in the Tioga Point Cemetery vault. Burial will take place in Epiphany Cemetery.

Mr. Daly is survived by his widow, two brothers and a sister.

**1**  
Elk officials are pictured with the handsome new \$8,000 ambulance which the members of The Dalles, Ore., Lodge presented to the city in honor of those of its members who served in World War II.

**2**  
E.R. Bernard L. Frick, left, presents Lebanon, Pa., Lodge's check for \$200 to Harry B. Lau, Chairman of the Lebanon County March of Dimes Campaign as the Chairman of the lodge's Entertainment Committee, William J. Haines, looks on.

**3**  
State Elk dignitaries are pictured with Past State Pres. Dr. M. M. Archer and Clyde E. Jones, a member of the Grand Forum, fourth and fifth from left respectively, at a dinner given for Dr. Archer by Rock Island, Ill., Lodge. Over 300 persons were present. The luggage was presented to the former State Assn. President by the lodge.

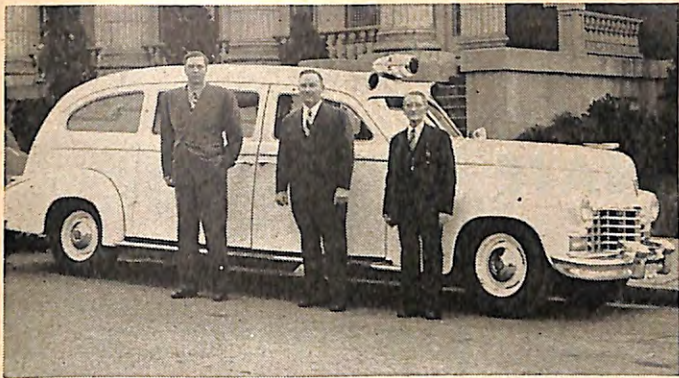
**4**  
Elk and hospital officials are shown with the oxygen tent which Melrose, Mass., Lodge recently donated to the people of the community.

**5**  
Officials of Price, Utah, Lodge are pictured with D.D. Seth Billings when he visited that branch of the Order.

**6**  
Some of the dignitaries of the Order who were present for the occasion of East Liverpool, Ohio, Lodge's 54th Anniversary celebration.

**7**  
Shown with the lodge officers are some of the 102 men who recently became members of Tyrone, Pa., Lodge.





1. THE DALLES, ORE.



2. LEBANON, PA.



3. ROCK ISLAND, ILL.



4. MELROSE, MASS.



5. PRICE, UTAH



6. EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO



7. TYRONE, PA.

# NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

**SAN RAFAEL, CALIF.**, Lodge, No. 1108, has made it possible for the hundreds of boys and girls who attend St. Vincent's and Sunny Hills schools to have their own motion picture shows. At a recent meeting of the Board of Directors, the recommendations of the Orphans' Welfare Committee were unanimously approved and the necessary material was ordered. Installation began the following week. The children at St. Vincent's will hereafter enjoy their movies from two brand-new Holmes 35mm. projectors, with the latest amplifying and speaking equipment, and a new 12'x16' screen.

Because no fire-proof booth was available for Sunny Hills, a small 16mm. projector, amplifier, speaker and screen were provided.

**OWATONNA, MINN.**, Lodge, No. 1395, has presented to the Public Library a Viz Projector to be used by bedridden citizens of the community. The projector is mounted on the bed's headboard; a movie screen at the foot. Current and classical books are photographed on microfilm and shown a page at a time. Pages are "turned" by the patients when they press a button on a small switch placed conveniently at hand. The machine is in use in the Owatonna City Hospital and the lodge has supplied funds for the purchase of an interesting library of films.

**MIDDLETOWN, PA.**, Lodge, No. 1092, enjoyed another successful affair in the long chain of programs put on during the year and planned for the future. Past Exalted Rulers' Night brought out a large group of members, among them being their oldest living P.E.R., C. F. Beard, George H. Schadt who served No. 1092 as Secretary for 36 years, and P.D.D. Ellwood S. Grimm.

Interest in the activities of Middletown Lodge has increased steadily during the past year, and many improvements have been made on the lodge property.

**NEWARK, N. Y.**, Lodge, No. 1249, turned out en masse several weeks ago, along with visiting Elk officials, to honor its 103 veterans of World War II at a reception and banquet, followed by a program of special entertainment which featured several vaudeville acts.

E.R. John DeDoelder welcomed the veterans home officially, expressing the happiness of the membership that each had returned safe and sound.

**OHIO N. E. DISTRICT.** The members of Youngstown, Ohio, Lodge, No. 55, were hosts to the officers of each of its district's 15 lodges when the Ritualistic Contest for that section of the State took place there. Lester C. Hess, of Wheeling, W. Va., a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, was one of the judges.

Directed by P.E.R. George D. Kingdom of Conneaut Lodge, a member of the Executive Committee of the Ohio Elks' P.E.R.'s Assn. under whose auspices the contest was conducted, the competition ended with Lakewood Lodge No. 1350 copping the honors with a score of 99.5874 points. Painesville Lodge No. 549 took second place, and Conneaut Lodge No. 256, third spot.

Each Exalted Ruler participating in the contest received an aluminum gavel from E.R. Leo Dunning, Jr., of the host lodge, as a memento of the occasion.

As a result of the 100% competition, Conneaut Lodge voted to provide a rotating trophy for future Ohio N.E. District contest winners, with the Lakewood group the first to hold it.

**N. C. ELKS ASSN.** The Elks of North Carolina are not going to let pass anything that smacks of Communism. At the recent meeting of the Association, at which 21 of the State's 26 lodges were represented, the North Carolina Elks adopted a resolution condemning and denouncing an advertisement of the Communist Party of the "Carolina District, U.S.A.", which appeared in Raleigh and Winston-Salem newspapers, purportedly representing C.I.O. and A.F.L. unions as cooperating with the Communists against anti-labor bills in Congress and the State Legislature. The Elks called it an "attempt to promote civil strife and array class against class".

**NEWMAN, GA.**, Lodge, No. 1220, entertained quite a crowd at its banquet inaugurating the sale of Easter Seals for its district. George Neill, Chairman of the Easter Seal Sale, introduced the main speaker, J. Clayton Burke, President of the Crippled Children's League of Georgia.

Other distinguished guests included Paul Henson, President, and A. B. White, Jr., Vice-Pres., of the Ga. State Elks Assn., Mayor C. J. Smith, P.E.R. Murray A. Duncan, Trustee of the Crippled Children's League of Georgia and other civic and fraternal leaders.

The Elk film, "Twixt Dream and Deed", was shown.

**1**  
Officials of Ajo and Phoenix, Ariz., Lodges, with their ladies, are pictured at the Ajo-Valentine Dance held by Phoenix Lodge in honor of the Seventeenth Anniversary of Ajo Lodge.

**2**  
Here are the Past Exalted Rulers of Three Rivers, Mich., Lodge who exemplified the Ritual in the initiation of a class of candidates not long ago in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler.

**3**  
These Past Exalted Rulers of Glendale, Calif., Lodge, properly attired considering their years of experience, showed a thing or two to the younger members of the lodge not long ago on Past Exalted Rulers' Night.

**4**  
This is a view of the 643 ladies who attended Sacramento, Calif., Lodge's Annual Ladies' Stag Dinner. This year's banquet honored Miss Anastasia Miller, head of the Sacramento Well-Baby Clinic.



1. PHOENIX, ARIZ.



2. THREE RIVERS, MICH.



3. GLENDALE, CALIF.



4. SACRAMENTO, CALIF.

# NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

**MT. VERNON, IND.,** Lodge, No. 277, celebrated its 53rd anniversary on a large scale not long ago when about 160 members turned out for the turkey dinner and the musical entertainment that went with it. The lodge's oldest living P.E.R., John C. Tente, cut the birthday cake and E.R. Morris Barret was Toastmaster. The first initiate of No. 277 after its institution in 1894, Isaac Rosenbaum, who was born on the site of the present lodge home, gave a verbal description of the first initiatory ceremonies. Past District Deputy George S. Green was the principal speaker and a class of candidates was initiated.

**QUINCY, ILL.,** Lodge, No. 100, played host to Pres. R. Byron Zea of the Ill. State Elks Assn. at a meeting he attended after conferring with the officers of the local lodge. The State President presided at the initiation of a class of ten candidates in his honor and later addressed the group. He discussed in particular the activities of the Association which include furnishing free entertainment to all Ill. Veterans Hospitals, assistance to crippled children, and the presentation of scholarships to deserving students.

Another class was initiated about a month later and the Theater Committee reported that the Veloz and Yolanda show, which was put on some time before that meeting, was a great success, financially and otherwise. Many other important affairs are scheduled.

**LOVELAND, COLO.,** Lodge, No. 1051, with a membership of 775, is an integral part in the life of a township of under 10,000 people. When that community began to realize its dream of a hospital, No. 1051 made a pledge of \$50,000 for this purpose. On March 3rd, E.R. Donald F. Crain presented to P.E.R. Elmer Ivers, Chairman of the Community Hospital Committee, the final payment on this pledge. For nearly two years the Elks have been adding to a fund for the Hospital under a plan proposed by Past Exalted Ruler Eric Sundquist in 1945.

At the start of 1946 the local financing campaign got under way and Loveland Lodge and its community have placed more than \$125,000 in the bank toward the erection of this modern, 42-bed institution, which will be a memorial to those who took up arms in defense of our country in the last war.

**PETOSKEY, MICH.,** Lodge, No. 629, watched 16 of its former leaders take part in the initiation of a class of 13 candidates on Past Exalted Rulers' Night. Of No. 629's 23 living P.E.R.'s, 19 are still residents of Petoskey and take an active interest in lodge affairs.

D.D. John R. Buck paid an official visit to the home of Petoskey Lodge some time ago, when 20 men became Elks in his honor.

**SILVER SPRING, MD.,** Lodge, No. 1677, definitely has the interests of the youth of its city at heart. This group of Elks is cooperating with the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia Elks in sponsoring a boys' summer camp, for members of the Elks Boys' Clubs, at Camp Ritchie near Hagerstown, Md. About 23 Silver Spring Boys' Club members will be among the 375 who will be at the camp during its three-week operation this summer.

No. 1677 has formed a fine bowling league in its own Boys' Club which also includes basketball and baseball teams and a fine band which celebrated its first anniversary not long ago with a special concert at the Silver Spring Armory.

**SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.,** Lodge, No. 1154, made its fourth annual visit to Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1485 not long ago and it turned out to be just as pleasant as were those in the past.

The whole thing started a few years ago when P.E.R. Edward Schrader of No. 1485 moved to South Orange and his erstwhile New York fellow-Elks went to New Jersey to visit him.

On the most recent occasion, the officers of South Orange Lodge initiated six members into Hempstead Lodge in honor of P.E.R. Schrader.

**BRIDGETON, N. J.,** Lodge, No. 733, staged a mighty successful banquet recently which was the forerunner of many outstanding social functions planned for the future. The turkey dinner, which was served at the Rathskeller banquet room, was enjoyed by about 175 Elks and their guests who were entertained later by four topnotch vaudeville acts.

The officers of No. 733 were introduced, as were the Past Exalted Rulers who were present. Among those who spoke were Peter Musso, Vice-Pres. of the N. J. Elks Assn., D.D. Bloomfield Phrampus and P.D.D. Edward Griffith.

1

Here are those members of South Orange, N. J., Lodge who made an annual visit to Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge, pictured with members of the host lodge.

2

Frostburg, Md., Lodge's Youth Committee is pictured with Robert M. "Lefty" Grove, seated center, who paid a visit to the lodge to speak to 70 boys of the Junior and Senior Elks Baseball Team.

3

The Crippled Children's Committee of Minot, N. D., Lodge is photographed with a resuscitator the lodge recently presented to the city.

4

The boys and girls of the local high school band beam their appreciation to Seminole, Okla., Lodge for underwriting railroad expenses for the band to get to a district-deciding game.



1. SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.



2. FROSTBURG, MD.



3. MINOT, N. D.



4. SEMINOLE, OKLA.

# NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

**BREMERTON, WASH.**, Lodge, No. 1181, has added something new to many of the membership cards in its files. In one corner appears a tiny symbol, "4" or "0" or one of the others which denote blood types.

When the lodge's Social Welfare Committee met some months ago, Max Smith, manager of the city's Harrison Memorial Hospital and a member of the Order, spoke of the need of new supplies for the city's blood bank which had been kept up during the war by the Red Cross. Judge Edmund Stafford dreamed up the idea which E.R. C. A. King presented immediately to the membership of No. 1181.

Any member can volunteer to have his blood typed and recorded on his membership card as well as on a similar card filed at the Hospital. When an Elk requires a transfusion, the doctor can determine his blood type by glancing at his membership card and then thumb through the file of Elk volunteers for donors of the same category. These donors have offered blood without charge, and do not confine their donations to members of the Order. Anyone in the community may avail himself of this offer.

This plan eliminates the storing of blood as it is not necessary to keep a supply on hand when donors are readily available.

**NEWARK, N. J.**, Lodge, No. 21, has taken a new lease on life since it moved into its new home and stepped up its activities. The Grand Exalted Ruler's "Class for Peace" of 44 members included many civic officials and professional men.

Reinstatements are piling into No. 21 and many new applications for membership are pending.

**TOWSON, MD.**, Lodge, No. 469, let the Past Exalted Rulers take over one evening a few months ago, and with a fine turkey dinner ahead of time, they were all set for action. Fourteen P.E.R.'s officiated at various times during the evening, during which a scroll of appreciation was presented to Past Exalted Ruler Frank I. Wheeler, Sr., on the completion of 50 years' service to No. 469.

The meeting was closed with the burning of the mortgage on the lodge home, at ceremonies conducted by Past District Deputy Judge J. Howard Murray.

**HILLSBORO, OHIO**, Lodge, No. 361, celebrated its 50th Anniversary in March by initiating a class of candidates at a special meeting. The two surviving Charter Members, P.E.R. J. C. Larkin and Frank A. Collins, were given Honorary Life Memberships in the presence of about 300 Ohio members, including visitors from Cincinnati, Greenfield, Washington C. H., Wilmington, Troy, Middletown and Lebanon Lodges. Among those who attended this important meeting and enjoyed the buffet lunch later were D.D. E. A. Wight and John K. Maurer, a member of the Board of Trustees of the Ohio State Elks Assn.

**LAWRENCE, KANS.**, Lodge, No. 595, has lost a valuable member, a tireless worker for the good of the Order and a fine citizen in the death of E.R. C. C. Carl who passed away at the age of 61 on March 15th.

Mr. Carl settled in Lawrence in 1909 where he was engaged in the clothing business. He had been active in his lodge for nearly 40 years, and served on many important committees. He had always been vitally and actively interested in working with the young boys of his community and was a major contributor to juvenile improvement. During the war he spent much time in correspondence with boys in service, not only those associated with him in Elkdom, but also many others.

Exalted Ruler Carl was also a member of the Kiwanis organization of his city, and was an authority on sports, being an organizer of Junior Twilight League baseball in Lawrence, and of the Kansas University Pep Club.

Private funeral services were held for Mr. Carl on March 18th at the Funk Funeral Chapel. He is survived by his brother, several nieces and a nephew.

**ONTARIO, CALIF.**, Lodge, No. 1419, celebrated the opening of its new \$15,000 annex with a turnout of 300 Elks, including State Assn. Pres. R. Leonard Bush. The new addition includes billiard, card and dining rooms, and seats 250 persons.

The affair attracted visitors from many California lodges, and included several present and past officers of the State Association, and D.D. Paul R. Beck. A highlight of the meeting included the presentation of service pins to several long-time members.

1  
Recent outstanding event of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge's Luncheon Club was a meeting honoring Connie Mack, center, "Grand Old Man of Baseball". E.R. Judge Arthur Guerin and industrialist Atwater Kent stand to the right and left of Mr. Mack, respectively.

2  
Carmine Adesso, left, Social and Community Welfare officer of San Diego, Calif., Lodge, turns over a \$3,010.28 check to S. Ernest Davis, San Diego County President of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, as E.R. J. G. Peterson looks on. The money represents collections made through containers distributed throughout the city by the lodge.

3  
E. R. E. L. Aders, second from left, presents Elkhart, Ind., Lodge's \$7,000 check to Mayor Hallett Neale for the purchase of an ambulance for the city's use in emergencies.

4  
Dignitaries of Covington, Ky., Lodge are pictured with Hospital officials when they presented an X-ray fluoroscopic unit to the Kenton County Tuberculosis Sanitarium.

5  
A load of toys, donated by Columbus, Ohio, Lodge to the day nursery at the State Fair Grounds where 164 veterans and their families live in trailers, is ready for delivery.

6  
An Iron Lung is turned over by Pocomoke City, Md., Lodge to the people of the Del.-Mar.-Va. Peninsula.



1. LOS ANGELES, CALIF.



2. SAN DIEGO, CALIF.



3. ELKHART, IND.



4. COVINGTON, KY.



5. COLUMBUS, OHIO



6. POCOMOKE CITY, MD.

# NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

**1**

When Salida, Colo., Lodge celebrated Old Timers' Night this group of Elks, who have been members of the Order for forty years or more, was present.



**1. SALIDA, COLO.**

Credit: John W. Hughes Studio

**2**

This class of 20 candidates was initiated into Petoskey, Mich., Lodge in honor of D.D. John R. Buck, when he paid his official visit to that lodge.



**2. PETOSKEY, MICH.**

**3**

A view of the crowd which attended Newnan, Ga., Lodge's banquet inaugurating the sale of Easter Seals.

**4**

Here are shown some of the 350 Elks who attended the dedication of Breckenridge, Tex., Lodge's new home.

**5**

Steubenville, Ohio, Lodge initiated this class of candidates in honor of P.E.R. W. F. Schaefer, who has been a member for forty-six years.

**6**

Elk and civic officials are pictured with members of the hospital board and staff and Girl Scout representatives when Brunswick, Ga., Lodge presented a pair of artificial lungs, costing over \$2,000, to the City Hospital.

**7**

Some of the crowd which attended Bartlesville, Okla., Lodge's dance for the benefit of the March of Dimes. The entire proceeds of \$275 went to the Infantile Paralysis Fund.

**8**

The officers of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge are pictured on State President's Night when a large class was initiated in honor of Pres. John H. Neate, seated second from left, with Past Pres. Leslie G. Scrimger on his right.

**9**

Las Vegas, N. M., underprivileged school children enjoy daily luncheons supplied through the generosity of the members of the local Elks lodge.



**3. NEWNAN, GA.**





4. BRECKENRIDGE, TEX.



5. STEUBENVILLE, OHIO



6. BRUNSWICK, GA.



7. BARTLESVILLE, OKLA.



8. COLUMBUS, OHIO



9. LAS VEGAS, N. M.

# Editorial

## Flag Day



NE of the most important patriotic events on the Elk calendar is the annual commemoration of the birth of our Flag.

On June 14th the doors of Elkdom are opened and all are invited to participate in the Elks "Festival of the Flag". Never before

has our Flag meant so much, not only to America, but to all the world, and never will the Festival take on greater significance than in this year of 1947 when the people of America must stand up and be counted as squarely behind the democracy for which our Flag stands.

The American Flag has come a long way since it was first unfurled in the face of an armed foe at Fort Stanwix. It then inspired men to fight for the freedom of America, and in later years it has inspired the sons and daughters of America to carry on a struggle for world freedom which has not ended with the fighting phase of war.

The American Flag is a symbol of our unity and purpose as a nation. Through the blood, brain and brawn of our sons and daughters, it has achieved a place of world leadership, and oppressed people of all lands are praying that its leadership shall not fail. War, far from solving the world's problems, has increased them. Behind the scenes a gigantic struggle goes on between the democracy for which our people fought and died, and the totalitarian system which spread chaos and ruin over the face of the earth.

The celebration of Flag Day is not an empty gesture, nor its ritual uncompromising lip service; it is an honest and sincere expression of the Americanism of the Order of Elks.

Flag Day services are held by every lodge in the Order, and every effort must be made to bring out the people of the community in unprecedented number to rally around the Flag, publicly to renew their allegiance.

Now is the time for all America to present a united front and give assurance to the world that we are a nation "one and indivisible", willing to accept the responsibility of leading the world into paths of honorable peace.

## Twenty-Five



ITH this issue, *The Elks Magazine* celebrates its twenty-fifth birthday. Elsewhere in these pages will be found an interesting story of its inception and progress through the years. This story is one of unparalleled success in the field of fraternal journalism, a success

which may be attributed to the fact that it has always hewed close to the line that all official organs should follow; it has

carried official messages and pronouncements, presented news of the Order impartially, and avoided the pitfalls into which so many fraternal publications have fallen. It is safe to say that *The Elks Magazine* enters upon its second quarter-century with the respect and good will of every member of the Fraternity.

## Ideas and Activities



NDER the title, "Ideas and Activities", the Lodge Activities Committee has distributed a summary of ideas and suggestions culled from lodge bulletins, newspaper publicity and reports of District Deputies. It is profusely illustrated, and the matter has been assembled

with painstaking care by Chairman Bert A. Thompson.

The Committee modestly refers to its publication as a "leaflet"; it is really a voluminous compendium of ideas which may be studied with profit by all Exalted Rulers.

The Committee's objective is to stimulate interest in a clearing house for the exchange of ideas, and the Chairman solicits notices of special events, samples of publicity, and any other material that may be passed on for the "Good of the Order".

## A Pageant of Giving



UEENS Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, following custom, recently held an open meeting for the distribution of funds allocated for community, charitable and welfare purposes. Representatives of practically every hospital and welfare organization in the

jurisdiction of the lodge were present to receive a check for their allotted sum, and when the last check was presented, the amazing total of \$120,000 had been disbursed.

The amount and scope of these donations, bestowed without regard to race, creed or color, and measured only by the proportion of the need, inspired Dr. Paul Klapper, President of Queens College, to refer to this remarkable demonstration of fraternal community service as "A Pageant of Giving".

The phrase is apt indeed, for this annual charitable distribution is truly "A Pageant of Giving", not a "pageant" staged for ostentatious display, but rather to bring home to the community the needs of its institutions, and to demonstrate what may be done by a fraternity imbued with community spirit.

Each year this splendid lodge holds a bazaar to raise money for community charities. Each year it meets with increasing support from the people. Each year, under the able direction of P.E.R. Frank J. Rauch, the bazaar's revenues increase.

Under the inspiring leadership of Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, Queens Borough Lodge has become an outstanding example of what an Elks lodge can mean to a community, and the affection and regard in which No. 878 is held by the people of the Borough are the best measure of the spirit in which it renders service.

"Right down my Alley!"



**Pabst Blue Ribbon**  
**"IT'S BLENDED...IT'S SPLENDID!"**

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Milwaukee, Wis.



**TUNE IN THE EDDIE CANTOR SHOW  
EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT OVER NBC**

**33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER**

**EXPERIENCE IS THE  
BEST TEACHER!**



From simple forward dives to intricate spins and twists, Mildred O'Donnell mastered them all to win New York's Metropolitan diving championship.

"In diving, you practice and try until you find the particular forms and styles that suit you best," explains Champion Mildred O'Donnell.

IT'S TRUE IN DIVING...  
**EXPERIENCE IS  
THE BEST TEACHER!**  
...AND IN SMOKING TOO.  
THE CIGARETTE FOR ME  
IS **CAMEL!**

*Mildred  
O'Donnell*

DIVING CHAMPION

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

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

**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'!



**D**IVING Champion Mildred O'Donnell hasn't forgotten the war shortage of cigarettes. "I never realized there were such differences in cigarettes until the shortage," she recalls. "That's when I really learned what cigarette suits me best - Camel."

Millions of others had the same experience, with the result that *today more Camels are being smoked than ever before in history.* But, no matter how great the demand:

*We don't tamper with Camel quality. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.*



**IT WAS NO FUN,** the cigarette shortage; but it was a real experience. That's when millions of smokers learned the meaning of the phrase, "Camels suit my 'T-Zone' to a 'T.'"

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

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.*