

THE
Elks
MAGAZINE



NOVEMBER 1947

20 CENTS

JOHN
PIKE



"The man knows how to make a drink sing, too!"

Expect to hear *your* praises sung when you serve Calvert highballs! For here is whiskey of *friendly* lightness . . . *gentle* whiskey blended to a gentleman's taste. And the flavor is marvelously mellow . . . richly satisfying. We suggest *you*, too, join the smart thousands switching to Calvert. Then you'll know why . . .



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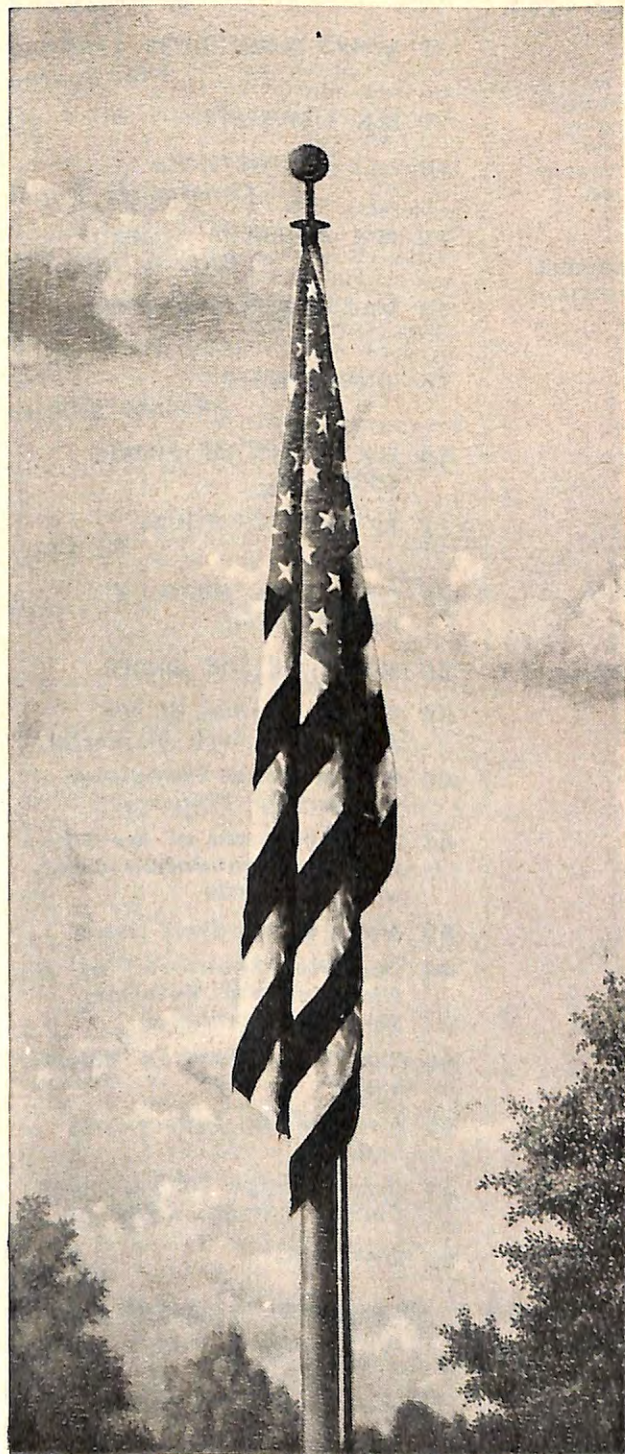
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Choice Blended Whiskies, 86.8 Proof. Calvert "Reserve"—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert "Special"—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City

A message from THE GRAND EXALTED RULER



From the painting "Our Flag", by Fred Tripp. Courtesy of the McCleary Clinic and Hospital, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

WE HAVE been taking it rather easy during the off season—our bodies should be rested—our brains and energies refreshed

The pennant race is on. You have a new manager and he wants to win. I know that you all want to play on a winning team.

I'll try to give you the pitching. I am looking to you for the base hits that win games. The Elks Team is the greatest in the world but it must keep hitting the ball.

These are the hits I want you to deliver:

(1) Let's keep hitting Communism and Fascism and all kinds of Isms. They have no place in the Americanism League. Let's put these foreign ideologies on the permanent black list.

(2) I want you to go to the bat for the Elks National Foundation. We are playing a real benefit ball game for this great cause. Let's raise a million dollars this year and turn it over with pride to this wonderful cause. Pennsylvania and California have challenged each other again this year. More players are needed in this benefit game.

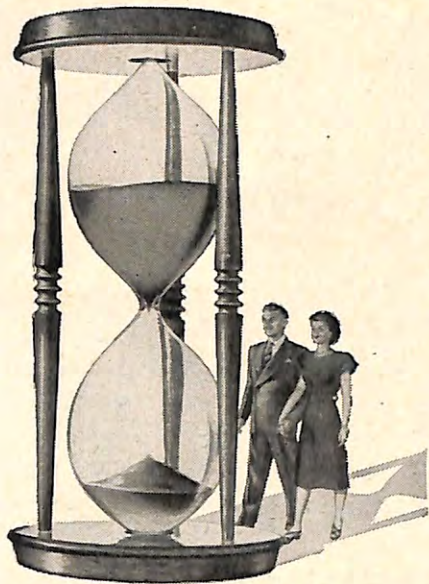
(3) Let's strike out juvenile delinquency by teaching Boy Scouts how to play the game right. These sand-lot boys will be the big leaguers of tomorrow. They need our coaching and our support.

(4) Let's earn the support of our town's people. Let's show them how Elks play the game to win. I want each Elks lodge to perform some real charitable or community welfare act each month. Make it a real home run. These home towners will be in the bleachers cheering us on to greater victories.

(5) Let's play our best for our disabled veterans in our hospitals. They played hard to win for us. Let's see that every Veterans Hospital has a Christmas tree this year with all the trimmings, and gifts—all because the Elks never forget. Let's deliver as pinch-hitters for these veterans.

Your Manager, who wants to win

L. A. LEWIS
GRAND EXALTED RULER



The years melt away
(as the years always do)

As your years dwindle down—as everybody's must—you'll need more than affection and companionship.

You'll need a place to live and food to eat. Which means you—not the family next door, but *you*—will need money.

There's only one way for most of us to get money—that's to save it.

And for most of us, too, the best way to save money is through U.S. Savings Bonds.

Because U. S. Savings Bonds are the most easily available investment. Every bank sells them. Every post office sells them.

AND—most important—you can buy them regularly and automatically . . .

To do so, you just sign up for the Payroll Savings Plan where you work, or for the Bond-A-Month Plan at your bank. Then they really pile up.

Of course, there are other reasons for buying U. S. Savings Bonds.

They're **SAFE**. Backed by the credit of the United States, that's all.

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They're **LIQUID**. Like water. You can get your cash out of them at any time . . . in a few minutes . . . without penalty.

Remember those words "melt away." They say better than a volume that you have less time than you think, to save.

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

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NOVEMBER, CONTENTS

THE **Elks** MAGAZINE

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE
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by John Pike

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Postmasters are asked to send Form 3578 notices complete with the key number which is imprinted at upper left-hand corner of mailing address, to The Elks Magazine, 50 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Members are asked, in changing address, to send this information (1) Name; (2) Lodge number; (3) Membership number; (4) New address; (5) Old address. Please allow 30 days for a change of address to be effected. THE ELKS MAGAZINE, Volume 25, No. 6, November, 1947. Published monthly at McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America. Entered as second-class matter November 2, 1940, at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio, under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 20, 1922. Printed in Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A. Single copy price, 20 cents. Subscription price in the United States and its Possessions, for Elks, \$1.00 a year; for non-Elks, \$2.00 a year; for Canadian postage, add 50 cents a year; for foreign postage, add \$1.00 a year. Subscriptions are payable in advance. Manuscripts must be typewritten and accompanied by sufficient postage for their return via first class mail. They will be handled with care, but this Magazine assumes no responsibility for their safety. Copyright, 1947, by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America.

IN THIS ISSUE
We Present—

THE cover for this month is illustrated by John Pike. It was originally meant to be a water color to hang on a wall, but we thought that was too exclusive a use for such a fine piece of art.

"The Old Soldier" by W. C. Bixby, which is our lead-off story, is not a war story, no matter what the illustrations lead you to believe. Mr. Bixby, who is an "old soldier" himself, is writing of the "new soldier"—who sometimes presents a problem.

There is a rumor going around that the war has cost us more than we know in our petroleum reserves. However, Christopher Vogel, on page 10, reminds us that we have an "Ace in the Hole", pending the use of atomic energy.

This month we got ourselves fouled up in an altercation concerning radio commercials. In an entertaining and informative article entitled "Jingle Belle", Mr. Ronald Schiller, who is a distinguished magazine editor, gives us the dope on the singing commercial. Being obsessed with the subject of the radio commercial, your editors presented it as the subject for the November question in the Elks Panel of Public Opinion and we were surprised at the result of the questionnaire.

You will miss none of our regular features this month. Ted Trueblood considers himself a pretty good fisherman, and so he is regarded by friend and foe alike, but he has a reason for never catching any fish—McGillicuddy got there first.

Ed Faust, to prove he is not a complete Anglophile, has turned his attention from the British breeds to the dogs of Germany. These are many and varied and we may expect him to knock himself out on the subject.

Hartwell just rambles all over the map but he does it with flair.

The Gadget and Gimmick man suggests a multitude of weird contraptions designed to hasten your sojourn in a sanatorium.

And now we come to the meat of this Magazine—the fraternal section. With impressive ceremony a memorial to the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler Buch was dedicated in the presence of a throng of dignitaries. A full account of the dedication appears on page 39.

Further news of the Elks National Foundation follows the story on the Buch Memorial, with an impressive announcement made by the Foundation's Board of Trustees.

News of the annual meetings of the State Associations also is contained in this issue, as well as the story of the visits paid by Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis to the subordinate lodges. Incidentally, Mr. Lewis' second message to the Order is displayed on page one. C. P.

the cause
your
memory
serves



You who served in either or both of two great world conflicts know too well that "weakness cannot co-operate . . . it can only beg"—that in two tragic trials your country won victory only through valiant effort and the sacrifice of men who might today be living if we had acted wisely in their time.

Armistice Day, 1947, serves to remind us all that the future *must* bring solid attainment in world peace. To do its part in building order, your nation must sustain its leadership in the moral and physical rehabilitation of the world. It can succeed in doing so only if it preserves the strength with which it holds the attention and respect of other nations.

The finest in research, development, and equipment is not enough to keep your Army and Air Force equal to their vital missions. Each must continue to get the kind of men who, by their initiative, intelligence and imagination, form the living sinews of our hope for tomorrow.

You know these needs in true perspective. You can help to meet them by advising young men you know to serve their country now.

U. S. ARMY AND U. S. AIR FORCE RECRUITING SERVICE

**YOUR ARMY AND AIR FORCE SERVE THE NATION AND
MANKIND IN WAR AND PEACE**



The sergeant started back for him. Dambrowsky rolled over on his belly, holding out his bleeding arm.

The **OLD**
SOLDIER was only
twenty-five by calendar
years, but he knew what a
war meant.

BY W. C. BIXBY

THE bus ground to a stop. The sergeant stepped off and swung the barracks bag from the bus floor onto his shoulder. He didn't recognize the camp although he had been here seven years ago in 1940. He stood motionless for a moment in the gathering dusk, a slight frown on his face. Then he walked quickly along the gravel path toward the company orderly room to report for duty. He pulled open the weatherbeaten door and stepped inside. A fat, nervous corporal was listening uncomfortably to an angry private.

"So what does he do? He gives me more KP. If he wasn't so little I'd knock the hell out of him. He's a jerk and you, by God, if you put me down for it I'll personally fix you quick."

The soldier turned around to leave. He brushed the sergeant aside, went out and slammed the door.

The sergeant stepped forward to the table. "I'm Sergeant Adams. I'm just reporting for duty. Where do I sign in?" he asked.

The corporal looked visibly relieved. "Whew, boy, Sarge, am I glad you got here. We been expecting you all day and, boy, do we need you. I'm Tommy Stacy. The captain is in the other room, office I mean. He's been expecting you too. Boy, has this business got me buffalood, I'm sure glad you're here."



Illustrated by WENDELL KLING

"Glad to know you, Corporal. Just show me where I sign in; then I'll go and report to the captain."

"Here. Here's the book, Sarge. You sign in and I'll tell the captain you're here."

"By the way, Corporal, who was that Joe with the big mouth who went out of here just now?"

The corporal looked pained. "That was Dambrowsky. He sure causes us a lot of trouble; every day it's something. It don't seem like he cares much about the army. He's plenty smart though and nobody can do much with him."

The sergeant's eyes narrowed slightly. "We'll see about it," he said softly.

He bent over to sign the book and heard the corporal almost running to the captain's office. The corporal came back quickly.

"He'll see you right away. Just go in." The corporal grinned at the sergeant and sat down again. He put his hands behind his head and sighed. Sergeant Adams walked to the captain's door, paused a moment and knocked.

"Come in."

He turned the knob and went in, carefully closing the door. Then he walked to within three paces of the captain's desk and saluted.

"Sergeant Adams reporting for duty, sir." He held his cap and papers in his left hand.

The captain returned the salute. "I'm Captain Breed. Welcome to Fort Dix, Sergeant. Ever been here before?"

"Yes, sir. Back in '40. I entered the service and took my basic training here, sir."

"H-m-m-m. Let me see your papers, Sergeant. Sit down over there."

The sergeant sat on the edge of the proffered chair. His blouse was pressed and clean. On his arms were the seldom-seen stripes of a First Sergeant. His black, close-clipped hair had a sprinkle of grey in it, and a constant habitual frown creased his brow.

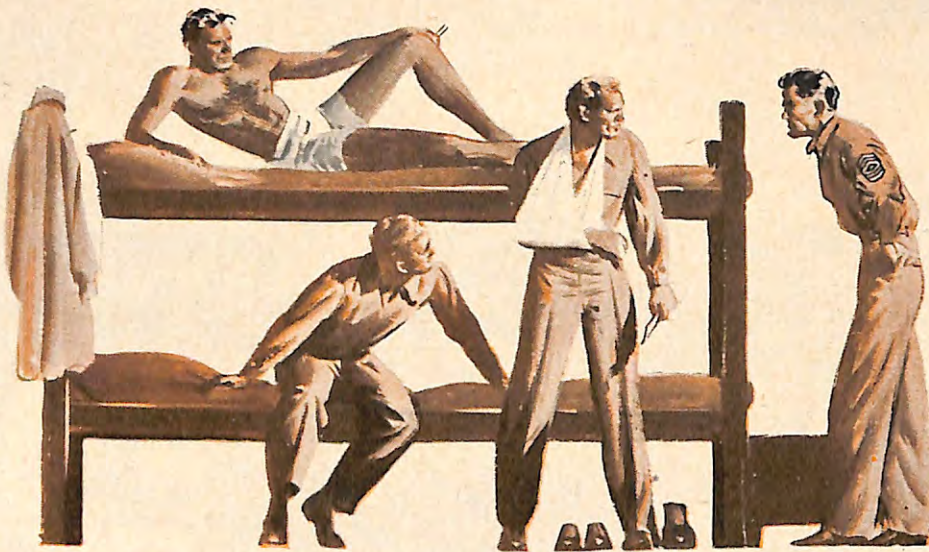
The captain found the service record. He leaned back with a tired sigh, reading aloud, "Ft. Dix, Ft. Benning, Muroc, NYPOE. From Anzio to the Elbe. Silver Star, Purple Heart and two clusters, Croix de Guerre, Victory Medal, ETO and five stars, Occupation Medal. Entered the service 1940, now have a Regular Army Serial number. You going to stay the limit, Sergeant?"

"Yes, sir. I didn't get. . ."

"No need to explain, Sergeant. I'm staying, too."

"Yes, sir."

The captain tossed the service record back on the desk, leaned forward and began talking. "Our job is



His sentence remained unfinished and he stared open-mouthed at the post. The room was silent and Dambrowsky watched him curiously.

basic training for these kids we get. Most of them are eighteen or nineteen. They either don't like the army or they think it's a holiday. We've been stripped of all experienced personnel. Corporal Stacy out there is my only administrative man. He had a six weeks' course on administration and naturally didn't learn a thing. We're under strength. I've been here every night doing the paper work. Needless to say, I'm very glad to get you."

"Thank you, sir." The sergeant thought of Dambrowsky.

"For a while I'm going to put you in the barracks next door here. You'll stay in the CQ room. It's yours. You can fix it up any way you want to. But, Sergeant. . ."

"Yes, sir?"

The captain paused for a moment, struggling to frame his thought. "It . . . well, it's not the paper work that bothers me. It's pretty difficult to explain just what does bother me so much really. It's the kids." He laughed. "That's it, I guess. They're kids; not men. The army says they're men and the regulations are set up to deal with men. And I guess that's where the trouble lies. They're all just a bunch of high school kids."

"Yes, sir. I ran into one outside just now. I think I know what you mean."

The captain looked at the sergeant intently for a moment. "Good," he said, "I'm counting a lot on you, Sergeant. Stacy will show you where the barracks is. Let's see." He fished about in the papers on his desk. "Here's the number. It's barracks B-1519."

The sergeant got up, saluted and left the captain sighing over the pile of papers before him.

"Corporal, where is barracks B-1519?"

"Gee, Sarge, it's right across the way there. Here, I'll go with you and show you. Come on."

The sergeant picked up his barracks bag and followed Stacy across the narrow interval between the two buildings. The CQ room was entirely bare. He switched on the light and put the bag in the corner.

"Do ya want me to get a cot in here, Sarge?" asked Stacy, shifting helpfully from one foot to the other.

"No, I'll go and get the supply clerk to help me carry it. Thank you. Good night. I'll see you at reveille."

"Good night, Sarge."

HE HEARD the door slam and then there was silence in the barracks. Except for the light in his room the place was dark. The old building swayed and creaked a little in the rising wind. At the other end of the long building a badly fitted door rattled and shook on its hinges. The sergeant stood in the center of his room, feeling the familiarity of his surroundings. The distinctive drone of a six-by-six was audible on the road and the headlights flashed for a moment through the window, illuminating the sergeant's face. In that brief instant he saw the last seven years laid out before him and he couldn't recall any time before that.

He looked around at the room: at the unfinished walls, the splintery beams that in spots had been worn smooth and oily as old paneling by the rubbing of countless slung barracks bags and cots pushed against the wall. The beaver-board ceiling was splotched and stained from the rain that had driven in through a cracked board. He was home.

He untied the bag and fumbled for his flashlight. Then he went out into the night and made his way to the supply room. The light was on in there. Back in the shadows he saw a cot with a prone figure lying asleep on it. The sergeant lifted the hinged part of the counter and went back to the cot. He shook the supply clerk impatiently.

"I need a cot, mattress and blankets."

"Damnation." The tousled figure sat up angrily.

"Come on, come on. I haven't got all night."

The soldier got up. Muttering to himself he moved around with aggravating slowness and collected the items. His ill temper was not lessened by the sight of the first sergeant's stripes.

The sergeant signed for the bedding. "Now, help me carry this stuff to the barracks," he said.

"Carry it yourself," said the soldier. He flung himself down on his cot.

"Get up, soldier." The sergeant didn't raise his voice but the young soldier got up. "What's your name?"

"Dambrowsky."

"That remark you just made puts you on KP for a week. Now get hold of the other end of this cot and help me carry it to the barracks."

Sullenly the soldier obeyed. He dropped his end of the load first with a great clatter in the sergeant's room.

"That's all. Thanks."

The slam of a door and then silence.

The sergeant arranged his cot and undressed wearily. He snapped off the light and lay in bed listening to the creaking barracks until he fell asleep. Even when the men returned from town and banged into the building, the sergeant did not waken. He was used to noise while he slept.

When reveille sounded in the morning the sergeant crawled stiffly from his bed and dressed automatically in the dark. Most of the men didn't know he was here. Ten minutes later than reveille was scheduled the men began straggling out to the formation where Corporal Stacy stood shivering holding the roll. The men formed a half-hearted line and the sergeant held his flashlight so the corporal could see the names.

In the half light of the early morning he caught a glimpse of a white pajama top protruding from beneath a field jacket. "Hold it a minute, Corporal," he said. He walked over to the formation. "What's your name, soldier?"

"Dambrowsky."

Dambrowsky again. The sergeant knew he couldn't

(Continued on page 19)

ROD and GUN

NO FISHING

(McGillicuddy was here!)

BY TED TRUEBLOOD

MCGILlicuddy is the fabulous nimrod who always goes where you do—the week before. While he was there the fish bit like mad and there was a buck behind every bush. All resort owners know him, and he is their favorite topic of conversation. In fact, if it weren't for McGillicuddy some fishing and hunting camps would have gone out of business years ago.

Usually you arrive at your destination along in the afternoon, with just enough time to get your tackle straightened out and put on your fishing clothes before dinner. Immediately after eating, the camp owner launches into his No. 1, or build-up, McGillicuddy story.

"There was a guy here last week," he'll say, "and I never saw the like of the fish he caught. Got his limit every day. Big ones, too. Why, last Thursday, or maybe it was Friday, he walked down to the creek right here below camp. About four in the afternoon. And he was back by five with enough trout to feed the whole outfit for supper. One of 'em was 23 inches long."

Despite the fact that you've heard the same story with variations a thousand times before, you can't help getting steamed up over the prospects of such fishing. You know better, but McGillicuddy has done his dirty work, and you fall.

So what happens? You start fishing at daylight next morning with flies (McGillicuddy always is a fly fisherman) and for five hours you whip the creek to a lather. If you are lucky you get a couple of eight-inch trout. Along about noon you change to a spinner—just to see if there are any fish. The spinner nets you one, and at three p.m., while you're catching grasshoppers in the meadow, you recall that you haven't had any lunch.

You hobble back to the lodge,

crawl out of your hot waders and weakly ask the cook for a cup of coffee and something to eat. While you're washing down the stale bread and cold, canned horse meat with luke-warm coffee, the camp owner wanders in, drops into an empty chair and cheerily asks, "What luck?"—as if he didn't know!

The thing to do here is to stare stonily at him and say, "There isn't a damned trout in the creek!"

Instead, if you're like I am, you say, "Oh, I only got a couple of little ones. Guess I didn't have the right combination." Then you get the No. 2 McGillicuddy story.

"Well," the boss says, "they're pretty cagey. This fellow here last week did most of his fishing in the evening. Said they couldn't see the leader so plain then. Last Tuesday, or maybe it was Wednesday, he walked down to the creek after supper—right down there—and he came back just before dark with the nicest string of rainbows I ever saw. Three of them were over twenty inches long!"

So you rest a little while, and then fish from five p.m. until pitch dark, and all you catch you could carry home in your shirt pocket. After that, either when you're eating leftovers at ten p.m. or at breakfast next morning, you get the No. 3 McGillicuddy story. It is the best of all, the clincher, and it always is told with suitable embellishments. Here's the latest one fed to me, and it really will cork your bottle:

Ed Hunter, of Denver, his son, Little Ed, and I recently flew to a camp on the Middle Fork of the Salmon River in the central Idaho Primitive Area. When Malcom Parsons, our pilot, set the plane down, we were just about as far as you can get from a road and still be in the United States. The river is as clear as liquid glass and about 200 feet

wide, and the poor, uneducated trout in it don't even know a Royal Coachman from a Brown Bivisible.

Because of the remoteness and the scarcity of anglers we expected to find excellent fishing—and we also thought we would get ahead of McGillicuddy. We arrived early, and after changing our clothes we drank a quick cup of coffee and hurried down to the river. We managed to catch three small trout before noon, but we worked hard for them. It wasn't what we'd expected, and we went back to the river after lunch, determined to find out whether there actually were any trout there.

Big Ed and Little Ed each took his light bait-casting outfit in addition to his fly rod and I carried my fly rod and spinning equipment. There are times, of course, when you can't catch trout on anything, but I've never seen a stream where you couldn't rouse them with a small Dardevle, even though they might not hit it. Its erratic motion excites the most lethargic trout and causes them to dart after the lure. With the aid of Polaroid glasses, which cut through the surface reflection, you can see them—if there are any—even though you might not catch them.

We fished with flies first, but we didn't get any. Then Little Ed and I put on small Colorado spinners, which also are good trout finders, but the only fish we saw was one ten-incher that Little Ed caught.

AFTER exhausting our bag of tricks with flies and small spinners, Big Ed and Little Ed put Dardevles on their casting lines and started sounding out the pools, and I tried a variety of spinning lures. When we quit fishing, with barely enough time left to hike back to the ranch for supper, we had seen only a few small trout. But we hadn't seen many of them and we had discovered no big ones at all.

I had fished the Middle Fork a total of about 135 days at various times before the war, and I knew that we should have found a lot of cutthroats ranging in length from 15 to 18 inches. I also knew that the trout in this stream are migratory and wander up and down as the whim hits them, and I felt reasonably sure that the water near our camp was barren of fish.

We discussed the situation as we walked in to eat, and decided that we had better fly up the river 50 miles. That was before we got the prize McGillicuddy story.

After we finished dinner, the proprietor began. He did it skillfully, too. "So you only got six all day," he said, "I guess they must be off feed. Where'd you catch 'em?"

"Right on the bottom," Big Ed answered. "All of them came right up off the bottom for a wet fly, spinner or Dardevle. Even so, six fish for three men isn't very good—considering that we're about 75 miles from a road."

(Continued on page 29)

What America is Reading

Three notable novels of the new Fall season draw Miss Bourne's attention this month.

BY NINA BOURNE

IT IS a sad thing, but the harder you ask for affection, the quicker people are apt to clam up. And the more an author falls under the spell of one of his own characters, the stronger grows the reader's resistance to that character's charm.

What prompted these profound statements is the new novel *The Saxon Charm* in which Frederic Wakeman, the author of *The Hucksters*, has set himself the difficult task of creating a fascinating character. Matt Saxon, famous play producer, is a man of satanic charm—something on the order of *The Scoundrel* as played by Noel Coward. Is Saxon good or evil, Mr. Wakeman asks his readers. Is he a Dracula, sucking at the creative life-blood of playwright Eric Busch? Or is he a benevolent Svengali without whom Eric Busch's play would be as nothing?

Eric, through whose eyes Saxon is, for the most part, seen, is a successful novelist who has just written his first play. He is out of his mind with joy when the fabulous Saxon consents to produce it. Eric's joy is tempered, little by little, when Saxon forces him to rewrite the play, bit by bit. It is tempered further when he witnesses Saxon's terrible rages, sees him ruthless in his relations with others, spots his shameful weaknesses, his cruelty to the women who love him, his unprincipled business behavior.

But every time Eric has almost had enough, he sees Saxon's flashes of genius, his royal generosity, his bursts of nobility, his pathetic loneliness.

In short, Busch remains a prisoner to the Saxon charm, with the result that his personality becomes subtly altered, as must happen when you cease to be your own man. Eric's confidence in himself as a writer is shaken. His marriage is almost ruined, until at last Saxon overplays his hand, and the story gathers speed and races to a climax which is the best part of the book.

The Saxon Charm is not as successful as *The Hucksters*. Though Mr.



Wakeman goes as far as to psycho-analyze Matt Saxon, it is only at rare moments that the reader believes in the man's overpowering charm—or even in his reality.

The love scenes lack real emotion. When the playwright's wife complains that he never shows her those little attentions like sending flowers or lighting her cigarette, Eric replies, "You have flayed me with all the marital pathos of a soap opera." And so she has. (Rinehart, \$2.75)

GUS THE GREAT a novel by Thomas W. Duncan

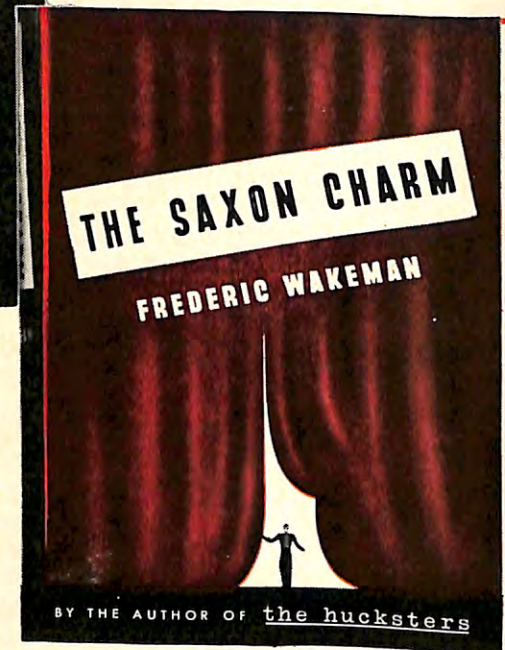
Add up all the acts that ever performed under Ringling Bros.' Big Top, and you still won't have as much stuff going on as goes on in Thomas W. Duncan's 701-page novel about Gus Burgoyne and his circus.

Gus the Great is much too long. It starts badly. But once you get past the first 15 or so pages, you're seeing a good show. The difference between this and the usual two-ton, robust, crowded-with-life package, is that the author does not take his story too seriously. He displays his carnival with a wry grin.

For example, at one point Mr. Duncan gives his attention to Harold Henderson, the professor who married the girl Gus loved. (Gus gave her up because he needed Flora Oxenford's money for his dream of a circus.) Harold is shown at work on the sort of scholarly book which he knows is necessary for advancement in the academic world. Publish a book with an impeccable index, the author explains, and copious foot-

DIRTY EDDIE

A Novel by LUDWIG
BEMELMANS



notes, and one day a letter will arrive from some university. Translated into plain English, the letter will say, "We've got an opening. We've tried out your book on a thousand students, and it put every one of them to sleep. You must be smarter than all hell, guy. If you'll listen to reason about salary, we might make a deal."

But that was a digression. Back to our hero. Gus, later known as the Great, was born out of wedlock. His mother was a good-hearted beauty of easy virtue. His father was an old-time railroad baron. Gus was a good and loving baby. But when his mother decamped he was raised by a mean, bullying uncle, and taunted by his playmates. Thus the author plants the seeds of Gus's future expansive charm and his determination to make good ("I'll show them!") at any cost.

Gus never met an ethical man until Frank MacGowan rescued him, by a neat psychological trick, from his uncle, and put him to work as a printer's apprentice on his small-town newspaper. Gus was still a small boy. But Frank came too late
(Continued on page 34)

ELK NEWSLETTER

★ WASHINGTON

It could only happen here, but none-the-less, Washington is now having the pleasure of watching a former Republican President, Herbert Hoover, overhaul the administrative machinery of a Democratic Chief Executive, Harry Truman. The \$750,000 survey was ordered by Congress to determine what could be done to streamline the Executive Branch of the Government. Mr. Hoover and his eleven aides began the job last month and are expected to take about 15 months to complete it.

★

While the heat is on in Washington, observers here are concerned by the fuel shortages which confront many sections of the Nation this winter. Much will depend on the severity of the weather, but natural gas and electricity are likely to feel the greatest pressure. The Mid-West already has been warned of a fuel oil pinch and the growing list of those who heat their homes with gas may well overtax the inadequate pipelines. Power shortages, already noted in New England, Florida and the Northwest, may also spread as a result of new consumption peaks and delays in the manufacture of generating equipment.

★

Simultaneous concern over the heavy drain on America's petroleum reserves and our need for steel for domestic consumption has placed Department of Commerce officials on the horns of a dilemma. Faced with a request for permission to export 20,000 tons of steel for a Trans-Arabian pipe-line before the end of the year, they were forced to choose between two evils --fighting our steel shortage or increasing foreign oil sources.

The final decision--to grant the request--was influenced by the fact that we now produce about 65 per cent of world petroleum, although only 31.2 per cent of the petroleum reserves of the world are estimated to lie within the continental limits of the United States. The new pipe-line is expected to accelerate development of Middle-East crude oil supplies and permit earlier relief of the "serious and alarming drain" on our natural resources.

Meanwhile, exports of food from the United States continue at a merry pace. Food-stuff exports in the first half of the year totalled \$1,241,000,000, an increase of \$30 million over the same period last year. But our imports of foodstuffs increased 31.2 per cent at the same time--from \$633 million to \$831 million. Grains, fruits, fodders, feeds and peanuts scored the greatest export gains. What are we buying more of? Cane sugar, unground pepper, bananas and prepared coconut meat.

★

Despite the growing food pinch, experts here say the cloud may have a silver lining. On the basis of 1940 consumption, dietitians of the Departments of Agriculture and Labor say our national diet is still not balanced. We could--to our advantage, they assert--cut down further on the use of meats, poultry, fish, cereals, fats and oils and sugars and syrups. With fruit and vegetable prices acting as the only retardants to the rising cost of living, and serious citrus and potato surpluses ahead, they foresee greater economic pressure on Americans to balance their diets. However, initial response to President Truman's food conservation program indicates some indifference on the part of restaurants and the public.

★

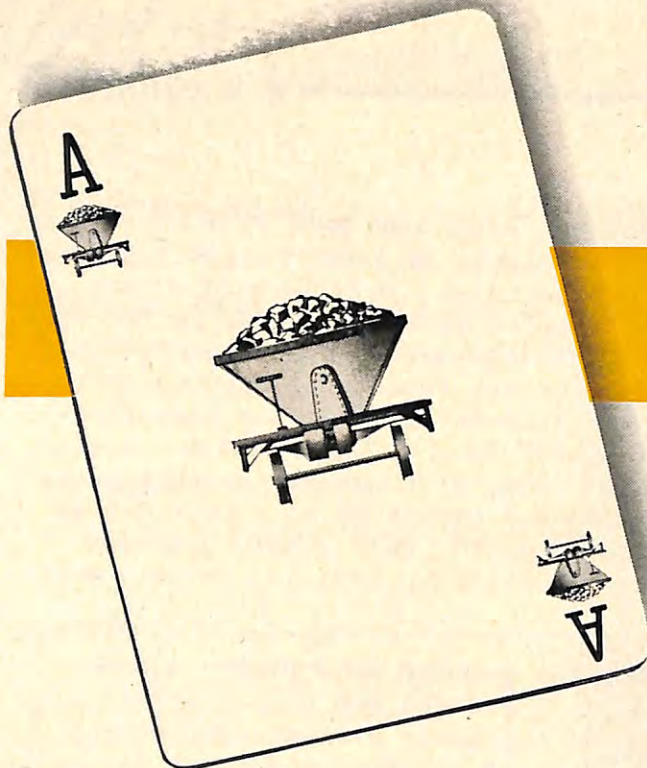
Many a small-businessman will find himself face to face with an old, familiar problem beginning in November. Wartime Regulation W, which placed rigid restrictions on the extension of consumer credit, will be terminated on the first of the month. From then on, anything can happen. While acknowledging that rapid expansion of consumer credit during the past 21 months has added to purchasing power and stimulated business activity, experts here fear that credit expansion after termination of the order may be too rapid and too great. Merchants and lending institutions are being warned to use the utmost caution. The former particularly are being urged to weigh the cost of added credit services against the possible added business volume.

(Continued on page 33)

Ace in the Hole

BY CHRISTOPHER VOGEL

Before you jump to conclusions about our fuel supply, take a look at some recent history.



SOME day, many years hence, a future generation of Americans may fly and drive around on gasoline that came out of a coal mine.

Their homes, perhaps, will be heated with a fuel made from a slate-like substance called oil shale. Jet planes may fly on kerosene fuels also made from shale oil deposits, while industries and railroads may be partially powered by oil squeezed from what is known as tar sands.

None of these fuels represent oil as we know it today, but together they provide a reassuring answer to any fears about a permanent oil shortage. They're like an insurance policy—good for over a thousand years—guaranteeing we'll never run out of liquid fuels in that time. And, best of all, their sources of supply are all bedded down in the United States and Canada.

People's uncertainty about our oil supplies, of course, goes back to the war years, when the United States had to put up roughly four out of every five barrels of oil needed to win the war. Remembering the grim days that were seen on the home front, the average American today may wonder whether there'll be enough oil for all needs for all time.

Even now, the oil industry itself is concerned over the possibility of fuel oil shortage this winter, particularly in the Mid-West. Record-breaking peacetime demand for all products, even exceeding the wartime peak, is responsible. Already, temporary shortages of gasoline and fuel oil have been felt in some areas—even though the industry is producing at capacity levels. One reason for this paradox is that a lack of steel has prevented the oil industry from building additional refinery and storage capacity.

This brings up something that people generally do not understand.

The immediate problem is not how much oil there is underground, but how much can be currently produced, refined and delivered.

This explains why, during the war—although the oil companies couldn't meet all demands, military and civilian, from current production—they were nevertheless able to increase our known reserves. Owing to their intensified exploration and development of fields, known liquid hydrocarbon reserves (petroleum and natural gas liquids) are now estimated at more than 24 billion barrels, the highest in history. At present consumption rates, these supplies could take care of all our needs for the next 12 years. But leading geologists express the opinion that another 50 to 100 billion barrels remain to be discovered in the United States alone, which would add another 25 to 50 years' supply. On this basis, it will be a long time before the United States actually runs out of oil.

Obviously, there is some limit, as yet unknown, to our oil resources. Suppose, for the moment, that the last potential oil-bearing territory had been completely explored, the last oil well brought in, the full extent of our oil resources known. Would that mean we would simply continue drawing on those reserves until they were all used up? Never. Against the time when the end of our oil resources might be in sight, the United States has several aces in the hole.

Chief of these is its coal deposits, which add up to the staggering total of 3.17 trillion tons. This much coal, it has been estimated, could easily take care of all our oil needs for the next thousand years and more. And there would still be enough coal left

to take care of all other present-day needs. The lignite (low-grade coal) reserves of North Dakota alone could provide 25 times as much fuel as present known petroleum reserves.

Next are the oil shale deposits, located principally in Colorado, Wyoming and Utah. These deposits are estimated to contain nearly 100 billion barrels of recoverable oil, or another 50 years' supply.

And rounding out the prime sources of substitute fuels are vast tracts of tar sands. Found mostly in Canada, and to a lesser extent in the United States, these sands are said to contain anywhere from 100 to 250 billion barrels of oil.

Nor does this take into account the substitute fuels that could be made from agricultural products. Chinese military vehicles, for example, ran during the war on alcohol made from rice. Here in the United States, a research program is looking to the utilization of farm wastes as potential sources of fuel.

If these sources of oil are available, you may ask, why don't we make use of them?

The answer, simply, is cost.

The real reason why the gasoline you buy is made from crude petroleum rather than from coal, oil shale or tar sands is that it is most economical to do so. Gasoline from petroleum probably costs around 6½ cents or so a gallon to make (adding marketing costs and taxes gives you the retail price). Gasoline from coal or oil shale, the most practical unused substitutes at present, costs between 9 and 11 cents a gallon at this time.

But before jumping to any conclusions, take a look at some recent history.

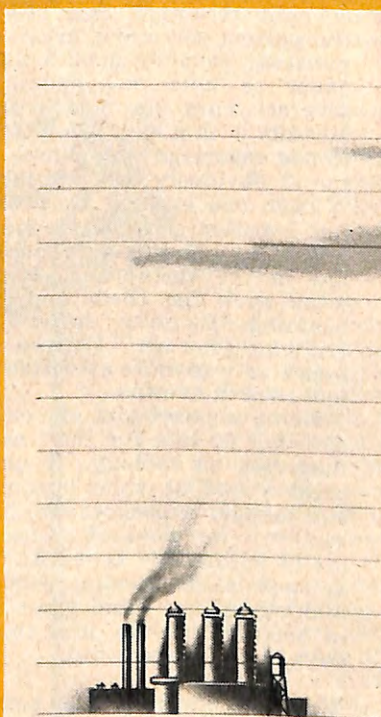
Only a couple of years ago, such synthetic gasoline cost as much as
(Continued on page 23)

Chart by ROBERT DE POSTELS



SYNTHETIC FUELS

FUTURE SOURCE

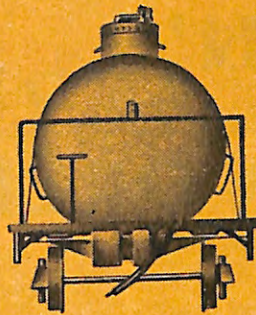


PILOT PLANTS NOW UNDERWAY



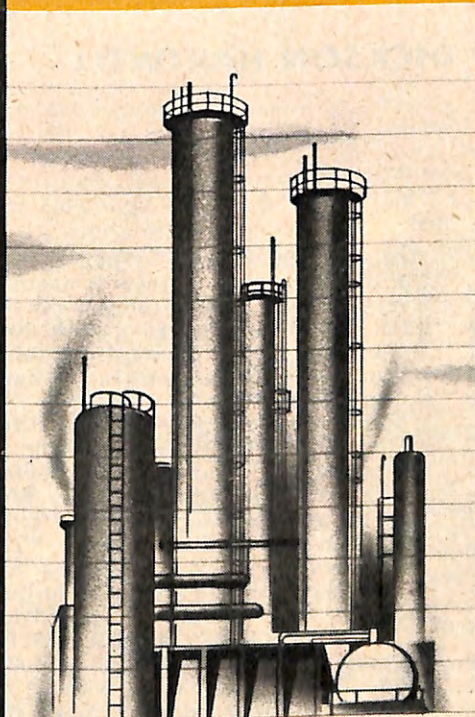
AVAILABLE SUPPLY

COAL DEPOSITS 1000 YEARS
OIL SHALE 50 YEARS
TAR SANDS - 50 to 150 YEARS



CRUDE PETROLEUM

PRESENT SOURCE

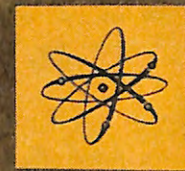


FULL PRODUCTION AT REFINERIES



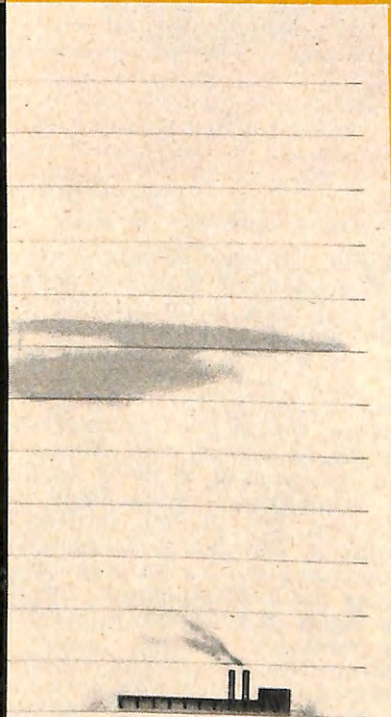
AVAILABLE SUPPLY

PETROLEUM AND
NATURAL GAS
AT LEAST 43 YEARS



ATOMIC ENERGY

(As power source)
????????????????



????????????????



AVAILABLE SUPPLY

LIMITLESS

IT'S A MAN'S

WORLD



BY DICKSON HARTWELL

WOULD your secretary make a good wife? Well, that ominous, rumbling noise in the distance is the growl and grumble of men who have married somebody's super-secretary and now wish they hadn't. The pleasant fiction, persistent for two decades, that a good secretary usually makes a good wife—that a girl who has worked is likely to prove the better bride—seems about to be discarded by all but professional feminists. Psychiatrists specializing in marital problems warn against exposing the average man to the various facets of somebody's former office jewel.

Many are the merits commonly ascribed to women who have given up careers for marriage—anything more exalted than six months as a typist is a "career". Career women, in contrast with the home-and-fire-side variety, are said to be more ambitious, to have more knowledge of economic values (having budgeted to buy an installment-plan fur coat), to have more diverse intellectual interests and, obviously as a clincher, are declared to be more punctual. In short they are believed to be more sophisticated and more efficient. For this they are often praised by bachelors, deans of women's colleges and by other career women. What their husbands say rarely gets into the record.

But it is an open question whether efficiency is a good thing to have around a marriage. A harassed husband seeking a divorce told his lawyer, "Helen thinks she ought to run our home the way she used to run the office. Like clockwork. Always dinner at seven without five minutes' leeway. Every meal is in precise dietary balance. And she's forever

straightening things. When I read the Sunday paper I strew it around. Every time I drop a section on the floor Helen picks it up. I can't even smoke a cigarette without her jumping up to empty the ash tray. That's not my idea of fun."

Skill in operating an office is often an emotional handicap to a woman in marriage. Marriage-counselling psychiatrists agree ability can kick back to give her ego plenty of trouble. Said one of them recently, "The super-secretary often believes she originally attracted and won her husband by her business capabilities. When he professes romantic love for her she is apt to reject it as insincere. Then to check his waning interest she turns on even more efficiency. She forgets that men admire efficiency only abstractly, as they might the unseen engine of an automobile. What they want in a woman is a woman."

Efficiency—in moderation and modulation—is doubtless a virtue. But merely to be proficient is not to be a good wife. Women who can prepare and serve meals at more or less regular intervals, keep a house clean, send out a weekly laundry, get a child or two ready for school and synchronize the other routine duties of which they complain so constantly—such women are doubtless competent. The question is whether they are competent wives or just competent housekeepers. Many an ex-secretary has operated a house with the quiet smoothness of a big corporation's general office. But it wasn't a home; it was a house. The difference is considerable.

Long-haired psychologists, who can uncover a motive for practically everything from a leer to a burp, de-

clare that business women are rarely clever enough to rule their emotions. Women who reach the age of 25 or thereabouts without being apprehended by some male begin to get panicky. Are they doomed, they ask themselves, to old-maidhood? "There is no place in society for single women over 28," says a noted psychologist. "She can no longer talk the language of her contemporaries—babies, homemaking and husbands. She may have married friends but to them and with them she will always be somewhat alien. She can look forward to a life of intimate association only with other cenobites like herself. Such a woman craves but two things—a man and a house in which to live with him. She is a pushover for a marriage that won't work."

But the situation isn't impossible, as a woman who stood deep in the long shadow of her thirty years discovered recently. She was indeed the perfect secretary, crisp, orderly, punctual, sensibly good-looking, and eager to take responsibility. For several years she had been going steadily with a man who rarely mentioned marriage any more. His interest obviously was waning.

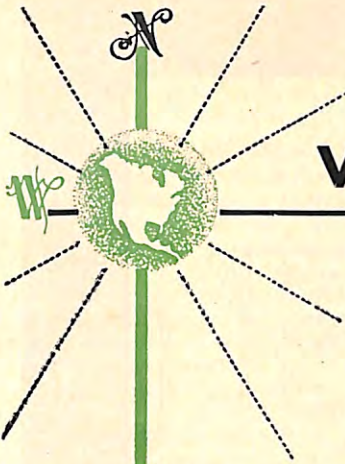
Then one evening they were dining together. By some mortifying mischance she left her gloves behind her in the restaurant. Her escort went back for them and returned beaming. "By golly," he said, "you're feminine after all." For the next few hours he was more attentive than he had been in months.

Being a smart girl, she caught on, showing up late for their next date, fluttering an apology. In quick succession and at some inconvenience she mislaid a pocketbook, his Leica camera, two pairs of glasses and a set of automobile keys. And she developed a maddening difficulty in making up her mind what to order in restaurants. In less than sixty days they were married.

TO GET ahead in the competitive atmosphere of an office a girl must know how to get things done. Often she must exercise subtlety. However valuable such a quality can be to a businessman, to a husband it may mean a life of no relaxation. When he comes home from work, instead of sitting down to enjoy the evening paper he somehow finds himself with a paintbrush in his hand.

He never knows quite how it happens but on weekends when other men are taking their ease he is usually to be found cleaning the attic, straightening out the cellar, edging a perennial bed or overhauling a vacuum cleaner. Of course he helps out in the kitchen. Some years later when he realizes that this vast consumption of his energy has endured simply because his wife learned in an office how to "handle people" his concept of marriage may become somewhat cynical.

Women defend their working on
(Continued on page 22)



VACATIONS UNLIMITED

BY ED TYNG

Heat begins to be attractive again, so we give you Mexico's hot sun and hotter tamales.



WHEN IT'S winter in most of the United States it is the dry season in Mexico; the daily rains usually end in September and October is a month of preparation for the fiestas that begin in November and continue through January. The weather over Mexico's central plateau is bright and sunny by day and cool in the evening. It is the season for tourists, who wish to see a really foreign country and good neighbor, to make an excursion to Mexico City. Whether they stay a week or a month, there will never be a dull moment or an interval when time hangs heavy.

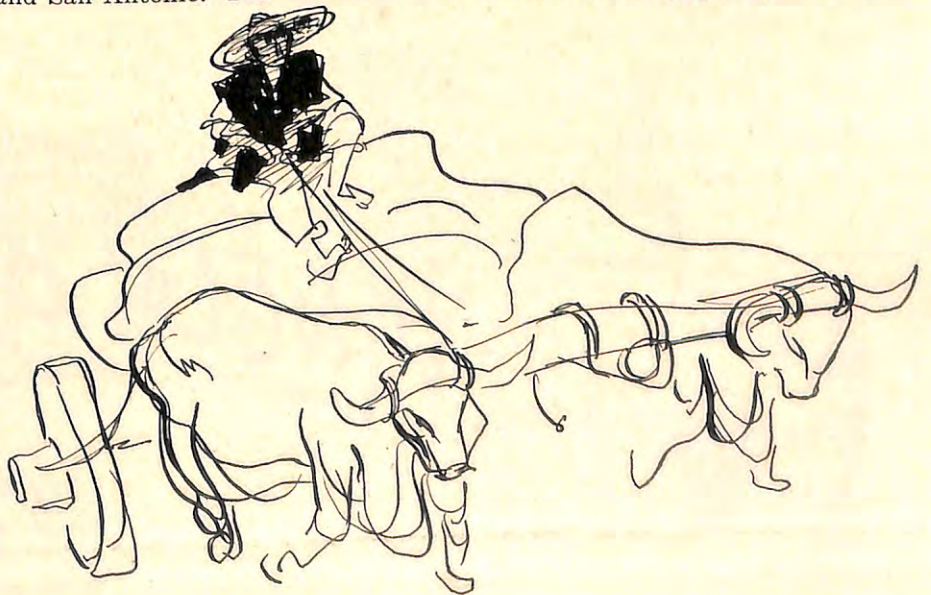
A Mexican excursion now will be fairly easy on the pocketbook, for much of the bloom has been rubbed off Mexico's boom, although prices below the Rio Grande never did reach levels surpassing those here. Most of the hotels and restaurants cooperated with the Government's policy of reducing rates this summer by 20 per cent, so in most Mexican cities excellent room and board may be had for about \$6 daily or less, with about \$8 tops at swanky Mexican spas. In smaller towns rates are half as much. Getting in and out of Mexico is easy for an American-born tourist; only a tourist card costing \$2.10 is needed, plus papers of identification. By train the journey is via Laredo or El Paso or, on the West Coast, by way of Tucson. There are also buses down the Pan American Highway (a route for the private motorist, too) and airplanes from Brownsville, Los Angeles, San Diego and San Antonio. The air service is the most comfortable and luxurious way to go, but if one does not ride on a Mexican railroad train much of Mexico's scenery and atmosphere is missed. Many Mexican trains will stop almost anywhere to pick up a traveling cow and they lapse from grace rather badly on schedules; if they are too many hours late and another visit to the dining car is required, the extra meal is on the tourist, not his tour manager.

In the Pullmans it's much like Pullman travel anywhere, but in the coaches it's Mexican democracy. The visiting American will

be surrounded by friendly folk, many of whom know English; he will be offered tropical fruits and introduced to cousins, aunts and grandpas. Mexico's buses are even more democratic, if one can call it that; there are three kinds: the "primera clase" long-distance type; the second-class ones that link villages and towns, and the "mixtos" that carry country people, fruits, vegetables, flowers and chickens. Buses and trucks usually are named at rousing christening parties. Sample names, freely translated, are: "Goodbye, My Love"; "One Side, Goats"; "Let's Go", and "I'm a Gypsy".

But to get back on the track again: if it is the tourist's first experience in Mexico, he should go directly to Mexico City and see the city's great landmarks and ancient buildings, the native markets where the customs and wares of five centuries may be observed; take a tram to the floating gardens of Xochimilco or go up Grasshopper Hill to Chapultepec Castle where the view of the city alone is worth the effort. Speaking of effort, the traveler should take life easy and ride as much as possible, at least during the first two or three days, for Mexico City is at an average altitude of 7,350 feet. *Do not eat raw salads, drink bottled waters and peel all fruit.* As for liquor, one can get all drinks known in New York or Chicago with a few more that usually are unknown in those places. If one must try *tequila*, made from Century Plant juice, the Mexican national drink, it probably will stay down better in cocktail form. The Mexicans eat a pinch of salt and pepper, down their *tequila*, and then suck a lime. Any drink

(Continued on page 31)



THE UNSEEN AUDIENCE



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Singing commercials are the hottest thing in advertising; they also raise a lot of heat elsewhere

J BY RONALD SCHILLER

AT 10:29 EASTERN STANDARD TIME every weekday of the year, statuesque, blonde Audrey Marsh kicks off her shoes, plants her Conover curves in front of a microphone, and focusses her big blue eyes expectantly on the studio clock. Behind her, poised for the downbeat, sits a ten-man orchestra, including members of Arturo Toscanini's NBC Symphony. Listening critically in the sponsor's booth is a \$20,000-a-year executive—product of Harvard's finest classical education—who is responsible for the whole thing. Tuned in are 5,300,000 Americans, more people than live in all of Ireland, Denmark or Switzerland.

At the precise instant the big red second hand bisects the hour, Miss Marsh raises a clear contralto voice, trained to warble the arias of Verdi, Puccini and Bizet, and sings *forte e molto vivace*:

D-U-Z! D-U-Z!

Put DUZ in my washing machine
See the clothes come out so clean.

When I DUZ my wash I sing,

D-U-Z does everything!

'N are your towels white?

White—white—white!

All your colored rayons are
brighter, too!

D-U-Z does EV-erything!

You'll find DUZ does more for
you!

D-U-Z does everything!

D-U-Z! D-U-Z! D-U-Z!

This is the opening signature of a dramatic show called *The Road of Life*. She has another singing spot at the end of the 15-minute program.

At 3:00 P. M. every day over another network, Miss Marsh again cuddles up to a mike and croons to other millions of listeners:

Here's the story of a girl who

found the answer to her prayer

In a soap called IVORY FLAKES!

This maiden found her pretty

clothes gave up to twice the wear

When she washed them oh-so-

gently in IVORY FLAKES.

Sweaters and blouses—lingerie

She soon discovered—how beauti-

ful they can stay

Now they're lovely-to-look-at and

all it takes

Is that ever-lovin' care with

IVORY FLAKES!

This rather blank verse gets another dramatic presentation, *Life Can Be Beautiful*, off to a clean start.

At 5:15 that same afternoon Miss Marsh launches *Portia Faces Life* with:

Yum Yum Yum Yum Yum, I
Yiminy!

GRAPE NUTS FLAKES are good,
by Jiminy!

Sugar roasted, new and better,
They're richer now in sweet malt
sugar.

Sugar roasted—good, by Jiminy!

GRAPE NUTS FLAKES, Yum
Yum, I Yiminy!

These are just three of the 3,000 jingles that will be washed up over the American air waves this year. Audrey Marsh is one of hundreds of trained singers who make their living by singing them, although she probably does more than anyone else in radio. In addition to her daytime concerts she sings on at least one show almost every night of the Fall, Winter and early Spring, and sometimes on two or three. Only the two largest networks insist on "live" commercials; so between broadcasts every day at various advertising studios she cuts singing commercial records to be played on smaller stations.

Ten minutes after she has finished a recording, Audrey Marsh has completely forgotten whether it was shoes, or cold cream, or cigars, or a soft drink she threw her heart into.

Audrey and her colleagues call themselves "Jingle Queens" and "Jingle Kings", although the trade has other names for them. A jingle sandwiched into the 15 seconds between programs (each second of a major metropolitan station's time is worth \$8.50) is called a "station break". One that introduces a pro-

gram is a "cow-catcher". A commercial that ends a program is a "hitch-hike". So jingleurs are sometimes referred to as "hitch-hikers"—but never as "cow-catchers".

There is plenty of business for hitchhikers these days, because for the past four years singing commercials have been the hottest thing in advertising. They have had a capricious career. Back in radio's babyhood—around 1930—they were popular, with nationally known figures like "Singin' Sam, the Barbasol Man" and "The Happiness Candy Boys". But as the depression deepened, advertisers got squeamish about assaulting the ears of desperate men and women with gay little tunes about products they could not afford to buy anyway. Jingles went into the discard.

This happy state of affairs ended abruptly in 1939 during the ten pregnant minutes it took radioman Alan Kent and an Englishman with the unlikely name of Austen Herbert Croom-Johnson to whack out a ditty about Pepsi-Cola hitting the spot, sung to a hopped-up version of the old Yorkshire folk tune, "John Peel". The consequences of this apparently
(Continued on page 35)

THE UNSEEN AUDIENCE

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Cartoonist Webster's attitude toward singing commercials is well-known.



Our Panel members surprised us this month by the divergence of their opinions on radio commercials.

TODAY radio has become the sole source of entertainment for millions of Americans and, for many more, a regular daily amusement. There is scarcely an American who is not affected by it. More than 60 million sets in use prove this. Radio has become one of the giant industries in the United States. It has risen far above the entertainment value of radio in other countries, and it has not lost its right to free speech and discussion as it has in some other lands. It has brought to us some of the finest stage and screen talent, spot news, news reviews and commentator programs, many of which have been, or are, commercially sponsored. In some instances this has led to the overplugging of certain products, with a consequent dissatisfaction in certain quarters. Too much selling talk during program intervals can be boring, and this has become a matter of controversy and criticism. The subject isn't trivial because so many people depend upon radio for entertainment.

For our questions this month, the Elk Panel of Public Opinion members were asked what they think about commercials—the jingle, which is the subject of an article in this issue. As you may know, the Panel membership comprises the current Exalted Rulers, some of the Past Exalted Rulers of last year's Panel, who requested to remain on the Panel, and the current District Deputies. We believe the reaction of the Panel should have important interest for the radio industry.

QUESTION NO. 1

HOW WOULD YOU RATE COMMERCIALS IN RADIO? GENERALLY EFFECTIVE? IRRITATING?

Generally Effective55%

Irritating45%

The replies received were also analyzed on a sectional basis. This was done by dividing the 48 States into four geographical areas: North, South, East and West. These four areas are indicated on the accompanying map. In the table below, the result of the sectional analysis is given.

	<i>Generally Effective</i>	<i>Irritating</i>
12 Northern States	54%	46%
9 Eastern States	48%	52%
16 Southern States	62%	38%
11 Western States	58%	42%

To obtain a more personal reaction to commercials, a second question was asked. The results of this ques-

tion indicated a more clearly defined difference of opinion, with the majority taking the negative point of view about singing commercials.

QUESTION NO. 2

DO YOU FAVOR SINGING COMMERCIALS?

Yes32%

No68%

	<i>Yes</i>	<i>No</i>
12 Northern States	28%	72%
9 Eastern States	36%	64%
16 Southern States	33%	67%
11 Western States	33%	67%

COMMENTS:

They may be irritating, but still effective. If we throttle the commercials, we won't get good programs. Commercials sometimes are a great deal more entertaining than the entertainment.

I think that commercials could be limited to the beginning and end of programs.

Give credit where credit is due. After all, no commercials; no really good programs.

Commercials should be shortened 75 per cent.

Commercials are the very backbone of American radio and their elimination would be a catastrophe.

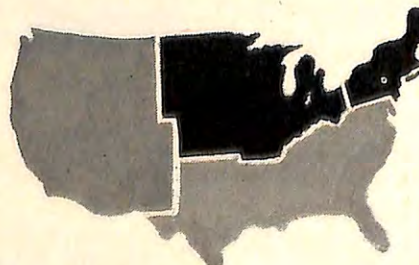
Commercials sometimes are somewhat irritating, but an advertiser certainly is entitled to sales talk.

I believe commercials tend to become ineffective when they are long enough to detract from the interest of the program.

The growth of the radio industry in this country testifies to the effectiveness of commercials.

Radio programs are basically a form of advertising. The product has to be brought to public attention to justify the enormous cost of radio programs.

Without commercials, radio would lack the spark and drive which has given it preeminence in America over all other countries which are more modest and retiring about advertising.





Doberman Pinscher and German Shepherd Etching by Marguerite Kirmse Cole

IN THE DOGHOUSE

**A few German dogs
get a going-over.**

with Ed Faust

DID YOU ever hear of an Affenpinscher? If you have, you probably know more about dogs than we do, because you'll rarely see this purp outside of a dog show and then only at the biggest. He's a German and among those who know him he's termed "the monkey dog" and with good reason. He has the whiskers of a Weary Willie who hasn't shaved since Cleveland's time and his face oddly resembles that of a monkey.

His eyes are large, very bright, with monkey-like expression, and very black. The hair on his head is "ruffed" something like that of a lion's mane. He's small, about 10¼" at the shoulder, and he weighs about 8 to 10 pounds; hence he's classed by the fancy as a toy dog but in temperament he's anything but toy-like, having a fiery disposition and no end of courage. When not aroused, however, he's said to be a quiet little tyke and a devoted friend to his owner. Fashion decrees that his ears be cut and carried erect and this goes for his tail, too. He usually wears black but you may find him in black and tan, red, grey and other mixtures. Faded, light colors are taboo and if he has any white in his coat, the judge at the show won't exactly give him the gate but he'll have to take a back seat in favor of

the pooch that's minus the white. If you can stand the grotesque in your dogs and want an affectionate little pet, here's one for your money.

Perhaps the best known of all dogs to come out of Germany is the German shepherd, so often wrongly termed the "police dog". The breed is so well known that it's scarcely necessary to give a physical description other than to say that his weight runs between 60 and 85 pounds—that is, for ideal specimens. As his name indicates he is a working dog originally used for herding sheep and cattle. Because of his courage, intelligence and size, too, he was among the first dogs trained for police work in Germany and as people are given to dramatizing situations, word quickly spread that their sole use was for police work, thrilling, daring deeds—many of them beyond the ability of the dogs to perform.

True, their record as coppers is splendid and they've helped prevent many crimes, aided in landing many a criminal in the clink. In this work they are usually assigned to one officer who has the care of the dog and who takes the purp along on patrol duty. They are not trained to launch an attack unless the suspect tries to escape; their chief duty is to intimi-

date the culprit and hold him until the officer appears on the scene. But when they do attack they can be mighty mean, possessing a mouth that seems to have as many teeth as an alligator and a steel-like, punishing, gripping jaw.

Because of the same characteristics that led them to be chosen for police work, they were among the first to be used by the German army in the first World War and in this they performed valiant service. Fortified by the usual canine keen hearing and even keener scenting powers they were valuable for sentry duty; not as large as a man and hard to see at night, they made excellent army messengers. In this they could do something the human messenger afoot could not do—they could quickly detect shellholes or, if they fell into one, they could get out with greater ease than the average man. As they wove across the battlefield they were hard to hit, and therefore often got through with their messages.

It has been related that during the course of one of the battles in the first World War, a detachment of Allied troops was besieged in a church. Having sent five human messengers with appeals for assistance, only to have them shot down, the officers finally sent a German shepherd that got through and saved the detachment.

SOME authorities believe there is wolf blood in the German shepherd, which is indignantly denied by some of its breeders. But the dog's natural gait is a wolf-like lope and it can't be denied that the dog does strongly resemble that animal. But don't quote me; I have no desire to get in the middle of an argument between the pro-wolfers and the antis.

The shepherd is a dog that has plenty of dignity, which some people mistake for surliness. Mention of this brings to mind that once in a while I get a letter asking if this breed is reliable and not vicious.

I don't know the origin of the fable that these dogs are not to be trusted, but I can assure you that it is about as true as the stories that all ministers' sons turn out to be hellions; all Italians love spaghetti, and that most chorus girls have mink coats obtained in unorthodox ways. The fact is that the German shepherd, a working dog, was developed on farms, often in lonely areas where strangers were regarded with a bit of suspicion. Such dogs saw few people other than their masters and were seldom treated as pets; their job was to work. So the descendants of those dogs don't relish over-friendly strangers.

They have a strongly developed sense of possessiveness and deep loyalty to their owners. I was given a terrific example of this some years ago at one of the Jersey shows. I traveled there in a station wagon with a kennel owner who was taking

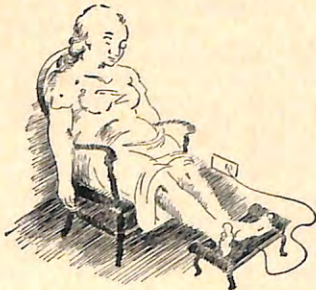
(Continued on page 26)

Gadget and Gimmick

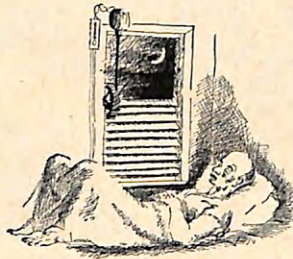
DEPARTMENT



WHEN the wife corners you and demands that you do some minor repair work around the house, it might be nice to have this pocket tool kit. It comes in a compact cowhide case and all the tools fit into a jackknife handle. Among the amazing array of tools you will find: jackknife, hammer, combination can opener and cap lifter (for a ten-minute break and a can of beer), awl, chisel, screwdriver, flat file, scale disgorger (ugh! What's that?) and a pair of utility pliers. What, no power lathe?



LOTS of people love antiques. All that is needed to prove this flat statement is to look on any highway and note the number of antique machines chugging along. Some people even furnish their homes with antiques and the result is sometimes surprisingly nauseating. Old beds, old chairs, tables, china, glassware—everything is antique. The only trouble with a good many antique pieces is that they're old. Many of them were built even before electricity was invented. One fellow has thought up an idea to bring electricity into such an antique house in the form of an electrified foot warmer. In the old days, to keep from dying at an early age from drafts around the feet, they made little stools to put their feet on, and called them foot warmers. They didn't actually warm the feet; they just thawed them a little. Well, anyway, this fellow makes authentic reproductions of overstuffed foot warmers and he has an electric heating device so your feet really do get warm. Just plug the wire into any outlet and the foot warmer warms. It is a pretty piece of furniture to have around the house.



NOW that chill winds are blowing husbands out of bed to close windows it is definitely time to shop around for something to put a stop to such goings on. Well, here it is. You no longer need risk pneumonia or frost bite on a winter morning. There is a new automatic ventilator available for the winter season. It has a thermostat-controlled vane that opens and shuts the window all by itself. Just set the control for the temperature you desire before going to sleep at night and rest assured the room will remain at that temperature all the time. Now, if somebody would just figure out how to do away with winter altogether, we would be all set.



THE approaching Yuletide season demands early attention. Somehow it always sneaks up and hurls itself at you before you can really get set for it and then for at least another three months you are deluged with bills. At any rate, science goes marching on and now brings one of the more astounding developments right into your Christmas Eve. It's a tree turner. That's right, a tree turner. You buy this contrivance and instead of putting the trunk of the tree into a bucket of sand you put it into this. Trim the tree and plug the wires into a special wiring device; then stand back and watch open mouthed. The tree starts to rotate at a comfortable speed and it is quite a spectacle. The tree re-

volves three times a minute through the Christmas season, dazzling the neighbors and upsetting imbibers of eggnog. Who can say that this tree-turning device is not an improvement over former, motionless Christmases? It's true I have never seen a tree turning in a forest, or any other place for that matter, but what has that got to do with it? Get this tree turner and have a revolutionary 1947 Christmas.



IT WAS bound to happen at one time or other. Since too many sprained thumbs and sore arm muscles resulted from squeezing toothpaste out of heavy tubes, this new machine, as I said, was bound to appear. It is a toothbrush that has a handle built like a fountain pen. As you massage your molars twice a day, a liquid dentifrice is automatically fed into the bristle area of the brush. It seems that science will never stop, doesn't it?



IF YOU have a fear of burglars who might purloin some of your liquor stock or other valuables, you will be happy to know of this new, inexpensive burglar alarm. It contains no batteries or electrical hookup. Just install it at a window and, when the window is raised enough to let someone in, it goes off, alerting the entire household, including Aunt Minnie. It is practically invisible to even the most critical eye and should save a lot of worry.



MANY people have never liked cigarette cases. They have good reason. Most cases flatten the cigarette, clamp it tightly down so that it is torn, bent and crumpled
(Continued on page 23)

The Old Soldier

(Continued from page 6)

give him any more punishment than he had last night. He stood for a moment thinking. Then he checked Dambrowsky's name on the list. Snickers ran up and down the line. He went back to Corporal Stacy and held the light so Stacy could finish calling the roll. When it was finished, three men broke from the rear rank and ran toward the barracks.

"Come back here, you men," called the sergeant.

They straggled back angrily, muttering.

"There will be a showdown inspection this morning. Be ready by nine o'clock. The diagram for this inspection is posted at each end of the barracks. That's all. Dismissed."

Grumbling and swearing, the men broke ranks and ran to their quarters. The sergeant went to his room. Through the thin partition he listened to the anger of the men. "Well, I'll be a sad sack. . . . Who does he think he is anyway? Hitler? . . . Wish to hell he was Hitler, he'd be dead. . . . This lousy army. . . ." Above their voices he heard Dambrowsky. "He's probably some state-side commando. He ain't got any ribbons. If he has any, why don't he wear 'em? He's just the kind of guy to go showing them off if he had any."

The laughter that followed Dambrowsky's remark and the attention given to him confirmed the sergeant's fears. He'd have to do something about Dambrowsky and do it quickly. He was one rotten apple that threatened to spoil the whole barrel.

At nine o'clock the men lined up beside their bunks. Captain Breed started down the line. The sergeant followed behind but his glance was ahead of the captain, watching carefully. Corporal Stacy trotted along, carrying a pencil and notebook.

Dambrowsky stood at his bunk at the far end of the room and the sergeant glanced at his face. Dambrowsky's lips were tight-pressed as though trying to keep from laughing. What was so funny? The sergeant glanced over Dambrowsky's equipment quickly. His gaze stopped on the row of shoes beside Dambrowsky's bed. They were neat all right, but each pair was reversed so the toes flared outward like the outside leaves of a *fleur-de-lis*. The men standing opposite Dambrowsky were also on the verge of laughter.

When the captain came to Dambrowsky he simply pointed to the shoes and went on. The sergeant stopped in front of the bunk.

"Take this man's name," he said over his shoulder to Corporal Stacy.

"Yes, sir."

"And don't say 'sir' to a non-commissioned officer."

"Okay, Sarge."

"And don't say 'Okay, Sarge' either."

"What shall I say?"

Dambrowsky exploded in laughter and three of the men joined in. The sergeant felt his neck getting red. He clenched his fists to control himself. The captain finished the inspection quickly and left to let the first sergeant handle the situation.

The sergeant stood for a moment. He considered giving Dambrowsky a lecture then and there. He knew that wouldn't do, but for the life of him he couldn't think what would do. He turned around and walked stiffly to his own room. He could hear the comments through the wall.

"You'd think there was a war on or something."

"That state-side commando!"

It was Dambrowsky's voice above all the others and he knew the men were crowded around him in an admiring circle.

Angry, he sat in his room on the edge of his cot.

You'd think there was a war on . . . if only there were a war on! They'd have a different look on things. There *had* been a war and not so very long ago. Things had been different then, a lot different. The sergeant, for the first time in seven years, felt an alien in the army. The days of the war were gone and with them had gone a lot of other things. The outfit and the men in it were gone. They were out now. They were either civilians or they were dead.

The days of combat, isolated trivial events streamed through his mind, engulfed his thoughts and he followed them back to Anzio and farther back to the first sound of firing; back to the combat courses when the bullets went by not a foot over his head and he hugged the ground in his first fear. That hadn't even been war. That was just training. But he remembered the sober, business-like look on most of the men after that training. If he could only run a combat course now. . . .

He stopped a moment and stared intently at the wall. A combat course with live ammunition. . . . He got up from his cot smiling and went to the captain.

". . . So I figured if we could give them a taste of the real thing it might settle them down a little. Of course, sir, it isn't the real thing, but it's about as close as they'll ever come to it, or as close as we can make it to the real thing. What do you think, sir?"

"Hmmm. Sounds fine to me, Sergeant, except for one thing. You know the army has been cut down a lot. It may take some real figuring to get permission to use up all that ammunition. I'll try though. I'll try my best. Here, let me call the colonel now."

The sergeant smiled. "Thank you, sir."

"Colonel Hutchins, please. . . . Colonel? This is Captain Breed. . . .

Fine, sir. My first sergeant has just come up with a very good idea. You know the trouble we're all having with these youngsters we get. . . . Yes, sir. . . . Well, the sergeant wants permission to run a good stiff combat course for the men. Thinks it will settle them down a bit, and, as a matter of fact, I think so too. . . . You do? . . . Well, that's fine, sir. . . . Yes. . . . Excellent, I'll let you know how it comes out. . . . Yes, sir, thank you, sir."

The captain hung up and turned to the sergeant. "He says go ahead. It will be a test sort of thing. If it works well on our outfit, the colonel wants to have all the companies undergo the same thing. That sort of puts you on a spot, Sergeant, but I believe it will work."

The sergeant saluted and left the orderly room. His step was brisk and purposeful.

"IF YOU follow the training you've been given in the last three weeks, nobody will get hurt. The idea is to get to that ditch four hundred yards away without getting shot. The firing will be pretty close to the ground, so be careful." The sergeant looked around at the group of men with satisfaction. They were just a bunch of scared kids now, faces pale, hands moving restlessly fingering the rifles, nervous coughing, perspiration showing on their faces.

"It isn't a real war," he said smiling, "but it's as close as you can get to one just now." He glanced at Dambrowsky and frowned. Dambrowsky stood nonchalantly holding his rifle with careless ease. His rather close-set eyes were half shut to indicate that he was bored by the whole affair. The sergeant could almost hear him saying, "State-side commando!"

The sergeant jerked his gaze from Dambrowsky. He blew his whistle twice and the firing started snapping angrily. The bursts of machine-gun fire came short and steady. The sergeant, even knowing this was only a combat course, felt his stomach draw up. He remembered the days and nights at Anzio too well to be totally unaffected. The men waited, watching for the signal to start.

"Okay," he said. He turned his back on the men and walked toward the cloth line that indicated the beginning of the course. He dropped to the ground and started forward, pausing occasionally to glance back and watch the progress of the men. They'd tire soon. He would have to wait for them to catch up with him. He felt something push at his heel and he looked back again.

It was Dambrowsky. He was right behind the sergeant. His silent prodding was infuriating. There was too much noise to talk well so the sergeant didn't attempt to speak. He started forward again more quickly.

Dambrowsky kept up with him. At

the halfway point Dambrowsky and the sergeant were well ahead of the rest of the men and the sergeant stopped.

Dambrowsky followed the sergeant's lead and stopped too. He rested his head on his hand with his elbow as a prop. He crossed his legs comfortably as if he were reclining at his leisure on a lawn. The tracers were visible. They flashed not a foot over Dambrowsky's head.

The men started coming up. In their tiredness and strain Dambrowsky presented a picture of such amused indifference the men closest started to laugh. Dambrowsky heard them and, knowing it would anger the sergeant, wet his finger and held it up as though testing the wind.

The sergeant saw him and shouted, but it was too late. There was a loud SPLAT and Dambrowsky was thrown over on his back. The sergeant started back for him. Dambrowsky didn't make a noise. He rolled over on his belly, holding out his bleeding arm.

For an instant the sergeant considered calling it all off. All he had to do was blow his whistle and the firing would stop. He hesitated only a moment. Then he motioned to the two men nearest Dambrowsky. "You men take him back. There's an ambulance back there." All the men were stopped now watching the sergeant. "The rest of you keep on moving. What the hell do you think this is, a classroom?"

White-faced, the men started for-

ward again more cautiously. The sergeant moved forward quickly, cursing under his breath. He reached the ditch and rolled into it panting. When the last tired man flopped into the ditch, groaning with fatigue and aching muscles, the sergeant blew his whistle. The firing stopped. Looking back across the course, the sergeant saw the ambulance move away in a spurt of dust, en route to the hospital. The men watched in silence.

"He sure took it quiet," one of the men said respectfully.

"He was a dam' fool," the sergeant shouted. "He was nothing but a dam' fool. If he hadn't been fooling around it never would have happened. It's too bad it didn't catch him in the head."

There was a shocked silence. The sergeant pulled himself to his feet. "All right. Fall in."

The men marched back, quite subdued. There was none of the usual chatter between them and the sergeant at the head of the column felt good. Whatever the colonel said about Dambrowsky's getting shot, the course had done the men some good. It would keep them sober for a while.

DAMBROWSKY was back in ten days. He came in one evening, his arm in a sling. And he came back with the same old gleam in his eyes, the same swaggering walk. The men clustered around him.

"Did it hurt much?" . . . "How big a scar you got? . . . "Let's see it!"

Dambrowsky looked around him solemnly. "I been gypped," he said in an aggrieved voice. "They didn't give me no purple heart."

The men roared.

The sergeant, sitting in his room, listened with a sinking heart. Mr. Trouble was back.

"Why for should you get a purple heart, Dambrowsky?" a voice asked. "It wasn't the result of enemy action like it says in the manual about medals."

"Who says so?" snorted Dambrowsky. "If that sergeant ain't my enemy, who is?" There was loud laughter again.

The sergeant got up wearily from his cot and stuck his head out the door of his room. The men lounged on their bunks, all eyes fixed on Dambrowsky, their champion. He was leaning against a post carving his name on its worn surface. Defacing Government property. The words leaped into the sergeant's mind. "Dambrowsky, cut that out," he said starting forward.

"That's what I'm doing, Sarge," Dambrowsky answered continuing to pick at the wood. The men snickered and lay back watching. The sergeant's face flooded with anger as he came up to Dambrowsky.

"You know well enough. . . ." His sentence remained unfinished and he stared open-mouthed at the post. The room was silent and Dambrowsky watched him curiously.

"What's the matter, Sarge? You sick or something?"

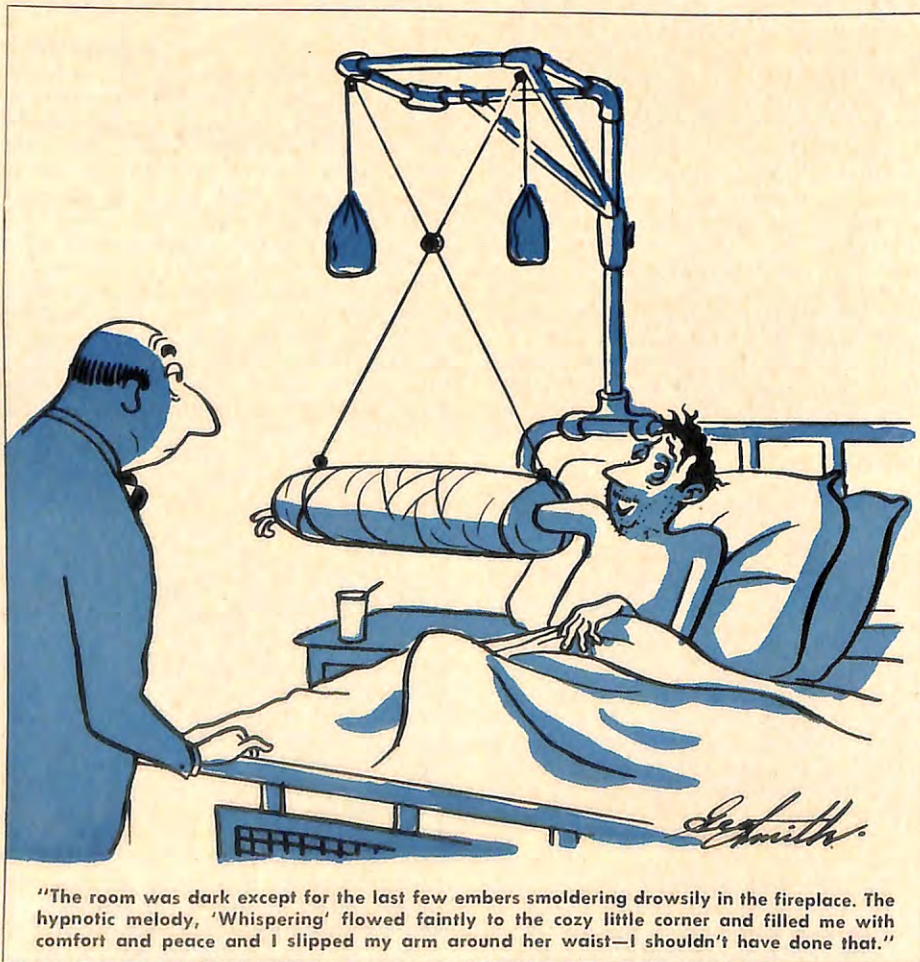
The sergeant looked around him at the barrack. He was looking intently at the walls. They were like all the other walls in army barracks. Finally he looked back at the post.

"What's the matter, Sarge?" Dambrowsky asked again.

The men sat up a little. The bunks creaked in the silence and all eyes were fixed on the sergeant. He turned slowly and without saying another word went back into his room, and sat heavily on his cot. He put his head in his hands. The men broke into a buzz of conversation but the sergeant didn't hear them.

It was impossible. The same barracks of all the barracks, in all the camps all over the land. Seven years ago! He tried to think back that far. He tried to remember what he had looked like, what he'd felt like that seven hundred years ago. He looked around his room at the walls of the old barracks and the feeling of being foreign to all the men now in the barracks slipped away from him. The feeling of being outworn, useless and strange slipped away, too. For there on the post just above Dambrowsky's knife marks he had seen two other names worn and faded in the old wood. Charlie Curran was one, and J. T. Adams was the other.

He remembered Charlie Curran all right, but he couldn't remember just how he, J. T. Adams, looked and felt. Charlie was a wild one then. Always in trouble—but a good guy, good enough to turn out to be one of the best soldiers going. The sergeant re-



"The room was dark except for the last few embers smoldering drowsily in the fireplace. The hypnotic melody, 'Whispering' flowed faintly to the cozy little corner and filled me with comfort and peace and I slipped my arm around her waist—I shouldn't have done that."

membered the day they carved their names in the post. They got a week's KP for that when the lieutenant had found out. "It's worth it," Charlie said shrugging. "It's certainly worth it to have your name preserved for future generations."

The sergeant leaned back and thought more about Charlie Curran. Ever since the war he would see someone on the street, hear someone speak in a way that made him think of Charlie. It didn't happen often and gradually the sergeant had gotten out of the habit of thinking about him.

The sergeant got up and went to the door of his room. "Dambrowsky," he called.

"Yeah, Sarge?"

"Come in here. I want to talk to you a minute."

Dambrowsky sauntered to the door of the sergeant's room, winked over his shoulder at the men and went in, closing the door behind him.

The sergeant sat staring out the window as if looking for something, looking for something that had passed that way a long time ago. His brow furrowed with the effort to bring back at least the memory of J. T. Adams, the J. T. Adams who had lived in this barracks only seven years ago. He sighed finally and turned to Dambrowsky.

"Well, Sarge?" Dambrowsky asked. His tone indicated that he had things to do and wanted to get this little lecture over with.

"Dambrowsky, I want to tell you a funny story."

Dambrowsky looked at the sergeant warily.

"When you were carving your name in the post out there, you weren't very observant."

"No, Sarge?" . . . still wary, nervous.

"No, you weren't. You didn't happen to notice the two other names carved just above yours, did you?"

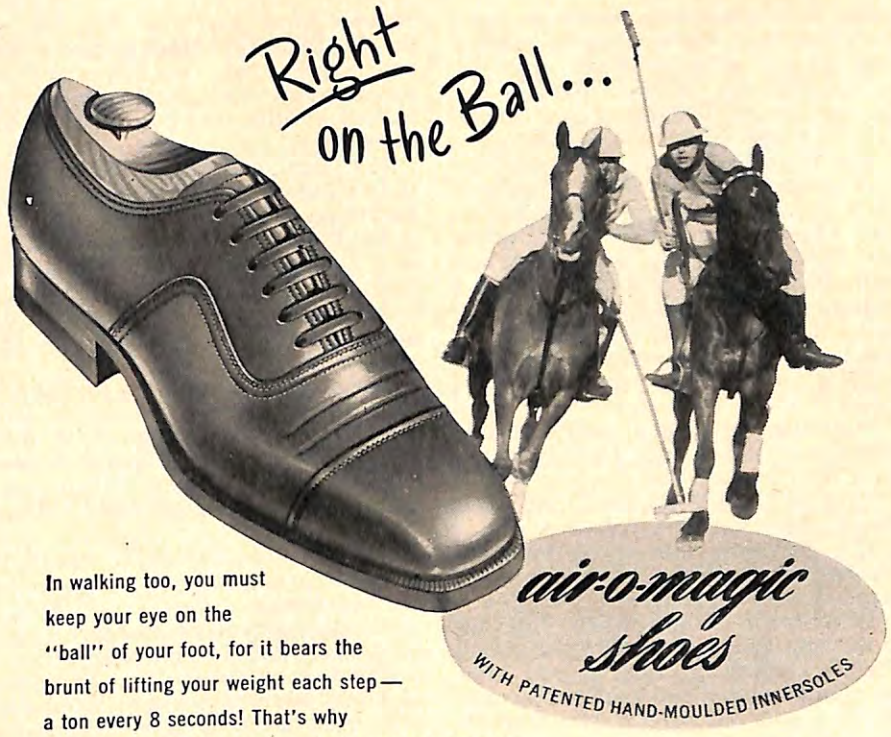
"No, I didn't, Sarge." . . . puzzled and a little interested now.

"Well, they were pretty hard to see. They're almost worn away. They've been there seven years now. Dambrowsky, one of those names was Charlie Curran and one of them was mine, J. T. Adams. We got caught just like you did. Got a week's KP from a lieutenant who was plenty sore at us. I sort of strung along with Charlie Curran, see. He was a buddy of mine. He was a lot like you, come to think of it. You know what he said when he got caught?"

The sergeant didn't wait for a reply. He was looking out the window now, talking almost to himself. "He said, 'Well, it's worth it to have our names preserved for future generations.'" It got a laugh, too, from all the men. That was long before we got into the war and we were a lot like you kids. I was eighteen and Charlie was nineteen. We didn't like the army. We didn't see what we were doing in it. Charlie hated the army then. But he doesn't hate it any more."

"No, Sarge? Why?"

"Because Charlie's dead now." Si-



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lence for a moment. "There now, Dambrowsky, isn't that a funny story?"

Dambrowsky shifted uneasily on the cot where he sat. "Yeah, Sarge. Yeah, I guess it is."

The sergeant seemed almost to ignore Dambrowsky. "Well, Charlie's dead now. He got it in the Bulge. You kids remember reading about the Bulge, I guess. It made good reading in the papers over here, I understand. I got a good rest after that. Three months in a hospital, just to make things even all around."

"You were over there in it, Sarge?"

The sergeant looked hard at Dambrowsky. "Yes, I was over there in it."

"But you don't wear any ribbons, Sarge. Why not?"

The sergeant looked so long at Dambrowsky that he knew he'd asked a dumb question.

"You know, Dambrowsky, I get to wondering every now and then about Charlie Curran. I look at you kids and wonder why you make a sucker out of a guy named Charlie Curran who died over two years ago. Maybe that's why I get so mad at you. I

wonder what good guys like you can do for Charlie Curran now. Can you answer that, Dambrowsky?" He turned full on Dambrowsky and looked at him, his face serious and questioning.

For the first time Dambrowsky didn't have a quick comeback. Embarrassment and confusion showed in his face. "Aw, Sarge, that's a hell of a question to ask. I can stand up and wave a flag and answer that one. I can read you an enlistment poster and answer it too. That's a hell of a question."

The sergeant stood up and turned to the window. "You're not a dumb guy, Dambrowsky. Think it over. Whenever you get a good answer, let me know, will you?" Silence for a long moment. Dambrowsky shifting restlessly.

"Okay, Sarge," he said. "Okay, I'll do that. Is that all?"

"Yes, that's all."

"Well, good night, Sarge."

"Good night, Dambrowsky."

The door closing softly. The whine of a jeep along the road. Even rows of lighted barracks across the parade ground. The creaks of the old barracks surrounded him and the light

whistle of wind through the crack near the ceiling. He knew he shouldn't be too hard on the kids in the barracks. Most of them were only about eighteen. He had been eighteen when he carved his name out there on the post. He smiled wryly to himself. He was only twenty-five now, as a matter of fact. At least he was twenty-five by calendar years.

The sergeant undressed, turned out the light and got into bed. He saw the J. T. Adams of seven years ago clearly now. He hovered in the darkness over the staring eyes of the sergeant, unmistakably clear and young and angry. The sergeant turned over to sleep. Through the thin walls he heard the voices.

"This dam' army . . . you'd think there was a war on."

And above the voices he heard Dambrowsky. "Clam up, you characters. You're a bunch of wet-nursing jerks." Silence for a moment. Another voice. "Look who got converted." Laughter.

The sergeant felt the tenseness leave him and the last thing he heard before going to sleep was the night noise of the old building creaking in the wind.

It's a Man's World

(Continued on page 12)

the ground that it takes the place of the dowry, a delightful custom no longer extant. But there is real danger here, too. One of New York's leading marriage brokers who arranges weddings for people all over the world claims that the poorest match a man can make is a girl who has earned more than he. "Hitch a \$60-a-week secretary to an ex-GI who may not make more than \$45 a week for the next few years and there'll be trouble," he warns. "Neither of them forgets that she has earned more money. And if the husband should fail to remember, the first time they need money for something she will remind him."

Going from the office to the altar can impose another handicap too, a marriage counselor says. "A woman who has been used to receiving a weekly pay envelope is confronted for the first time with a monthly pay check. It looks huge to her and she stretches it out over two weeks—twice her usual planning period. She thinks she has done a good job. What's in store for her—and her husband—is painful to contemplate."

Another unfortunate by-product of career women is the capacity they develop for recognizing human, and especially male, frailties. No boss is a god to his secretary, yet in her opinion he is likely to tower magnificently over most other men. In matching them up with her boss, point for point, she becomes expert in detecting small weaknesses, a faculty she later uses, to his abiding discomfiture, on her frail husband.

In the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor, government experts have long pondered the effect

of work on the marital success of women. Numerous disadvantages have been discovered. "Girls who have worked often quickly become bored with marriage," the bureau reports. "A job gives most girls exciting new horizons. It makes them want to achieve something—really to go places." This ambition carries over into marriage. When they discover that "places" are likely to be no more than the corner grocery store and an occasional movie they become restive and dissatisfied.

"And a wife who is dissatisfied," adds the Bureau, "is already half way to the divorce court."

Unfortunately, a man's chances of ensnaring a wife who hasn't been spoiled for wifehood, at least to some degree, by a job, are almost nonexistent. During the war more than 85 per cent of all single women aged 20 to 35 were working. There isn't much consolation in the fact that this is higher than the peacetime rate. Janet M. Hooks of the U. S. Department of Labor predicts that within twenty-five years the girl who goes from her home into marriage will disappear. Practically every mature woman will have had a "career".

THAT women are thereby weakening their chances for a happy marriage, or even any marriage at all, seems clear. Men are none too clever but they don't have to be to see that the better wife is the homebody who has never seen the inside of an office.

With almost every marriageable female now at work this is indeed an unhappy situation. But it results not from the job itself but from women's naive assumption that suc-

cess in office work somehow qualifies them to make a home. They might with profit meditate the error of this gentle deceit.

The achievement of marital bliss is a complicated and shifting venture in which two made-for-each-other individuals may defy axioms, theories and even one another and still be happy. But the run-of-the-mill couple who pop up in front of the parson with little more to go on than slightly glazed eyes, a prayer and panting that is as often panic as it is desire—these two need for success all the blessings that circumstance can provide. For the girl just to have held a job is not enough.

Women face an increasingly difficult situation. For the first time in our history there are now in the United States more women than men. A girl's chances of getting married—and staying married—are indeed diminishing. In this emergency the wise young woman—the one who knows that her real objective is a home and a husband to put into it—won't be swayed by talk of the glamour of a career. She'll stay home with Mother, wear a fetching pinafore, and pretend to bake cakes and freeze vegetables. Her main purpose in life apparently will be to finish a patchwork quilt. She will be cloistered, coy and utterly dependent.

The psychiatrists tell us that this picture would provide an exciting stimulus to men the country over. Such a girl won't wait long, they say, before some man will step forward with the desired offer to "take her away from all that".

Now, don't say I didn't warn you.

Gadget and Gimmick Department

(Continued from page 18)

when finally extracted. A plain paper cigarette package can do as well as that. But here's a new case that might win some converts. It keeps twelve cigarettes firmly but gently in place and when you want one, just press a lever and they pop up for your selection. There's no senseless tugging or swearing when you try to get one out, and when you do get it, it doesn't look as though it were salvaged from a major train wreck.



WHO wouldn't like to have a doormat with his own initials plainly marked in it? Not I. There is a sense of intimacy in having your initials in your doormat for guests to wipe their feet on, that practically nothing else can give you. One has a sense of "belonging" that is difficult, if not impossible, to obtain in any other way. You can get such a doormat for your very own. A company is producing a kit of rubber links that can be assembled into a personalized doormat with any de-

sign or initials you wish. This doormat also has another potential use. It will be invaluable in locating your house at the close of a "rough" evening when all other methods fail. Or, should you have a momentary lapse and forget what your initials are, you can always pop your head out the front door and learn them over again. Any way you look at it, you can't lose.



IN THE confusion of the postwar world most sturdy Americans are facing the future with commendable calm. Of course, there are still some symptoms of war nerves lurking about the country and one of these is the practice of doodling. No sooner is the phone taken in one hand than a pencil appears in the other and the task of defacing a clean memo pad is under way. To let us indulge our doodling tendencies and save memo pads there is a desk notebook being marketed for doodling fiends. Each time the cover is snapped up a fresh section of paper from a long roll appears. Old doodles disappear in the base of the stand. You might call this "the doodler's delight". Have you got a fresh pencil in hand? Ready. Go! W. C. B.

Ace in the Hole

(Continued from page 10)

15 cents a gallon to make. Before the war, it cost over 20 cents a gallon. In other words, its cost of production is coming down. If this cost can be further pared—or, conversely, if the cost of crude petroleum goes higher—you may be buying and using synthetic fuels long before we actually begin to exhaust our supply of crude oil.

Says Secretary of the Interior J. A. Krug, "At the present rate of progress, synthetic production of petroleum products on a commercial basis is possible within a few years."

Already, several significant developments have taken place in recent months which prove how rapidly synthetic fuels research is progressing.

Because of the strides taken in one direction, motorists in some parts of the country may, some time next year, be getting gasoline produced from natural gas on a large scale—for the first time in history.

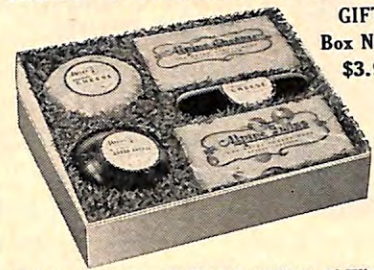
Climaxing a long search, the synthetic product can at long last be made from natural gas at a price competitive with gasoline from petroleum. The first of two plants,

which is being built by Carthage Hydrocol, Inc., near Brownsville, Texas, is scheduled to go "on stream" next year, turning out high-quality gasoline, distillate fuels and petroleum chemicals. A second plant, being built by a subsidiary of the Standard Oil Co. (Indiana), will be located in the Hugoton gas field in Kansas, the largest single reservoir of natural gas in the United States.

Known natural gas reserves alone could take care of all gasoline requirements for the next ten to 15 years, but, of course, they will not be used entirely for that purpose.

Hardly had construction work been started on the first gasoline-from-natural-gas plant when announcement was made of a pilot plant which will be built to manufacture gasoline from coal. The announcement came from the Pittsburgh Consolidation Coal Co. and the central research organization of Standard Oil Co. (N. J.). The \$300,000 pilot plant, which is being built at Library, Pa., will use 50 tons of coal a day to produce 2.4 million cubic feet of gas "suitable for synthesis into liquid fuels and high-heat gas fuel". The

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development program is looking forward to the construction, by 1950 or 1951, of a \$120,000,000 commercial plant for the production of gasoline, and other fuels, from coal.

Meanwhile, as news on another front, a West Coast oil company was reported to have developed a successful process for recovering oil from several large tar sand deposits it owns in California. The company reportedly was but awaiting the day when the price of crude oil rose sufficiently to justify going into operation. (Because of soaring postwar demand, crude oil prices in recent months have reached the highest level in 27 years.)

All of these developments suggest one thing: how considerations of cost, and of supply and demand, govern the oil industry. As long as it's cheaper to produce gasoline from natural petroleum than anything else, that will continue to be the major source of liquid fuels.

And, incidentally, the motorist has benefited from the oil industry's operating economies. In the last quarter-century, the average retail price of gasoline, exclusive of taxes, has been greatly reduced. Meanwhile, refiners have continually packed more power and greater mileage into every gallon of motor fuel. The average car today rides on a far better grade of gasoline than Lindbergh used in flying the Atlantic. That represents greater value for your money, too.

The same factors that cause the oil industry to rely on petroleum as its raw material also determine, by extension, the relative prices you pay for different petroleum products. Today, for example, gasoline is one of the principal products made because of the growth of automobiles through the years. But once upon a time—before the automobile came along—horse-and-buggy America wanted kerosene, not gasoline. What happened then? Not knowing what else to do with it, the oil refiners of the day were forced to dump their gasoline into the river.

If the United States should some day turn from oil to coal or oil shale for its liquid fuels, it would be a case of poetic justice. For it was work on these two sources that originally brought petroleum into its own.

A hundred and more years ago—long before the first oil well was drilled—petroleum was known and being used. Not as a fuel or illuminant, but as a panacea for mankind's ills. Red men and white freely drank of surface oil pools to cure their internal ailments, doused their bodies with the substance to treat burns, wounds and infections, poured it on their horses and dogs to cure the mange.

One of the first men to sense a really big market in the product was one Samuel Kier. The son of a Pittsburgh druggist, he wondered what to do with the black substance that was coming up out of his father's salt wells. (People customarily drilled wells for salt in those days.)

Hitting upon an idea, Kier in 1846

proceeded to bottle the oil and peddle it from a traveling wagon as "Kier's Petroleum or Rock Oil". With P. T. Barnum-like modesty, the labels on Kier's bottles proclaimed that through its instrumentality "the lame were made to walk and the blind to see". Kier more or less founded a whole industry dealing in petroleum as a medicine. A Pennsylvania sanitarium of the 1850s, which treated its patients with petroleum derivatives, appropriately used as a slogan, "The Last Resort for Suffering Humanity".

But while petroleum was being used as a medicine, a search was going on for a better illuminant than was afforded by the whale and sperm oil lamps and the tallow candles of the day. Over in Scotland, the shale oil industry got started after a chemist named James Young succeeded in distilling a satisfactory oil. Up in Canada, a geologist named Andrew Gesner produced a product from coal which he dubbed "kerosolene".

Inspired, no doubt, by such efforts, a Philadelphia chemist advised Kier to distill his petroleum. The resulting product smelled like a skunk in full bloom—but it worked, safely and well. Kier next adapted a household lamp of the day to burn his "carbon oil". Today, Kier is remembered as the first American oil refiner. Actually, he was more than that. He put the oil business into being, selling kerosene. And from kerosene the industry has progressed to gasoline, fuel oils, lubricants, greases, synthetics and petroleum chemicals.

WHILE Americans may look upon synthetics as future fuels, Europeans have known about them for years. But the kind of fuels that Americans may expect will be vastly different and better from what Europeans have known.

Short on oil and foreign exchange, but long on other domestic products like coal, wood or grains, many European countries have long forced their nationals to use substitute fuels or to blend them with gasoline. (Before the war, the average European tax on gasoline was five times as high as American levies, largely accounting for a gasoline price of 43 cents a gallon against 19 cents in the United States.)

Among the non-petroleum fuels Europeans have used are benzol, alcohol and gasoline from coal or compressed gases. Besides these, there have been numerous "gasogene" vehicles in Germany, Belgium, Sweden, France—cars which carried attachments for generating their own gas from fuels like wood or charcoal. The growth of substitute fuels in Europe has been so great that by 1939 they accounted for one out of every six barrels of motor fuel consumed. And besides producing fuels (and lubricating oils), the synthetic plants turned out, as by-products, such surprising things as soaps, cooking fats and margarine—all from coal!

As people now know, Germany led in the development of synthetic

fuels. So intensively did she develop her synthetic processes and plants that during the war they accounted for half of her motor fuel, between 80 and 90 per cent of her aviation gasoline. And once her synthetic plants were knocked out, so was the Luftwaffe (and Germany).

The German quest for synthetic fuels began even before the first World War, when a 29-year-old scientist named Dr. Friedrich Bergius demonstrated that the chemical composition of coal could be transformed into that of petroleum, and then liquefied. The resulting oil then could be refined into various petroleum products. Commercial production of synthetic gasoline by the Bergius process began in 1926. At the height of World War II it accounted for the major portion of Germany's synthetic fuels.

Meanwhile, back in the early 1920s, two other German scientists, Franz Fischer and Hans Tropsch of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute, came along with a second major process. Unlike the Bergius method, their process didn't need coal as a starting point; they could use any "carbonaceous" raw material at all. And instead of liquefying it, they first turned it into a gas, which then was synthesized into various petroleum products.

While the Fischer-Tropsch process was more flexible than the Bergius—and produced an excellent Diesel fuel for industrial uses, among other things—it yielded nowhere near as good gasoline. That is, until the Americans came along.

As a result of intensive investigations in recent years, American technologists hit upon several improvements in the Fischer-Tropsch process. One was better engineering of the plants built to use it. Another was to use one of the war-born refining techniques which made American aviation gasoline decisively better than the German. And, finally, they were able to use natural gas (of which the United States has plenty; Germany none). As a result, they were able to bring the cost of making gasoline down from around 19 cents to around five to six cents a gallon, although costs have since risen somewhat. That's why you'll soon be buying, in some sections of the country, gasoline made from natural gas.

While natural gas looms as the first supplementary source of gasoline, it is not the only one. The whole range of petroleum substitutes, in fact, is being actively investigated by the Federal Government and the oil industry alike.

The U. S. Bureau of Mines, for one, since 1944 has been engaged in a \$30,000,000, five-year research program on synthetic liquid fuels. Pilot plants and laboratories have been set up in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Missouri, Wyoming—and at the U. S. Navy's oil shale reserves at Rifle, Colorado. Improvements in existing processes, development of new ones, are being sought.

But while much progress has been made, many tough technical prob-

lems remain to be solved. For example, the physical job of mining, hauling and processing the coal or oil shale—economically.

In this connection, the Bureau of Mines and the Alabama Power Co. early this year joined hands in a unique experiment. Instead of mining the coal, they set on fire a seam in a coal mine owned by the power company in Gorgas, Alabama. By alternately blowing air and steam on the underground fire, they produced manufactured gas. One purpose of the experiment was to learn whether it might be feasible to convert this manufactured gas into gasoline and related products. The results of the experiment are being studied.

ALL OF this brings us back to the problem of cost. The ways of making synthetic fuels are known in their basic elements. The big problem is to make them more cheaply. For example, oil could be produced from oil shale at \$2 a barrel—but it would be a low-grade oil only worth between \$1.25 and \$1.75 a barrel. Similarly, you could have gasoline from coal—but it would cost you about ten cents a day more to run your automobile, as matters stand.

In pursuing their research programs on synthetic fuels, the various oil companies do not do so because they fear an imminent oil shortage. They regard them more as a second line of defense, an insurance for the future. Right now, they are more concerned with extending our known frontiers of natural oil, with maintaining and increasing present reserves; and, most of all, they are concerned with meeting an unprecedented demand for their products. So fast has consumption been climbing in recent months that it has been taxing the industry's capacity.

In the normal course of events, leading oil men look for synthetic fuels to take their place beside crude petroleum some time during the next several decades.

Says Dr. Robert E. Wilson, chairman of Standard Oil Co. (Indiana), "Gasoline from coal is expected to enter the picture ahead of gasoline from oil shale or tar sands (except possibly for local needs in limited areas) and is expected to become a factor by 1970—earlier, if such processes as underground gasification of the coal substantially reduces the cost. Motor fuels from farm products are too expensive to be considered seriously, and, with the perfecting of the gasoline-from-coal process, are not necessary for the national defense."

Along with synthetic fuels, oil men expect atomic power to come into its own in the next decade or so—as a source of energy for ships and stationary plants and thus as a competitor to petroleum. If that comes to pass, popular fears about an oil shortage, which have plagued the oil industry periodically ever since the 1860s, finally will be laid to rest. You can't have atomic energy and an oil shortage, too.

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In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 17)

two of her dogs to show. The dogs were in the back of the car and several times on the way I reached back to fondle a large, black female that to me seemed as gentle as a June bride. At the show, the owner sat at the ringside waiting to parade her pooch at the proper time. That large, black hellhound sat at her feet. Next to the owner was a vacant seat on which lay that owner's pocketbook. I wanted to sit down, reached over to pick up the bag, and, Brother, I was lucky to get my arm back in one piece. I can assure you, not particularly because of this incident but because of the records of these dogs, if you're looking for a guard dog well able to take care of himself and you too, here's the dog for you.

Now, for the fellow with a misleading name—the great Dane. He's no more a Dane than Faust is a Chinaman. He's a German from 'way back. In fact he typifies one of the oldest breeds, as dogs of his type were known before the birth of Christ, as can be seen on ancient coins stamped with the likeness of this breed. They too need little description as almost everyone at some time or other has seen one. They are among the giants of the dog world, standing from 28" to 32" at the shoulder. The usual color is fawn, but occasionally brindle, blue and black will be seen. There's also the harlequin Dane, a dog wearing a mottled black and white coat. Once in a while the harlequin has blue eyes, which does him no good with show judges. The Dane is another working dog, dignified and reserved. He'll stand a bit more handling than the average shepherd. In certain parts of Germany he's referred to as the boar hound and has been suc-

cessfully used on such hunting forays. Incidentally, this was the favored breed of the Iron Chancellor Bismarck. How the name Dane became attached to this dog, nobody seems to know; he is distinctly a German product. He's a reliable chap and, as is fortunate in the case of all the big dogs, is gentle and easily managed and, I may add, not hard to train. He's a clean dog too, and his size, like that of the shepherd, makes him a splendid guardian dog. He isn't given to overbarking; the quick sound-off is not for him, nor does he need it, since his powerful, giant frame is usually sufficient to scare off anybody who goes on the prowl at midnight. Like other working dogs he should have plenty of room; trying to keep him in a cramped city apartment is like living with a horse.

The dog whose name sounds like a sneeze is another German, the schnauzer. Here's a pooch that comes in three handy sizes: miniature, standard and giant. If left un-groomed he's a Raggedy Andy among dogs, having a rough, wirey coat. It's an old breed as shown by a statue in the town of Stuttgart, showing a night watchman and his dog and dated 1620. The dog of course is a schnauzer very much like the dog as we know it today. Among certain of its breeders it is known as the salt and pepper dog because of its grey or black and grey color. Perhaps because of his size, the giant schnauzer is classed as a working dog and in truth that is what he was developed for. He's a powerfully built, sturdy dog with much endurance. Measured at the shoulder, where all dogs are measured for height, he stands from 21½" to 25½". He too has been successfully

FAME IN A NAME

By Fairfax Downey

On the Just and Unjust

There were only so many seats inside stagecoaches, and ladies often preempted them. Places on top were pleasant in good weather, but not in the downpours or drizzling rains, frequent in the British Isles. After a rainy trip, outside passengers climbed down, drenched and bedraggled.

A Scottish inventor and chemist decided it was high time something was done before more people caught their death of colds. Already noted for the dye and steel-making processes he had developed, he put his mind to this new problem and came up with a rain-proof cloth which he made by cementing two thicknesses of

fabric together with rubber dissolved in naphtha. It shed water like a duck's back, but the Scot had as much trouble persuading tailors to make it up into coats as he had inventing it.

Business boomed. For a while it fell off when stagecoaches were supplanted by railroads with cars in which a traveler could keep dry. But the coats, being a benefaction to mankind in wet weather, came to be worn all over the world. Americans call them raincoats or slickers. The British still give proper credit by dubbing them macks or mackintoshes after their inventor, Charles MacIntosh.

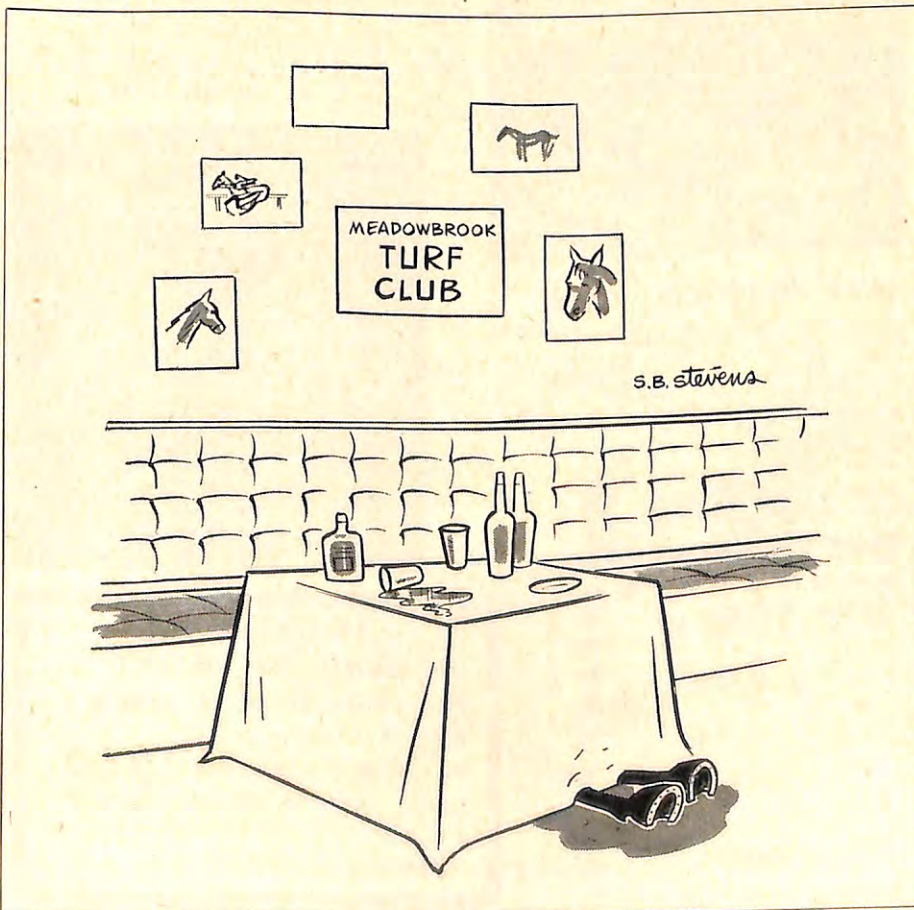


"How to Know and Care for Your Dog" is the title of Edward Faust's booklet, published by the Kennel Department of *The Elks Magazine*. One canine authority says, "It is the most readable and understandable of all the books on this subject." This beautifully printed, well-illustrated, 48-page book covers 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.

used for police and war work. Oddly enough, one of his two smaller relatives, the miniature schnauzer, is catalogued as a terrier, because in all schnauzer blood there is a strain of the terrier. The only real difference, however, is in the height, the standard measures from 17" to 20", while the miniature stands 11½" to 13½". The giant among these dogs was long ago used as a cattle dog and can, and does, give the drover much valuable assistance. The terrier sizes are excellent on small, furred game. All three look exactly alike. In the writer's opinion the giant among these purps has the most menacing bark of all dogs. They make highly intelligent, lively and loyal pets and their popularity is on the upswing in this country. Their chief points are erect ears and docked tail.

I've mentioned the following chap in these columns before but as long

as we're dealing with German dogs we'll have to mention him again. He's the Doberman pinscher. There's a laugh here although not at the expense of the dog. It was named after a dog catcher, a Louis Doberman of Apolda, Germany. He's the man who led in the development of the breed. This is another pooch that is getting the public eye. Full-grown and in good condition, he will weigh 65 to 75 pounds. The breed is noted for intelligence, has been highly successful in police, war and stage work. Time and again it has walked off with the honors for the official obedience tests given at the dog shows. He is a dog that is easily trained, is particularly clean and has the dignity that marks all big dogs. He's not over-friendly but is anything but a canine grouch; he simply doesn't like too many strangers to handle him, which, after all, is quite understandable.



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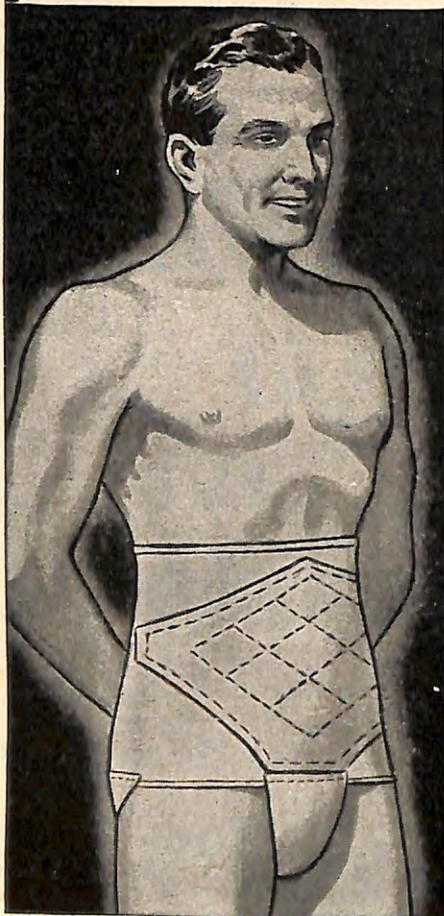
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- "I am sure you will be pleased to know that it is by far the best and most practical supporter I have ever had. I have been pleased to show it to several of my friends and they are likewise impressed with it. You shall probably hear from some of them in the future."
Dr. A. M. S.
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- "Enclosed find order for another belt. I wouldn't be without this supporter for ten times what it costs."
Dr. G. C. S.
St. Charles, Ill.
- "Received the Commander about a week ago. To say that I am well pleased with it would be putting it mildly—I can see that it fills a long felt want, giving the needed support and a most comfortable feeling. I never miss putting it on the first thing in the morning; Enclosed is my check for another."
J. C. McG.
St. Paul, Minn.
- "I recommend the Commander for what it is made for. It sure has been a great help to me. I want to thank you for what it has done. I might add it has helped me more than anything I have ever tried."
P. N.
Fort Knox, Ky.

Above are just a few of the many unsolicited testimonials for the Commander that we receive regularly. Originals of these and others are on file.

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SPECIAL LARGE SIZES, 48 to 60, \$3.98

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 7)

"No, it's not. It's darned poor," the boss agreed wisely. "I'd think there weren't any trout there except for a fellow who was here last week. This man is a minister. We call him the flying preacher because he always is flying in here fishing or hunting. Has a big church in Chicago—or somewhere—and every time he can get away he flies out to fish or hunt. He's a fly fisherman; won't use anything else."

"Says it isn't sportsmanship." One of the ranch hands who was standing in the open door gave an assist.

"This preacher is the best fisherman I ever saw. Why, he can cast a fly clear across the river."

(Considering that the Middle Fork is about 200 feet wide and that Dick Miller's world-record distance cast of 183 feet was made with no trees and rocks behind him, I thought this was pulling the long bow pretty far, but I attributed it to enthusiasm and let it pass.)

"He caught the best fish I've ever seen come out of the Middle Fork," our host continued.

"I'll get you there," I thought. I knew from experience that the cutthroats in the Middle Fork don't get bigger than about 20 inches long.

However, I underestimated the man. "Of course," he continued, "there aren't any really big fish in here, except for an occasional Dolly Varden, and they seldom hit flies. But the preacher brought in the nicest strings of anybody who's ever been here."

"That's right," the ranch hand agreed. "Every morning before he went out he'd ask the cook whether she wanted bakers or fryers. She'd always say 'fryers', but when he came in he'd always have 15 trout that would average 16-17 inches long. I just can't help turning the little ones back," he'd say.

"Did he fish a dry fly?" I asked. "No," our host said, "he always fished wet. A Gray Hackle yellow body. That was his favorite. Fished it up and across, very deep."

It is wonderful what education will do for a man if he has native ability to begin with. I didn't know then that our host was a college graduate, and his adroitness in telling the story—coupled with the skillful assistance of his top hand—threw me completely off guard. I didn't recognize McGillicuddy.

"Did you fish upstream?" the boss asked.

(Continued on page 30)



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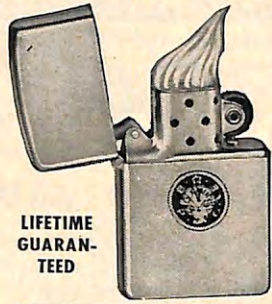
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The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

We admitted that we had fished only down the river from the ranch house.

"Well, the preacher always took a horse and rode up the river about three miles. Said there was better fly water up there. You might try it tomorrow." (Horses were \$5 apiece per day.)

"All right," we chorused, completely taken in, "we'll try it."

Of course, there weren't any more fish up-river than by the ranch, but by the time we had proved it and were ready once more to move on, Old McGillicuddy had accomplished his foul purpose, and we had spent an additional \$75 for food, lodging and horses.

WE FLEW up the river 50 miles and stopped at another ranch, and here we tipped off the owner by telling him about McGillicuddy, the fabulous flying preacher who always caught big trout and who could cast a fly farther than Dick Miller. This lad hadn't been to college, however, so he ignored the tip and gave us his No. 3 McGillicuddy story first. This time the man had been there nearly a month before, but one day he got 12 cutthroats ranging in length from 22 to 27 inches.

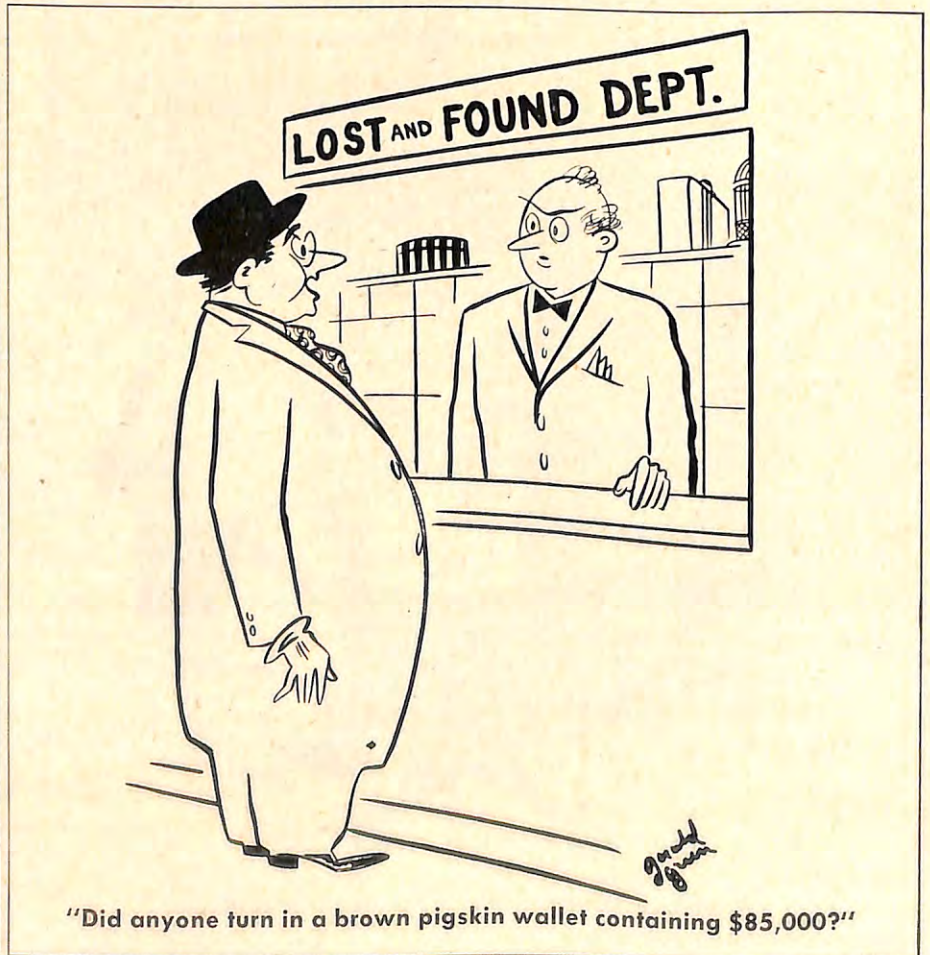
It so happened that our new host had owned his ranch only a season, but I had fished there many times before he came, and I knew that there never was and never will be a 27-inch cutthroat in that stream. I

didn't tell him off, however. What's the use when a guy goes ahead and gives you McGillicuddy right after you tell him you're wise?

Don't be misled into thinking that McGillicuddy does all his dirty work in Idaho or that he is a fisherman only. He's a great traveler and highly versatile. He beat me to Ontario by ten days and caught a 40-pound northern pike. I nearly got to Maine while he was there, dragging in land-locked salmon by the boatful, but I was three days behind and the fish had quit biting by the time I arrived. In North Carolina he had no trouble finding plenty of quail, although I hunted for five days and never turned a feather.

In Florida he caught tarpon right and left from water where I couldn't get a strike, and in Alabama he preceded me by a week. It has been the same story in Connecticut, Vermont, New York, Colorado, New Mexico and Oregon. No matter where I go and whether I'm hunting quail, grouse, ducks, geese, pheasants or deer, or fishing, he always beats me by a nose—and by the time I arrive the fishing or hunting is "off for a few days".

So I'm down on McGillicuddy. If my fellow sportsmen will join me in my new resolve to greet all tales of his prowess with a loud "Booh!" and scam immediately, I think maybe some of us will get ahead of him. Maybe we can give him a dose of his own medicine.



"Did anyone turn in a brown pigskin wallet containing \$85,000?"

has really obtained a big following only in Miami. The Cubans jazz up their games by adding orchestras, dancing and bars. The game is played with a goatskin ball and a wicker bat, the ball being bounced off a three-sided cement court that is called a *fronton*.

Those who know their Spanish will find the nomenclature of Mexico City's less well-known streets a constant delight. In some sections streets are named after mountains, rivers, doctors and musicians. In one they are named after Mexican generals and after naming fifty streets they didn't run out of generals' names. Novelty names are Money Street, Street of St. Mary the Fat, Piety Street, Street of the Lost Child and Little Corner of Jesus.

Visitors to Mexico will particularly enjoy those historic palaces, monastery buildings and other structures remodeled into hotels. The Hotel des Cortes was once a monastery and in its patio grow the hibiscus and bougainvillea once planted by the Augustine Friars. The Hotel Isabel is an old vice-regal palace. Outside of the capital city there is the Angel Inn at San Angel, on the grounds of a Carmelite monastery; in Merida the first high-class Hotel Itza is a huge remodeled Moorish palace with galleries of Mayan treasures and mementos of the ill-fated Maximilian and Carlotta. Morelio offers tourists a grandee's palace with panelled ceilings and casement walls. And at Vera Cruz the Hotel Rex has a monastery setting so real that the guests can imagine they hear the tread of the monks in its tunnelled walls.

People who like sparsely settled seashore areas might stop off on their way to Florida this winter in the South Carolina coastal region

around Charleston and Beaufort (it's pronounced Bewfort) and also visit the Sea Island section of Georgia. South of Charleston is Folly Island, with Folly Beach on the seaward side. The beach is ten miles long, has a pier and many amusement enterprises. Twenty miles east of Beaufort is Hunting Island State Park of 5,000 acres, three-fifths of which is still covered with virgin pine. State highway 285, which goes to Hunting Island, crosses St. Helena Island, largest of the 65 islands off the South Carolina coast. St. Helena for years has been populated mostly by Gullah Negroes, who are said to be of a purer African stock than is found elsewhere. They sing unusual songs at their "Praise Houses". Four miles south of Beaufort is Port Royal, site of the first settlement of the Lords Proprietors.

Edisto Beach, on Edisto Island, is a fishing center. Sullivan's Island is the site of Fort Moultrie. Lady's Island is another fishing center. North of Charleston there is a succession of wide, hard-packed beaches, the most noteworthy being Myrtle, South Carolina's largest and newest seashore resort. Myrtle Beach is a place to go when Charleston is so crowded that lodgings are hard to find. Charleston's biggest period is March and April, when its celebrated gardens are in bloom.

Most famous of Georgia's islands is St. Simons, eleven miles east of Brunswick by causeway. It is celebrated because of Sea Island Beach, resort of winter vacationists and honeymooners who can afford the relatively high all-inclusive daily rates at the big hotel there. On the western shore of the island, on a high bluff, stand the remains of Fort Frederica, overlooking an arm of the Altamaha River. The fort has been restored by the efforts of the Fort Frederica Association and the Geor-

gia Society of Colonial Dames and last March was dedicated, with 80 acres, as a national monument.

The fort is far less prominently mentioned in American history books than it should be. It is the biggest English-built tabby fort in the country. Tabby, by the way, is a mixture of oyster shells, sand, lime and water originally used by the Spanish (*tapia*—mudwall) and is one of the most enduring building substances known to man. General James Oglethorpe, founder of Georgia, built it in 1736 when he occupied the uneasy position of governor of a settlement almost sure to be invaded by encroaching Spaniards from Florida and Cuba. Oglethorpe, who entered the army at 14 and was somewhat of a military genius, tried to head off the Spanish by invading Florida with an army of 2,000 but found the defenses of St. Augustine too strong. That was in 1740. Two years later his worst fears were realized when a Spanish armada arrived from Cuba.

The guns of Fort Frederica held off the Spanish ships while Oglethorpe by a ruse lured the foot soldiers into the Battle of Bloody Marsh, an encounter in a swamp section where the Spaniards were easily overpowered.

Near Fort Frederica are the live oak forests which were drawn upon to build the famous old Constitution. It was also on the Island that Aaron Burr sought refuge after his duel with Alexander Hamilton. Still another historic place is Christ Church, organized in 1736 by Charles Wesley, where John and Charles Wesley preached to the Indians and settlers.

December 3rd will be a big day in Tucson, Arizona, when Indians from the numerous reservations that surround the city gather at the 247-year-old Mission San Xavier del Bac to honor St. Francis Xavier. Usually about 3,000 Pimas, Papagos, Apaches and Yaquis participate in the colorful ceremonies. Although devout Christians, most of the Indians retain old tribal customs, which the Catholic missionaries were careful to preserve on the principle that no civilization should be destroyed but that customs, like people, should be Christianized. In the ceremonies, which last for two days, there is a procession of hundreds of Indians with lighted candles, following a statue of the saint that is carried by six young men chosen for the occasion. During the Mass following the procession the Yaquis perform the dance of the Matachini on the Mission threshold. It is a dance of supposedly Arabic origin brought in by the Conquistadores. The Yaquis participate in other ceremonies but only they dance on St. Francis' feast day. Later, everyone repairs to the community feast house where a tireless native jazz band composed of a bass drum, fiddle, harmonica and guitar play more modern tunes. The celebration continues until the mission bells call participants to early Mass the next morning.



"It doesn't look much like an Indian, does it? I call it "Half-Breed".

Elk Newsletter

(Continued from page 9)

But if credit is being expanded at a rapid rate, income payments to individuals have been rising at the same time. Recent analyses of last year's returns reveal that \$169 billion in payments reached a peak one-tenth above the previous all-time high. What is more, record levels were reached in almost every State. Study of the returns reveals that the South and Far West have emerged as the Nation's most rapidly expanding markets, although the 15 Southern States remain among the sixteen with lowest per capita incomes. In the Northwest, tremendous growth in farm income has brought the region to within 3 per cent of the national average.



Railroad experts here report that the boxcar shortage is now likely to continue for at least a year. The immediate outlook is for even greater stringency and the shortage constitutes one of the major operating problems affecting another necessity which is in short supply--paper. The end of the northwestern and central States' grain movement will ease the boxcar situation somewhat, but the relationship between supply and demand will still be out of balance.



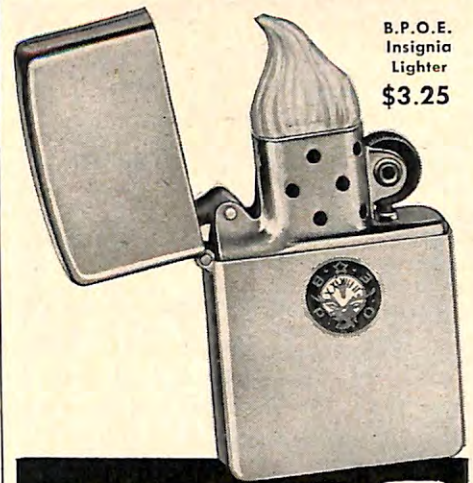
Recent revision of Rubber Order R-1 has revealed that the Nation's motorists hereafter will have sole responsibility for maintaining the synthetic rubber plants against a future national emergency. Controls on the use of natural rubber in some 30,000 non-transportation items have been eliminated, concentrating the use of the so-called synthetic rubbers in the transportation field. World supplies of natural rubber are mounting steadily, but motorists who miss the vitality and non-skid qualities of natural rubber will be forbidden from importing tires from overseas. The revised order bars the importation of rubber products not meeting the restrictions imposed domestically.



Small manufacturers and suppliers who want to participate in Government procurement contracts can now find out what Uncle Sam is buying close at home. Department of Commerce field offices are now prepared to furnish them with information on the procurement needs of all Federal agencies, including Army, the Air Force, the Navy, Agriculture, Interior, Commerce, Justice, the Post Office Department as well as the Bureau of Federal Supply of the Treasury Department which buys for all Government agencies.



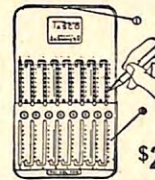
A study of National Service Life Insurance claims made by the Veterans Administration shows that in the vast majority of cases the widows of World War II veterans are seeking lifetime security rather than a fairly high income for a few years. Receiving a settlement on a \$10,000 policy, a widow might choose \$289.90 a month for three years, or \$42.60 a month for life, if she is 40 years old. Most widows are choosing the latter.



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KLUTCH CO., Box 4755-K, ELMIRA, N. Y.



What America is Reading

(Continued from page 8)

to change his basic character. All through life Gus understood the virtue of loyalty to one's friends, but he never quite got the knack of abstract morality. When, years later, he sold the pickpocket concession to his circus, he thought the idea, then new to him, was pretty funny. But he "realized" it was better for business than having a lot of *strange* pickpockets around.

When Gus was still a young newspaper man, the Funland Amusement Park, owned as part of a complicated financial deal, by financier Oxenford, was losing money. Gus thought it should have an elephant. Tightwad Oxenford would have none of it until Gus conceived the brilliant notion of having the town children buy the elephant with their own nickels and dimes. When the elephant was finally purchased, Gus knew the direction his life would take. He had to have a circus, even if he had to marry Oxenford's cow-like daughter, Flora.

This is the story of how Gus got his circus; how he outsmarted the suckers, and, in the end, outsmarted himself. It is the story of Gus's partner, who was born with a genius for judging horseflesh; of the performers in the circus, particularly an appealing team of acrobats, and of a little juvenile delinquent who was employed as a cage-boy by the lion-tamer and determined to steal the act for himself.

I can't begin to describe all the acts in Mr. Duncan's Great Show of a novel. His method of writing is to tell a story and then suddenly latch on to a character who seems unimportant at the moment, and play back to his beginnings. He does this very smoothly, so that you never wonder where you are, or get confused about a single character. Toward the end of the book, the reader becomes a little impatient with this device. But that is simply because the novel is too long. It would be greedy to complain when out of 700 pages you get at least 500 of colorful, unpretentious, and fundamentally cheerful entertainment. (*Lippincott, \$3.50*)

LET ME DO THE TALKING a novel by Richard Mealand

The story of Charles Gabriel, literary agent, is a salty and entertaining tabloid presentation of the book business.

It tells how Gabriel—whose function it is to dig books and stories out of his authors and sell them (at 10 per cent commission) to book publishers, magazines and Hollywood keeps his balance sheet in the black. Like most people who choose to make a living out of literature, Gabriel is himself creative. He creates ideas for authors to write about. Sometimes he even creates authors. And when he falls in love with a girl who is young, pretty and unimportant, he

cannot resist trying to reshape her personality as if it were a manuscript, not quite salable but with possibilities.

As the clever, engaging Gabriel—part promoter, part artist—wrestles with complicated movie deals, temperamental writers, rival agents and difficult publishers, the reader meets many of the Such Interesting People who make publishing even more glamorous to the insider than to the most wide-eyed outsider.

For example, there is Anthony Code, ex-foreign correspondent, professional he-man, bored, often drunk, fundamentally a good guy, who causes an unpleasant scandal simply out of loyalty to Gabriel. Then there is Drew Dorfield, big-time best-selling author. From him Gabriel nets an annual \$20,000 in commissions and a bad case of jitters. It is Dorfield's greed and double-crossing that almost puts Gabriel out of business. There is Glenn Cameroy, a fledgling lady-author who already sees herself as the heroine of a future biography and acts accordingly; Nat Peck, the dean of literary agents, a man of complete integrity—and innumerable other members of the happy, neurotic, shop-talking, sophisticated, naive, gossipy publishing fraternity.

There's a fast business deal on every other page, and more crises per chapter than you would probably find in a thousand pages of real business life. But such compression is, of course, a necessary convention of the novel. Mr. Mealand writes with dry wit, lightning speed. He knows what he is talking about. I think this is one of the most amusing business stories I have ever read. Anyone with the slightest interest in how popular books are made and how authors earn a living should have a good time with *Let Me Do the Talking*. (*Double-day, \$2.75*)

(Note: *Let Me Do the Talking* contains this reviewer's favorite line of the month: "To Gabriel children were simply undersized people to whom he said, "Hello.")

DIRTY EDDIE a novel by Ludwig Bemelmans

Like Maggie Teyte singing songs by Debussy, like Turkish coffee or licorice candy, this novel is for a very special taste. It is a sort of dreamlike Dali's-eye-view of Hollywood and probably—judging by what one hears from people who have been there—very realistic. Mr. Bemelmans does not upbraid Hollywood for its commercialism or denounce it for wasting talent. He just brings on the magic lanterns and flashes his fantastic shadows on the screen.

Bemelmans shows you that mirage world where producer Vanya Vashvili is forever sitting in a luxurious nightclub, half asleep, with a lovely creature by his side; where Marie, the young elevator girl, is magically transformed into Belinda, the glamorous actress. This is the never-never

land where Ludlow Mumm, finding himself unable to write in his luxurious Hollywood office, complains to the powers—and returns to find that his shabby New York hotel room (the scene of his former productivity) has been transported intact to the West Coast, complete with ink-spot in rug, grit on windowsill, and view on a sooty airshaft. This is the happy-ever-after city where even a pig can be an ugly duckling. For does not Dirty Eddie, the sad black piglet who was discarded by his mother, become a national celebrity with his pictures in the paper and a starring role?

The scenery in *Dirty Eddie* is an optical illusion. The people are made not of flesh but of ectoplasm. They float. And this is all as it should be and as the author intended. Reading *Dirty Eddie* sharpens your appetite for red meat and intense emotions. It makes you want to grip something firmly to make sure the wind won't carry you away. I guess that's Hollywood. (*Viking, \$2.75*)

THE LITTLE BOOK OF LIMERICKS Edited by H. I. Brock

In the introduction to this nice little book Mr. Brock tells how Don Marquis once set up a market-price classification for limericks, about like this:

Limericks that can be told in the presence of ladies.....\$1.00
Limericks that can be told in the presence of the clergy.....\$2.00
Limericks.....\$10.00

But to the intrepid Mr. Brock, the old belief that the only good limerick is an unprintable one serves only as a challenge. He meets this challenge by finding some 135 limericks that are not only amusing but clean. Among them is my favorite limerick of all time:

An epicure dining at Crewe,
Found quite a large mouse in his stew.

Said the waiter, "Don't shout,
And wave it about,
Or the rest will be wanting some,
too."

There are many old favorites in this anthology which includes such famous limerick gentry as the young fellow of Lyme (who lived with three wives at a time), the old man of Khartoum (who kept two tame sheep in his room), and the young woman named Bright (whose speed was much faster than light). And there are many that are new, at least to me, including this angry little number by illustrator James Montgomery Flagg:

Said the Reverend Jabez McCotton,
"The waltz of the Devil's begotten."

Said Jones to Miss Blight,
"Never mind the old guy,
To the pure almost everything's rotten."

(*Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$1.00*)

Jingle Belle

(Continued from page 15)

innocuous effort have been a source of astonishment to its authors and the industry ever since. It upped Pepsi's revenue \$14,000,000 in three years, and radio's rush to the jingle bandwagon assumed the proportions of a panic.

Today, 82 per cent of all sponsored broadcasts use singing commercials. A typical New York independent station, WNEW, airs over 80 every 24 hours. With some 900 more stations playing at least twenty a day, America's daily quota is more than 25,000 "performances". One network once seriously contemplated the idea of a "jingle hit parade" of fifteen uninterrupted minutes.

The most conservative estimate is that \$20,000,000 of radio's total 1946 advertising billings of \$412,000,000 were expended on jingles. This would be enough to sponsor weekly concerts by the Boston Symphony coast-to-coast for 20 years.

Jingles do not follow any generically recognizable pattern although most of them rely on the principle of irritation, advertising's favorite fixation, for their sales appeal. A simple statement made over and over again will, advertising experts say, soon become practically impossible for the listener to forget. The sponsors don't particularly care if the song is recalled unfavorably—just so it isn't forgotten.

For instance, in one cow-catcher a group of close-harmony singers give forth no less than five times with:

Your ha-a-ands can h-a-ave
That I-IVORY look
In.....just.....twelve.....days.

Such lyrical abandon may drive listening audiences to premature madness, but they will be borne to Bedlam with hands that have that Ivory look.

A second factor in the effectiveness of singing commercials is the manner of presentation. Again taking Audrey Marsh as an example, it is not only her infectious enthusiasm, luminous eyes and vocal range—from E below middle C to G below High C—that make her so popular; it is also her insidious rendition.

"Audrey's singing voice is a natural for commercials," says one of her employers, "because it's as simple and unaffected as the girl's next door. She sounds exactly like the housewives she's singing to."

Musically, jingles derive their themes from fox trots, rhumbas, waltzes, nursery rhymes, folk, calypso, and African veldt songs, Bach, Beethoven and boogie-woogie. They may be played by anything from a single organ to Morton Gould's 40-piece orchestra. They are sung as solos, duets, trios, quartets, or by large choirs. One musical tribute to Elmer the Cow and her boy friend Elmer the Bull requires the audience to participate, which it does lustily:

QUARTET: Elsie took a holiday.
AUDIENCE: Moo! Moo! Moo!
Moo!

QUARTET: But she couldn't stay away.

AUDIENCE: Moo! Moo! Moo!
Moo!

QUARTET: Elsie wanted to be sure

Elmer got his cup of pure
BORDEN'S INSTANT COFFEE
(beat)

AUDIENCE: Moo! Moo! Moo!
Moo!

Although Audrey once received a letter from an irate listener suggesting that she should "lift her voice to God" instead of soap flakes, most of the thousands of letters sent to her sponsors every week are highly favorable. People ask for records of their favorites. Some, like Beatrice Lillie and Louis B. Mayer, collect jingles as a hobby. Others submit verses about beer or shoe polish which they hope her advertisers will buy. They are the same hopefuls who, in other generations, contributed reams of poetry about home and mother to popular magazines. Agencies treat these unsolicited contributions as tenderly as live scorpions. They immediately send them back unread to avoid possible plagiarism suits.

Although Audrey Marsh, quite rightly, is unconcerned about the matter, the impact of the avalanche of broadcast jingles worries some educators. They believe it is a phenomenon that has already made serious inroads on the culture of the Nation.

"They are actually replacing nursery rhymes and folk songs in the upbringing of American children," says Josette Frank of the Child Study Association. All over the Nation children, ranging in age from rompers to bobby sox, find these simple chants a universal bond, something they can understand and sing together.

"You know," she adds with a wry smile, "for years educators have denounced the inane and incomprehensible old nursery rhymes for the pernicious influence they have on children's minds. But who ever expected Mother Goose to be replaced by Super Suds and Poor Miriam who didn't use Irium?"

A young mother once wrote one of Audrey's sponsors to complain that her daughter would not take her afternoon nap until she had heard the DUZ commercial. Since that soap opera is off the air on Saturdays and Sundays the distraught mother requested a record she could play. It was the only way she could get the kid to bed on weekends.

"There is nothing actually very new or surprising about singing commercials," says Sigmund Spaeth, the "tune detective". "Actually they are

NEW SERIES 16
IMPROVED NO-DRIFT
FM
in the Sensational 1948
MIDWEST RADIOS



5 WAVE BANDS

Separate Chassis Like This Powerful
SERIES 16 AM-FM MODEL OR
Beautiful Radio-Phono Consoles Available

The SYMPHONY GRAND
RADIO-PHONOGRAPH
AM-FM CONSOLE



A truly magnificent instrument that offers new, improved No-Drift FM, 5 Wave Bands, Automatic Interim Record Changer that handles both 10" and 12" records, 14 1/2" Panasonic Speaker, and exclusive Midwest Tri-Magnadyne Coil System and Color-Ray Tone Selection. Other Luxurious Console and Table Models with Series 16, 12, and 8 Chassis.

EASY TERMS **30 DAYS TRIAL**

SEND FOR **FREE** CATALOG **BUY DIRECT FROM FACTORY AND SAVE!**

FILL IN COUPON AND MAIL TODAY OR JUST SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS ON 1c POSTCARD

MIDWEST RADIO CORPORATION
Dept. 13-A, 909 Broadway, Cincinnati 2, Ohio


Please send me your new FREE 1948 Catalog.

NAME

STREET

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE

"YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!"



There's a Thrill in Bringing a Crook to Justice Through Scientific
CRIME DETECTION!

I have taught thousands this exciting, profitable, pleasant profession. Let me teach you, too, in your own home. Learn Fingerprinting, Firearms Identification, Police Photography and Secret Service Methods thoroughly, quickly and at small cost.


53% of All American Bureaus of Identification employ students or graduates of I. A. S. You, too, can fit yourself to fill a responsible crime detection job with good pay and steady employment. But don't delay, get the details now. Let me show you how easily and completely I can prepare you for this fascinating work, during spare time, in your own home. You may pay as you learn. Write today... Now... Be sure to state age.

Be A FINGER PRINT Expert

FREE!!! Send for Thrilling BLUE BOOK OF CRIME!

INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SCIENCE
1920 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 4908 Chicago 40, Ill.

Get Well
QUICKER
From Your Cough
Due to a Cold



FOLEY'S Honey & Tar
Cough Compound

CLEANS WINDOWS WITHOUT WATER



NEW CHEMICAL MITT
Sensational! DRY Window Cleaner! Uses no water, no messy liquids. Chemically Treated. Simply glide over window; leaves glass sparkling clear. No heating water, no heavy buckets to carry. No rags, powders, sponges, chemicals. No mess or fuss. No red chapped hands. Dust, dirt, grime, fog disappear like magic. Wonderful for auto windows, windshields!

SAMPLES FOR AGENTS Sample offer sent immediately to all who send name at once. A penny postal will do. **SEND NO MONEY** just your name. **KRISTEE CO., 577 Bar Street, AKRON, OHIO.**

nothing but modern versions of the old hucksters' songs that you can still hear in the streets of London, Dublin or Charleston, S. C. What else are 'Who'll Buy My Lavender' and 'Cockles and Mussels, Alive, Alive-O' but singing commercials of other centuries?"

THE frightening thought that these commercial jingles may not die after a few years of sheer ennui—that they may, in fact, persist for years or even generations—is supported by Dr. Paul Lazarsfeld, a Columbia University psychologist.

"They employ a principal that is biological in its efficiency," he observes. "They have a simple, rhythmic charm that appeals to children and the childish memories of every man and woman. Each child will discover the Pepsi-Cola jingle for himself at the age of about four, just as in the past each new generation discovered the charm of Jack and Jill.

"Of course," he adds, "it will be necessary to bring the song to the attention of each new generation."

It is fairly safe to assume that the Pepsi-Cola Bottling Company will not lack for diligence in this respect.

The knowledge that they will live with the same jingles on the radio every day until death do them part may depress some people, but not advertisers.

"Dollar for dollar," says the head of one of the country's great advertising agencies, "singing commercials bring more sales results than any other advertising device ever discovered."

The reason lies in a factor called "product identification". Radiomen long ago found that even the most interesting programs sometimes left the listener in doubt as to the product being advertised. Not so with jingles.

"People quickly forget a spoken appeal," says the same executive, who has the profession's morbid passion for anonymity when it comes to a critical examination of the medium, "but they never forget a rhythm. It stays in their subconscious minds for the rest of their lives—and, by association, they will never forget the name of the product that is welded to it. Whenever they hear the tune again they immediately think of the product.

"It's so effective from the advertising point of view," he adds soberly, "that it sometimes frightens me."

New York's highbrow station, WQXR—which, along with Detroit's WJR, is the only privately owned station in the United States which bans jingles as "opposed to the public interest"—succumbed to the extent of agreeing to play the "John Peel" melody on station breaks. The station was instantly deluged with letters from outraged listeners denouncing it for its craven surrender to the barbarians. What the protestants failed to notice was that no words were either sung or spoken with the music. The simple playing

of the theme had been enough to identify the melody—and convey the sponsor's message. It is a little frightening when you think of it; something like mental telepathy.

(WQXR, incidentally, suffered another lapse from grace when its music directors were invited to identify a recording made by the Busch string quartet. They concluded it was probably an unfamiliar piece by Mozart or Haydn. Actually, any child could have told them they were listening to a cleverly orchestrated version of "Chiquita Banana", the United Fruit Company jingle.)

Columbia University statisticians, Matt Chappell and Al Politz, settled the question of recognition of singing commercials for all time when they spent months playing lesser known jingle themes to representative groups of consumers all over the Nation. They even introduced phony jingles to determine the percentage of liars—people who think they recognize something they never heard before. This phony vote was subtracted from the total number of "Yeses" to arrive at a more honest recognition measurement.

Even then, the results were startling. Some 61 per cent of the people queried recognized the Adams Gum jingle, 58 per cent the Chiclets spot, 51 per cent the Luden's Cough Drop and Colgate's Hand Cream themes. With that kind of audience response, no number of agonized protests, or no isolated actions like those of WQXR and WJR, are going to induce advertisers to drop jingles.

MANY commercial jingles sound like the maunderings of idiots, but this is just a fostered illusion. If the movie industry operates on the assumption that the audience's average mental age is 12, radio works at a level three or four years younger than that. Jingles are actually written by batteries of highly intelligent young writers and composers who, in other ages, might have found no better outlet for their artistic impulses than the creation of symphonies and poetry. In fact, even as you read this they are working feverishly to catch up with this year's demand for 3,000 new jingles.

Fifteen per cent of the new output will be written by several hundred independent operators who charge anywhere from \$30 to \$20,000 for their wares. The Pepsi boys, Kent and Johnson, are still tops among the independents. They lie in beds in opposite corners of a room and hurl ideas at each other like brick-



bats while a secretary sits in a neutral corner and takes everything down. They scaled the heights a year ago with a theme they did for a meat packing company,—"ARMOUR, toujours, ARMOUR!"

The other 85 per cent will be composed in the advertising agencies themselves at "jingle conferences", one of which this writer was privileged to attend. Present were six alert, very personable, well educated young men and women, loaded with talent—the kind who in other countries would be in grooming for positions of leadership in the political, economic and cultural life of the Nation. The men all wore seersucker suits, button-down collars and crew haircuts on the sound thesis that in advertising it is wise to look as though you come from Yale even if you haven't. They ranged in importance from copywriters to vice-presidents.

THE conference was fruitful; the young men concentrated intensely. They examined the philosophic, psychological and social implications of every idea submitted, although the question of good taste was never once voiced. They argued their points of view with cogency, wit and eloquence rarely heard, for instance, in halls of learning. But then, their norm of ability is considerably above that of the average Congressman, and they are compensated accordingly; one at least earns more than the President of the U. S. Although their comments were frequently acid or cynical, their attitude toward their sponsor's product—which we shall call "Whistler's Coffee"—was one of deep respect.

After four hours of deliberation and re-writing, the conferees were finally satisfied. This ditty is a reasonable facsimile of what emerged:

Whistle for WHISTLER'S COFFEE! (shrill whistle)

It's a delicious brew.

Whistle for WHISTLER'S COFFEE! (shrill whistle)

Its flavor is true blue.

Such mellow perfection makes each cup a treat

Make it your selection, 'cause the taste just can't be beat

So—whistle again (shrill whistle)

WHISTLER'S COFFEE!

(Long, low, appreciative whistle.)

As the meeting broke up I inquired of one of the personable young men how he felt about the whole thing. Delaying his answer until his colleagues had moved out of earshot, he replied amiably, "I'm on my way to the men's room to be sick. . . Will you join me?"

The only audible protest by anyone within the ranks of the notoriously timid industry was uttered by commentator Don Hollenbeck last August. Every morning for six months, his news broadcast over the ABC network was prefaced by this *matin*:

SHE: He can hold his cheek close to mine.

HE: And I do.

SHE: Hold me tight, steal a kiss any time.
 HE: Wouldn't you?
 SHE: In fact, I'm his most willing slave,
 The man with the MARLIN shave!
 HE: I don't know what she sees in me.
 SHE: You're a smoothie.
 HE: Guess I'm just as lucky as can be.
 SHE: You're for me.
 BOTH: He makes all the ladies rave woo-woo!
 The man with the MARLIN shave.

One grey morning, Hollenbeck, who had covered the battlefronts of Europe, could stand it no longer. When the commercial ended he announced, "The atrocity you have just heard is no part of this show." He was fired the same day.

The peristaltic convulsions of young copywriters and the bitterness of war correspondents will have no more effect on advertisers than the alarms of professors or the agony of sensitive listeners so long as jingles rocket sales the way they do. Nor does the solution appear to lie in self-control on the part of the industry and/or intervention by the Federal Communications Commission.

"That would be censorship!" is the dictum of a typical anonymous vice-president of one of the Nation's largest networks. "Anyone who buys air time owns it. We have not got the right to dictate what he can or cannot say so long as it is not in bad taste."

The statement implies that singing commercials are in good taste and ignores the legally established principle that the air waves belong to the people and the networks are only licensed to monopolize them.

"Besides," concluded the vice-president on a note of triumph, "this is a democracy. If you don't like them, you don't have to listen to them!"

This answer, radio likes to believe, is its crusher to any and all criticisms of programs and policies. Actually, it is a flaccid argument. It is impossible to listen to any station in most cities without hearing jingles, and even where the listener has some choice of programs he still has none whatever over the commercials.

The vice-president's statement projects a vivid picture of listeners leaping with gazelle-like agility across a room to squelch singing commercials they "don't have to listen to", then drawing out a stopwatch to determine the exact second to tune in again to that part of the program they desire to hear.

The FCC, which does the licensing, has an equally firm attitude, conditioned by years of being buffeted severely by broadcasters whenever it attempts to make even minor reforms. Its recent "Blue Book" of criticism of the radio industry does

not even mention singing commercials.

The prodigal wastage of talent is one of the most disheartening effects of singing commercials. It is not entirely accidental that their popularity coincides with one of the least fruitful periods in the history of American literature or the arts in general.

But the people who make their living through jingles find the heavy dough an effective balm for frustrated ambition. Kent and Johnson, for instance, have long cherished the conviction that they could be the Gilbert & Sullivan of this age. But so long as they earn \$20,000 annually for each of the ten or more successful jingles they write each year, they bravely manage to forego this ambition. When young Len McKenzie left the Army for an advertising job in 1944, he intended to write a novel. Instead, he wrote "Chiquita Banana", which has made the refrigerating of bananas a social error comparable to slurping up your coffee from the saucer. The tripling of his salary and the \$30,000 bonus he earned from popular exploitation of the song altered his plans.

Audrey Marsh argues the case for jingles as well as anybody. "I take singing lessons from a coach in Carnegie Hall. He says I could go on the concert stage tomorrow. But for what—peanuts?"

"I get \$50 for doing spots on a quarter-hour show. For a regular five-a-week soap opera, that amounts to \$250. I get anywhere from \$40 to \$300 for cutting a spot record, depending on the number of stations that are going to use it. All week long little checks dribble in for odd amounts for rehearsals, auditions and tryouts at advertising agencies. My income last year averaged \$400 per week—and this year it should go even higher.

"With this money I supported my husband when he took sick and lost his lumber business, maintained my home for two years while he was in the Army, have helped him get re-established in business now that he's back, and support my five-year-old daughter.

"—And you ask me how I like jingles! I say, God bless 'em! What else?"

The whole argument can perhaps best be summed up in three platitudes: "Life is short. . . Art is long. . . But money talks."

This year Audrey signed a contract with RCA-Victor to cut song platters. Her first albums of hits from "Annie Get Your Gun" and "Finian's Rainbow" were acclaimed "boff biscuits", *Variety's* ultimate accolade. This has led to offers of a lead in a musical comedy.

"If it comes," says radio's Premiere Jingleuse, "Well, okay. But I won't give up my singing commercials. Never, as long as they remain popular."

And that—God help us!—will be for longer than most of us care to think about.



Plymouth Cheese Cellars' Selections are ideal Holiday Gifts . . . finest cheeses aged to the peak of flavor perfection, and beautifully packed in gift boxes . . . in the CHEESE CENTER OF THE WORLD.



Epicurean Selection

7 CHOICE \$6.50 CHEESES

Seven distinctive and exciting taste treats. Aged Wisconsin Cheddar, Mild Wisconsin Cheddar, Aged Brick, Blue, Yorkshire, Balgigue and Camembert Cheese. Net weight 4 3/4 lbs.



"All-American"

Sharp Wisconsin Cheddar, Mild Grass Cheddar, Smoke-Flavored Cheddar Cheese Spread and soft Yorkshire. Net Weight 3 1/4 lbs. \$4.15

American Type Cheeses Our Specialty. Sold direct to purchaser only . . . never sold in stores. When you buy direct, you are assured cheese correctly aged for perfect enjoyment. Order Now. Send check or money order. We pay shipping charges to any U. S. address east of Rockies. (West of Rockies add 25c per box.)

CHEESE CENTER OF THE WORLD



Department 105 PLYMOUTH, WISCONSIN

Ideal XMAS GIFT



HOENSHEL

Brandied Fruit Cake

Dark, full-flavored brandied fruit cake—cram-jammed with glacéed fruit and choice nuts. Mellowed with rare old brandy and fine sherry . . . a real treat—and a delightful gift to anyone; shipped anywhere in the United States.

1 1/2 lb. cake \$1.79; 3 lb. cake \$3.32; 5 lb. cake \$5.24; 3 lb. cake with Brandied Hard Sauce \$4.32. Prepaid this side of Rocky Mts., beyond add 25¢

Fruit Puddings: Plum, Fig, Fig & Date, 2 lbs., \$1.65 each. Brandied Hard Sauce, 10 oz., 75¢; 28 oz., \$2.00. New Cinnamon Toast Spread, 10 oz., 69¢; 28 oz., \$1.75.



HOENSHEL FINE FOODS, INC., 1048 Hancock St., Sandusky, Ohio
 Largest Individual Maker of Fruit Cake in the World



WORLD'S SMALLEST RADIO KNOWN!
 Wt. only 1/2 lb. Beautiful Silver-Black plastic case. Has Inductive Slide Tuner—W4 Crystal Diode—NO TUBES, BATTERIES OR ELECTRIC "PLUG IN" NEEDED! Should last for years!

GUARANTEED TO PLAY

NEW 1948 MODEL

on local stations if complete instructions sent are followed. Use it at home, in bed, in many offices, hotels, cabins—most anywhere! HUNDREDS OF SATISFIED CUSTOMERS ALL OVER THE WORLD!
 SEND ONLY \$1.00 (Cash, N.O. Check) and pay postman \$2.99 plus delivery (tax on arrival or send \$3.99 for Post Paid delivery. Complete as shown—ready to play with self-contained personal phone, WONDERFUL GIFTS FOR CHILDREN! Order now at this low bargain price—Prompt shipment on orders sent now—today! Be the first to get YOUR Pocket Radio! (All foreign orders \$5.00 U. S. cash with order).

Pa-Kette Radio Co., Inc. Dept. E M 11 Kearney, Neb.

News of the Order



**THE
DEDICATION
OF "THE
BUCH
MEMORIAL"**

Sister Mary Cherubina, Mrs. Joseph G. Buch and Rev. Father Francis M. J. Thornton, left to right, are pictured under the portrait of the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch, at the dedication of "The Buch Memorial" at St. Michael's Children's Home in Hopewell, N. J.

CONTENTS

IN A touching and fitting tribute to the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch, the newly remodeled library of the St. Michael's Children's Home at Hopewell, N. J., was dedicated by the Grand Lodge, as "The Buch Memorial", on Sunday, September 21st.

More than five hundred Elks and their families from all parts of New Jersey, where Mr. Buch was so well known and so active in aiding underprivileged and handicapped children, attended the impressive ceremonies. Taking part in the dedication were Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis who made the principal address, and Past Grand Exalted Rulers Raymond Benjamin, James R. Nicholson, James T. Hallinan, Murray Hulbert, Charles S. Hart and Charles H. Grakelow. George I. Hall, Vice-Chairman and Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees; Approving Member of the Board of Grand Trustees Sam Stern; William M. Frasor, Executive Secretary of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission, and Mrs. Frank Rain, wife of the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler, were also present.

The ceremonies, which included a fine musical program, were under the general direction of Milton Musick, Exalted Ruler of Mr. Buch's Lodge, Trenton, N. J., No. 105, who has called upon all the Elks lodges in the State to supply books for the library.

A bronze plaque commemorating the humanitarian work of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Buch, who devoted his life to the work of aiding crippled and orphan children, was unveiled by Mrs. Buch. The plaque

is placed on a wall of the library, beneath a large portrait of the Past Grand Exalted Ruler.

From the time he was a young man, Joseph Buch's sole interest was the welfare and happiness of those children whose enjoyment of life is limited because of physical handicaps. His interest became more than a hobby and his work in behalf of these youngsters brought him great renown. Active on State commissions for the rehabilitation of crippled children, he was named a director of the International Society for Crippled Children and in 1930 he was a delegate to President Herbert Hoover's White House Conference on Child Health and Protection. It is therefore proper that the Grand Lodge of the Order of Elks should choose a crippled children's home as the recipient of a gift to honor Joseph G. Buch, and that that gift should be in the form of a fine, up-to-date library to further the pleasure and education of these unfortunate children. The members of the Joseph G. Buch Memorial Commission who made this decision and through whose efforts the memorial came into being are Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, Chairman; Past State Presidents Albert E. Dearden and George L. Hirtzel, and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters.

The library was blessed by Rev. Father Francis M. J. Thornton, Director of the Catholic Welfare Bureau, who accepted the gift on behalf of St. Michael's Home. George L. Hirtzel of Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, presided.



Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis, Mayor D. J. Connolly and E. R. Milton Musick of Trenton.

Dedication of "The Buch Memorial"

Elks National Foundation Scholarship Winners

Elks National Foundation Scholarship Announcement

News of the State Associations

Activities Sponsored by the Elks Veterans Service Commission

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

News of the Subordinate Lodges

Grand Lodge Officers and Committeemen for 1947-48

Editorial

ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION SCHOLARSHIP PRESENTATIONS

1
E.R. C.L. Walker of Muskogee, Okla., Lodge presents the Foundation Scholarship award of \$700 to James D. Hembree, Jr., who won first prize this year.



1.

2
Chairman John F. Malley of the Elks National Foundation Trustees accepts the thanks of Bernadette Martocchio of Watertown, Mass., winner of the second Foundation award, a \$600 scholarship.



3.

3
Jean G. Lotts of Covington, Va., receives the third prize award in the Virginia State Elks Assn. Scholarship Contest sponsored by the Foundation, at the home of Clifton Forge Lodge.



2.

4
Colorado State Elks Assn. Pres. Larry E. Nelson presents a \$300 check to Geraldine Dwyer, sponsored by LaJunta Lodge, winner in the state-wide contest for incapacitated high school students.

5
Annabelle Tradup of Faribault receives the \$300 Foundation Scholarship Award from Dr. L. C. Brusletten, President of the Minnesota State Elks Association.



4.

6
Third-prize winner James J. Herman receives the Foundation's \$500 check from Chairman John Poole of the Elks National Foundation "Most Valuable Student" Committee, as E.R. Harley L. Halverson of Sheboygan, Wis., Lodge looks on.



5.

7
Mary S. Firra of Herkimer, N.Y., winner of the \$700 first prize for young ladies in the 1946-1947 Elks National Foundation Scholarship Contest, receives her award.

8
Dorothy Wadsworth of Mt. Pleasant, Pa., receives a \$200 check as a scholarship award for the Penna. South District. The local lodge gave her a like amount.



6.



7.



8.

Elks National Foundation SCHOLARSHIP AWARDS

THE Elks National Foundation Trustees announce that EIGHT THOUSAND DOLLARS in scholarship awards will be distributed at the 1948 Grand Lodge Session. This announcement of the "Most Valuable Student" awards should be of interest to the students of every community who are leaders in their schools and colleges. For more than thirteen years these awards have made it possible for many superior students to continue their college courses under favorable circumstances. The awards offered this year are:

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

ELIGIBILITY

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

MERIT STANDARDS

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

FORM OF APPLICATION

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

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

1. Recent photograph of the applicant. (Not a snapshot.)
2. A statement of not more than 300 words prepared by the applicant in his own handwriting, summarizing activi-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FILING OF APPLICATIONS

The application, verified by the proper subordinate lodge officer, must be filed on or before March 1, 1948, with the Secretary of the State Elks Association of the State in which the applicant is resident, in order that it may be judged by the Scholarship Committee of said Association and, if approved as one of the quota of applications allotted to the State, be forwarded to our Chairman not later than April 1, 1948.

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

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

ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION TRUSTEES

APPLICATIONS MUST BE FILED BEFORE MARCH 1, 1948

STATE ASSOCIATIONS

VIRGINIA

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert South Barrett, a member of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, and John L. Walker, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, were two of the 500 guests of the Virginia State Elks Association at its annual Convention in Danville, August 17th, 18th and 19th. Dr. Barrett was the principal speaker at this meeting, and Congressman Thomas B. Stanley, a member of Danville Lodge, delivered the Memorial Address on the 19th.

The Association is devoting much time and money to the entertainment of wounded and ill veterans in VA Hospitals in its State, and has now turned its attention to the welfare of future young men in voting to sponsor a boys' camp at a cost of \$100,000.

Dr. Barrett's home lodge, Alexandria No. 758, took first place in the Ritualistic Contest and will be host to the 1948 Meeting. Officers and committeemen will meet in Richmond for the Fall and Spring conferences.

The following officers were elected: Pres., Lawrence H. Hoover, Harrisonburg; 1st Vice-Pres., B. N. Anderson, Norfolk; 2nd Vice-Pres., John H. Coleman, Lynchburg; 3rd Vice-Pres., John H. Simmons, Petersburg, and John H. Liesfeld, Richmond, will be Trustee for five years. Secy. Geo. W. Epps, Jr., Richmond, and Treas. Chas. W. Proffitt, Clifton Forge, were reelected. Appointments included Sgt.-at-Arms, Landon B. Maxey, Suffolk; Chaplain, (reappointed) V. King Pifer, Hampton, and Tiler, M. A. Owens, Portsmouth.

PENNSYLVANIA

The 41st Annual Convention of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association was held in Erie on August 25th to the 28th. More than 5,000 Elks and their friends witnessed the mile-long parade which climaxed the program.

Highlights of the Convention sessions were the presentation of the annual student aid awards which totaled more than \$2,500; the report of the Veterans Hospital Committee, and the Association's decision to center its efforts for the coming year in aiding the Elks National Foundation with a campaign to sell at least five per cent of the 80,000 Pennsylvania Elks individual \$100 membership in the Foundation.

Besides Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis, guests of honor at the annual "scrap heap" dinner, and later at the opening Convention sessions were Past Grand Secretary; James T. Hallinan, Chairman of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission, and Charles H. Grakelow, a member of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, and George I. Hall, Vice-Chairman and Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. Mr. Lewis addressed the opening session on Tuesday morning before he left for the Ohio State Elks Assn. Convention. The Memorial Session on Wednesday morning had as its speakers Grand Trustee Howard R. Davis and Past State President Wilbur G. Warner.

Officers for the coming year will be: Pres., R. J. Maloney, DuBois; Vice-Pres., John T. Gross, Allentown; Secy., (reelected) W. S. Gould, Scranton; Treas., (reelected) Charles S. Brown, Allegheny; and Trustee, L. M. Lippert, McKeesport. Mr. Lippert is the new Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials. These men were installed at noon on Thursday by Past State Pres. F. J. Schrader, Assistant to the Grand Secretary.

Greenville Lodge won the Annual Ritualistic Contest and the host to the 1948 Meeting will be Reading Lodge on Aug. 30th and 31st and Sept. 1st and 2nd.

MARYLAND, DELAWARE and DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

The 27th Annual Convention of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia Elks Association opened on August 4th with a band concert, open house and dancing at the home of Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15. More than 1,000 of the expected 2,000 Conventioneers from the Association's 16 lodges had registered that evening.

At eleven a.m. August 4th, the Memorial Service for deceased members took place, followed by a business session during which the following were elected: Pres., Rosell T. Pickrel, Washington, D. C.; Vice-Presidents: Andrew J. Kessinger, Silver Spring, Md.; William E. Slaughter, Easton, Md., and Harold E. Jenkins, Frostburg, Md.; Secy., (re-elected) R. Edward Dove, Annapolis, Md., and Treas., Harry I. Stegmaier, Cumberland, Md.

Elected to three-year terms on the

Board of Trustees were John J. Mealey, Wilmington, Del.; Leonard L. Pearce, Washington, and George Hardesty, Towson, Md. John S. Miller, Frederick, Md., and Daniel E. Sullivan, Baltimore, Md., were appointed to two-year terms, and Ivy R. Todd, Jr., Cambridge, Md., and Chas. L. Mobley, Hagerstown, Md., to one-year terms.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert South Barrett was an honored guest at the meeting and announced the names of the three scholarship winners in the Elks National Foundation Contest. They are Beatrice Philibert of Baltimore who received a \$300 award; Richard Taylor, Jr., Towson, who won a \$100 award, and Alice Yearley of Towson who received honorable mention.

A bowling tournament in which 150 competed was held in conjunction with the meeting, and the Washington kегglers made a clean sweep in all combinations including the singles. Tom McCall led in the one-man exhibition with a 394-gross score. Washington Team No. 5 was tops in the five-man event, with Washington Team No. 6 in second place and Towson, third.

Other sporting activities took place, such as a golf tournament and baseball games, and the visitors enjoyed moonlight cruises and sightseeing tours. The Convention closed with a Mardi Gras and Grand Ball on the 6th.

CONNECTICUT

At the closing session of the Connecticut State Elks Association Convention which took place on June 28th in the auditorium of the Junior College of Connecticut, now Bridgeport University, George J. Grasser of Wallingford was unanimously elected President for the coming year. Other officers chosen were: 1st Vice-Pres., Thomas J. Clark, Greenwich; 2nd Vice-Pres., Joseph P. Cooney, Hartford; Secy., (reelected) William E. Chambault, Meriden, and Treas., (reelected) John F. McDonough, Bridgeport. Lawrence P. Mangan of New Britain was elected a member of the Board of Trustees for five years.

About 198 delegates were on hand from 27 lodges in Connecticut, with many out-of-town visitors adding to the crowd of guests. Paul J. Roden, Chairman of the Elks Scholarship Commission of the Association, introduced

(Continued on page 55)



1. NEW YORK

1

Here is the beautiful float entered by Schenectady Lodge in the Parade held in conjunction with the 1947 Convention of the New York State Elks Assn. in Troy.

2

Officials of the Massachusetts Elks Assn. talk things over at a special meeting in New York City. Left to right are Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley; Past Grand Treasurer John F. Burke; State President Irving R. Shaw; Past State President Edward A. Spry, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan.



2. MASSACHUSETTS

3

These Elk dignitaries attended the recent Conference of the Virginia State Elks Assn.



3. VIRGINIA

ACTIVITIES SPONSORED BY THE ELKS NATIONAL

VETERANS SERVICE COMMISSION

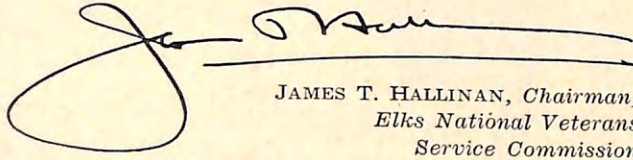
Christmas Cheer Program

What a fine thing it would be if our Order were to sponsor a real Christmas Party for our disabled war veterans in each of the 160 Hospitals in 45 States in appreciation of the sacrifices they made for us! To that end, the National Veterans Service Commission is appealing to our subordinate lodges to aid in this gigantic task.

If every lodge of our Order makes a contribution to the special Christmas Fund of the Commission, every disabled veteran in our hospitals would receive at Christmas time an appropriate gift distributed by our members, their wives and daughters in the name of the Elks of America.

A letter explaining this Christmas program has been sent out by the Commission, and has unquestionably been received by the lodges before the publication of this issue of the Magazine.

We are counting on our Brother Elks for their support and we are confident they will participate gladly in contributing to a happy Christmas for those disabled in the service of their country.


JAMES T. HALLINAN, *Chairman,*
Elks National Veterans
Service Commission



1. ARKANSAS

1

Some of the patients of the Army and Navy General Hospital enjoy fishing in nearby Lake Hamilton, using equipment donated by the Arkansas Elks through the Elks National Veterans Service Commission.

2

Convalescent servicemen, confined to the hospital at Fort Myer, Va., watch a show put on for them by the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia Elks Association.

3

Here is part of the first entertainment put on by the Elks Hospital Service Committee of the Montana State Elks Association at Veterans Hospital in Fort Harrison, Mont.

4

Veterans watch two entertainers during a show sponsored for them by the Illinois Elks Association and Marion, Ill., Lodge.

5

Here are two of the young lady clarinet players who put on a musical program for veterans at the hospital in Lincoln, Neb. This is one of the entertainment features brought to the Hospital recently through the Nebraska Elks Hospital and Veterans Aid Committee and Fairbury, Neb., Lodge.

6

One of the patients at the Naval Hospital in Portsmouth, N. H., adds to the entertainment of his fellow veterans at a show sponsored by the Elks Veterans Commission.

7

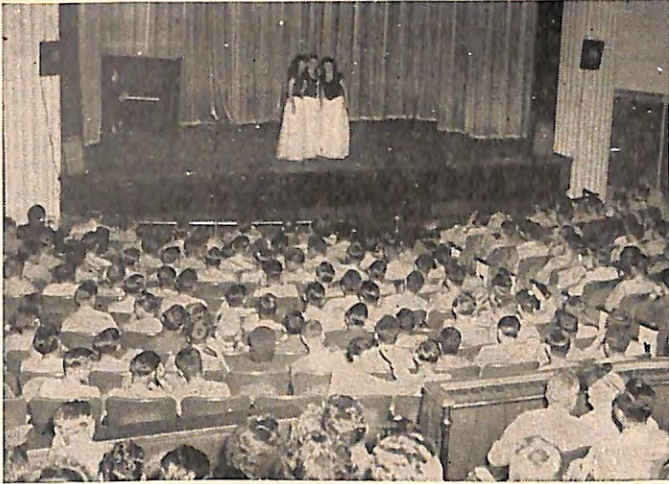
Hospitalized veterans dive into refreshments served during one of the many entertainments provided for them by the New Jersey State Elks Association's hard-working Veterans Activities Committee.

8

Boys at the Kennedy Veterans Hospital in Memphis, Tenn., pictured during an entertainment given for them as part of the Elks Veterans Hospital Program sponsored by the Tennessee State Elks Association.

9

A blind veteran, accompanied by his guide dog, goes fishing for prizes during a party given by South Carolina Elks at the Veterans Hospital at Columbia.



2. MD., DEL. AND D. C.



3. MONTANA



4. ILLINOIS



5. NEBRASKA



6. NEW HAMPSHIRE



7. NEW JERSEY



8. TENNESSEE



9. SOUTH CAROLINA

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S VISITS

1
State, city and Elk dignitaries are pictured during Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis' visit to Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge. Left to right are County Sheriff Eugene Biscailuz, Gov. Earl Warren, Past State Pres. Robert S. Redington, E.R. Wyckoff Westover, Mr. Lewis and D.D. Vincent H. Grocott.

2
This photograph was taken during the District Deputy Conference at Salt Lake City, Utah. Seated are, left to right: Emmett T. Anderson, a member of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen; Mr. Lewis; Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, and Grand Esteemed Leading Knight D. E. Lambourne. District Deputies and Presidents of 11 western State Associations stand at the rear.

L A. LEWIS, the California Elk who was elected Grand Exalted Ruler at the Grand Lodge Convention in Portland, Oregon, returned to his home lodge of **ANAHEIM, CALIF., NO. 1345**, and received a tremendous welcome. A cavalcade of cars met him at the Orange County line and took him, with a motorcycle escort of highway patrolmen, to the Anaheim Park's Greek Theater, accompanied by the ritualistic team of the local American Legion Post. At least three Mayors were present to turn over to him the keys to their respective cities. Anaheim's Charles Pearson was present, together with Verne Wilkinson of Fullerton and George Weimer of Orange. Religious leaders and civic officials were on hand along with hundreds of the Grand Exalted Ruler's lifelong friends. O. W. Heying, city councilman and District Deputy for the California South District, introduced Mr. Lewis. The Santa Ana Elks' double quartet and No. 1345's band paid musical respects to the Order's new leader whose forceful address was carried across the Nation over the microphones grouped about the rostrum.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF., LODGE, NO. 99, greeted Mr. Lewis August 6th at a reception attended by more than 1,000 dignitaries, officers and members.

The affair started with a dinner at which about 600 persons were served and heard a string trio and No. 99's

orchestra in a pleasant musical program. In the lobby of Los Angeles Lodge's home a lively concert was put on by the Band from Santa Monica Lodge, No. 906.

E.R. Wyckoff Westover and his fellow officers opened the lodge session and then turned over the meeting to Past State Pres. Robert S. Redington. The chair officers appointed included some of the most prominent men in California Elksdom, such as Past Grand Est. Leading Knight George D. Hastings; former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, Judge Marshall F. McComb, and many former State Association officials and District Deputies.

Judge McComb, Esquire for the evening, had an "Assistant Esquire" during the informal part of the program in the person of screen star Andy Devine, P.E.R. of San Fernando Lodge, who lent a humorous hand to the proceedings. Governor Earl Warren, Chairman C. P. Hebenstreit of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, State Pres. R. Leonard Bush, and P.D.D. Thomas F. McCue were introduced. The "99" Symphonic Band, the "99" Chanters, the White Squadron Drill Team and the Toppers, Pasadena Lodge's well-known Drill Team, took their places and joined in the musical accompaniment to the Grand Exalted Ruler's entrance into the huge lodge room, with Judge McComb and P.D.D. McCue. Mr. Bush, Mr. Hebenstreit and the Governor addressed the audience,



1. LOS ANGELES, CALIF.



2. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S VISITS

which also had the pleasure of hearing Edward Ruzika, a combat amputee who appeared on behalf of the Amputee Veterans Association and was introduced by Chairman Redington. Mr. Ruzika, a member of the Order, extended his thanks to the Elks for their fine work for and encouragement to the AVA. Miss Mary Pickford and her husband, Charles (Buddy) Rogers, both of motion pictures and co-sponsors of the AVA, were introduced and warmly received. Miss Pickford also spoke gratefully of the Elks' assistance to our former servicemen.

D.D. Vincent H. Grocott then introduced Mr. Lewis who was greatly surprised and pleased by the unveiling of an enormous painting depicting him as the new champion of liberty. He then delivered a most inspiring address. After a tremendous ovation in appre-

ciation of the Grand Exalted Ruler's message, No. 99's Chaplain, William Hanlon, gave the benediction and E.R. Westover closed the meeting.

Another stop in the L. A. Lewis' trek about the country was made at **FERGUS FALLS, MINN., LODGE, NO. 1093**, on Sept. 9th. These Elks did themselves proud in welcoming the Order's leader and other high officials who included Sam Stern of Fargo, N. D., Approving Member of the Board of Grand Trustees, and Grand Tiler Emory Hughes of Minneapolis.

Following a banquet for about 600 Elks at the lodge home, the visitors were escorted to the high school auditorium where a well-attended public program was held. E.R. George W. Pushing presided and pointed out the fine condition of his lodge. During the

past five years No. 1093 has spent a total of \$16,000 for welfare work.

Mayor H. E. Swenson's welcome to the visitors was an integral part of the program which included many fine musical selections and addresses by Mr. Stern and Mr. Lewis and D.D. James T. Raines.

This visit to Fergus Falls Lodge was the first ever made by a Grand Exalted Ruler in the lodge's 40 years' existence; a large number of members of Grand Forks, N. D., Elks was on hand for the occasion, as well as visitors from several other lodges. The visit was made after an exciting weekend spent by Mr. Lewis and his party on Lake of the Woods where the group was marooned aboard a 38-foot cabin cruiser for twenty hours during a terrific storm.



1. NEW YORK, N. Y.

1
Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles S. Hart, Mr. Lewis and Dr. Elbert K. Fretwell, chief Scout executive for the United States, are pictured in New York City as they conferred on the Elk plan to sponsor and assist financially the promotion of the Boy Scout Program. Col. Hart has been appointed to represent the Order on the National Civic Relationships Committee of the Boy Scouts of America.

2
Grand Exalted Ruler is pictured with Elk dignitaries, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, on his visit to Burlington, Vt., Lodge when over 200 persons attended a testimonial dinner in Mr. Lewis' honor.

PROCLAMATION

At the Session of the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks at Portland, Oregon, in July, a Resolution was unanimously adopted which provided that inasmuch as our Order has grown to such proportions that it requires extensive facilities for the accommodation of our Grand Lodge Session, and that by reason thereof an emergency exists.

The Grand Exalted Ruler, with the approval of the Board of Grand Trustees, was authorized to fix the time and place of the 1948 Grand Lodge Session.

Now, therefore, having received the approval of the Board of Grand Trustees, I hereby designate Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, as the place for our 1948 Grand Lodge Session and have fixed the dates for such Grand Lodge Session to be July 4-5-6-7-8, 1948.

Further information will be furnished you at a later date.
September 23, 1947

L. A. Lewis,
GRAND EXALTED RULER.



2. BURLINGTON, VT.

News of the SUBORDINATE LODGES

ELKS NATIONAL VETERANS SERVICE COMMISSION. The patients at the Bronx, N. Y., Veterans Hospital have once again been provided with some top-flight entertainment by the Elks National Veterans Service Commission. The Arrangements Committee managed to have the AAU championship bouts staged there on Aug. 19th, to the enormous delight of the patients and other spectators who included many Elks. Among them were E.R. Fred A. Travalena and P.D.D. Andrew C. McCarthy of Bronx Lodge, No. 871.

Preceding the bouts, the American Legion Band of the Harold G. Dagner Post No. 871, comprised of Elks, entertained. It was estimated that between 1,200 and 1,500 patients and visitors witnessed the six five-round bouts which were followed by a three-rounder.

SCOTTSBLUFF, NEB., Lodge, No. 1367, boosted its polio fund considerably after the Elks-Polack Brothers Circus played to five capacity audiences in a three-day showing in Scottsbluff when nearly 15,000 persons witnessed the spectacle. Through the generosity of No. 1367, children who otherwise would have missed the Circus were guests of the Elks at two afternoon performances.

According to E.R. Roy Greenwalt, the cooperation of No. 1367's membership made the success of the affair possible. They hope the show will be made into an annual event.

MASS. STATE ELKS. Officers and committee chairmen of the Mass. Elks the Hotel Sheraton in New York City Association met early in September at to make plans for the coming year. The meeting, preceded by a luncheon, had many distinguished Elks on hand, including Past Grand Exalted Rulers John F. Malley and E. Mark Sullivan. The Massachusetts Elks will be actively interested in veterans' housing, cancer research, Boy Scouts and other youth organizations, besides the ever-present and all-important business of entertaining patients in Veterans Hospitals.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF., Lodge, No. 99, has a swimming pool that naturally becomes very popular during the hot summer months. This year, a group of members of the Amputee Veterans Association got more fun out of it than anyone, in spite of their physical handicaps.

Chartered in California last January with 20 members, the AVA now boasts a roll of 100. A gala banquet given in May by No. 99 launched the organization which has received sponsorship from Mary Pickford and her husband, Charles (Buddy) Rogers. Since that time the group has met regularly at the home of Los Angeles Lodge.

At a joint meeting of all lodge committeemen held recently by No. 99, State Chairman Robert Traver of the California Elks Association's Veterans Service Committee called for renewed efforts in behalf of hospitalized fighting men. In the California Elks' usual efficient, prompt and willing manner, the message concerning the veterans' needs was carried to each lodge represented at the meeting and due action was taken immediately.

On National Hospital Day, Los Angeles dipped into its Foundation Fund for \$2,000 which was given to the White Memorial Hospital for the establishment of a special Los Angeles Elks Lodge Charity Ward for Children. At impressive ceremonies at the Hospital, attended by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, E.R. Wyckoff Westover officially opened the bright, cheerful ward and presented a check to the ward's first young patient, to be turned over to Dr. Monroe Loy, clinic director. E.R. Westover announced at that time that No. 99 will gladly assist in securing the ward's future equipment needs.

ATTLEBORO, MASS., Lodge, No. 1014, climaxed its great 1947 Junior League baseball season in which eight teams participated by taking about 200 youngsters to Boston to watch the Braves bat their way through a 16-inning game and another six-frame contest. The long day began at 11:30 when a caravan of buses took the children from the Elks lodge home to Braves Field, under State Trooper escort and in the company of Mayor Francis J. O'Neil and other members of No. 1014.

MAYNARD, MASS., Lodge, No. 1568, held a very successful outing this year. About 3,000 enjoyed the games, refreshments and the first public appearance of No. 1568's new band. During the day a Ford Deluxe sedan was given away, and Waltham Lodge's softball team walked away with the game held with the Maynard Elk athletes.

1 Here are the teen-age boys of the Union County Boys League under the sponsorship of Hillside, N. J., Lodge.

2 E.R. Francis E. Cole of Quincy, Mass., Lodge, second from left, presents \$250 Scholarships to Miss Signe T. Anderson and Anthony J. Daniele, as L. Paul Marini, Quincy School Committeeman and Chairman of the lodge's Scholarship Committee, and David F. Stephenson, one of last year's winners, look on approvingly.

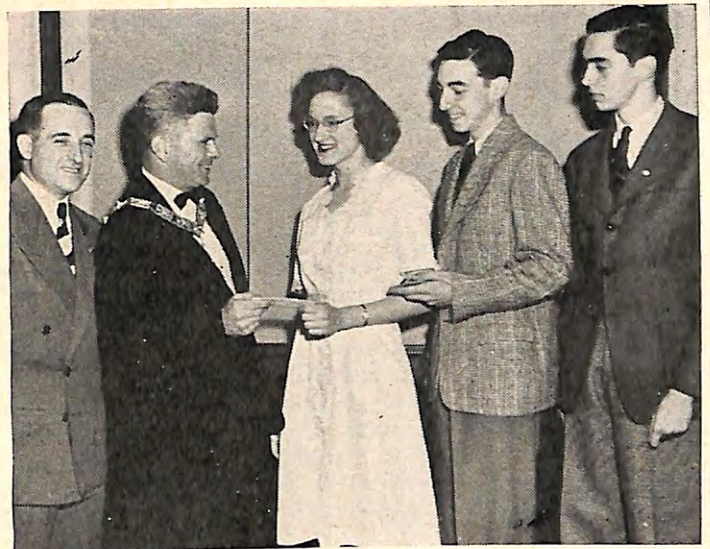
3 Here is Salida, Colo., Lodge's float which won first prize and grand prize in the city's "Days of '49" fête.

4 Winner of the Iowa Elks Purse is given the purple exercise blanket by Council Bluffs, Ia., Lodge at the 8th Annual Iowa Elks Day at Ak-Sar-Ben Track in Omaha, Neb. The event is sponsored annually by Council Bluffs Lodge for other western Iowa Branches of the Order and includes free track admissions and a banquet.

5 Here are some of the 600 children who were taken on a day's outing to Paragon Park at Nantasket Beach by the members of Boston, Mass., Lodge.



1. HILLSIDE, N. J.



2. QUINCY, MASS.



3. SALIDA, COLO.



4. COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA.



5. BOSTON, MASS.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE

LODGES

PALATKA, FLA., Lodge, No. 1232, was host at a party honoring two Elks who are connected with State government business. They are State Senator B. C. Pearce and State Representative T. B. Dowda. Other Florida honor guests included State Highway Patrol Director Neil Kirkman. The occasion was marked by the presentation to Brothers Pearce and Dowda of the pens, suitably inscribed, with which Governor Millard D. Caldwell signed the new State Highway Patrol Bill sponsored by these two Elks. The entertainment program included supper and dancing.

MILLVILLE, N. J., Lodge No. 580, held its 25th Annual Crippled Kiddies Outing at Wildwood, with approximately 1,500 children and adults in attendance.

The usual memorial service in honor of departed benefactors was held at Cape May Court House. Mayor Clyde W. Strouble of Ocean City took part in the program as well as Mayor George W. Krogman of Wildwood. At the Inlet Hotel, dinner was served and several vaudeville acts were put on. A police escort added a thrill to the already exciting day for the children, who received hundreds of gifts and had the time of their lives.

WISCONSIN STATE ELKS. Superior was the scene of the 1947 Wisconsin State Elks Convention Golf Tournament on Aug. 22nd when 165 entries were registered from nearly every lodge in the State. Five-man team play was the big feature with gross score determining the first three positions.

John Jamieson of Madison Lodge scored 73 with Carl Anderson of Superior as runner-up. A team of five men, including John Jamieson, totaled 389. Every winner in each event received a medal suitably engraved.

The golfers were treated to a special dinner followed by the presentation of special prizes in which almost every participant shared.

Notice Regarding Applications for Residence At Elks National Home

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

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

WATERTOWN, MASS., Lodge, No. 1513, observed its 22nd Anniversary with a lobster supper served to 150 persons. After-dinner festivities included an address by Toastmaster D.D. Robert C. M. Mulcahy who introduced Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees. Miss Bernadette Martocchio, a brilliant student sponsored by Watertown Lodge, received the \$600 second-place award in the Foundation's 1947 Scholarship Contest. Watertown Lodge takes pride in the fact that this young lady constitutes the fourth winner that the lodge has sponsored in the scholarship test.

ASHTABULA, OHIO, Lodge, No. 208, pledged \$10,000 for a memorial nursery for the new General Hospital at a recent meeting. This donation is the largest received from an Ashtabula organization. F. K. Lehtinen, General Solicitation Chairman, expressed the appreciation of the leaders in this worthwhile campaign, and noted the fact that the local Elks have always taken a major part in any charitable or civic endeavor.

PERU, IND., Lodge, No. 365, observed its Golden Anniversary at a two-day celebration when more than 1,500 visitors from many surrounding lodges were on hand to make the affair the success it was. Two of the 97 Charter Members were on hand, Albert Kittner and John Coyle, and received fifty-year membership pins from No. 365.

Not only was the handsome home of Peru Lodge the scene of this gala celebration, but the Mississinewa Country Club and the gymnasium of the high school shared the events held in connection with the many interesting phases of the Anniversary. About 300 Elks and their friends enjoyed the dinner-dance in honor of State and Grand Lodge officers and at the high school 1,500 persons gathered to hear the Terre Haute Chanters and other musical groups, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner who was the principal speaker, sharing honors with many State Association and Grand Lodge officials of the Order.

BILLINGS, MONT., Lodge, No. 394, initiated 15 men recently to bring its six-month increase to 115 and the total membership to 1,073. Plans are under way for modernizing and remodeling the lodge home.

1

Featured guest on Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge's "Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis Night" was Mary Pickford. She is shown here with Elk officials and members of the Amputee Veterans Assn.

2

One of the large checks which were part of the receipts of San Rafael, Calif., Lodge's Minstrel Show is turned over to a representative of St. Vincent's School for Boys. The other check went to Sunny Hills Farm.

3

Here is a photograph taken during the annual memorial service for departed benefactors, made by the underprivileged children who were given their usual outing by Millville, N. J., Lodge.

4

Here are some of the high-scorers in the second annual Indiana Elks Golf Championship Tournament sponsored by the Ind. Elks Golf Assn. at the Lafayette Elks Country Club.

5

Secy. Rafael Bird of San Juan, Puerto Rico, Lodge is pictured as he presented \$450 on behalf of his lodge to the Directress of the Blind Institute of Puerto Rico to send a blind student to the United States.

6

Here is the Championship Bowling Team of San Diego, Calif., Lodge which participated in the recent ABC Tournament in Los Angeles.

7

William A. Cameron, AAF Captain, possessor of the Purple Heart, D.F.C. and other decorations, a member of the Order, was one of the first to donate blood to the American Red Cross Blood Donor Service Unit when it was stationed at the home of Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge, recently.

8

P.E.R. J. F. Misphey, left, gives a check for \$47,528.53 to Pres. Lacey of Western States Life as P.E.R. H. J. Thielen looks on. The check represents the final payment on the home of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge.



1. LOS ANGELES, CALIF.



2. SAN RAFAEL, CALIF.



3. MILLVILLE, N. J.



4. LAFAYETTE, IND.



5. SAN JUAN, P. R.



6. SAN DIEGO, CALIF.



7. REDONDO BEACH, CALIF.



8. SACRAMENTO, CALIF.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE

LODGES

BOISE, IDA., Lodge, No. 310, staged its most successful golf tournament at the Plantation Golf Course recently when 154 Elks from Boise, Caldwell, Nampa, Ontario and Twin Falls Lodges participated. The 17th Annual Tournament, which was held during bad weather, found the Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements, "Bumps" Carter, event-winner and his brother, golf professional Newt Carter, runner-up. Many Past Exalted Rulers participated, but the most interesting features was the flight in which P.E.R.'s P.D.D. A. A. Steele, Nampa; Past State Presidents J. O. Malvin and Nick Ney, Sr., and D.D. Robert S. Overstreet got together.

Following the tournament an elaborate buffet luncheon was served at the home of Boise Lodge when E.R. Orland C. Mayer presided and P.E.R. Joe Imhoff presented the prizes.

The Boise Elks didn't let the baseball season go by unnoticed either. They got together for a turkey dinner and gave impetus to the season by entertaining the members of the Boise team.

HAVRE, MONT., Lodge, No. 1201, entertained 200 high school youths, players and managers of 19 teams, with their coaches, at a basketball dinner which was about the largest affair of its kind ever held in the State. The boys heard some fine speakers, and prizes were awarded in several guest contests when P.E.R.'s M. J. Forney and John J. Hary and E.R. Alvin J. Lucke were judges. A free movie was shown at the Lyric Theatre through the courtesy of Joe B. Moore, a member of No. 1201.

ZANESVILLE, OHIO, Lodge, No. 114, chose a recent Monday evening to present formally to the local Police Department a resuscitator and inhalator for the use of the community. A delegation, headed by Chairman George Kramer of No. 114's Social and Community Welfare Committee, included many officials of the lodge.

UKIAH, CALIF., Lodge, No. 1728, made its debut at a gala affair attended by 400 visitors from many surrounding lodges. The new branch of the Order began its career with 177 members and a class of 25 candidates ready for the next initiation night.

The best part of the bang-up affair

was the lavish barbecue held in the City Park. Ukiah opened its homes and hearts, and the Elk ladies were as well received and entertained as were the members of the new lodge.

INDIANA ELKS. The second annual Indiana Elks Golf Championship Tournament sponsored by the Ind. Elks Golf Assn., was held at the Lafayette Elks Country Club on Aug. 8th, 9th and 10th. The number of official entries was 506, with 492 actually playing. First place in the team championship was again taken by the Fort Wayne group, with Logansport second and Lafayette third. Professional Jack Taulman of Shelbyville tallied a 147 and R. K. Howell of South Bend ripped out a 144 for 36 holes for the amateurs.

New officers for the coming year are Pres., Robert W. Lloyd, Richmond; Vice-Pres., J. W. Russell, Terre Haute, and Secy.-Treas., Jay T. Lee, Richmond. It was voted that all past presidents of the Association be made ex-officio members of the Board of Governors for so long as they are able and care to serve. The 1948 Tournament was awarded to Richmond, Ind., Lodge and will be held on Forest Hills Country Club Golf Course sometime in August.

SAN BENITO, TEX., Lodge, No. 1661, is watching out for the welfare of the youth of its community. It has set up annual high school scholarship awards of \$250 to the outstanding boy graduate and \$250 to the outstanding girl graduate, with a third prize of a one-year scholarship to the Brownsville Junior College.

The local Girl Scouts, consisting of approximately 300 young ladies, are sponsored by No. 1661. One of the entertainments provided for them by the Elks is the annual Father-Daughter Picnic. The lodge's Entertainment Committee does the work of preparing and serving the food to the guests, after which the girls entertain their fathers and sponsors with a program of scout lore. This year's Picnic was a great success.

SOUTHAMPTON, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1574, threw a luncheon and party for the crippled children of the local Fresh-Air Home recently, during which each child received gifts and unlimited quantities of cake and ice cream. Fourteen youngsters received special prizes. Each girl was given a doll, and each boy a mechanical toy.

1 Here are those who attended the institution of Las Cruces, N. M., Lodge when 92 candidates were initiated.

2 These ladies were on hand to prepare the smorgasbord luncheon served in connection with the Golden Anniversary of Peru, Ind., Lodge.

3 The 199 boys of the Junior Baseball League sponsored by Tamaqua, Pa., Lodge, enjoy luncheon on their way to Philadelphia to see a pro ball game.

4 Here are some of the boys whom Baltimore, Md., Lodge sent to Camp Robert South Barrett, the Tri-State Elks Association Boys' Camp, this summer.

5 Here are a few of the men who attended the banquet held in conjunction with the Fiftieth Anniversary celebration of Shamokin, Pa., Lodge.



1. LAS CRUCES, NEW MEX.



2. PERU, IND.



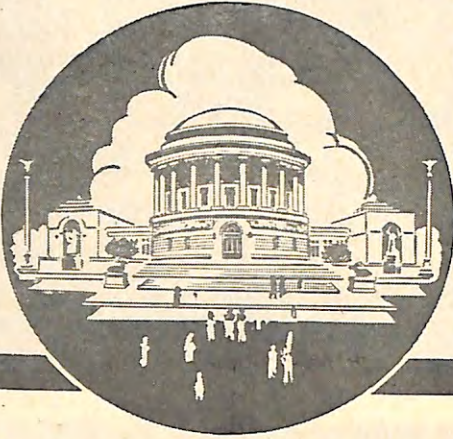
3. TAMAQUA, PA.



4. BALTIMORE, MD.



5. SHAMOKIN, PA.



Grand Lodge Officers and Committeemen 1947-1948

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The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

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

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

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 42)

the three winners of the State Elks Scholarship Contest to Chairman John F. Malley of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, who handed the students their awards. The first prize of \$500 was presented to Thomas Smith of Naugatuck; the second prize of \$300 to Edward Jaksina of New Britain, and the third award of \$200 to Fred Moeckel of Naugatuck.

Several committee chairmen made their reports, including former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, James L. McGovern, who is Chairman of the Elks Newington Crippled Children's Fund. Mr. McGovern reported that 22 of the 27 lodges had subscribed to the fund for a motor bus for the use of children at the Newington Home and Hospital. In behalf of those lodges, he presented certified checks to State Police Commissioner Edward J. Hickey, director of the Home.

The Degree Team of Winsted Lodge topped the Norwich group in the Ritualistic Contest, and each member of the winning team received a trophy from Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin, the donor of the sterling silver cup won by Winsted Lodge. This cup must be won three times before becoming the permanent property of any one lodge.

Mr. Benjamin was Toastmaster at the Association dinner and guest speakers included Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson and John F. Malley; Commissioner Hickey; William T. Phillips, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, and several State Association officials and District Deputies.

The delegates were welcomed to the city by Mayor Jasper McLevy, while E. R. Joseph V. Fox did the same for the lodge.



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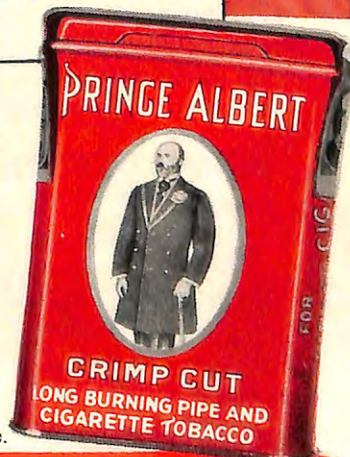
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THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

editorial

THANKSGIVING



THANKSGIVING is America's own holiday.

It is a direct descendant of the proclamation with which Governor Bradford, in the year 1621, called upon the handful of stout-hearted men and women, who landed from the *Mayflower*, to give thanks for "God's merciful dealings with us in the wilderness".

Since that first Thanksgiving, millions have come to our shores. They have come from many lands and are of many faiths. All have contributed much to the upbuilding of America, but America has contributed much to them. It has given freedom of opportunity, it has taught them that man is master of his own fate and, above all, it has afforded them the priceless gift of citizenship in the greatest country in the world. And all of us on Thanksgiving Day may give thanks that "God's merciful dealings" with our ancestors led their steps to our free shores.

Thanksgiving is again at hand, the third since peace came to a stricken world—not the secure and stable peace for which millions gave their lives, but the slaughter and the wanton waste are over, and the dust has at last settled upon the rubble of destruction. The world outlook is not a happy one, and the course of the future is something that only God who was so "merciful in the wilderness" can divine. Here at home many problems beset our people; our own harvests have not been too plentiful; inflationary trends threaten to curtail the Thanksgiving feast, and the burdens of stricken Europe are being piled upon the broad shoulders of America. But our land is intact. There is still enough to go around, and our people are better fed, housed and clothed than any others in the world. So let us gather about the family board on Thanksgiving Day with the assurance that Mother, in spite of all handicaps, will find the way to provide all the good things that go to make up our traditional feast, and with a prayer in our hearts that "God's merciful dealings with us" shall continue strong, a beacon of hope in a desolate world.

ARMISTICE DAY



ARMISTICE DAY is set aside to commemorate the end of World War I, to pay tribute to men and women of America who fought and died under alien skies in the hope that they were fighting for a free and democratic world.

Since that eleventh day of November, 1918, when the Central Powers capitulated, a day hailed with rejoicing as the dawn of peace, we have been sadly disillusioned. There has been no peace, and the armistice proved to be but a truce to give opportunity to the enemy to build up an even greater

war machine, this time strong enough to conquer the world. On September 1, 1939, that machine rolled through Poland, smashing that country's defenses like a house of cards. Before it stopped rolling it had conquered the greater part of Europe, spread into the North of Africa and crushed almost the entire world in the coils of war.

On December 7, 1941, the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, a treacherous blow delivered while peace talks were being held in Washington. Then America entered the war and Hitler's dream of a "super state" was ended. The productive genius of America, the courage of her men and women, their faith in democracy, turned the tide of battle. While it ebbed and flowed for a few years longer, the handwriting was always on the wall, and when the end came, there came with it crushing and abject defeat for the aggressors. All of the cruelty, desolation and death the Nazi machine dealt to others came back a thousandfold, and the followers of Hitler, their industries destroyed, their fields ploughed by bombs, now sit upon the ruins of their hopes and homes, and ruminate on the philosophy of the leader whom they blindly followed, and who turned their once smiling and happy land into a shambles, their future into a hopeless vista of despair.

There was no Armistice Day to mark the end of World War II. The mighty Nazi war machine was crushed, the enemy's cities destroyed, his armies literally pounded into submission, with no leaders to sue for peace. Like a criminal apprehended for murder, the Nazi nation was taken into custody, charged with the most hideous crimes ever perpetrated by men who traveled under the veneer of civilization.

Armistice Day is here again, and with it come the memories of two wars, in each of which America turned the scales of victory. But peace is not yet in sight. Battle lines are drawn up on the diplomatic scene. The comrades of the battlefield are the enemies of the peace table, and only a strong, united and prepared America can lead the cause of democracy to victory.

Members of the Order of Elks fought and died in two World Wars. Amid the autumn splendor of Chicago's Lincoln Park, a stone's throw from the shores of Lake Michigan, stands the world's most magnificent memorial, erected by a grateful Fraternity in commemoration of the sacrifice of its war dead. Twice it has been dedicated, first to the dead of World War I, and then to their sons who died in World War II. As we pay tribute to those Absent Brothers on Armistice Day, let us do so with the resolve that individually and collectively, we shall keep America so strong that the challenge of a future Hitler will never call forth the sons and grandsons of our heroic dead to fight another war.

CONTRIBUTIONS



THE ELKS MAGAZINE receives many contributions which under existing editorial policy cannot be published. This does not reflect upon the ability of the contributor nor the quality of his contribution, but many are repetitious, as they are bound to be, with

Elks thinking along the same lines, and the publication of one would mean the publication of all. It is therefore understandable that limitations of space, and justice to almost 900,000 readers compel strict adherence to an editorial policy that seeks to do justice to all.



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