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Any day in the year is a good time
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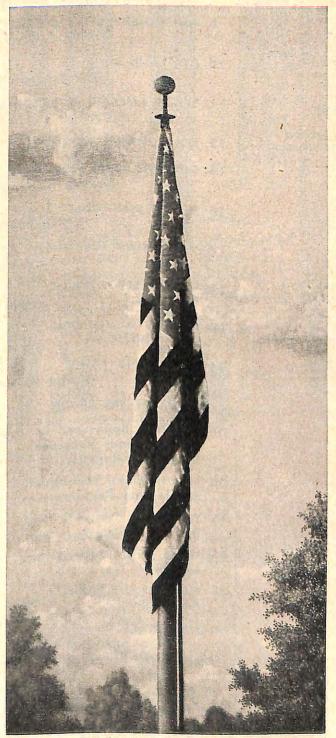
Now available in the distinguished pre-war decanter, as well as the familiar round bottle. In both — traditional Schenley quality...from the world's greatest treasure of whiskey reserves.



A Schenley Mark of Merit Whiskey

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

THE month of Becember envisions the spirit of Christmas, the most joyous day of the entire year. We think kind thoughts. We do generous acts. We endeavor to make our families feel the happiness of that wonderful holiday.

How much more wonderful this Christmas would be for every Elk if he unselfishly sought to bring a great measure of happiness to those less fortunate than he!

The Elks National Veterans Service Commission has submitted a Christmas program this year, to which I give my whole-hearted approval, and which offers every member of our Order an opportunity to play a part.

With more than a hundred thousand disabled veterans in hospitals as a result of injuries received while fighting for the preservation of our American way of life—some of whom will be there for months, some for years and some for the remainder of their lives—what finer contribution could we, as Elks, make than to see that each of these veterans has a Christmas made happier through our efforts?

This program is to sponsor a special Christmas party in every hospital. There we plan to sing Christmas carols, erect Christmas trees, and give each patient a basket with Christmas cakes, candies, fruits and cigarettes, packed by our Brothers, and delivered by them, their wives and daughters.

I earnestly desire that every veteran in every Veterans Hospital will enjoy a fine Christmas Day, with all of the trimmings that we enjoy at home, with a present handed to each veteran by an Elk with a smile on his face. In your own hearts, you would be comforted by the knowledge of happiness unselfishly brought to the boys who gave so much to insure the happiness and the liberty that we prize so highly.

I extend to every Elk and his loved ones my deepest wishes for a most wonderful Christmas. Make it more wonderful by sharing it with others.

Fraternally yours,

falenio

L. A. LEWIS

GRAND EXALTED RULER

TO ALL ELKS

AND ALL READERS

OF THE

ELKS MAGAZINE

We believe that this issue of your Magazine has many outstanding features.

There is one feature we do want to emphasize to you.

In this issue over thirty of our advertisers offer articles particularly designed or suitable for Christmas gifts, undoubtedly fully appreciative of the Christmas spirit characterizing all members of the Order. Unquestionably large percentages of you can find among these offerings something which will fit admirably in your Christmas shopping activities.

In any event we hope you will look these offerings over carefully and if you find something that meets your wishes and you decide to purchase it, you will not fail to let the advertiser know that it was through The Elks Magazine that you learned of his offerings.

Sincerely yours,

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

General Manager

DECEMBER, CONTENTS



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

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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.

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HOODED SILVER KING PEN! A \$5 class pen, gently tapered like \$15 pens. Gold plate point writes super smooth. Deep pocket military clip. Push button instant filler.

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European relief problems have top priority on Capitol Hill these days, but meanwhile plans for the rehabilitation of Japan on a business like basis are advancing steadily and without fanfare. Members of the first group of American businessmen authorized to enter Japan for the purpose of establishing private trade connections already are beginning to return to this country. A second group is now en route to Nippon and a third list of approved businessmen already has been announced. They represent nearly every branch of American industry and trade.

At the same time, the Office of International Trade has released the first list of Japanese import requirements. It is made up of some 37 raw materials. Japan's needs, as listed here, include coal, caustic soda, lead, petroleum, pig iron, sheet steel, soda ash and tin plate—things a lot of other nations would like to have more of, too.

An Italian process which may permit every farmer to sterilize even the smallest quantity of milk used for home consumption is now being studied here. Information on the process has been provided in a report by a U. S. Army Quartermaster investigator. Strange as it may seem, the process involves no more than the addition of small quantities of very pure hydrogen peroxide. Discovered accidentally by investigators who were studying dyestuff developments during the war period, the process is said to be used exclusively in the Milan area. According to the Quartermaster report, the Italians claim that the addition of 0.1 per cent by weight of 39 per cent hydrogen peroxide results in sterilization in about eight hours and lasts at least three days. Not only is the milk sterilized in this manner, according to the report, but it is also stabilized against souring, since the bacilli responsible for souring are destroyed.

Advances on this process already have been made, including the development of a tablet which will sterilize a fixed quantity of milk. If the peroxide principle is found sound and not contrary to American pure food laws, it is believed that its

introduction into the United States will be encouraged.

Recently this column reported details of a new low-cost automobile which had been developed in Germany. Now the Department of Commerce has revealed the plans for an unorthodox, rear-engined automobile manufactured by a Czechoslovakian firm in the Sudetenland. Chief features are a rectangular, backbone frame stiffened by a sheet metal underbody and a strikingly stream-lined shape. The rear mounting of the engine is said to reduce noise in the passenger compartment markedly and also to assure an approximately constant ratio of front to rear wheel loading regardless of the number of passengers carried. cellent vision also is provided by the forward driving position made possible by the location of the engine. Of more than passing interest to motorists, too, in this day of short gasoline supplies, are the details now released by the Office of Technical Services, of a German process for enriching ordinary coal gas to make it suitable as a motor fuel.

American businessmen who are interested in moving merchandise more profitably will find valuable advice in a new publication prepared by the Office of Small Business of the Department of Commerce in cooperation with the National Federation of Sales Executives. Its twelve chapters consist of authoritative papers on the most important aspects of salesmanship and selling. Copies of the book, Industrial Series No. 65, may be obtained from the Superintendent of Documents, Washington 25, D.C., at 25 cents each.

Just in case you are finding the problem of securing landing charts for your various flights around the country burdensome, the Coast and Geodetic Survey announces that you may now obtain them on an annual subscription basis. Annual subscriptions are five cents per year per chart—and the line forms on the right for this aid to private flying.

(Continued on page 31)

IN THIS ISSUE We Present-

HE Elks Magazine has this month made a considerable departure, using for its cover design a photo-graph—in still-life as it were—expressing the traditional celebration of Yuletide in the modern manner.

We hope you will like it.

Also as a bow to the Season we are publishing an unusual short story about "An Unusually Good Boy" who got a great deal more out of Christmas than most of us will. This was written and bought as a short-short story to be run on two pages but we liked Mr. C. C. Beall's illustration so much that we decided to play it up and let the chips fall where they may—the chips being whatever run-over which did not fit on the two pages originally assigned to the story. Incidentally, we beg you not to write in and ask us if this story is to be continued in our next issue—it isn't.

Our feature article this month is on a serious subject, "Economy in Government", which the special session of Congress must consider. Senator Harry F. Byrd of Virginia, a member of the Senate Finance Committee, has spent many years devoting his attention to this problem and it is with great pleasure that we pub-

lish his views.

It has become increasingly evident that the American public is reaching a higher cultural level than it has ever known before. As evidence of this fact there is a tremendous sale of reproductions of fine works of art in magazines, as Christmas cards and as pictures suitable for framing. Mr. Dickson Hartwell has interested himself in this renaissance of art and has given us his findings in "Art For Your Sake".

Another indication of this cul-

tural boom is clearly shown by the tremendous sale of phonograph records (which incidentally make splendid Christmas presents). Because we are aware of this upsurge of interest in music in the American public. we have inaugurated a new column on current and choice recordumn on current and choice recordings, tentatively entitled "Turn-table Talk", by Charles Miller. We hope it will prove of value to our readers.

As usual this issue is packed with our regular features. Much attention is paid to the affairs of the subordinate lodges and the visits of the Grand Exalted Ruler who has been most active this Fall. Some of the annual meetings of the State Associations are reported on page 58 and on page 18 the Elks Panel of Public Opinion expresses its views on the motion picture industry.

Ed Tyng takes us to Florida, while Ed Faust is still mousing around Europe on a dog-hunt.

Gadget and Gimmick lists all manner of outlandish contraptions and the fact that "It's A Man's World" is further demonstrated by Mr. Hart-

Will you pass the word along about the greatest school on earth?

When young men ask your advice about what they should do from here on, you'll be doing them and the nation a real service by telling them about the U.S. Army Schools.

The Army Technical School Plan



This is the greatest educational offer ever made by the Army. Before they enlist, high school graduates can select two different fields of interest. In each field of interest they can select two different courses of study they'd like to take. The Army then checks to make sure there is a vacancy in one of the four courses, and the young man is enrolled in a Technical School of his choice if he enlists for three years. Then he is guaranteed the schooling he has requested just as soon as he finishes his basic training. Non-high school graduates may study and qualify for these schools after they enlist.

Army Potential Leaders Schools

These are the most remarkable schools you can imagine. After a man has enlisted, if he shows qualities of leadership, he may be selected to attend an Army Potential Leader School. In an intensive course, during which he is not only instructed, but also instructs others, he learns to be a leader and qualifies himself for rapid advancement.

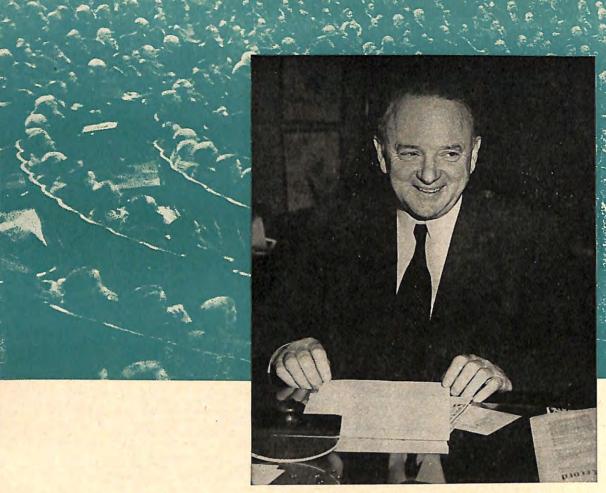
U. S. Armed Forces Institute



No less than 1,750,000 men in uniform have taken advantage of the USAFI standard text, self-teaching text and correspondence courses. Many of them have earned high school and college credits in a wide range of study courses.

The Army wants its men to be the best educated soldiers on earth. Because of this, the Army is a splendid place for the young man who wants to learn - and be paid while learning. Full details are available at any U.S. Army and U.S. Air Force Recruiting Station.

URGE THE FINEST YOUNG MEN YOU KNOW TO ENLIST IN THE U. S. ARMY OR U. S. AIR FORCE CAREERS WITH A FUTURE U. S. Army and U. S. Air Force





ECONOMY IN COVERNMENT

Senator Byrd says, "Without public frugality and private industriousness we have an uneasy peace".

THE cost of living in the United States—excluding taxes—for food, clothes, rent, etc., is almost twice its pre-war emergency level of 1939.

The cost of governments in the United States—federal, state and local—is nearly three times the total 1939 governmental outlay, and the cost of the federal government alone is four times its 1939 expenditures.

Gross personal income in the United States—including payroll deductions, but excluding corporate income—is two and a half times the national pay check.

Direct personal taxes and payments collected by all governments in the United States—including taxes and payments withheld, but excluding corporate tax payments—are nearly nine times the 1939 take.

Separately, these four accepted facts are more widely discussed than the weather. Together they make a devastating case against the high cost of government, and demonstrate conclusively that increased taxes are a predominant factor in the high cost of living.

While states and localities are just now shifting into high gear on post-war programs for which their current revenue seems generally to be insufficient, most of the tax increases to date, since 1939, have been in federal assessments. Two efforts to reduce the taxes this year baye foiled.

Since the budget was submitted we have virtually committed ourselves to future foreign assistance which is unpredictable as to duration and ultimate cost. It is certain, however, that this program precludes the wisdom of federal tax reduction unless it is accompanied by a substantial decrease in government spending for other purposes.

The minimum figure suggested for this world relief program is 20 billion dollars. The magnitude of this program, which is proposed as a repellent to expanding communism, may be seen when it is compared with a total of 16 billion dollars of federal expenditures in the seven "emergency budgets" for the years 1932-1938 inclusive. These were the pump priming budgets of the depression era, which included AAA, CCC, FERA, WPA, PWA, HOLC, Resettlement, etc.

The importance of this comparison is forcefully significant when it is realized that these "emergency budgets" totaling 16 billion dollars for home relief were accompanied by budgets for regular governmental functions which averaged less than $2\frac{1}{2}$ billion dollars a year; whereas, now we propose to spend 20 billion dollars at a greater annual rate in "foreign relief budgets" at a time when the President tells us that the federal budget minimum is $37\frac{1}{2}$ billion dollars, of which nearly 33 billion dollars is for regular government functions and outlays, exclusive of foreign relief. This, broadly and briefly, is the nation's post-war problem. It is as serious as it is perplexing.



Acme Photos

The outstanding factors in the problem are these: 1. Taxes—especially federal taxes—are a predominant quantity in our high cost of living.

2. The American people will not permit starvation abroad, any more than they will at home.

3. There is no irresistible pressure from home upon Congress to deflate the quadrupled peacetime federal

expenditures, ordinary or otherwise.
With respect to taxes, the President's recent economic report shows that the personal tax bill-paid directly to governments by individuals—accounts for more than one dollar in every ten in the cost of living. When the excise taxes on numerous items of merchandise, amusement, etc., and other indirect taxes are added, every-body's tax bill is more than doubled.

No current consideration of taxes should omit the fact that taxes on business have been at a point of diminishing returns for some time. This means reluctance to expand production, which in turn is one of the prime elements of inflation. Inflation—stemming largely from taxes which stifle business incentive—plus overburdensome taxes on individuals equal high cost of living. Inflation is an abnormal economic condition which does not touch all segments of the population with the same degree of intensity. Therefore, some suffer. Lower prices and lower taxes, with reasonable income and profits, would be better for all.

With respect to foreign assistance, the people of this country are not of a nature to stand by while humans starve anywhere. We will feed the hungry without question. But beyond this, we owe it to ourselves to determine our limitations on ventures into global subsidies of debatable value, because communism would thrive just as lustily on American insolvency as it does

on distress in other areas.

EITHER our own people nor those who would accept our aid should ever forget that the might of America lies in our strength at home-our fiscal solvency, our productive capacity under free enterprise, and our ability to finance our obligations without crushing taxation. Our financial stability is far more urgent for freedom in the world than any program of international subsidies which would severely strain our economy. Fiscal instability in the United States would serve the enemies of democracy far more than any lethal weapon that could be devised. By the same token our financial soundness is the only hope for those who seek our help. Without it there would be no bulwark against communism, and freedom could not survive either here or elsewhere.

With respect to the cost of government which we now not only indulge but condone, by apathetic acceptance, we are spending this year more than 30 billion dollars for so-called ordinary federal activities, exclusive of foreign aid. Unless this extravagance is curtailed with force and dispatch, this second full post-war budget may become the base for federal budgets of the future.

We can pay such bills only by continuation of the present onerous tax rate against a minimum national income of 150 billion dollars a year. If, in addition, we should continue spending 4 to 5 billion dollars a year for foreign aid, as we are this year, we can pay the bill at the present tax rate only if our national income is around 175 billion dollars a year. Prior to the recent war emergency years the national income for the best year in all our history was 83 billion dollars, or less than half of 175 billion dollars. There is no more reason to expect perpetuation of the present inflated income than there is to expect perpetuation of the present inflated costs of living, and there is already a loud and persistent clamor for tax reduction.

So, on the basis of cold facts and reasonable expectancy, the absolute necessity for cutting ordinary costs of government and moving cautiously on foreign subsidies is clearly obvious. Not only is the need apparent, but most of us actually have observed both waste in federal operations, and places where expenditures could be eliminated entirely without impairing either security or essential service. To this date there is no irresistible demand upon Congress to ferret out the nonessentials

and waste.

In fact, economy in government is still unpopular. A whole generation nearly reached maturity during 17 years of deficit financing by the federal government. The prolonged period of heavy peacetime spending has hardened too many people to the misguided acceptance of a grant as a gift. Too many have come to regard government as a third party when, indeed, we ourselves are the government. The government's wealth is no greater than our own collective possessions—they are the only wealth of the government. Government debt is our debt. When we receive money from the government, it's our own money. If it pays you a dollar, you can wager it will cost you more than a dollar in the end, for the government is not noted for administrative economy.

(Continued on page 34)



By W. C. BIXBY

It took some doing to convince Randolph that there was no Santa Claus.

HE Striders planned things. They had planned their marriage carefully and it had worked out with astonishing success. They had planned their children (both males) with good, even superior, results.

They had also planned their home, Joe's job, his eventual and inevitable advancement, their old age, and the place they would live as their spotless, well-ordered lives drew to a triumphant close.

Irma Strider was modern in the best sense of the word. She was a plain, medium-sized, unemotional woman whom many people respected and practically nobody liked.

In the matter of raising their children, Irma and Joe had read all the books pertaining to child care and rearing. They had permitted both their sons, Joe, Jr., and Randolph, to have the usual childhood illusions so that no neuroses would be set up during those critical years.

Irma let them believe in Santa Claus, Peter Pan and even the "Cherry Tree" fable until the proper moment. But when the time came to tell them the truth, she did not hesitate.

Determining the proper moment had been difficult. Authorities differed on the "age" when understanding comes to the young of the species. So Irma, with her infallible efficiency, listed the ages given by all the leading authorities in the matter and then averaged them. The result had been seven years, nine and threetenths months.

When Joe, Jr., reached that age Irma took him aside and told him there was no Santa Claus nor Peter Pan and that even George Washington was not quite so flawless as he, Joe, conceived him to be. Joe, Jr., met the test excellently.

Randolph, at four and a half, had not yet reached the "age", so he presented no problem. His round red cheeks and soft curly hair might have warned his parents of trouble ahead. But if anything had been said to Joe and Irma they would have laughed and ignored it.

Christmas at the Striders' was always pleasant and no more. At six o'clock Christmas Eve the tree was brought down from the attic and set up to be trimmed. It was a large artificial tree guaranteed to last a life-time. It was fireproof, symmetrical and ugly.

After breakfast on Christmas morning, Joe would pass out the presents to the family. Since both Irma and Joe knew what they were receiving beforehand (it was more sensible to get what you really wanted), the only reasonable discussion that could follow unwrapping a gift concerned the price of it. Whoever had managed the best bargain received a calculated kiss.

On this particular Christmas there seemed to be no reason to suspect that anything would go wrong. The Striders had ordered amounts of oil commensurate with the winter forecast (they had switched from coal to oil because of Mr. Lewis and were prepared for anything).

A bottle of prepared martinis was, even now, in the refrigerator and at five forty-five Joe got the tree from the attic. He set it up in the front corner of the living room and the four Striders began trimming it.

Randolph, however, was not much help. He sat on the floor and chattered over the open boxes of ornaments. He got tinsel tangled in his hair and became quite unmanageable. "When is Sandy Claus comin'?" he asked

asked.
"Pretty soon now," Irma said indulgently.

"But when?" asked Randolph.
"He comes when you're asleep. He
won't come until you're sound
asleep," she said. How I hate this
lying, she thought bitterly.

Joe looked at his younger son and then at the clock. "It's seven-forty," he said. "Time to put him to bed." "Right," said Irma crisply. She got down from the ladder and took Randolph upstairs.

"Now go to sleep," she said, "and when you wake up Santa Claus will have come with your presents."

"Can I see him?" Randolph asked.
"No, you can't see him," Irma said, not meeting her son's glance. "Good night now."

All the way downstairs she longed for the time when both her children would have reached the "age". Then there'd be no more of this distasteful deception. Joe, Jr., was all right; but Randolph! She shook her head dismally.

The tree was trimmed and the presents put around it. Joe, Jr., said a respectful good night. He knew he was getting a bicycle in the morning. In fact, there it was now, leaning up against the wall. It was just the kind he wanted, too. It had the new two-speed sprocket and the generator for the lights. After a little while Joe and Irma went calmly to bed and the house was still.

At breakfast Christmas morning Randolph was terribly excited. "I seen him. I seen ole Sandy Claus," he announced. "I even talked to him, too." He brandished his spoon wildly and bits of oatmeal spattered on the table and found their way into his curly hair.

Joe, Irma and Joe, Jr., exchanged glances. Oh, gosh, thought Irma, why hasn't he reached the age when I can tell him the truth?

Joe, Jr., looked contemptuously at his little brother. "There's no such thing as Santa Claus," he announced. There was a small silence. Irma

There was a small silence. Irma held her breath. This was a crisis. She could feel it. This was the thing she had not considered. With one young son past the critical age and one not yet there, she should have anticipated this sort of situation.

"There is so a Sandy Claus," said Randolph, "I seen him."

(Continued on page 28)



ROD and



John Wedda

BY TED TRUEBLOOD

Poor Mr. Trueblood is freezing in a duck blind.

OBODY is qualified to call himself a duck hunter until he has suffered. There may be some men who have shot ducks without suffering, but they are not duck hunters. They have just killed a few ducks

I have frozen to death many times in duck blinds. I have a down coat that will keep me warm while ice-fishing when the thermometer is flirting with zero and a wind is howling across the lake, but it won't keep me warm duck hunting. Last winter my wife wanted to buy me a pair of down-stuffed pants, but I wouldn't let her. I was afraid I would be too comfortable, and duck hunting wouldn't be the same.

Gordon McQuarrie coined the best name for the brotherhood of duck hunters. He called them "the-dropon-the-end-of-the-nose society". Everyone who has sat for eight hours in a damp, uncomfortable blind knows what he meant.

My brother, Burtt, is a full-fledged duck hunter, and he got his initiation early. We were hunting on the Snake River one raw, windy Armistice day when the temperature was just about freezing and it was spitting rain and snow in turns. It was a perfect duck day, and we got off to a perfect start.

We put the boat in and attached the motor and pushed off from shore. Then Burtt tried to start it. That motor was an old-time stem winder, and it had its own ideas about the proper time to start. He was standing in the back of the skiff, winding the pull rope around the fly wheel and giving it everything he had.

Finally, he gave a lusty yank and his rubber-booted feet slipped on the oily bottom of the boat. He pitched head-first over the side. The current was swift but, fortunately, the water was only about five feet deep. Burtt found his feet and stood up, and he certainly looked shocked standing there with the cold water lapping around his chin. I helped him climb back in, and the only dry spet on him was inside his hat, which hadn't come off.

It was just getting light when this happened. We finally got the motor started and went on to our blind on an island and hunted until noon. He was game to stay longer, but we didn't need to. We had our limit.

People who don't hunt ducks think a rainy day is the best. That is one of those fallacies that get loose and float around under their own power like the old myth that small trout are the best to eat. That story is fostered by the fishermen who never catch any big trout.

All duck hunters know that a wind is what makes ducks fly, and it doesn't matter whether they are on Chesapeake Bay, or Puget Sound or somewhere in between. If it happens to be raining it will be a good duck day—provided the wind blows. If the wind doesn't blow, the rain won't do any good. In calm weather ducks raft up in open water and then iust sit there and preen their feathers and doze. Wind kicks them off the big, unprotected areas and they have to fly around and look for sheltered spots. That is what makes duck shooting.

Of course, there is wind and wind. I'm not very dangerous to a duck when the wind is blowing too hard, but I surely do have fun! One time Jim Clark and I found a point on the Weiser River where all the ducks going up- or downstream passed over and, in addition, there was a 200-acre cornfield behind us and flocks of mallards, numbering from half a dozen to a hundred or so, were trading back and forth between the river and the corn.

It was a wonderful setup. The only hitch was that the wind was a little too strong. In Wyoming they tie a log chain to a post, and when the breeze gets fast enough to pull the chain straight out, like a ribbon in front of an electric fan, they concede that the wind is blowing. The wind on the Weiser that day would have qualified in Wyoming.

The ducks didn't fly high. I don't think they could. They came over our point about 30 or 35 yards in the air. Some of them were leaving the cornfield with the wind, and they were moving! Others swung off the river toward the field, and they barely could make headway. They seemed to crawl through the air. Still others, flying up or down the river, appeared to be going in one direction, but actually were moving in another. They had to point their bills into the wind to hold their course and so they sort of quartered along, like a hound trotting down the sidewalk.

We hid in the brush and started shooting. We had a couple of boxes of shells apiece and the limit was ten ducks, and it looked like a setup. The first flock came over with the wind, and we each shot twice and didn't turn a feather.

"Boy! they're really stepping,"
Jim observed. "Guess we didn't lead
'em enough."

By the time we had reloaded, another flock came along, but in the opposite direction. They were flying so slowly that we held barely in front of them, and we did them no harm. Then four or five came down the river and we gave them what appeared to be a normal lead and missed four more times.

To make a long story short, we fired our 100 rounds of ammunition and wound up with, I think, nine or ten ducks between us. That wasn't very good shooting.

THE first duck I hit was coming over with the wind and I led him what appeared to be 20 feet. Of course, it may not have been; it may have been only 15 feet, because no(Continued on page 26)

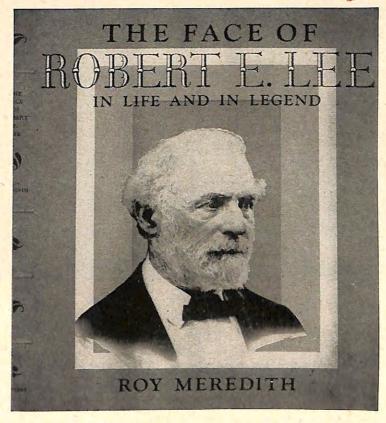
What America is Reading

BY ALBERT HUBBELL

America in the Civil War period seems to occupy the minds of contemporary authors.

T HAS been evident for some time since the war that the American reading public is becoming more and more conscious of America; is turning an inward eye, as it were, on its own country and reexamining its institutions, the workings of its government, and seeking a revaluation of that vague something called "the American way of life". Every week, a good proportion of the new books published deals in some way with the story of the United States. Some of them are, to be sure, merely time-serving books of warmed-over his-tory (It would seem that, when a writer dries up temporarily, all he has to do is to spend some weeks in the nearest public library and emerge with another fast rewrite of the Revolution or the Civil War). But ignoring the great mass of fictional hash that is on nearly every publisher's table d'hote under the heading "historical novels", a great deal of the literature about America that is being currently produced is of value. I propose to look into a few of the more rewarding of this season's offerings.

Of course, the Civil War we have always with us—apparently we'll never tire of re-living and re-fighting it in books. One of the new histories of that conflict I recommend is Otto Eisenschiml's The American Iliad, written in collaboration with Ralph Newman. I say "written", though these two authors did not write the book in the ordinary sense of the word. What they've done is to arrange, chronologically, a series of eyewitness accounts, battle reports by soldiers and officers, contemporary newspaper stories and letters of various onlookers on both sides of the battle lines into a running narrative of the war. It makes for a fresh and exciting book—a book entirely composed of the primary source material that is usually found in the footnotes and appendixes of the more conventional histories. Thus you are given a vivid word-picture of the shelling of Fort Donelson by Federal

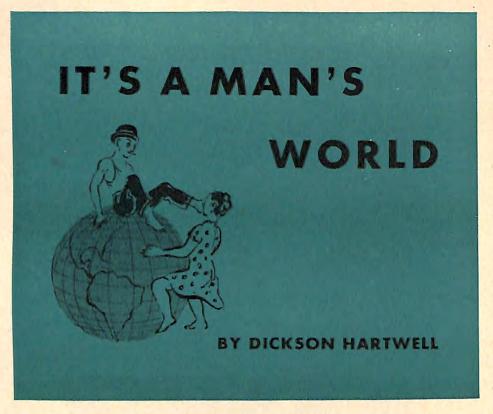


gunboats and ironclads, written by a young boy who served with the Union Army and who sneaked away from camp one night to watch the fun. That will be followed by General Lew Wallace's more official remarks on the storming of the Fort, then by a few words written by Jef-ferson Davis, complaining of the dilatory tactics of his commanders in the same action and, finally, by an intimate glimpse of General Grant at the end of the battle, written by a doctor attached to his headquar-ters. We see Grant sleeping in a farmhouse kitchen, unaware that his army has been successful. "Early, very early," wrote the doctor, "an orderly entered, ushering in General C. F. Smith, who seemed half-frozen. He walked at once to the open fire on the hearth . . . then facing General Grant who had slipped out of bed and was quickly drawing on his outer 'There's something for clothes: you to read, General Grant, Smith, handing him a letter 'What answer shall I send to this, General Smith?' asked Grant. Those were his actual words. Then he gave a short laugh and, drawing a piece of paper, letter-size and of rather poor quality, began to write. In a short time . . . he finished and read aloud, as if to General Smith but really so that we understrappers could all hear, his famous 'unconditional surrender' letter." That, I submit, is the raw stuff of history.

Messrs. Eisenschiml and Newman have followed this procedure throughout, from Bull Run to Appomattox, but without their careful editing and arranging of the great bulk of documents, along with the brief expository comments that cement the numerous accounts together, the book would have been chaos. I know of no other history of the Civil War that gives you the same sense of immediacy, of having actually been there. (The American Iliad, Bobbs-Merrill, \$5)

THE FACE OF ROBERT E. LEE by Roy Meredith

A very interesting volume about one of the great personalities of the same war is The Face of Robert E. Lee In Life And In Legend, by Roy Meredith. This is a book of photographs, along with some paintings and drawings, showing the Confederate leader at successive stages in his long career, in effect being a pictorial biography of the man. Robert E. Lee was what today would be called "photogenic", and he was surely the handsomest man of the big brass of both sides (not to mention the politicos). Nevertheless, he loathed sitting for his picture—whether it was (Continued on page 23)



THE tendency of the male animal to take violent evasive action every time the wife brings up the subject of what he wants for Christmas is as deeply rooted as it is, to women, depressing. The sometimes furtive, sometimes genial but always blandly unrevealing Yuletide attitude of our sex is, women tell me, as much a part of the Christmas scene as holly and mistletoe.

scene as holly and mistletoe.

A few of the more harassed of these good ladies have been hounding me for an explanation. "Why?" they cry, on a note of despair. "Why must a man who is just normally unreasonable all year, turn into an impenetrable and imperturbable stone-face on the first of December?"

Such a question clearly indicates how little women appreciate what millions of men are facing this month—men who through previous bountiful Christmases have built up a stockpile of Christmas odds and ends including billfolds, ties, garter sets, belts and cuff links, sufficient to last them seventy years. Their problem is how to hold back the shower, or change its character for a year or two, so at least they'll have bureau space for an old pair of sox.

As a result of bitter experience most of them have learned that there are three possible answers a man may make to his wife when she asks him what he wants for Christmas. For one, he can adopt the surprised, chagrined, disavow-everything technique illustrated by the following excerpts from a real-life conversation—about 100,000 of them:

Her: "Now, John, put down your paper for a minute. There is something I really must talk to you about. (Pause while the import of the occasion sinks in.) Now what do you want—I mean really want—for Christmas?"

Him: "Christmas...? Whaddaya mean, 'Christmas'.... Why, by golly ... well, say, it's almost here. You know I'd darn near forgotten. (Pause to let that filter in.) Now, dear, what do you say you just leave me out this year. There isn't a thing I need and buying more just pushes prices up. You just put down on your list that all I want is a nice big kiss on Christmas morning."

The obvious advantage of this approach is that it makes no commitments expressed or implied. No blame can possibly attach to the husband when he is ultimately presented with a robin's egg blue dressing gown, a Scotch plaid muffler and a Turkish water-bowl pipe. The serious disadvantage is that it gives the wife carte blanche. It enables her to buy anything—which usually she does—without fear of frown or reprisal.

That is why some men favor the all-right-you-asked-for-it system which lays the facts right on the line. Here is how this works:

Her: "Marvin, put down your paper for a minute. There is something I really must talk to you about. (Pause for reluctant but certain compliance.) Now what would you most like to have for Christmas?"

Him: "Well, dear, I'm glad you asked that because I didn't want to have to bring it up myself. I've made out a list—just a few items—but I can expand it if necessary. First, a set of poker chips but I'd prefer to pick them out myself. Then I need three new golf clubs. The store has them put away in my name. I also want a six-piece carving set; the trade-mark is written on my

list—a Neva-drip pen, style and color noted, and a set of automobile seat covers. Pick out any you like just so they're blue and fit our car."

This method is so successful that on at least one occasion a friend of mine reports that of ten items requested he actually received two of them: a pack of playing cards and a refill for his desk calendar.

But the favorite method of them all by far, is the red-herring technique which, its exponents declare, meets the flexuous female on her own level. And it practically insures receipt of gifts which are 50 per cent desirable, a magnificent average. Proper employment of this technique calls for sagacity, psychology and the kind of calm courage that backs up a pair of sixes against the heavy winner in stud poker.

Suppose Elmer would like to have a set of vanadium steel ratchet wrench attachments, a billfold with adequate space for credit cards, and, remembering the heat of last summer, a set of pewter beer mugs. Here is how the conversation would go:

Her: "Now Elmer, there is something we can't put off any longer. I simply must know what you want for Christmas. So please put down your paper and talk to me."

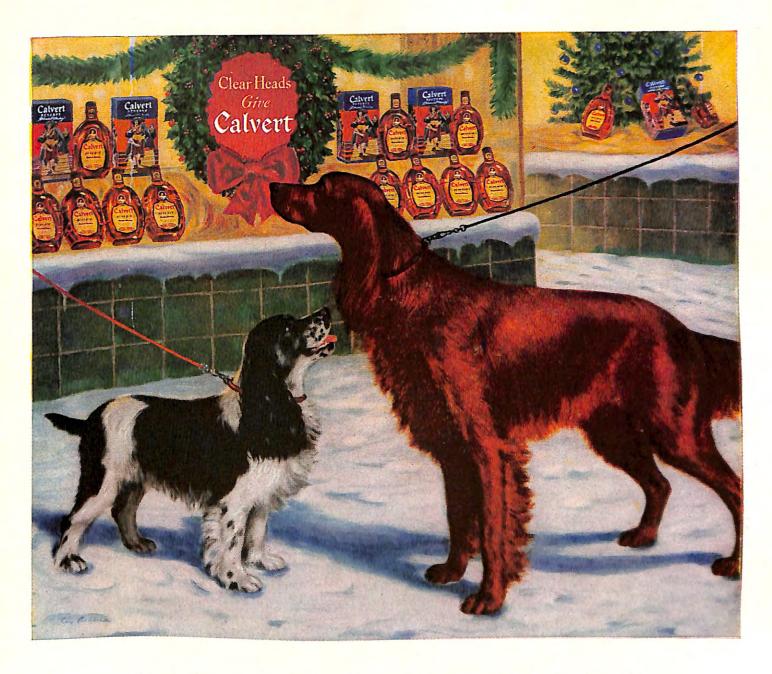
Him: (After conversational pre-

Him: (After conversational preliminaries indicating thoughtful consideration) "Most of all I want a croquet set. I spend too much time puttering around the garage. Croquet would be good for your figure, too, my dear. Next I want a change purse. All the boys are starting to carry them and they now save up to \$10 a month outfumbling each other for lunch checks. Also I want a brandy decanter. Successful men are often inveterate brandy sippers. I think I could go for that."

The variations on this theme and the degree of subtlety which must be employed change with each case. It is only fair to point out, though, its one major disadvantage. Occasionally, because there are women like that, it is a complete and dismal failure. One unfortunate, who some-what overestimated his wife's perspicacity, last Christmas received a horse-hair hat band, a sterling silver watch fob and an electric ice cream mixer which were precisely what he asked for. But what he hoped to get was a leather jacket, a wrist watch and a mechanical cocktail shaker. This year he'll try the surprised-chagrined - disavow - everything approach. Asked to forecast his chances he averted his eyes and said, "No comment.'

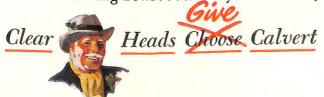
THE big trouble with Christmas stems—like the trouble with everything—from the industrial revolution. Seldom nowadays does the small and simple gift have the flavor with which it was once endowed, the sweet sweat of a feminine donor's brow. The modern monogrammed handkerchief is rarely the product of several weeks of secret needlework. It comes from two minutes of

(Continued on page 36)

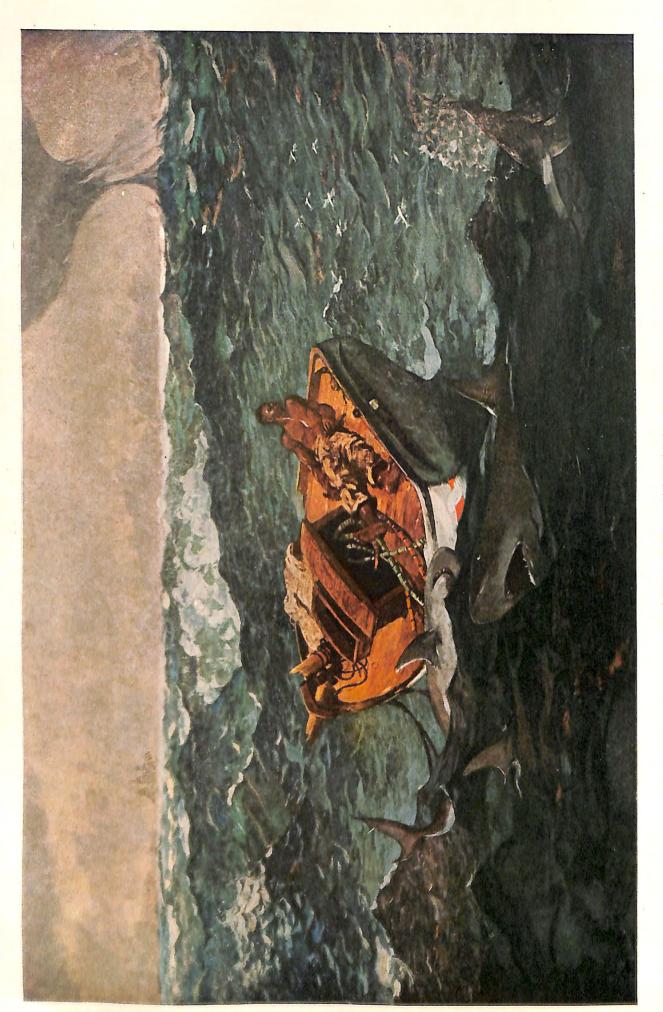


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Calvert Reserve



THE GULF STREAM

BY WINSLOW HOMER

Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art

ART for ART's SAKE

Out of the Museum and into the Home.

BY DICKSON HARTWELL

S HORTLY after the war when shopkeepers everywhere were plaintively wishing they had something to sell, the frustrated manager of a Broadway drug store in desperation decorated his bare show window with inexpensive reproductions of great paintings. "A least," he observed dismally, "they fill up the window."

In two days he sold 500 pictures. The display still is unchanged and the pictures continue to sell like hot

cakes.

In Nashville a lecture with the once dull title, "What Is Good Art?" jam-packed an auditorium and afterwards people stood for an hour and a half to listen to a forum discussion on, of all things, art.

An agricultural college in Montana exhibited some pictures—not originals, but inexpensive reproductions—and farm people from 300 miles away thronged to see them.

In a little southern town of 1,500 a similar exhibit of inexpensive reproductions drew an attendance of 3,000. In Steubenville, Ohio, even a garden club put on an art show—with reproductions. An eastern branch of the League of Women Voters requested a New York gallery to rush a collection of copies of great water colors for a special program. A New Jersey restaurant, a church group in Alabama and a woman's club in Monessen, Pennsylvania, draw admiring crowds with exhibitions of pictures that retail for less than \$5.00. Even the astute Book-of-the-Month Club has climbed on the band wagon and is, as a promo-

A limited number of reproductions of "The Gulf Stream" suitable for framing for use in the home, or as a gift, are available. These reproductions are specially printed on heavy-coated paper from plates prepared under the supervision of the technical staff of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and cost only 15 cents each. Write to The Elks Magazine, 50 East 42nd St., New York 17, New York, for yours.

tion stunt, distributing reproductions of great art masterpieces.

These are signs of the boom in fiveand-dime art—a suddenly developed, insistent demand for inexpensive pictures. People want good art—in fact, the best—and it's being turned out in quantity at prices that start at a nickel for small but excellent quality prints, and up to \$10 or \$15 for large-size reproductions whose colors faithfully match the priceless originals in the museums.

A few years ago popular art in America was something that came on a calendar. Pictures were used to cover a crack in the plaster or a spot on the wallpaper. Today, young, up-and-coming States like Texas and California seem more art-conscious than those in-tradition-bound centers such as Philadelphia and Boston, and the South is going in heavily for the classics, especially the French impressionists.

The boom is biggest in reproductions of great paintings and in original lithographs, woodcuts and etchings. Nowadays when a boy extends to a girl the classic invitation, "Come up and see my etchings," he

may really mean it.

The pictures that have attracted thousands of buyers to the Broadway drug store were from the Masterpieces Reproductions Company, which ten years ago didn't exist. Now it has ridden the art boom into No. 1 position, publishing more art than any other company in the world. A year ago it was selling color reproductions at the rate of 500,000 annually. Now the rate is 750,000, and enterprising Lew Mauser, president of the company, predicts it will reach the fantastic rate of 2,000,000 prints a year.

THIS company publishes some seventy pictures, about half of which are by great American artists, the balance being by the Old Masters. The most popular subject is, appropriately enough, probably the most famous portrait of all time, the Mona Lisa by Leonardo de Vinci. But second to this in demand from the new art-buying public is an American

work, Bahama Tornado, by Winslow Homer. While neither of these editions has touched the record of certain pictures such as The Blue Door by Raymond Wintz, which in ten years has sold around 100,000 copies, or the popular work of the last generation, The Garden of Allah by Maxfield Parrish, which sold more than 250,000, there is no question but that they are art with a capital "A".

The Masterpieces Reproductions pictures sell for an average price of twenty-five cents each, usually in sets of four for a dollar. This is probably the lowest price ever placed on nationally distributed reproductions of great pictures and is made possible only by the enormous volume, some 50,000 prints of a single picture being printed by offset lithography at one time. As many as eight colors are sometimes used.

Another example of the boom in art is the attendance at New York's smartly promoted Museum of Modern Art which in the past three years has doubled, mainly from out-of-town visitors. Sales of the excellent reproductions produced by the Museum have rocketed 900 per cent in the

past eight years.

Some people regard the circulating shows of the Museum of Modern Art as the most important single contribution to the five-and-dime art boom. This amazing institution was the first Museum in history to send in a call for a riot squad to control the surging mobs demanding entrance to an exhibit. Museums for years have been "exchanging collections" without registering on the public's consciousness, but the Museum of Modern Art figured the public was ripe for a change. Instead of trying to entice people into stuffy, tomb-like galleries to see heavily guarded oil paintings, why not send out the finest reproductions with edited captions and supplementary notes explaining what they were all about? And above all why not send these exhibits wherever people want them. If an enterprising movie proprietor wants art in his lobby, let him have it. If an automobile dealer (Continued on page 20)



Standard Poodles Etching by Marguerite Kirmse Cole

DOGHOUSE

Why try to describe the Poodle? He is indescribable.

with Ed Faust

F YOU have stayed with me closely enough in this circular tour of the canine world, I'll have reason to be grateful, but if you haven't, there are no hard feelings. (Hey, Faust! You don't mean to say you'd let a reader slip through your fingers just like that!)

In our last revealing document we closed by discussing the Doberman pinscher, that dog which, ironically enough, was named for a dog catcher, Herr Doberman, of Apolda, Germany. In this dog's name there is insult added to injury somewhere along the line, but it doesn't seem to bother the dog. Now the fellow we talk about this time is his pint-sized brother, the miniature pinscher, who looks exactly like the big guy but is only $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches at the shoulder and weighs from six to ten pounds. He's a perky little fellow and, despite his size, is very much the aristocrat. He's sharp-witted and sharp-eyed; his tail, like that of his big brother, is cropped and so are his ears. His colors are primarily black and tan, rust red with yellow markings on

cheeks, lips, lower jaw, throat, above the eyes, on the chest, inside the forelegs and hindlegs. If he is too light-colored or white, which is sometimes seen, he gets the heave-ho from the judge if he attempts to enter the show ring. Because of his size, he is officially placed among the toy dogs. He's an industrious little phony who swaggers around as though he fancies himself the Dreadnought that his big brother really is. He's easily trained, readily posed and, being naturally clean, is easily kept groomed and smart-looking. A German product, his popularity has been slowly but surely growing among American breeders since 1928, before which time very few specimens were seen here.

It seems to me I've never heard the Poodle referred to as anything but the "French Poodle". This is entirely wrong. The Poodle is a German dog, although his more remote ancestry traces back to Spain. He, too, is very intelligent which is why he's often used on the stage in dog acts. The name, Poodle, in case you'd

like to know, actually means puddle, and this dog really is a water retriever, ranking among the best. Your reporter had occasion to write an article on this breed some time ago and uncovered some unusually interesting facts. Most people regard the Poodle as kind of a boudoir hound, but he is really an outstanding all-man dog and a rattling good gun dog, at that. In Europe he is used much more frequently in the field than he is on this side of the ocean. Perhaps the reason his hunting prowess is overlooked by many American sportsmen is the ridiculous. barbering forced on him solely to meet the mandate of the solons of the pure-bred-dog world. The reason he's been referred to as a "French" dog is because the French, ever alert to a good thing, typed the Poodle as their own and bred him enthusiastically, not only for the field, but for prize pets with exceptional intelligence.

T IS scarcely necessary to describe the dog, as most people are familiar with his looks. But if he's trimmed sensibly and not made to look like a canine circus clown, he's a handsome animal, which is why he's often used as a prop for glamor gals and other Hollywood products. Clipping of the Poodle originally was necessary because of all dogs, he wears the densest coat. Almost water-resistant, it just grows and grows and grows if it isn't kept trimmed. In fact, it grows so long that it evolves a variety of the breed known as the corded Poodle. This fellow's coat is allowed to grow so that it develops into long curly cords that sweep the ground. As this is impractical, for obvious reasons, few corded Poodles are seen, even at the biggest dog shows.

Another reason for the clipping is that when the dog is used as a water retriever, the heavy coat soon becomes saturated and weighs down the dog, depriving it of much of its swimming speed. That is where we get the close-shaven caboose you often see on the Poodle, although a field Poodle isn't trimmed so close at the rear. Excellent both in the water and the field, the Poodle can find and retrieve with ease. He has the kind of jaw that hunters of feathered game like to see; he doesn't maul his bird.

In France, he is known as the "Caniche", which is derived from "Chien Canne", or duck dog. A very old breed, there are three varieties—one known as the standard, which is the largest and must be over 15 inches at the shoulder. The requirements for his smaller brother, known as the miniature, are less than 15 inches at the shoulder, and for the third variety, known as the toy Poodle, ten inches or less.

N ALL points, the smallest of the Poodles should resemble the ideal miniature Poodle which is in every respect a copy of his larger brother. For all three, any solid color is per(Continued on page 29)



VACATIONS UNLIMITED



BY ED TYNG

Transportation has turned the playground of the millionaires into the playground of the millions.

N THIS country we have erected many monuments to pioneers, few of whom were millionaires. Those who roll over well-paved highways into the Nation's winter playground that is called Florida, or travel comfortably over a double-tracked railway into the land of sunshine and blossoms, or awaken from an overnight sleep in an airplane and look out the window over a tropical paradise that is bounded by the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico (both are visible on clear days), should pause for a moment to think of a millionaire who made it possible for them to get there and

to enjoy themselves.

He was 53 years old—old enough to retire—and his name was Henry M. Flagler, immensely wealthy as a co-founder of Standard Oil. He happened to visit St. Augustine in 1883 and as he walked about the streets of that ancient city he envisioned the resort and agricultural possibilities of the country that Ponce de Leon, who sighted land near the site of the city, named La Florida in 1513. St. Augustine was founded in 1565, but by 1883 it was still a sleepy little town of 2,500 persons. To the north was Lacksonville, then as now Florida's north was Jacksonville, then, as now, Florida's biggest city, with a population of 15,000; south was Daytona, an inaccessible little settlement of 200. Because of frequent shifts from standard to narrow-gauge railways it took as much as 90 hours to get to Jacksonville from New York, and to get to St. Augustine one had to transfer to a mule-power tramway (after a boat ride on the St. Johns River). The motive power frequently lay down on the tracks and went mulishly to sleep. Farther south there was nothing but Lake Worth and Bay Biscayne (now Miami's pride and joy), but to get to those places one went on a ship and went around by the ocean, the Halifax River or the Indian River.

In his 30 remaining years Flagler changed all that. He began building the Ponce de Leon Hotel in St. Augustine in 1883; then the Alcazar went up near by. Then he bought the struggling narrow-gauge railway between Jacksonville and St. Augustine and in four years modernized it as a nucleus of what was to become the Florida East Coast. By 1888 his great hotel was open; there was standard-gauge railway track to New York, and an all-Pullman vestibuled train went from Jersey City to New York in the amazing time of 29 hours and 50 minutes. This Florida Special now does

the trip in about 20 hours.

Flagler bought other little railways and by 1890 had a hotel in Ormond; St. Augustine was the great fashionable resort and Daytona boomed; his railroad moved rapidly south into virgin territory, reaching Fort Pierce by 1893. Flagler established Palm Beach, bridged Lake

Worth, founded West Palm Beach and by 1895 was helping lay out Miami. On January 22, 1912, he rode in triumph over the daringly built railroad to Key West, at the age of 82. The following May he died peacefully at Palm Beach, knowing that modern Florida had had its foundations well laid.

Jacksonville, to which all roads south lead, usually is the tourist's first stop in Florida. The Huguenots from France tried to settle there in 1562, but the Spaniards slaughtered them three years later. The present city dates from 1822, when it was established and named by Andrew Jackson, first territorial governor. It is the country's biggest naval stores center, largest lumber center on the East Coast and a major coffee importing port. From Jacksonville to St. Augustine are 40 miles of beach where the swimming is excellent and the fishing is wonderful. Among the city's attractions to tourists is a Negro church where whites are welcome and where demons are exorcised with frenzied beating of drums and strumming of guitars.

(Continued on page 32)



Cocoanut palm tree on the coast of Florida.



It is indicated that the Elks hold definite views concerning the motion picture industry.

F THE motion picture producers of America looked over our editorial shoulders they might gain some interesting information. Those reading this Elk Panel of Public Opinion page summarizing the views of the Exalted Rulers and District Deputies who comprise the Panel may be startled at the results obtained this month. In general, if a film's appeal is premised upon sensationalism, it has scant acceptance by the members of the Panel. In particular, a strong tide of disapproval of sex and gangster films was noted. Many of the ballots expressed concern for the effect that certain pictures might have on children. Since the members of the Panel are representative business and professional men, as well as officers of the Order and, in many cases, fathers of our future citizens, their opinions merit consideration. The question submitted to the Panel this month was:

ASIDE FROM ITS ENTERTAINMENT PURPOSE, DO YOU THINK THAT THE MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY HAS LIVED UP TO ITS MORAL AND EDUCATIONAL RESPONSIBILITIES?

Here is how the Panel members registered their opinions on a national basis:

Has Lived Up to Its Responsibilities	30%
Has Not Lived Up to Its Responsibilities	37%
Has Partly Succeeded	3%

The replies received also were 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:

		77	77 37 .
			Has Not
9	Eastern States	33%	67%
	Northern States		
16	Southern States	28%	72%
11	Western States	18%	82%

It is interesting to note the divergence of opinion expressed by the Panel members in the western States as compared to the eastern States and the northern States. Since only three per cent of the ballots was returned with no opinion expressed, the percentages were adjusted to disregard this small portion of the total vote.

The ballots also were analyzed to determine the percentage of the national total received from each of the four geographical areas. The results provide an indication of the Panel membership in each of the four sections. Here is the breakdown of the returns on a sectional basis:

9	Eastern States.	26%	of all	replies
12	Northern States	35%	of all	replies
16	Southern States	25%	of all	replies
11	Western States .	14%	of all	replies

COMMENTS:

I think education has been advanced by motion pictures, but doubt the moral standards.

Occasionally there is a bad picture. However, most

of them are above reproach.

Should keep away from communistic ideas.

A few bad ones shouldn't condemn the whole industry. I try to attend what I deem to be the best movies. Am guided by those written up in The Elks Magazine. If more people did this, undesirable films would vanish.

Too many pictures make crime look too easy.

Too many pictures are unfit for children. Bad habits often are portrayed by stars on screen. Drinking and smoking become a "must" with teen-agers in effort to ape them.

Movie industry has accomplished much noble work with educational and moral movies. Finished product has been carefully watched, checked and censored.

There are 50 good pictures to one bad.

Has glamorized crime and ridiculed public officers.

Too much propaganda.

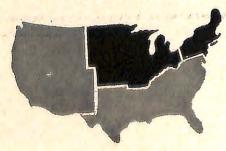
In place of gangster pictures, should have more historical and biographical pictures.

Under the circumstances, the industry has done a creditable job.

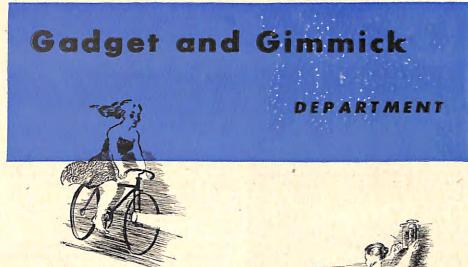
The criminal in most cases is punished, thus emphasizing that crime does not pay.

Public should demand complete Federal censorship as well as censorship by States.

Lack of public appreciation is partially responsible for the shortcomings of the industry.



If you consider the moral standards of the motion pictures of 25 years ago, you appreciate that, in general, the caliber and taste of films have definitely tended to improve rather than deteriorate during the past years.



T IS always nice to have fog lights on your car when you're driving around in a fog. But most of us, at least I hope most of us, don't drive around in a fog very much of the time. So, with little fog-driving to do, the front of your car is cluttered up all the time with more lights than an AA searchlight battery. Look at the front of your car, fog-light owners. Doesn't it look awful? That's what I thought you'd say. Well, here is a new lens that can be fitted over your regular headlights when approaching a fog bank or other impenetrable bank, i.e., First National. When the fog swirls around you, halt the car and put these in place, then drive on. These lenses are designed for standard sealed beam headlights and sound like a nice thing to have.



THIS one is for the man who has to get places on time. It is a unique wrist watch that has a built-in alarm. It is the size of an average wrist watch and the alarm can be set to wake you in the morning, rouse you from your after-lunch stupor and get you to any appointment you might have. If you are really the energetic type, i.e., the type who likes to save energy by catching short naps during the day, this little alarm watch will be invaluable. You can doze, assured of waking on time wherever you may be. One thing though—the watch's alarm is said to be "cricket sounding". But you will probably get used to that and maybe your friends will too, after a while.



ANY safety-minded people buy fire extinguishers and then hide them away because they're too ugly to be seen around a nice home. Nobody blames them for hiding the extinguisher if it's ugly, but what to do in case of a fire? You can't scurry down to the basement and search among the debris for the extinguisher when flames are already raging out of control above you. Better that you get a set of these well-groomed fire extinguisher cylinders. They are carbon dioxide cylinders that operate by the simple turning of a valve. They can hang on the kitchen wall and appear to be a set of door chimes suspended from a rack. Smart looking and instantly available, they should be able to douse a fire long before it gets out of hand.



THE next time your wife badgers you into "painting that old kitchen chair", or doing any other small paint job around the house, you can put a perfect Rembrandt touch to it with this portable paint sprayer. The sprayer is equipped with a pressure tank, a six-foot hose, paint cans, pump and a handle with a trigger. The contraption is worked by foot pressure and hence can go wherever your foot goes. You can drag the

sprayer about all over the place, hamming, pumping and touching up the old pig pen. The special paint cans that come with it can be discarded after they are empty unless you want to clean them yourself. They only cost twenty-five cents; and what's twenty-five cents these days? Here's another important aspect of the sprayer. It has an attachment that enables you to inflate auto tires with it. Instead of using a back-breaking hand pump, you could use this foot pump in a highway emergency.



F YOU'RE caught away from home overnight with no luggage again, or simply lose your toothbrush, you will no longer have to worry. There is a vending machine being produced that, for a small thin dime, will vend you a packet containing toothpowder and a brush. When they get this set-up it will save many a forgetful traveler from waking in the morning and going through the day with the inside of his mouth tasting like an old tennis ball.



HE modern executive must have ice in his drinks. The trouble is, ice is hard to find around offices and until now a pair of old grads who meet in one or another's office have smirked over nauseously warm drinks minus ice. But now they have a bar to go in an office, study or small refrigeratorless apartment. It can be plugged in and made to produce its own ice and has a regular refrigerated compartment for soda, water and the generation of ice cubes. The three-and-a-half-cubicfoot refrigerator space manufactures a total of 42 cubes. It also possesses the usual liquor compartment. The bar has a sealed condensing unit to rid the interior of excess moisture. With the top down, the bar measures 24 by 42 by 18 and is available in two styles: Modern and 18th Century in several different wood finishes.

(Continued on page 35)

Art for Your Sake

(Continued from page 15)

wants to cover his show room walls with a temporary exhibit, give him

the pictures.

In 1931, Museum officials put their theories to a test. Three exhibitions were circulated and shown eleven times. The public did a double-take and then shouted for joy. Within ten years the Museum had 44 exhibitions traveling on the road, logging a total of some 300 exhibitions, enough to provide an annual art show for every city in the country of more than 40,-000 population. Last year more than 800 exhibitions were given, at a rent-al of from \$5 to \$125 each, and were seen by more than 5,000,000 eager

The Metropolitan Museum of Art has a carefully organized department handling reproductions of Museumowned masterpieces. Sales are made over the counter at the Museum and by mail order from a catalogue, with prices ranging from 10 cents to \$25. A popular favorite is a large \$10 reproduction of Winslow Homer's great, dramatic painting "The Gulf Stream", which is printed in full-color to illustrate this article.

Not all reproductions—not even those of the museums—are of the same quality. Different prints of the same famous painting may sell for from \$5 to \$25, depending on the process and the printer. Careful analysis reveals a vast difference ranging from plain offset lithography to collotype and the magnificent hand silk screen process. Prices aren't always an index of quality. A famous department store is noted in the trade for taking a print that retails for \$5, putting it in a \$24 frame, sexing it up with a coat of lacquer, and selling the framed picture for \$69.

THE sudden-upswing in demand caught most print dealers unaware, but half-century-old Oestreicher's anticipated it by ordering one of every print in existence in a dramatic world-wide art roundup which gave them, they claim, the unique distinction of having the only really complete stock on earth. The cost came high—their bill from just one English print shop was \$15,000but they cannily sensed that the pub-

lic was ready to buy.

Handling the most varied stock in the world, Edward Oestreicher is particularly sensitive to new art trends and changes in taste. The American public is just discovering art, he says. So far, though, we don't buy art for art's sake, he says, but mainly to get something that goes with the furniture. We haven't learned to form our own opinions of quality, he feels, but we readily buy what we think is popular. When Irving Stone's biography of van Gogh, Lust for Life, became a best seller it caused a boomlet in van Gogh reproductions. The current popularity of the ballet has greatly increased the

demand for Degas. When the Museum of Modern Art circulates a Cézanne show throughout the country, the demand for Cézanne reproductions rises sensationally in the wake of the exhibit.

Another example of the boom is the astonishing success of the Associated American Artists which has attracted a large clientele by promoting most of its art as exclusive, being mainly limited editions of originals signed by the artist. The prospect of owning an original signed etching or lithograph, for the nominal sum of \$5, titillated neophyte art lovers everywhere and the Associated American Artists catalogues became as popular in their field as Sears-Roebuck's. They pulled orders by the thousands. The name of the the thousands. The name of the organization—Associated American Artists-helped excite popular interest by spreading the happy relief that it was an organization of artists. The growing impression that the price was low because it was some sort of cooperative was not discouraged by anyone, especially by Mr. Reeves Lewenthal, former Standard Oil publicity man, who developed the enterprise and owns it, body and soul.

Lewenthal started his business in

1934, as the depression was ending, when artists were probably the hungriest people in the world. He rounded up a group of them and told them his idea. He would pay them \$200 for all rights to a picture and he would pay in cash. At that time even some outstanding artists waited years before selling enough prints to earn \$200 from a single plate. Lewenthal's plan sounded like manna.

Starting with one fifth-floor room on Madison Avenue in New York, and a slick merchandising plan, Lewenthal has ridden the art band wagon into an \$800,000 annual mail-order He runs and completely business. owns the largest art gallery in New York, which serves as a front for his lucrative job of sole agent for 55 ranking U.S. artists whose work he markets to advertisers, Christmas card distributors and commercial studios. Today art-conscious Americans are buying his prints at \$5 for black and white and \$7.50 for colored gelatones (a fair-to-middling

process) at a rate of 140,000 a year. Lewenthal, and Mauser of the Masterpiece Reproductions Company, are sharp promoters and their success might be expected. A better test of the new public appetite for art



"I call mine 'Verboten'. What do you call yours?"

is the experience of Alfred Fowler, editor of the quarterly Print Survey and a one-time prospering Kansas City grain operator. Devoid of knowledge of sales, advertising or promotion, Fowler is a print connoisseur whose fine perception is known and respected in the art world.

In 1932 as an interesting diversion Fowler organized the Woodcut Society which was to act as a sort of buyer's cooperative for people he thought would be interested in fine prints. For \$10 annual dues members received two new original woodcuts. Fowler expected to make up any deficits in the organization out of his own pocket. He was surprised to find before very long that there were no deficits.

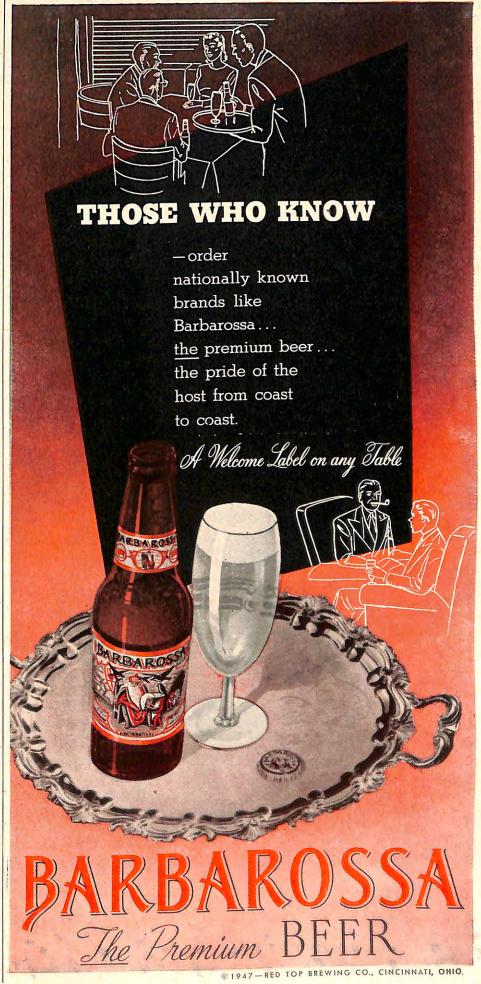
He went a step farther. For a select group which appreciates their exquisite delicacy. Fowler organized the Miniature Print Society. Only a strong magnifying glass fully reveals the fine detail of workmanship of these postage-stamp-size prints. Though he lined up the best artists, Fowler thought few people would be interested, even at the bargain price of \$10 a year for these prints. He was mistaken. For years there has been a waiting list.

While in the army Fowler operated his print cooperatives in spare time from posts in Florida, Texas and Washington. By riding his luck in riskily ordering prints from as widely separated places as Australia and England, he met his publication schedules without sacrifice of quality. With the war ended, he suddenly

With the war ended, he suddenly realized that he had a substantial business distributing thousands of prints a year. It was even showing a modest profit. Fowler, whose enthusiasm for prints is a mild obsession, promptly turned down some \$35,000 a year to re-enter the grain business and organized another print cooperative, the Society of Print Connoisseurs. This one called for \$25 annual dues. Fowler thought it might take years to complete the subscription list. It had a waiting list its first year.

Today the membership in Fowler's several cooperatives extends to such places as Hemet, California; Missoula, Montana; Provo, Utah, and Greeley, Colorado. People who started as rank amateurs with his original group now write him erudite letters discussing the artistic and technical aspects of the latest prints. The current hunger for prints, he says, is the natural consequence of generations of American undernourishment in art

THE first great boom in American art began 100 years ago. It lasted four decades during which Currier and Ives and forty other firms of lithographers published nearly 14,000 different subjects. In those days, however, printing in color wasn't possible and every picture had to be colored by hand. However interesting these rare prints may be today as collectors' items, when published (Continued on page 22)



their popularity was based more on the fact that they were descriptive than on their artistic merit. People bought them because they illustrated famous events or typical American scenes, an interest now fulfilled by photographs in newspapers and magazines. But from 1840 to 1880 these prints gave most Americans their only pictorial conception of such varied Americana as Mississippi River steamboats, horse racing, clipper ships, forest fires, New England farm scenes and the California gold rush.

Although printing processes have been greatly refined in recent years, making it unnecessary to own an original to get the full benefits of color tones, the making of etchings, lithographs and woodcuts has changed little since the sixteenth century days of Albrecht Durer's

greatness.

In making an etching an artist thinly coats a copper plate with paraffin. Using a stylus, or etcher's needle, he scratches his drawing on the paraffin, exposing the copper. He then dips the plate in an acid bath. The acid eats away, or "etches", the copper wherever it has been scratched. Tone and strength of line are controlled by varying the length of exposure to acid and these variations are sometimes exceedingly subtle. The plate then is cleaned and inked. The ink is wiped off the surface, leaving only a residue in the etched lines. Then the plate and a piece of paper are rolled through a wringer together, the ink in the lines is pressed onto the paper and the result is an etching.

Another type of etching, a drypoint, is made without the paraffin coating. The artist uses a sharper tool and cuts his lines directly into the copper plate.

To secure the soft modulation of a lithograph the artist draws his picture on the super-smooth surface of a large stone. He uses a greasy pencil. When the drawing is finished the stone is treated so that only the grease will pick up the ink. When paper is rolled on the stone only the part which the artist has drawn leaves a mark on the paper.

A woodcut is made by carving an end grain block of very hard wood with an exceedingly sharp tool. The artist draws his picture on the wood and cuts away the rest of it, printing his drawing with the remaining por-

Though they are usually black and white. etchings, lithographs and woodcuts can be printed in several colors. In this case a separate plate or stone is made for each color.

A recently developed technique for color printing is the comparatively expensive silk screen process which produces somewhat crude but very striking effects. A piece of silk is stretched in a frame and the design drawn on the silk. An ink-proof varnish is applied to the parts of the silk where there is no design. The silk is then placed over the paper and the ink applied to the paper through the silk by hand rolling.

Prints sometimes increase greatly in value and many amateur collectors have shown a considerable profit on their purchases in the past several

years. An original print may cost from \$5 to \$50 when it is put on the market. Ordinarily if it is worth twice that much at retail in ten years it has done very well indeed. But today the demand is so great that many prints double in price in a year. Some prints purchased recently through Fowler's cooperatives at about \$3 each cannot be bought now for as much as \$15. The retail price of good prints by well known artists who have a following can now be expected to double or triple in three to four years.

BUT Fowler says flatly that no amateur should buy prints as an investment. They are as variable and risky as the stock market, he maintains, and the only reason for owning them is to enjoy looking at them and showing them. Unfortunately, there aren't enough really good artists to satisfy the current public demand, Fowler says, because of the vogue of limited editions. People like to buy prints from limited editions largely because "exclusive" ownership makes them feel superior. But such editions were originally set up to hypo interest in the work of artists of limited appeal. A work which would sell at most 50 to 60 copies was put out in a "limited edition" of 50 and snob appeal used to hold the price up.

Great etchers like Rembrandt and Durer had no truck with such nonsense. They printed all the copies their plates would stand. Today with steel or chromium facing, copper plates will print literally thousands of absolutely perfect impressions. Through unlimited editions the best artists could expand their market indefinitely, riding the crest of the fiveand-dime art craze and at the same time cultivating public taste for qual-Art dealers are mostly cold to ity. the idea, though. Limited editions often make substantial profits for them and protect their market. One of them said recently, "Gambling our judgment on an etcher is the zest of our business. Take it away and we might as well be selling wallpaper."

Changing attitudes like this one is essential if the new art public is to have the best of current prints. It is true of color pictures, too. Hovsep Pushman is probably the foremost painter of oriental art. He prints editions of only 350 copies of his magnificent works. They retail at \$45 each. But he could sell five or ten times as many at half or a quar-

ter the price.

The development of a system that will do just that is the next forward step in popularizing good art in America. The painters and etchers in this country are among the best in the world. We have processes which can publish their work faithfully in almost any quantity. The public is eager to buy. What is needed is a system for distributing contemporary art to the people. The man who provides it will do as much for Art in America as Henry Ford did for the automobile.



What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 11)

to be drawn, painted or taken with one of those monstrous boxes they called cameras in his day-and he did so as seldom as possible. One of the most remarkable photographs in the book is the one Mathew Brady persuaded the General to sit for very shortly after the surrender at Appomattox Court House. It shows an exhausted man, still clad in his grey uniform, still maintaining his quiet dignity in defeat. How Brady, who after all was a Yankee, managed to get General Lee's permission to take that picture remains a mystery. Considering the General's reticence, and the rudimentary stage at which photography was at the time, it is surprising and gratifying that Mr. Meredith has been able to assemble such a complete pictorial record of that great symbol of the Confederate cause. (Scribner, \$5)

THE AMERICAN PAST by Roger Butterfield

By far the most beautiful book on American history this season is Roger Butterfield's The American Past. Another picture book, this could be called an iconography of America, for it covers the high spots of our history from Bunker Hill to the bombing of Hiroshima in a thousand reproductions of drawings. woodcuts, engravings, lithographs, paintings, daguerreotypes, cartoons and photographs. The cartoon section is especially interesting; it contains some of the best political drawings, reproduced in the lurid colors of the originals, of the latter decades of the 19th Century, when American cartooning had a vigor, not to say a savagery, that most editors would blanch at today. Accompanying all these pictures, and complementing them to a certain extent, is Mr. Butterfield's text in which history is simplified to an extreme. The author's prose is snappy and colorfulhe used to be an editor-writer for Life magazine—but to my mind his captions and brief comments are not up to the excellence of the pictures. As an introduction to our history, however, as well as an agreeable refresher course in it, the book is ideal. I can't imagine a better Christmas gift. (Simon & Schuster, \$10)

ACROSS THE WIDE MISSOURI by Bernard de Voto

Bernard de Voto's Across the Wide Missouri is Americana from a different vantage point, and of the four books under discussion, by far the best from a literary standard. The author, who is an authority on the Old West, has written a chronicle of the Rocky Mountain fur trade in its heyday—the 1830's—when rival companies of trappers, even though (Continued on page 32)

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THE FIVE MACATINE



TURN-TABLE TALK

BY CHARLES MILLER

Christmas seems to be a good time to start a record column.

HE mechanics of putting a magazine together are such that contributors must submit their material sometimes months in advance of publication, and this fact prevents me from suggesting as Christmas gifts records and albums which won't come out until the Yuletide season. Nevertheless, there are on the market at present a number of outstanding recorded performances that should make ideal gifts for the widest range of tastes.

Victor offers a package that should be welcome wherever there's a phonograph. It's the music from the new Broadway sellouts, "Allegro" and "High Button Shoes". The original casts from both shows may be heard on two albums that feature some of the sprightliest lyric and melodic work of the season. In addition, there are many single records from both musicals that make easy listening. Jo Stafford (Capitol) and Dinah Shore (Columbia) lend their personalities to "Allegro's" exceptionally original "The Gentleman Is A Dope" while two more from the same show, "So Far" and "A Fellow Needs A Girl", are given the Sinatra treat-ment (Columbia). My favorite of both shows is a gay and friendly polka called "Papa, Won't You Dance With Me?" from "High Button Shoes". You'll like Doris Day doing this for Columbia and the state of the st this for Columbia or the Three Suns selling it for Victor. The movie, "Golden Earrings", features the song from which the title was taken, an emotional kind of thing that's awfully easy to ham up. However, Peggy Lee (Capitol) handles it with the proper restraint and the result is definitely worth your while. She does a clever job with a clever tune on the reverse, "I'll Dance At Your Wedding"

If any of your friends or relatives are hot jazz fans, you can be sure they won't exchange a gift of the pure, unadulterated stuff. In this field one of your best bets is the Columbia Hot Jazz Classics series, made up of discs cut during the Twenties and early Thirties and only recently reissued in album form. Intelligently selected records highlight the work of the finest artists in this field. Louis Armstrong plays his exciting trumpet and murders lyrics delightfully with his old Hot Five (C-139). The late, great Bessie Smith sings with the powerful, moving voice that won her the title

"Empress of the Blues" (C-142). Bix Beiderbecke, whose lyric cornet style influenced many jazz artists, is heard on several of his most unforgettable recording dates (C-144). Eight sides cut ten years ago by Duke Ellington, but only recently issued for the first time, will delight followers of his sophisticated brand of music (C-127). In addition to the albums, separate records by Billie Holiday, Teddy Wilson, Johnny Hodges, Chu Berry and Maxine Sullivan are on the market as nostalgic reminders of what many people consider the golden age of hot jazz.

Decca has come into the reissue field with an Armstrong album that highlights some of the King's bestknown works including the famous "West End Blues" (A-572). To me the biggest treat of all the reissues is Victor's book of records made by the Benny Goodman band of 1935-37 (P-188). This group combined perfect ensemble precision with tremendous rhythmic power and featured some of the most articulate soloists in the game, men like Bunny Berigan, Harry James and Ziggy Elman (trumpets), Jess Stacy (piano), Gene Krupa (drums), and Benny himself doing things with a clarinet that for my money have never been equalled. In addition, the arrangements of Fletcher Henderson, Jimmy Mundy and Mary Lou Williams represented the last word in the understanding of a good big band's potentialities. I think the band was the greatest jazz group that ever recorded, and Santa Claus can bring the album down my chimney any time.

Spirituals I can usually take or leave, but I'll go out of my way to hear them sung by the Golden Gate Quartet. This group has just made an album for Columbia (C-145) that should have you beating time with your feet, hands and head. quartet's performances are always strikingly rhythmic, and explosive, but never to the point where the essential dignity of the music is lost. I can't say enough for the album.

In the novelty field, a screwball comedy singer named Dorothy Shay may be heard in a hilarious and captivating album (Columbia C-155). Miss Shay is the young lady responsible for that irresponsible bit of dolled-up mountain music called "Feudin' and Fightin'", and while her newest album doesn't include this one (recorded about a year ago), it

nevertheless establishes her as the most entertaining of the up-andcoming stars. Two single novelty jobs are by Arthur Godfrey (Columbia) and Jimmy Durante (MGM). If you don't like Godfrey, nothing I can say is going to change your mind, but if you feel, as I do, that he's radio's biggest personality, you'll get a great kick out of his "Too Fat and "For Me and My Gal". Polka' The fact that he can't sing his way out of a paper bag adds to, rather than detracts from, the fun you'll get out of this record. As for Durante, the great man rants and raves and tears his hair through two de-lightful pieces of nonsense called "I'm the Guy Who Found the Lost Chord" and "Little Bit This, Little Bit That". His complete indignation on both these sides is surpassed only by his wonderfully bad jokes.

ROM the standpoint of musical values and the religious flavor of the season, one of the most important of the current offerings in the classical field is Mendelssohn's "Elijah", recorded for the first time in its entirety by the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra and the Huddersfield Choral Society, under the direction of Sir Malcolm Sargent. While this two-volume Columbia album (MM-715), made in observance of the hundredth anniversary of the composer's death, will not receive the acclaim that has greeted the oratorios of Bach and Handel, it is nevertheless a dramatic and impressive work, and to hear it is a thoroughly satisfying experience. The appearance of the album may serve to restore to the work some of the popularity it once enjoyed. Certainly it will be a welcome gift.

An album of sacred arias from Bach's "B Minor Mass" and "Magnificat", sung by Carol Brice with the CBS Broadcasting Concert Orchestra under the direction of Daniel Saidenberg (Columbia MX-283) is another fine gift. It's been said that Miss Brice's performance on these records doesn't show as much understanding of what Bach was trying to achieve as it might, yet I feel that the basic warmth of her voice makes up for whatever lack of sympathy there might be for the composer's efforts. This album, incidentally, might be offered in a contrasting gift package with Columbia's new album of ten Debussy compositions played by the versatile Oscar Levant (MM-110). And a number of the works of Schumann, Brahms, and Liszt may be placed compactly under any Christmas tree in the form of two Victor albums that make up the sound track from "Song Of Love", the MGM motion picture biography of Robert Schumann. Artur Rubinstein's piano graces what I'm told is an otherwise mediocre picture, and he may be heard in the albums playing Liszt's Concerto No. 1 in E Flat with Antal Dorati and the Dallas Symphony Orchestra (DM-1144), and some of the shorter popular works of Schumann and Brahms (M-1149).



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Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 10)

body can tell in feet how far to lead a duck anyway; but it was just about twice as far as I ordinarily lead a mallard at that range on a still day. After one hit I began to do a little better on downwind birds.

The ducks flying against the wind were harder to figure out. I finally started shooting right at them and I increased the lead a little with every shot until I hit one. To my surprise, the lead was just about what I would give a duck flying much faster (ground speed) on a still day. The only explanation I have is that the wind must have drifted the shot enough to make up the difference.

This may sound illogical, but I asked Ray Holland about it, and he told me that he has had the same experience shooting canvasbacks on a pass between two lakes in Saskatchewan. Birds flying against the wind required nearly as much lead as those going with it. Probably the wind has an effect on the swing of your gun as well as upon the shot.

Those birds which passed going across the wind were just naturally devils to hit. Shooting at them was like using a gun with a crooked barrel. We had to ignore the way they were pointed and swing the way they actually were going and then allow for the wind. We didn't hit very many.

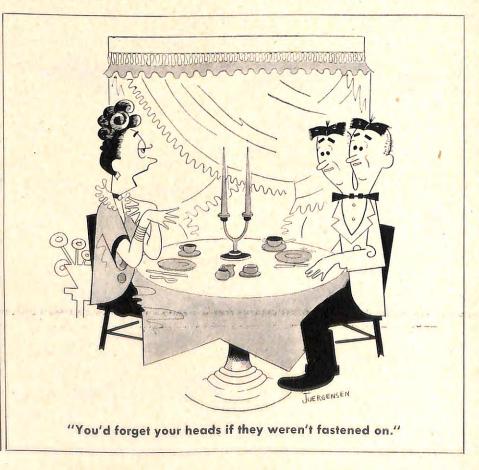
We really didn't suffer much that day, however, except because of our poor shooting. It was dry and sunny and the wind was only cold enough to keep us moderately chilly. Maybe if there had been a little rain with it so we would have been thoroughly miserable, we would have got our limits.

The amount of moisture in the air does have a bearing on how much you feel the cold. Dry cold isn't as uncomfortable as the same tempera-ture with higher humidity. Of course, you can carry this line of reasoning to an extreme. One evening last winter Jack Tallman and I were discussing the Army's Expedition Musk Ox. We just had read in the paper that the temperature had been down to 80 degrees below zero, and Jack said, "I don't see how a man could even get out of his sleeping bag when it's that cold."

His wife, Marge, thereupon remarked, "Well, of course, up there it's a dry cold!"

It is better not to look at the thermometer before you start out duck hunting, whether the humidity is high or low. If you know the temperature is 15 degrees above zero and there is a raw wind blowing, you are going to freeze, but if you don't actually know how cold it is you will only be miserable.

E REACHED our blinds before daylight one morning, and had a good hunt. We could tell it was cold because when we splashed water on our gun barrels the drops turned



into little bumps of ice as soon as they struck. I got in over the top of one boot as I was chasing a cripple, and I just took that boot off and wrung the water out of my wool sock and put it back on. I didn't particularly mind.

When we got home we discovered that the thermometer was right at zero and that it had been seven below early in the morning when we started hunting. If I had known how cold it was when I got wet I'm sure my foot would have frozen.

It must have been a dry cold that day. I didn't suffer nearly as much as I did one time with Art Fuller when we were hunting in the big marsh at the mouth of the Housatonic River in Connecticut. We shot the early flight from a blind, and then we started poking around through the channels in a canoe, jump-shooting black ducks.

Art was paddling and I was in the bow when a duck went up and I dropped him. He fell in the reeds and Art nosed the canoe into the bank so I could go get him. I stood up and cautiously placed one foot

on shore.

Unfortunately, the tide recently had covered that spot and the mud was slicker than a slate roof in a sleet storm. My foot began to slip and the canoe started to move out into the creek. I couldn't get back into it, so rather than swamp it and get Art wet, too, I swung the other foot onto the bank. And then I just stood there and slid on both feet down that steep bank into water that came to my armpits.

I climbed out and got my duck and then I took my boots off and poured the water out of them and we continued hunting. Before I fell in there had been a few mosquitoes buzzing around, so it wasn't very cold. Afterward it got cloudy and the wind came up, and before we quit at 4 p.m. I was shivering so hard

my teeth were rattling like a pair of dice.

Duck hunters have figured out all sorts of schemes to stay warm and comfortable, from a weather-proof blind to a lantern under a blanket, but the best thing there is to make a man impervious to the weather is ducks. I don't care how cold and miserable you are, just let a big raft of ducks start to break up overhead and you'll glow like a June bride. It can't get too cold as long as they keep coming.

If you doubt this statement, try taking pictures of them some time in January. Photography is a nice, refined hobby and I like to take pictures, but there is nothing about the prospect of shooting a duck with a camera that will thaw out your radia-

tor like the real thing.

Down South, ducks get shot by hunters in shirt sleeves, but if I were a duck I would resent that. Duck hunters ought to suffer. The only time I ever was more uncomfortable than I have been duck hunting was at a late-season football game. I don't intend to go to any more football games, but I'd go duck hunting tomorrow—in fact, I will, if you happen to be reading this between December 1 and 14.

I know a place not far from home where I can get my limit in 30 minutes 'most any morning. Would you like to know where it is? Well, strangely enough, this slough has the same name as a lake in Florida where Dave Newell once caught a tremen-

dous bass.

This slough of mine hasn't any accommodations. You just crouch in the cattails and the ducks fly over and you shoot them. If it is cold and windy you suffer, but you can't suffer very long while you're getting the limit this year—unless you're an even worse shot than I am.

The name of this place? Oh yes, it

is called Lake Youfindit!

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she swayed him and the destinies of the realm. Her influence made or broke ministers, ambassadors, generals, and she even started a war with Austria which was waged for seven years and did not turn out so well for France.

Yet it was the way her luxurious, light chestnut hair was dressed that elevates her from 18th Century history to 20th Century speech. While it's not too fashionable for ladies, at the moment, the style of brushing men's hair back from the forehead without a part perpetuates the name of the Marquise de Pompadour.

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An Unusually Good Boy

(Continued from page 8)

"You dreamed it," insisted Joe, Jr.
"Mother and Father have told me
there is no Santa Claus. They
wouldn't lie about it."

Randolph went right on eating his oatmeal.

Something had to be done and done quickly, Irma thought desperately.

Randolph spoke up again. "I woked up in the middle of the night and looked out the window and he was going 'round and 'round and I heard him go 'thump' on the roof and I came downstairs and there he was and I said 'Hello, Mr. Sandy Claus' and he said 'Hello, Randolph, have you been a good boy?" I said 'Yes sir' and he laughed and put things around and went back up the chimbley."

"How do you think he got the bicycle down the chimney?" Joe, Jr., asked logically. But Randolph ignored his older, wiser brother

ignored his older, wiser brother.
Suddenly Irma realized Randolph was lying. The books said he would; they called it "overactive imagination". He must be dealt with quickly, before he got completely out of hand.

"I'll have to tell him now about things," Irma said to Joe with considerable inspiration. Joe nodded wordlessly.

She led Randolph into the living room and sat down with him. "Son," she said, "you were dreaming last night when you thought you saw Santa Claus. Actually there is no Santa Claus. He is only someone invented to make little boys happy and now that you're older you'll have to learn that it just isn't true—about a Santa Claus, I mean..." Her voice trailed off into silence

trailed off into silence.
"I seen him," Randolph said, unshaken.

Irma rose and went to the window. Drastic action had to be taken. It was clear that this thing was now

a fixation with the boy. It could be serious.

During the night a light snow had fallen and it lay unbroken over the lawn and sidewalks. Irma whirled around to Joe. "Joe, go and get the step ladder. Put it against the house. Then take him up and show him the undisturbed snow on the roof. Explain to him that since there are no sleigh marks, and no reindeer hoof prints, there could not have been a Santa Claus. I just hope to heaven it works."

Joe and Joe, Jr., looked at Irma admiringly. She was terrific. Joe pulled on his electrically heated jacket and boots and went to the garage. He put the ladder against the house and hoisted Randolph to his shoulder. Randolph said, "Whee."

Each step Joe took up the ladder made Randolph squeal with delight. "Let's do this a lot of times, Daddy. This is fun" he said

This is fun," he said.

Joe cursed under his breath. He had turned the battery up too far and his back was burning up.

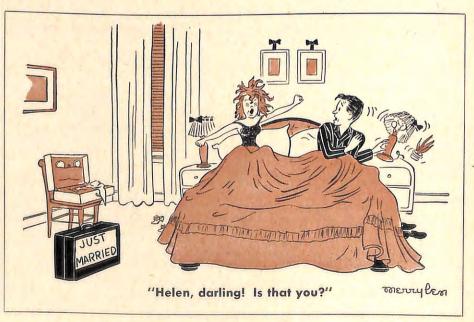
Even though he knew it was for the best, Joe didn't like this job. He braced himself mentally for Randolph's scream of sorrow when he discovered the truth. It was pretty cruel to do this to such a young kid. Your own son, too.

He got to the eaves, balanced on the ladder and peered at the snowcovered roof.

Two narrow ruts ran the length of the roof. Tiny holes in the snow made an irregular pattern where the reindeer had stamped through the crust. The large tracks of a man led to and from the chimney.

Randolph was crowing and waving his small arms about, nearly upsetting Joe. "See?" he said, "I told you he was here. And I seen him, too."

Joe didn't speak. He couldn't.



In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 16)

mitted, ranging from white through silver, tan, brown, chocolate and black. No parti-colors are permitted and it is doubtful that you'll see such coloring, since breeders natural-

ly do not favor it.

The toy Poodle's ancestry is somewhat clouded by the fact that some libelous souls claim there is a streak of the Maltese 'way back somewhere. There is also a suspicion that the little fellow's ancestry got tangled up with a Spaniel strain. The great German artist, Durer, depicted the toy Poodle in some of his most important drawings. This breed has long been the favorite of royalty; Queen Anne of England fell in love with the toy Poodle when she first saw it in 1700 or thereabouts. She later had several of them scampering around the hallways. Louis XVI of France also made them his pampered favorites. They make fine pets and are intelligent and easily trained. Even though the giant, or standard, Poodle is a real man's-dog, for some unknown reason the arbiters of the kennel world, the American Kennel Club, insist on putting him in the non-sporting group. This goes for his smaller brother, the miniature, too. The toy Poodle, as indicated by his name, has been relegated to the group officially known as Toy Dogs.

THE d'Artagnan of the toy dog world is undoubtedly the Pomeranian. He is not too scarce, except in small communities, perhaps. saucy little fellow, he gives you the impression that he thinks he's a giant Chow-Chow, which is ridiculous since he weighs only about seven pounds. At the dog shows this breed is sometimes divided by weight, one division being for dogs over seven pounds and the other, under seven. He has one of the most beautiful coats of all dogs and it requires a terrific amount of care. So important is his covering of care. So important is his covering that no less than 25 points are allotted to it among the 100 distributed over every feature. The Pom is a perky little guy, with an extremely alert expression, and when in conditions and his cover h tion, and his coat covers his forequarters, he has a lime-like appearance. Clean and easily trained, he makes a charming pet, which naturally makes him quite popular.

His origin is Pomerania, a province of Germany, and his family includes the giant White Spitz, reputed to have been bred from Iceland and Lapland sled dogs. Besides making a fine pet, the Pomeranian is fine as a watch dog as he has an unusually keen sense of hearing and is bold beyond his size. The ears are small and erect, somewhat like those of a fox. The nose should be black except for those specimens which are self-colored, such as the blues and browns. The standard provides a bewildering variety of color—black, brown, chocolate, red, orange, cream,



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OW, customers, since sneaking back and forth across the border between France and Germany, I'd like you to meet the Cheesehound, as he is facetiously known among some of his breeders. The reason for this appellation is his ancestry, which goes back to an ancient race of French dogs bred principally in the province of Brie, which is perhaps more famous for the cheeses it produces. The dog's official name is Chien Berger de Brie, which is quite a handle. This is a splendid animal and if I didn't have a pocket-handker-chief back yard, I'd like to have a couple of them running around, but this isn't possible as they are giant-sized, ranging from 22 to 27 inches at the shoulder. They are very shaggy and, particularly around the head, the hair is long and rough. Like all the big dogs, they are very gentle and have the most expressive eyes and faces I have ever seen. Easy to handle, intelligent and docile, they are tough citizens for anyone molesting their masters or their masters' property. They have also proved their worth in herding cattle and sheep; no better farm dog exists. He is powerful and rugged, with suffi-cient endurance to work for hours on end. He isn't as quick to learn as

some of the other breeds, but when he does understand what he should do, his memory is limitless. He seems to enjoy his lessons and assumes responsibility quite readily. Many of them were used by the French in their brawls with other nations, and in this they gave valiant service as sentries and messengers as well. The French police have often found them useful. (Odd, isn't it, that more American police do not recognize the value of dogs in police work.) The Cheesehound is a quiet dog and never sounds off without reason. It is neither quarrelsome nor jealous and is an ideal companion and guardian for children. Its affection is deep and its loyalty is usually given to one person.

In France, the ears are cropped, which is said to prevent canker of the ear, but normally the ear droops a bit, which adds to the dog's personality. He has a long tail which is carried low and is profusely feathered. As for color, anything goes, except solid white; the usual colors are black. black with some white, dark and light gray, tawny or combinations of two of these colors. The odd characteristic of the dog is that two dew-claws are required on each hindleg. Should Mr. Cheesehound have only one, he's out of the running. Why the dewclaws is a mystery because among showmen this is considered a handicap for a dog which is expected to get out and work for his biscuits.

(Next month, more of the French breeds before touring the rest of the Continent.)



"Any trouble up there, Albert?"

Elk Newsletter

(Continued from page 4)

If you have had more money in your pockets recently—even if only temporarily—you have not been the only American feeling flush. The Office of Business Economics reports that personal income for the first eight months of 1947 was at an annual rate of \$192.4 billion, 11 per cent above the comparable 1946 period and almost 9 per cent above the full—year total of \$177.2 billion in the same year. Corporations are doing nicely, too. Publicly reported cash dividend payments by United States corporations are put at \$559,300,000 in September, over a fifth more than the figure for the same month last year.

If, too, you are finding, like Will Rogers, that the only way your money talks is to say "Goodbye", don't feel you are alone in this respect, either. Government reports show that private indebtedness increased by \$8 billion from 1945 to 1946 and the official expectation is that private indebtedness will continue to grow throughout the balance of this year.

Highway officials looking forward to this year's snows-and incidentally all American motorists in northern latitudes -- will be interested in new theories of snow removal which have come out of Germany. Snow research on the German Highway System, it is reported here, has revealed that 50 per cent of the work input of snowplows is lost in compacting the snow. As a result, comprehensive tests, conducted by German highway engineer Karl Croce, have developed a new and more efficient method of snow removal. A blade is first used to clear a narrow Then a rotary plough is employed to lift the compacted snow and throw it to one side. During long winters, this German engineer recommends a towed roller for compacting old snow to make roads fit for traffic. Complete removal is held to be economic only where winters are short.

Support for Federal adoption of the community property device now comes from a new quarter. Secretary of Commerce W. Averell Harriman's Small Business Advisory Committee has joined the ranks of those recommending its nation-wide adoption in order to equalize the application of income tax rates on all taxpayers regardless of residence. The committee also is pressing for a reduction of duplicate taxation on corporate incomes and for an amendment to the Internal Revenue Code to provide for a \$25,000 exemption on undistributed earnings. The object, of course, is to permit small businesses to put aside for rainy weather.

Pressing forward with its plan to develop a truly career service, the U. S. Army is preparing to ask Congress for sweeping changes in its warrant officer set-up. The goal is to open up more opportunities in the higher echelons, thus permitting youths who enlist as privates to advance progressively to ranks equivalent to major in specially-selected career fields.



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What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 23)

they had the whole of the Great American Desert to roam and hunt in, engaged in literal cut-throat competition and only occasionally ceased in their efforts to rub each other out to make common cause against the unlucky Indians who came across their paths. Most Americans today must have a latent bad conscience about the treatment our ancestors meted out to the Indian. Here is full documentation on what the white man was up to in the early days of the West: the "Mountain Men", as the trappers were called, caused about as much moral and physical devastation among the Indians, from debauchery to plain murder, as any comparatively sized group in our history. It doesn't make for a pretty story, but it's an authentic one.

Mr. de Voto based his narrative on

dozens of diaries and personal accounts of the trappers and scouts who first pushed beyond the Missouri in search of wealth. But his is no mere rewrite job; he has done an astounding amount of research without letting any library dust settle on his pages. The book is superbly illustrated, mainly by reproductions of sketches made on the Trail in the late 1830's by a very talented, though largely unknown, artist named Alfred Jacob Miller. These lively, wonderfully drawn scenes of Indian camp life, portraits of famous chieftains done from life, and pictures of the bearded trappers at work and at what they called play are the best sketches of frontier life in America I've ever seen. They alone would make the book worth its rather stiff price. (Houghton, Mifflin, \$10)

Vacations Unlimited

(Continued from page 17)

As the East Coast visitor moves into Florida he reaches St. Augustine, which requires a stay of at least two days, if the principal points of interest are to be visited in com-fort. As everybody knows, it is Florida's historic city, as well as the oldest in the United States. Although it dates from 1565, little remains in the city that stood before 1650. Juan Ponce de Leon, in his quest for the Fountain of Youth, landed at St. Augustine on Easter Sunday, April 3, 1513, claiming Flor-ida for Spain; but it remained for Pedro Menendez de Avila, who sailed from Cadiz, Spain, in 1565, to make the first settlement. It was an ambitious undertaking at that time.

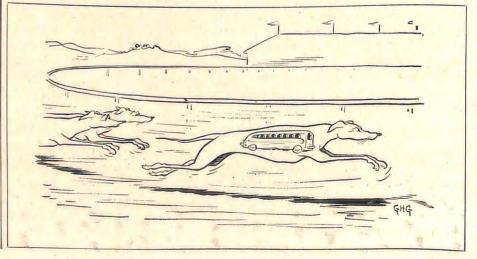
The old city, which occupies the peninsula between the Matanzas and San Sebastian Rivers, is the major attraction for tourists. Here, with water on three sides, is the Plaza de la Constitucion and the many narrow streets bordered by ancient Spanish houses with overhanging balconies, grilled windows, walled patios and

old-world gardens. Treasury Street is only six feet wide on one block. Aviles Street is where the art colony has its headquarters. At 14 St. Francis Street is what is believed to be the oldest house still standing in the United States. It is made of imperishable coquina, the material used for the construction of forts (seashell mortar). The house is believed to have been built by Franciscans sometime before 1599. There are beams of handhewn cedar, and narrow, winding stairways. In its garden is a famous wishing-well.

In the Plaza de la Constitucion

stands the monument erected by the Spaniards in 1813 to commemorate the granting of a constitution by the King of Spain. Other points of interest are the Old Slave Market, first established as a general market in 1598; the old Spanish Treasury, the Oldest Wooden Schoolhouse (1778) and many other 18th Century buildings, most of them original.

St. Augustine, which has the oldest residence in this country, also has its



oldest completed fort. Fort Marion, now administered as a national monument, and reached by a drive along the Sea Wall to the commanding position it occupies overlooking Matanzas Bay, carries the name of Revolutionary General Francis Marion. It was originally Castillo de San Marcos, later becoming Fort St. Marks during the English occupation. Begun in 1672, it was not completed until 1756. Often ceded, it was never captured, and in 1740 withstood an unsuccessful 38-day siege by General James Oglethorpe. Fort Marion's walls are built in the style usual at the time, with four bastions of the type favored by Spanish and Italian engineers. The walls range from nine to 16 feet in thickness and are surrounded by a 40-foot moat crossed only by a drawbridge. The interior living quarters, powder magazine and dungeons are well preserved. From the top of the Fort one obtains an excellent view of the old city gates of St. Augustine and of the quaint streets.

Some fifty-five miles south of the ancient city is the thriving resort center of Daytona Beach, which was a struggling, inaccessible town of 200 when Flagler first visited St. Augustine. With its position between the Atlantic Ocean and the (salt) Halifax River, which is crossed by four free bridges, Daytona enjoys a large winter population. It has a great number of good automobile mechanics and is an excellent place to head for when one's car is in trouble. The famous beach. extending between Daytona and Ormond, a distance of 23 miles, is at least 500 feet wide at low tide. It is the place where anybody can find out just how fast his automobile will go. Signs indicate the limits of safe driving and woe befalls the driver who overshoots north of Ormond and gets bogged down in soft sand.

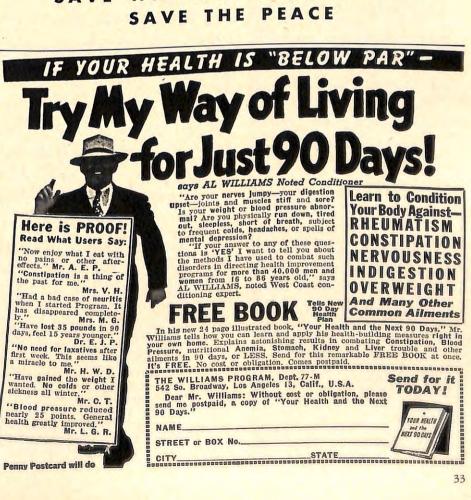
For the man who has not put his car through its paces at Daytona, the thing to do is to drive carefully down a ramp from one of the Daytona streets to the beach and then drive at normal speed over the course, noting such things as thankyou-marms. On one of his trips to Daytona Beach this writer did not follow this excellent advice and hit one of those things at 75 miles an hour, denting his head against the ceiling and coming down (fortunately with all four wheels pointed straight ahead) about twenty feet from where he took off. The ex-

perience was unpleasant.

It is a little more than 300 miles from St. Augustine to Miami where the visitor may choose to continue down the ocean highway to Key West, or take the Tamiami Trail to the West Coast. From St. Augustine to Stuart, where tropical Florida really begins, is some 200 miles. Stuart, on the St. Lucie River, and the terminus of the Cross State Canal to Fort Myers on the Gulf, is the place to go fishing. Guides are avail-



SAVE WHEAT . . . SAVE MEAT SAVE THE PEACE



able for Indian River fishing throughout the year and the big fish of the Gulf Stream are less than ten miles offshore.

Those who like the more sophisticated pleasures of a big city in a land of warm sunshine will stay at Miami; those who prefer the more picturesque will cross Florida by the Tamiami Trail, which is paralleled by a canal in which the baby tarpon and snook fishing is good. This is an experience never to be forgotten, if one uses a trout rod. For about 75 miles after leaving Miami, the Trail is one of the straightest sections of highway in the country and a place where mirages often deceive the motorist. Wildlife in this section of the Everglades country is abundant. At Carnestown there is a junction with a north and south highway. Carnestown is a theoretical place, since there is no town, only a bridge labeled No. 76.

Southward four miles is the city of Everglades with its magnificent royal palms. Everglades is the center of fishing activities in the Ten Thousand Islands, where there are tarpon, particularly in the hot months, that average 100 pounds each. There also are dense swarms of mosquitoes which cannot fly faster than three miles an hour and are easily outrun by motor boats. Motor boat enthusiasts will be horrified by the manner in which guides in the Islands crash onto submerged mudbanks and, instead of backing off, put on full power and go over them. Needless to say, propellers wear out quickly.

Along the Trail are several Seminole Indian encampments, or villages, where the descendants of Oceola (who was imprisoned at Fort Marion after the Second Seminole War) deck themselves out in gay raiment that is usually very dirty. The Seminoles solicit tourists to buy their wares, inspect their huts or watch them swim or bathe (there is little of the last-named perform-The Seminoles appear to ance). know only one word of English and that is "money". For every inspection, every photograph taken and every trick performed there is a re-current cry of "money"! Although most of the Seminoles know English, their leaders do not encourage its use, particularly by the Seminole women, who appear to visitors to be mute. The tribe, most of which was removed to Oklahoma more than a hundred years ago after one of the most costly wars this country has ever had (comparatively speaking), never has recognized the jurisdiction of the United States. It declared war on the Axis nations as an independent ally.

The northbound highway from Everglade City takes the motorist to Lake Okeechobee, the largest

fresh-water lake wholly within any one State. It is almost circular and about 31 miles wide. Maximum elevation is 15 feet above sea level and depth averages 15 feet, although there are many shallows that are a paradise for wading birds. The canal from Stuart crosses a portion of the lake. In most of the Florida fresh-water lakes there is good fishing, particularly for small-mouth bass, and Okeechobee is no exception.

At Naples the cross-Florida-road swings north along the Gulf, giving access to the thriving cities of Fort Myers, Sarasota, Tampa, St. Petersburg and its satellite winter resort towns. Boca Grande, a celebrated West Coast tarpon fishing resort, is on an island near Placida, from

which there is a ferry.

Florida visitors are encouraged to be in Tampa during the Florida State Fair, usually held at the end of January, when the gay Gasparilla Carnival reenacts the arrival of the dashing pirate of that name who roamed the seas and brought his treasure to what is now Tampa. Tampa also pridefully remembers de Narvaez, who arrived with four ships and the first white men in 1528. De Sota (de Soto) started from Tampa Bay for the long trip that took him to the Mississippi.

There will be room for almost everybody in Florida this winter, but it will still be a good idea to play safe by making advance reservations.

Economy in Government

(Continued from page 7)

Red tape and overhead are not the only extra-added costs to government spending—especially when it is deficit spending. In all those years of spending more than we had, in peace and war, we piled up a national debt of 258 billion dollars, which today is costing 5 billion dollars a year in interest alone. That puts the first \$35 on everybody's tax bill. Payment of the interest involves the government's integrity, and it cannot be cut until the debt is reduced.

There is one other item which is virtually irreducible, and that is refunds of taxes collected in excess of amounts due. This runs to more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ billion dollars a year. These excessive collections are largely the result of the withholding system. Some social security payments and other expenditures, more or less in the nature of trust obligations, also are in the untouchable category. All of these, including the interest payments, total about 10 billion dollars, or a little more than a fourth of the entire federal budget.

Neither national defense nor the Veterans Administration should be overlooked. Every other item of expenditure should be scrutinized for proper reduction. If functions cannot be curtailed, economy can almost certainly be applied to administration.

National defense is a 10½-billiondollar item, and no one would do anything to impair our military security, but the war department still is employing one civilian for every two men in uniform. It is equally difficult to understand the budget estimate that the peacetime per man cost of uniformed personnel is nearly 98 per cent of the per man cost in the re-cent war. The per capita cost is now placed at \$6,790. In war time it was \$6,960. The difference is less than 50 cents a day.

HE budget figure for veterans' affairs is $7\frac{1}{2}$ billion dollars a year. No one would deprive the veterans of their benefits and services, but there is an employee in the Veterans Administration for every 70 veterans of all wars. These employees total more than 200 thousand. Veterans themselves have possessions. They pay taxes. They have all the responsibility of citizenship. They stand to gain as much as others through more efficient administration and service.

The items mentioned constitute about seven-eighths of the government in terms of ordinary federal budget expenditures. It is probably that the percentage of reduction should be greatest in the remaining eighth.

Congress, in the past session, made some cuts, but they were little more than a token reduction. They must be deepened and broadened in the next session.

There are still two million civilian employees on the federal payroll. That is twice the number employed in the pre-war emergency year 1939. It is more than twice the total membership of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

The government still operates its federal activities through more than a thousand agencies, many of which duplicate effort and overlap authority such as the score of agencies in

the field of housing.

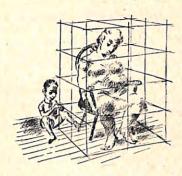
The federal government is still paying out on the average of three and a third billion dollars a year in domestic subsidies and grants, all of which are accompanied by federal control over all who accept them, whether they are state and local governments, or individuals including

businessmen, farmers, etc.

We fought the recent war at tremendous personal sacrifice for freedom under democratic government. Public frugality and private industriousness are the requirements we have overlooked in two years of effort to consolidate the peace. Without these there may be uneasy peace. but not contentment.

Gadget and Gimmick Department

(Continued from page 19)



F JUNIOR is at the "I wanna be a construction engn'r" stage, here is a toy he'll like. If you yourself are a frustrated construction engineer, you will probably snatch this set away from Junior and utilize it your-self. It is, as might be divined, a construction set. It is made of alu-minum rods, spring steel clips and painted wooden wheels. You can build a model Empire State Building or anything else you have always longed to construct. One beauty of this set is that it requires no bolts. nuts or tools of any kind for putting it together.



ALL this business about AM and FM in radios is confusing. It goes on all the time: Buy FM! Stick to AM! Just like that. Many modern receivers can be found that will take care of either type of modula-

tion. But in case you have an old set and don't want to pay the money for another newer model, here's some help for you. A company has offered for sale a frequency-modulation converter that will give you the famous "static-free reception" enjoyed by FM listeners by attaching it to your AM set. This will permit you unlimited pleasure in receiving singing commercials without any interfering static. Then perhaps you'll be able to figure out some of the words in the commercials, if you care to.



OW that television is here for better or worse we may as well try to get used to it. It won't be easy. Can you imagine actually seeing some of the commercials you can only hear at the moment? Teeth being brushed visually as well as audibly will be a sight to behold, I'm sure. Then there are all those distorted, submerged voices that surge in and out of commercials recommending some product or other. I wonder what the people with those voices look like. If their voices fit their appearance, many shocking surprises will be in store for the television audiences. To reduce these horrors to the minimum hore in a horrors to the minimum, here is a small television set, a table model. The set will fit comfortably on any average end table and it has a 52square-inch viewing screen. If you can't stand even that, you can go in the other room.

FAME IN A NAME

By Fairfax Downey

Vengeance of the Gods

Even a king defied the old gods who dwelt on Mount Olympus at his peril. The acts of this par-ticular Greek ruler incurred their utmost wrath. Not only did he steal nectar and ambrosia from heaven, but he served the deities a banquet of which the main course was a stew made out of his own son.

Enraged, the gods devised a terrible punishment. For all eternity the king was doomed to stand up to his neck in a pool of fresh, cold water in Hades. When he

grew thirsty and bent his head to drink, the water instantly receded, leaving him standing in a dry pit. Just above his head swayed a bunch of grapes and other luscious fruits, but when his hungar draws kim to reach his hunger drove him to reach for them, a gust of wind always

whirled them beyond his grasp.
Yet King Tantalus does not
hunger or thirst for fame. His name lives in the word, describing the nature of his punishment. In spite of themselves, the gods immortalized him by tantalizing him.

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It's a Man's World

(Continued from page 12)

department store shopping. That is all right—what's machinery for but to save labor? Inevitably, though, a man's regard for a handkerchief woven by some mechanical intricacy is different from his response to one produced by the loving fingers of his devoted sweetie. He regards it more impersonally somehow, and it arouses him emotionally to an insubstantial

As a solution to this modern problem we are now offered quantity. In the American tradition the reasoning goes something like this: if today's handkerchief develops but one degree of emotion, then a pair of pajamas, a shirt, shorts, sox and tiealong with the handkerchief-should develop a warm five degrees. The result is a Christmas flood of wearing apparel that men either (1) already have in surplus, or (2) would be happier to purchase for them-selves. As a substitute for sentiment quantity is less than one hundred per cent effective.

The answer lies in selectivity. Intellect is the accepted substitute for

Imagination is a splendid substitute for intellect. If only the women folk would use a little more of both when they set forth to empty the family purse.

It isn't likely that Einstein would rate the following as worthy results of intellectual cogitation. But with the wild hope that some good and knowing women may read this before it's too late—and in the firm conviction that I owe it to my fellows-I offer these as mental teething rings for the lady folk which may, with Allah's help, stimulate some resourceful, imaginative Christmas-gift-thinking. Anyhow here's what some men say they want:

Smoked turkey: Buy an entire bird which will easily last the average family, for constant nibbling and a couple of parties, through New Years. It comes in large and small jars, too, shredded or paté—which will last indefinitely or until once tasted, \$1.75 to \$2.00 a pound. A bottle of good, dry wine is a splendid companion gift.

Writing paper: Every time a friend of mine wants to write a letter at home all he can find is his daughter's school notebook, an empty paper bag, or his wife's flossy pink stuff which isn't as big as a folded tea napkin. He wants some letterheads of manly (baronial) size with his name or address, or both, printed thereon in a type face that won't immediately be identified with a tea shoppe.

Permanent Date Book: It is simply a biological fault that men can't remember anniversary or birth dates and such trivia as niece Ellen's sweater size. A small memo book which will serve as a permanent repository for such data saves embarrassment and makes a man feel like a very jolly fellow, what with being thanked all the time for his remembrances

Big Ash Trays: Ash trays have shrunk during the past couple of decades by about 500 per cent. Time a man had a few around the house that would hold some ashes.

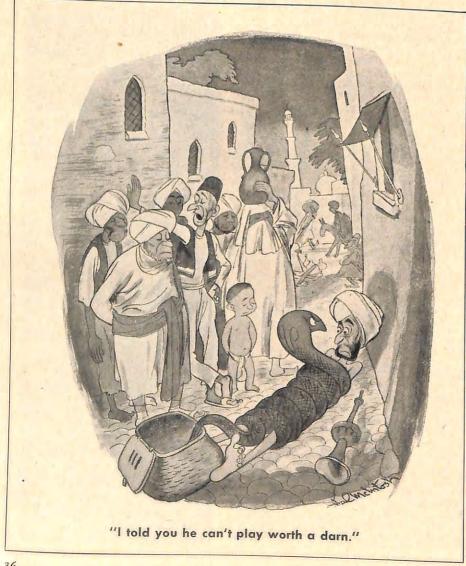
Books: The answer to this is not that he has one. How about an Encyclopedia Britannica—every family should have one. Or a "Gentlemen's Companion" which describes high living in two volumes. Or a book club membership, or maybe a year of Fortune Magazine, the Big Executive's Bible, but which anyone can read because it has pictures.

Maple Syrup: I mean real Vermont maple syrup. They ship it in gallon cans and there is little resemblance to the store-boughten stuff that sogs down most pancakes and waffles. About \$8 a gallon.

Cheese: There is still time to order a box of assorted Wisconsin cheeses at 'most any price over \$3. And if you locate some of the beguiling Ca-nadian Oka, he will eat it till he

Clothes: If you just have to get him something to wear, how about something he can get out of doors in —like an Army Air Forces B-15 Bomber jacket with fur collar and zipper front at around \$13? If he goes for salt water, a Navy pea jacket will do the same job at the same price. At \$10 there is an Army mackinaw—but no fur collar. Tops in this group, though, is the new AAF A-2 jacket made of top grain cowhide with a silk lining and zippered front. These were so popular as war surplus that they are now made commercially on AAF patterns and sell for around \$20.

That's all. Now you can sit back and wonder what you'll do with the aquamarine dressing gown or smoking jacket that will be your big surprise come Christmas.



News of the Order



Above: Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis directs our attention to the "Freedom Train" which he visited during its stay in New York City. Below is part of the crowd of Elks from various Massachusetts lodges, who welcomed the Train to Boston. Among them were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Edward A. Spry of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, and D.D. Harry A. McGrath.



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News of the State Associations

Editorial

ACTIVITIES SPONSORED BY THE ELKS NATIONAL

VETERANS SERVICE COMMISSION

WAR DEPARTMENT THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

September 11, 1947

Judge James T. Hallinan, Chairman Elks National Veterans Service Commission Room 606 292 Madison Avenue New York, New York

My dear Mr. Hallinan:

It has been my pleasure to examine the very impressive record book of newspaper clippings, describing the many activities in which your lodges have cooperated with our recruiting efforts in virtually every state and county of the nation.

We in the War Department want to express our deep appreciation for the cooperation of your organization, given jointly by the Elks National Veterans Service Commission, your national magazine, your several hundred local lodges, and by many others.

The continued cooperation of large national organizations such as yours has played a most important role in helping to create the public understanding necessary to carry on our difficult task of maintaining an adequate Army to safeguard world peace.

Sincerely,

ST. CLAIR STREETT

Major General, United States Army Chief, Military Personnel Procurement

Service Division



1. SAN JOSE, CALIF.

Here are the Memory Post Band, transportation buses, veterans, ladies of the Red Cross and members of San Jose, Calif., Lodge, pictured as they were about to start on a day of enter-tainment, dancing, swimming and games at Fortini's Park, for 50 pa-tients of the Palo Alto VA Hospital.

One of the five wards of veterans who were entertained in a program pre-sented monthly by the Arizona State Elks Association in cooperation with the Elks National Veterans Service Commission and Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge.

A hillbilly singer entertains veterans through a program arranged by the Missouri State Elks Assn.

Some of the 400 veterans at the Elks party held at the Pratt VA Hospital when members of Coral Gables, Fla., Lodge were on hand to assist the Florida Hospital Committee in making this an outstanding event.

Convalescent servicemen watch a performer at a show in Jacksonville sponsored by the Illinois State Elks Assn.

A jeweler's work bench is presented to Ray Davis, a veteran injured on the Rhine in Germany, at the California State Elks Assn. Convention, by the Association's Veterans Service. by the Association's Veterans Service
Committee. Mr. Davis is learning
the watchmaker's trade under the
tutelage of Ralph Scott of Ontario
Lodge. Left to right are retiring
State Pres. R. Leonard Bush; Chairman Robert N. Traver of the Calif.
Veterans Service Commission; Robert Veterans Service Commission; Robert S. Redington; Stephan A. Compas; Fred B. Mellmann, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; State Pres.-Elect Earl J. Williams; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon; Howard B. Kirtland; M. R. Standish; Horace S. Williamson; Lt. Rosenthal, USN; Horace R. Wisely; Newton M. Todd, and, in the foreground, Mr. Davis. Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight F. Eugene Dayton and State Chaplain Rev. David Todd Tillmor also took part in the presentation. Most of the men mentioned above are Past Presidents mentioned above are Past Presidents of the Calif. State Elks Assn.

These blind veterans were enter-tained at the home of Las Vegas, Nev., Lodge during the National Convention of the Disabled American Veterans.



2. ARIZONA ELKS

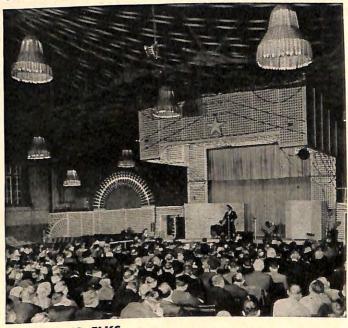




6. CALIFORNIA ELKS



3. MISSOURI ELKS



5. ILLINOIS ELKS



7. LAS VEGAS, NEV.

FOUNDATION SCHOLARSHIP PRESENTATIONS

7

Left to right: Representing Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge are E.R. R. Thurl Brooks, Secy. Adam Martin, scholarship winner Kenneth Koon and E.W. Krause, pictured when Mr. Koon received his \$300 scholarship check.

2

E.R. A. E. Copeland hands Miss Pura Norma Suarez a three-hundred-dollar check from the Elks National Foundation and a diploma from San Juan, P. R., Lodge, as her reward in winning the most recent Scholarship Contest.

3

The Most Valuable Student Scholarship award of \$200 is presented to Miss Rosalyn Reeder as officers of St. Paul, Minn., Lodge look on. Left to right are Treas. Roy Johnston, Esq. Geo. MacCarthy, Secy. Jesse F. Bissonnette, Tiler Edwin Beyers, Miss Reeder, Chaplain Gunnard Johnson, Exalted Ruler George W. Donnay, Inner Guard Ed. Schliesing and Est. Lect. Knight Herman Pranke.

4

Elk and school officials look on as P.D.D.
R. C. Dobson, P.E.R. of Minot, No. Dak.,
Lodge, presents a scholarship award to
Brian Briggs who won the State Contest
and placed ninth in the National Contest.

5

E.R. Parker Kerby presents Great Neck, N. Y., Lodge's scholarship award of \$500 to Joseph Feminella who will use the money for his medical education.

6

Howard W. Smith accepts his \$300 Elks National Foundation scholarship from Brattleboro, Vt., Elk officials. Left to right are E.R. Harvey G. Foote, High School Principal Joseph A. Wiggin, Chairman of the State Board of Education John S. Hooper and Mr. Smith.

7

P.E.R. Judge J. Van Nostrand of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge presents a check to Ray Murdock, winner of the lodge's annual scholarship award, as E.R. George Baader looks on approvingly.













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THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S VISITS

SHORTLY after his election as Grand Exalted Ruler—on August 9th to be exact—L. A. Lewis visited MONROVIA, CALIF., LODGE, NO. 1427, to take part in the dedication of the lodge's new patio. A barbecue steak dinner was served to an overflow attendance of 1,000 Elks, among whom were Pres. R. Leonard Bush of the California State Elks Assn. and Sheriff E. W. Biscailuz of Los Angeles County, a member of Santa Monica Lodge.

Mr. Lewis stopped at the home of MANKATO, MINN., LODGE, NO. 225, on Sept. 6th, when a large delegation of both local and out-of-town Elks turned out to welcome him. Over 200 attended the banquet held in his honor, at which the Mankato Elks presented a beautiful traveling bag to the Order's leader. Shortly after his arrival, Mr. Lewis held a brief conference with Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the ten lodges in the Minnesota South District. Representing Minneapolis Lodge were Grand Tiler Emory Hughes, State Assn. Secy. Stanley P. Andersch and several other prominent members including State Pres. Dr. L. C. Brusletten and D.D. Joseph L. Becker.

RAVELING approximately 600 miles from noon Sept. 15th to noon Sept. 17th, Mr. Lewis made overnight visits to two Maine lodges, paid courtesy calls on six others and contacted dignitaries from each of the 14 lodges in the State. He was greeted by nearly 900 members of the Order and their ladies during his brief visit, none of whom will forget his urgent message to the Order. BANGOR, OLD TOWN, HOULTON and RUMFORD LODGES were visited for the first time in their history by an active Grand Exalted Ruler. He spoke at length at the night meetings at ROCKLAND, and HOUL-TON, and more briefly at other lodges, he touched on his many plans for the year.

The distinguished party was welcomed at all towns and cities by local or State Police escort, and large groups of Elks and ladies who made things pleasant for the women members of the delegation. Included in the party were Mrs. Lewis, Past Grand Exalted Rulers E. Mark Sullivan and John F. Malley, Mrs. Malley, Edward A. Spry, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, and Past Grand Treasurer John F. Burke, all of Massachusetts. These persons left Boston, Mass., on Monday morning, Sept. 15th, after visits which included a stop at NORTH ADAMS LODGE



Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis, third from left, pays a visit to a group of Elks at one of the tables during the dinner held in his honor in Elizabeth, N.J., Lodge's auditorium by the lodges of the New Jersey Central District in September.



Past Exalted Ruler Mayor William J. Jernick, right, presents the "Key to the City" to L. A. Lewis during his visit to Nutley, N.J., Lodge to help celebrate its Thirty-fifth Anniversary. E.R. Emil P. Barbata is shown, center.

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S VISITS

NO. 487 when a lobster supper was served at the lodge home. Later, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Malley and Mr. Sullivan spoke briefly to the 250 Elks in attendance. The party then left for PITTSFIELD and spent the evening there. En route to Pittsfield a visit was made at the home of ADAMS LODGE, with a stop-over made at the beautiful Elks Memorial on the Mohawk Trail.

Arriving at Portsmouth, N. H., they were greeted by prominent State Elks at the home of PORTSMOUTH LODGE NO. 97, as well as by the Maine group which was to accompany the Grand Exalted Ruler's party during the visit to that State. This delegation included Past Grand Est. Lect. Knight Daniel E. Crowley, D.D.'s Robert E. Brewer and James E. Mulvaney, State Pres. Edward J. McMann and Pres. C. Dwight Stevens of the Maine P.E.R.'s Assn. Mrs. Mary Dondero, Mayor of Portsmouth, extended the greetings of her city when about 100 Elks and their ladies met in the lodge room following a delightful luncheon in the grill room of the home. Mr. Lewis received an ashtray made by those Elks employed at the Kittery, Me., Naval Station, and Mrs. Lewis received an illustrated book on New England.

Other Elk officials to welcome the party were Past Grand Inner Guard Charles T. Durell, Pres. Leo E. White of the N. H. State Elks Assn., P.D.D.'s John J. Horan and Ralph G. McCarthy, Past State Trustee Carlton Newton, E.R. Clayton Osborn, and a women's group headed by Mrs. John Thompson, president of the Portsmouth Emblem Club. A quick trip to Biddeford, the first Maine stop, found about 50 Elks and their wives awaiting the visitors. This group included many officials, such as E.R. David Shaw of Biddeford Lodge, State Vice-Pres. Leon Jones, P.D.D.'s Arthur J. Lesieur and John McComb, Jr., E.R. Harry A. Mapes and Secy. Raymond F. Reando of Sanford Lodge and the Association. Some fine Pepperell blankets manufactured locally were given to the Lewises by the members of BIDDEFORD-SACO LODGE NO. 1597, and SANFORD LODGE NO. 1470 presented to their visitors a handsome rug with the Elks' Emblem woven into it.

E.R. Herbert E. Curry headed the gathering of nearly 150 at the home of PORTLAND, ME., LODGE, NO. 188, where a fine luncheon was served and the Grand Exalted Ruler received an oil painting of a winter scene at the famous Portland Headlight at the entrance to the Harbor. This particular group included all lodge officers and Secy.-Treas. Edward R. Twomey of the Maine Elks Assn. Because of the warm weather and slow laundry service, the Grand Exalted Ruler had run low on shirts.

When the Maine Elks found this out they made a phone call to Portland, and in no time at all a large box of his favorite brand of shirt was presented to Mr. Lewis as a gift of the Maine Elks Assn.

Mayor Donald Small, P.D.D. John P. Carey and E.R. Brian M. Jewett were in the welcoming group of about 150 at the home of BATH, ME., LODGE, NO. 934, when the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived there for a luncheon session. Many gifts were received by the distinguished visitor, including a picture of the destroyer USS Knox, built at the shipyard of the Bath Iron Works Corp., and a fine Bates bedspread, manufactured in Lewiston and a gift of the members of that lodge. Elks in this group also included several officials from Bath and a large delegation of officers and members of LEWISTON LODGE NO. 371 headed by P.E.R. Donald A. Ouellette and P.E.R. Frank H. Goodwin of Melrose, Mass., Lodge, former chaplain of the Mass. State Elks Assn.

Though they were two hours late in arriving in Rockland, Mr. Lewis and his party were gratified to find that nearly 200 Elks and guests had awaited dinner for them at the Thorndike Hotel. Among those present were several Past District Deputies, officials of ROCKLAND, ME., LODGE, NO. 1008, and State Assn. Vice-Pres. M. J. McGrail. P.E.R. Gilford B. Butler, Toastmaster, presented a handsome robe to Mr. Lewis, who addressed the gathering as did Past Grand Exalted Rulers Malley and Sullivan. Judge E. W. Pike, P.E.R. of the host lodge, spoke for the Rockland group. A dance followed the dinner.

The trip to Bangor on Tuesday morning was made in the rain, which didn't dampen the reception given by about 50 members at the home of BANGOR, ME., LODGE, NO. 244, when many civic and Elk dignitaries from Bangor and Houlton were on hand. These included E.R. Manuel Brickel, P.D.D. Roland E. Lancaster, Charles Skeehan, Chairman of the City Council, and a large delegation from Houlton led by E.R. Thomas C. Vose and P.D.D. Dr. P. L. B. Ebbett. Both the Grand Exalted Ruler and his wife received handsome moccasins on this occasion. Immediately after luncheon, the party headed for Houlton, making a brief stop at OLD TOWN, ME., LODGE, NO. 1287. A welcoming committee of about 25 Elks greeted the Order's leader there, including E.R. John Nahra and P.D.D. Alexander J. Latno. Mr. Lewis received a box of his favorite cigars during the visit.

The caravan of 15 cars was met at the Houlton line by a band and escorted The first four photographs on the opposite page show Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis and members of his official party during his visits to several New England Lodges, as covered in the accompanying report.

The fifth photograph shows some of I,000 Elks who turned out for a barbecue steak dinner served in honor of Mr. Lewis and to celebrate the dedication of Monrovia, Calif., Lodge's beautiful new patio.



1. PORTSMOUTH, N. H.



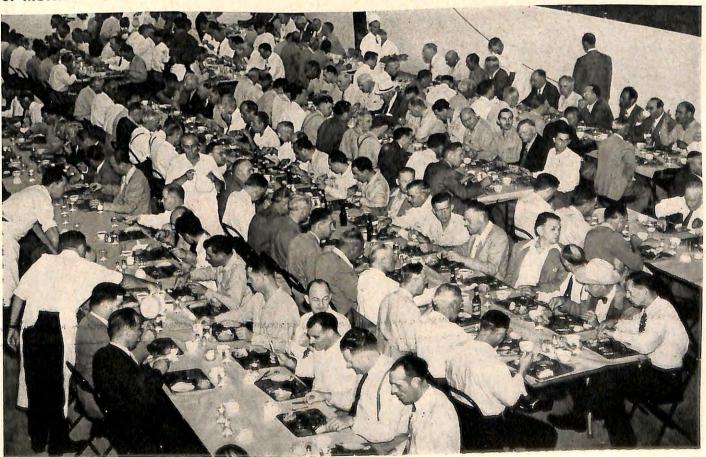
3. MONTPELIER, VT.



2. BATH, ME.



4. ROCKLAND, ME.



5. MONROVIA, CALIF.

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S VISITS

to the home of HOULTON LODGE NO. 835 where about 150 persons greeted the visitors before taking them on to the Hotel Northland for a banquet and overnight stop. James F. Usher, Chaplain of the Maine State Elks Assn., gave the Eleven O'Clock Toast. Prominent among those present was a delegation of 60 members from MILLINOCKET LODGE NO. 1521, and a group from Bangor and Portland, plus Past Grand Inner Guard Fred L. Sylvester of Lewiston. P.D.D. George E. Roach was Toastmaster at the banquet at which 250 were seated. Mr. Lewis was delighted with his gift of a "guaranteed" fishing rod.

The Order's leader and his party arrived by motor in Bangor to be welcomed by John Koris of Rumford Lodge, pilot for the plane trip to RUMFORD for a noon luncheon at the Hotel Harris. About 80 members and ladies greeted the party there. Among them were E.R. Arthur J. Damour and several Past Exalted Rulers, including Philip M. Israelson and the lodge's long-time Secretary, James A. McMennamin. Later in the afternoon, E.R. Maurice Oleson of BERLIN LODGE NO. 618 escorted the delegation to his lodge home for an evening meeting.

HE Grand Exalted Ruler was over the border into Vermont on the 18th when about 100 members heard his forceful address at a special luncheon meeting at ST. JOHNSBURY LODGE NO. 1343, before his afternoon calls to BARRE and MONTPELIER LODGES. That evening a testimonial dinner was held in his honor at the Hotel Vermont by the members of BURLINGTON LODGE NO. 916. Over 200 attended, including Mr. and Mrs. Malley, Past Grand Est. Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers, Past Grand Tiler John Nelson, Past Grand Treas. John F. Burke and D.D. Ronald Cheney. E.R. W. Leslie Horton acted as M.C. at this affair. Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis broadcast a message over Radio Station WJOY during a fifteen-minute evening period.

On Sept. 23rd, the Grand Exalted Ruler was in the Metropolitan district of New York when he made a visit to the handsome home of QUEENS BOROUGH LODGE NO. 878, accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert. This meeting was attended by about 1,000 members. Upon conclusion of the program, Judge Henry G. Wenzel, P.E.R. of No. 878, on behalf of his lodge, presented to Mr. Lewis a beautiful silver service.

SEPT. 24th found L. A. Lewis at the home of ELIZABETH, N. J., LODGE, NO. 289, when the 17 lodges of the N. J. Cent. Dist. sponsored a banquet in his honor. Chairman George L. Hirtzel of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee was Chairman of the Reception Committee which welcomed the delegation at the Hotel Commodore in New York City and escorted the group to Elizabeth where Mr. Lewis was greeted by E.R. Nelson L. Tropp of No. 289, as well as the Exalted Rulers of the other lodges. The Grand Exalted Ruler was accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Ruler George T. Hallinan and Secretary George I. Hall of the Board of Grand Trustees.

PATERSON, N. J., LODGE, NO. 60, gave a royal welcome to the Order's leader on Sept. 25th when he spoke to about 500 members and visitors. Secy. Robert Worsley presented to the Grand Exalted Ruler enough material of the finest silks and crepe manufactured in Paterson to make Mrs. Lewis ten dresses. Another presentation at this meeting occurred when P.E.R. John V. Campana, Chairman of No. 60's Paraplegic Committee, gave P.E.R. Joseph F. Bader of Lyndhurst Lodge, Chairman of the State Paraplegic Committee, \$1,000 toward the \$40,000 being raised in the State. Speakers included Mayor William P. Furrey; Acting Gov. Charles K. Barton; State Pres. Russell H. Williams; D.D.'s Harry H. Smith and James A. Bates; William Frasor, Executive Secretary of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission, and Bert A. Thompson, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee. At the close of the session, a turkey dinner was enjoyed in the grill room.

While the men were enjoying themselves during the latter part of the evening, the wives of the lodge officers entertained Mrs. Lewis at a dinner at Frank Daly's Meadowbrook in Cedar Grove. In New York City a huge bouquet of flowers was given the Grand Exalted Ruler's wife by a committee of Paterson Elks, and on her arrival in that New Jersey city, Mrs. Evelyn De Walsche, wife of E.R. Charles De Walsche, handed her a lovely orchid corsage on behalf of the women on the welcoming committee.

Attending the dinner with Mrs. Lewis were Mrs. De Walsche, Mrs. Bridget Mouttet, Mrs. Clinton Lagrosa, Mrs. Joseph Vallace, Mrs. Ella Mager, Miss Mary Naughton, Mrs. Dorothy Flon and Mrs. Monica Slater.

The celebration of the 35th Anniversary of NUTLEY, N. J., LODGE, NO. 1290, on Sept. 26th was one of the biggest affairs in its history, with the presence of the Grand Exalted Ruler adding to

Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis is pictured with E.R. Kenneth B. Searles at Elmira, N.Y., Lodge.

Mr. Lewis is seated with Past Grand Est. Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers at the home of Barre, Vt., Lodge. Others shown standing are, left to right, the Mayor of Montpelier, Daughly Gould, Pres. of the Vermont State Elks Assn.; Past Grand Tiler John Nelson; E.R. Americo D. Colombo; P.D.D. Archie Buttura; D.D. Ronald Cheney; Mayor Chauncey Willey, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley.

Sam Stern, Approving Member of the Board of Grand Trustees, Mr. Lewis and E.R. Robert L. Peterson of Fargo, N.D., Lodge are pictured after an obviously successful fishing jaunt.

At Oneida, N.Y., Lodge are, left to right: Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Stephen McGrath, Mr. Lewis, Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Ronald J. Dunn and William Frasor, Executive Secretary of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission.

Mr. Lewis, with Past Grand Exalted Rulers E. Mark Sullivan and John F. Malley, is pictured on his arrival at Portland, Me., Lodge. Also shown are Me. State Assn. Pres. Edward J. Mc-Mann; P.E.R. Walter H. Lovell; Edward A. Spry, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; E.R. Herbert E. Curry; Past Grand Est. Lecturing Knight Daniel E. Crowley; Past Grand Treasurer John F. Burke, and D.D.'s Robert E. Brewer and James E. Mulvaney.

The Grand Exalted Ruler and his party are photographed with the Elks who welcomed them to St. Johnsbury, Vt.



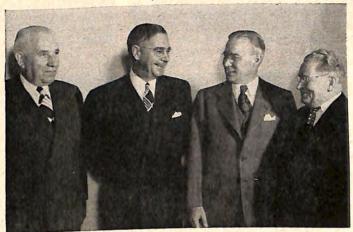
1. ELMIRA, N. Y.



72. BARRE, VT.



3. FARGO, N. D.



4. ONEIDA, N. Y.



5. PORTLAND, ME.



6. ST. JOHNSBURY, VT.

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S VISITS

the importance of the occasion. Delegations from lodges throughout the State were on hand to greet the 1947 Elk chief. Following dinner at the home of Mayor William Jernick, hailed as Nutley's outstanding Elk of 1945, and general chairman of the celebration, Mr. Lewis and his staff of officers were brought to the home of the lodge where a large crowd of citizens was on hand to greet him, along with the local high school band. The meeting held later on was conducted by E.R. Emil P. Barbata in a smooth fashion, with the many delegates formally escorted into the lodge room. A group of Nutley P.E.R.'s formed an escort for the Charter Members who were later given Honorary Life Memberships by Mr. Lewis. These men are Jack Mackay, J. Milton Davis, Joseph Blum, Hugh Hallidy and Benjamin Boyce. Carnie Blum, another Charter Member, was unable to attend. Then followed the introduction of the dignitaries who accompanied the Grand Exalted Ruler: Vice-Chairman Hall of the Board of Grand Trustees, Henry A. Guenther, and Chairman Hirtzel of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee. When Mr. Lewis was introduced he received a resounding ovation by the more than 350 Elks present who followed closely each forceful word of his speech. One of the Charter Members, popular Jack Mackay, was selected to present No. 1290's gift of a traveling bag to Mr. Lewis. The meeting was adjourned and everyone retired to the grill room for a delicious spread.

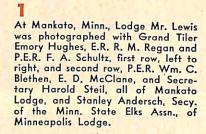
On Sept. 29th, the members of AM-STERDAM, N. Y., LODGE, NO. 101, gave a dinner for Mr. Lewis who arrived there late Sunday afternoon after a stop at ROME LODGE, accompanied by Mr. Frasor. Visiting Elks in attendance traveled from Schenectady, Gloversville, Mechanicville, Saratoga Springs and Watervliet to be present at the dinner at which P.D.D. Frank J. Gillan was Toastmaster. Among the speakers was Mayor Joseph P. Hand, of Amsterdam Lodge. Several fine musical selections were enjoyed and Edwin C. Shuttleworth, assistant secretary of the Mohawk Carpet Mills, Inc., presented a large Wilton "Shuttlepoint" rug, a gift of the lodge to Mr. Lewis.

ELMIRA LODGE NO. 62 was the next New York Lodge to entertain the Order's chief executive, when its 60th Anniversary was observed during his visit on Sept. 30th. At a banquet attended by 350 persons, including Mr. Frasor, D.D. Douglas Grant, and many other civic and fraternal leaders, Mr. Lewis delivered one of his usual splendid addresses. Officers of Elmira Lodge and honor guests who included the Rev. Earle Annabel of Binghamton Lodge, State Treas. Claude Cushman, State Trustee Glenn R. Weigand and Vice-Pres. Eugene F. Hourihan of the Central District of New York, who was banquet chairman, were introduced by William C. Petzke, Toastmaster. The invocation was given by the Very Rev. Frederick Henstridge and benediction by the Rev. George L. Gurney. Several musical selections were enjoyed. A brief memorial service was held in honor of P.D.D. William Brooks of Bath, former Vice-Pres. of the So. Cent. District, who died recently.

The members of ONEIDA, N. Y., LODGE, NO. 767, greeted Mr. Lewis on October 1st when a testimonial dinner was held in his honor. Over 250 Elks and visiting officers of central New York lodges were on hand, including Past Grand Est. Loyal Knight Stephen McGrath and Grand Est. Loyal Knight Ronald J. Dunn.

On the 2nd of October Mr. Lewis addressed 800 members of ROCHESTER, N. Y., LODGE, NO. 24, at a dinner in the lodge room, after he was greeted by civic leaders headed by Deputy Chief of Police William H. McLaughlin, E.R.; D. Curtis Gano, former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Mayor Samuel B. Dicker, Treas. of the lodge, and many other dignitaries. Mrs. Lewis was feted at a reception and dinner arranged by the ladies of No. 24.

The next day Mr. Lewis took a trip to BUFFALO, N. Y., LODGE, NO. 23 and spent a pleasant four hours cruising around the Niagara River on the yacht Florence K, owned by William J. Simon of Buffalo Lodge. Accompanying him were E.R. Harold W. McManus, Mr. Simon, Secy. Karl A. Schwartz, Past Grand Est. Lect. Knight J. Theodore Moses and Roy E. Van, chairman of the cruise. On their return to shore the Grand Exalted Ruler was greeted by about 400 members at a banquet held in the auditorium of the lodge home.



At Amsterdam, N.Y., Lodge, left to right, are E.R. Mark S. J. Farrell, Edwin C. Shuttleworth of the Mohawk Carpet Mills, Inc., Mr. Lewis and P.D.D. Frank J. Gillan, who stand before the Wilton "Shuttlepoint" rug manufactured at the Mohawk Mills and presented to the Grand Exalted Ruler as a gift of the lodge.

On a four-hour cruise around the Niagara River during his visit to Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge, L. A. Lewis was photographed seated between E.R. Harold W. McManus, left, and William J. Simon, owner of the yacht. In the second row are Secy. Karl A. Schwartz, Roy E. Van, chairman of the cruise; at rear is Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight J. Theodore Moses.

At North Adams, Mass., Lodge's banquet, from foreground to rear, are Past Grand Treasurer John F. Burke, Past Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan, Mr. Lewis, E.R. John Michaels, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley and Edward A. Spry, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee for this year.

E.R. William H. McLaughlin of Rochester, N.Y., Lodge, confers with D. Curtis Gano, former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, as Mr. Lewis and Mayor S. B. Dicker concentrate on dinner.

The Grand Exalted Rulers' official party is pictured on the steps of the home of Houlton, Me., Lodge as it was greeted by Maine dignitaries.





1. MANKATO, MINN.



2. AMSTERDAM, N. Y.



3. BUFFALO, N. Y.



4. NORTH ADAMS, MASS.



5. ROCHESTER, N. Y.



6. HOULTON, ME.

News of the

SUBORDINATE

MIDDLETOWN, OHIO, Lodge, No. 257, is rightfully proud of the record piled up by its Class "AA" Knot-hole Baseball Team. This group, which won the "1946 Championship", also copped the "1947 Championship" trophy and the "Sportsmanship" award. No. 257 has sponsored this type of baseball for the past four years, feeling that great possibilities for youth guidance during the summer months are thus created.

GEORGIA ELKS ASSN. Pres. Jesse D. Jewell of the Georgia State Elks Assn. met at the home of East Point Lodge No. 1617 on Sept. 20th and 21st to confer with D.D.'s Clay P. Davis and G. L. Pearce, and outline the Association's program for the coming year.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland, Secretary of the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission, complimented the officers and members of the Association on their ambitious program. Secy. R. E. Lee Reynolds of the Association reported the fact that Georgia is leading in the number of new subscriptions to the Elks National Foundation, which will celebrate its 20th Anniversary next year by passing the \$2,000,000 mark.

Addresses by several Past State Presidents and present State officers highlighted the meeting, and reports were made by Exalted Rulers of the various lodges.

INDIANA ELKS ASSN. The Annual Fall Meeting of the Indiana State Elks Assn. took place at Indianapolis Lodge No. 13, located in the Antlers Hotel, on Sept. 27th and 28th. On Saturday afternoon a caucus of State Association officials, District Deputies, Committee Chairmen and Past State Presidents discussed a permanent program for the year, which will be the raising of between \$35,000 and \$50,000 for State use in cancer control. The 65 lodges in the State were urged to reach their goal, based on a minimum of \$1.00 a member, through some activity; as a result, many programs have been planned, such as concerts, athletic contests, dances, etc.

Saturday evening No. 13 was host at a very enjoyable dance, and the following morning found representatives of each of the five districts at successful meetings. At one p.m. a banquet occupied the attention of about 372 persons including 15 out-of-State visitors. State Pres. Dr. A. A. Pielemeier pre-

sided and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Grand Treasurer Joseph B. Kyle led the speaking program. Others on the program were Superintendent Robert A. Scott of the Elks National Home; Paul G. Jasper, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and Harry E. McClain, State Chairman of the Permanent Activities Committee, which is responsible for the Cancer Control Program.

The Association presented a set of matched luggage to Mr. Kyle in honor of his assuming the duties of Grand Treasurer of the Order.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., Lodge, No. 788, should take a bow for the success its Fresh Air Fund has enjoyed this season. More than \$2,300 was raised through solicitations headed by Chairman Thomas Davies.

Eighty-four underprivileged boys and girls of the city went to summer camp for a total of 198 camp weeks, and town officials announced that all needy local children were taken care of. In this regard, the Bloomfield Elks came in for a lot of praise in the local press.

Bloomfield celebrated its 45th Anniversary some time ago with many activities. Members engaged in all sorts of games and matches, and huge crowds attended the various dances and special meetings held in conjunction with the birthday. Eleven new Elks were initiated and heard a fine address by E.R. J. Kenneth Sanders, stressing the charitable purposes of the Order.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF., Lodge, No. 99, held its first annual "Newspaper Night" October 1st, in conjunction with National Newspaper Week. About 100 special guests were on hand, including Floyd Maxwell, Chairman of the Los Angeles Newspaper Publishers Assn., and John B. Long, General Manager of the California Newspaper Publishers Assn. After dinner, the visitors were escorted into the lodge room by the White Squadron Drill Team. Many fine addresses were delivered, including a brief speech by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon. A telegram received from Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis, stressing freedom of the press, was read and struck the keynote of the meeting.

The Championship Band and Chanters drew high praise for their outstanding musical arrangements.

LODGES

Here is a photograph taken on "Phoenix Night" when Prescott, Ariz., Lodge entertained a group of Elks from Phoenix. The picture also includes five members who were initiated into Prescott Lodge by the Phoenix Elk officers.

Officials of Jamestown, N. Y., Lodge are pictured with one of the two resuscitators the lodge presented to Jamestown General Hospital. Left to right are J. Harold Swanson, Merle A. Johnson, Dr. Hall G. Van Vlack, managing director of the hospital, E.R. T. Lawrence Cusick, Russell T. Valone and Mayor Samuel Stroth.

Members of the Welfare Committee of Norwich, Conn., Lodge bid farewell to a busload of 35 children whose twoweek vacation at Salvation Army Camp was financed by the lodge.

Here are some of the orphan children from St. Francis, St. Catherine and the Children's Homes who were taken on a picnic by Reading, Pa., Lodge.

A small portion of the 700 Scouts entertained by Long Beach, Calif., Lodge at the annual vaudeville show and dinner are pictured here.

The crippled children of the Southampton Fresh Air Home are shown at a party given for them by Southampton, N. Y., Lodge.



1. PRESCOTT, ARIZ.



2. JAMESTOWN, N. Y.



4. READING, PA.



3. NORWICH, CONN.



5. LONG BEACH, CALIF.



6. SOUTHAMPTON, N. Y.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

1

In cooperation with the Mass. Elks Assn.'s Youth Organization, Taunton, Mass., Lodge sponsors a Junior Sportsmen's Club at whose outing a sizable catch of fish was recorded.

2

Here are some of the Elk dignitaries who attended Puyallup, Wash., Lodge's 25th Anniversary celebration.

3

Some of the 78 members of the Sharon, Pa., Schoolboy Patrol who were guests of honor at a dinner given by the local lodge whose Social and Community Welfare Committee purchased leather mittens for the boys and gave them a theater party once a month during the school year.

4

Arthur Cornelius, Jr., Regional Director for the F.B.I. of the Albany, N. Y., District, third from left, front row, with civic and Elk officials at the meeting sponsored by Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge's Americanization Committee.

5

These Scottsbluff, Neb., Elks planned the three-day showing of a circus for the lodge's polio fund.

6

These young men, comprising the football and basketball squads of the Anna-Jonesboro, Ill., Community High School, attended the annual dinner given for them by the local Elks.

7

Here are the members of Massena, N. Y., Lodge's popular band who have given several successful concerts.

8

Some of the 100 persons, including the Red Cross Motor Corps and 77 disabled veterans from Fitzsimmons Hospital, who were guests of Greeley, Colo., Lodge at the Silver Anniversary of the city's famous Rodeo.

9

Easton, Md., Elk officials burn the mortgage on their lodge home in the presence of several hundred guests.

10

Secy. Robert C. Wallace, right, gives Cortland, N. Y., Lodge's \$5,000 check to Mayor Jasper Williamson for the erection of a bathhouse at a city park. E.R. Leo Meldrim looks on.

11

High school students who were entertained by Logansport, Ind., Lodge.

19

Here are the Elks and their ladies from Anchorage, Fairbanks and Cordova, Alaska, who journeyed to Mc-Kinley Park several weeks ago to form an Alaska West Association.



1. TAUNTON, MASS.



2. PUYALLUP, WASH.



3. SHARON, PA.



4. BINGHAMTON, N. Y.



5. SCOTTSBLUFF, NEB.



7. MASSENA, N. Y.



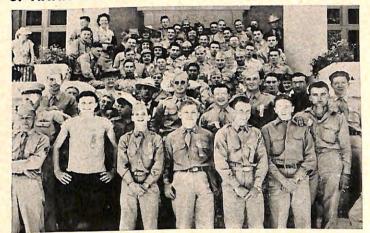
9. EASTON, MD.



11. LOGANSPORT, IND.



ANNA-JONESBORO, ILL.



8. GREELEY, COLO.



10. CORTLAND, N. Y.



12. ANCHORAGE, ALASKA

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE

KINSTON, N. C., Lodge, No. 740, goes in for making dreams come true, it seems-much to the happiness of Grainger High School. A short time ago, after some heavy wishful-thinking, students and school officials watched a new, 26-passenger, \$3,250 Dodge bus roll up to the school as a gift of No. 740. The vehicle will be used to tote the athletic teams back and forth to their contests. Chairman E. L. Scott of the Elks' fund-raising committee presented title to the bus to Supt. Jean P. Booth and Athletic Director Frank L. Mock. A number of Elks were on hand for the ceremonies which included speeches and several musical selections at the

HOBOKEN, N. J., Lodge, No. 74, at a recent meeting donated \$100 to the city's Paraplegic Community Fund. The lodge excited interest in this work in its section and was successful in getting 150 other local organizations to cooperate in forming a committee to raise funds to build homes for three Hoboken victims, one of them a member of the lodge.

The meeting was attended by Col. R. M. Watkins, a P.E.R. of Seattle, Wash., Lodge and a former member of Hoboken Lodge, who addressed the men initiated that evening and referred to the splendid activities of the Elks War Commission which he represented on the West Coast. P.E.R. Walter F. Ahrling was another visitor who addressed the gathering.

EL DORADO, KANS., Lodge, No. 1407, assured continued operation of Butler County's speech correction clinic when it contributed \$2,500.

Officers of the lodge recommended the contribution at a recent meeting and a check in that amount has been turned over to the clinic. Because the Elks have given the larger part of the funds needed for the operation of the institution, it will henceforth be known as the Elks Speech Correction Clinic.

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. MT. VERNON, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842, put on a red-letter evening for about 350 eager youngsters a few weeks ago. Ralph Branca of the Brooklyn Dodgers, one of the four major-league baseball luminaries who honored the participants in the Midget League sponsored by the lodge, spoke. Others who were given a warm reception were Andy Karl of the Boston Braves and Duke Snider and Gil Hodges of the Dodgers. Branca and Karl are local boys.

No. 842 presented individual medals to the Boomerangs, winners in the 32-team circuit, and a trophy to the Boys' Club Sluggers who finished last in the league but first in sportsmanship, having turned out for every game although they lost them all. Baseball movies were shown, including pictures of the 1946 World's Series.

PEABODY, MASS., Lodge, No. 1409, is proud as Punch since the Junior Baseball Team it sponsors took the championship of the Mass. Northeast Junior Baseball League for the second time in succession. The Peabody boys won the final and playoff games against Winthrop Lodge and the most valuable player, as selected by the coaches, was Robert Southwick of the winning team. This award is a cup donated by E.R. Byron R. Wasson of Winthrop Lodge.

Peabody Lodge and its Booster Committee made it possible to entertain the youths at picnics, a harbor trip, ocean cruises and major-league games. The annual banquet for the Peabody team will also include the players' parents as special guests. At this time the Dr. Henry I. Yale Trophy is awarded to the Peabody boys who already have two legs out of the three necessary for permanent possession; young Mr. Southwick gets his trophy at that time and the champs receive sweater-jackets.

KINGMAN, ARIZ., Lodge, No. 468, decided to do something about the need of a driver-training course in the local high school when a student, a member of the Kingman Antlers Lodge, lost his life in an accident.

Last year's E.R., Merlin Davis, appointed a committee to investigate the situation. The committee's report caused the lodge to take action and a dual-control car was presented to the school. It is now in use, helping to make Mahave County a safer place in which to live—and drive. Safe driving, taught in an organized manner, has resulted in the local youths' turning from reckless driving to wreckless driving.

LODGES

Here are the 23 members of the Winthrop, Mass., Elks Glee Club who have given several fine concerts at Elk affairs throughout New England. Professor Whitman Sinclair Browne, fourth from left in front row, is director of the club, and James N. McCormick, fourth from left in last row, is chairman.

The men who make up Maynard, Mass., Lodge's band are pictured at their first public appearance, during a very successful outing attended by about three thousand persons.

This handsomely uniformed group of Elks comprise Alpena, Mich., Lodge's band which has put on hundreds of entertainments in the ten years of its existence. Six of the original seven members of what is now a 23-piece unit are still active.

This photograph was taken at the presentation of a maternity delivery table to the Overlook Hospital by Summit, N. J., Lodge. The President of the Hospital's Board of Directors, J. R. Montgomery, center, shakes the hand of P.E.R. Fred J. Ribbach, as E.R. John Rillo, center background, and other Elk and hospital officials look on.

These Elk dignitaries were photographed at the dedication of the newly renovated lodge rooms of Union City, N. J., Lodge. They are, left to right: P.E.R. Dr. Louis Hubner, Jr., State Vice-Pres. Robert I. Bennett, Past State Pres. Dan Reichey, E.R. Wm. J. Tierney, D.D. Harry H. Smith, P.E.R. George A. Adie and P.E.R. Joseph A. Aragona of Hoboken Lodge.

These Longview, Wash., Elks form part of the lodge's "Blood Bank". These members are on call at all times for transfusions, without discrimination as to race, color or creed and without remuneration except when the patient is covered by State Compensation or other insurance. In this case, the funds received therefrom revert to Longview Lodge's Community Welfare Fund for redistribution to needy cases.



1. WINTHROP, MASS.



2. MAYNARD, MASS.



4. SUMMIT, N. J.



3. ALPENA, MICH.



5. UNION CITY, N. J.



6. LONGVIEW, WASH.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

1

This photograph taken during D.D. Phil McMullen's visit to Duncan, Okla., Lodge, pictures State Pres. H. J. Salz, Earl E. James, a member of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee, lodge officers and the members of the class initiated on that occasion.

2

E.R. Glenn C. Black, Dr. E. Raymond Gelvin, Dr. C. D. Kosar, President of the Cloud County Medical Society. Sister Fideles, Asst. Supt. of the St. Joseph Hospital, Dr. John M. Porter, Sister Frederica, Supt. of St. Joseph Hospital, Est. Lect. Knight C. H. Rice, Secy. Chas. H. Kutz, Est. Lead. Knight W. L. Ginn and Est. Loyal Knight A. L. Goodreau are pictured, left to right, as Dr. L. E. Haughey acts as demonstrator for the iron lung and respirator which Concordia, Kans., Lodge presented to Cloud County Medical Society.

3

Here is the handsomely attired Drill Team of Lancaster, Pa., Lodge which captured first place in the National Drill Team Contest held during the 1947 Grand Lodge Convention.

4

These young men are the winners of the Mass. Northeast Junior Baseball League. For the second time in succession the team sponsored by Peabody Lodge has taken top honors.

5

This picture was taken at Skagway, Alaska, Lodge's "Days of '98" celebration, which was attended by Past Grand Exalted Rulers Bruce A. Campbell and John R. Coen and their wives. Also shown is E.R. Bruce Boynton.

6

At the party given for the Midget Baseball League sponsored by Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge are, left to right, Brooklyn Dodger baseball stars Ralph Branca and Duke Snider, Bob Lues and his sportsmanship trophy, Gil Hodges, another Dodger ace, and Anton Karl of the Boston Braves. Behind them are the Boomerangs, winners of the 32-team League.

7

State Assn. Pres. John H. Liesfeld presents to E.R. Kenneth W. Smith of Alexandria, Va., Lodge the Assn.'s Cup for winning the State Ritualistic Contest held in Danville, Va. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert South Barrett, right, looks on with approval.

8

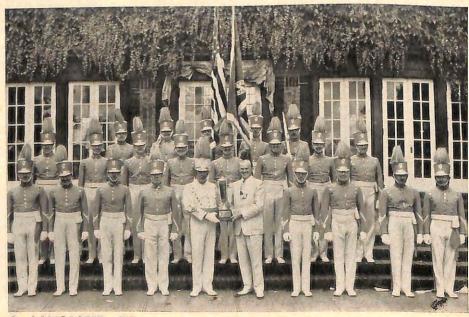
Officials of Kinston, N. C., Lodge turn over the lodge's gift of the 26-passenger bus to Supt. Jean P. Booth and Athletic Director Frank L. Mock of Grainger High School.

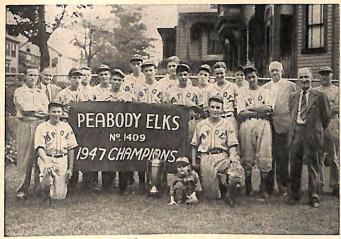


1. DUNCAN, OKLA.



2. CONCORDIA, KANS.





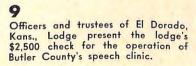
4. PEABODY, MASS.



6. MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.



8. KINSTON, N. C.



This photograph was taken as the Farthest-North delegation boarded a plane at Anchorage, Alaska, for the trip to Portland, Ore., for the Grand Lodge Convention. Included are P.D.D. Edward G. Barber, E.R. Louis Odsather and P.E.R. Eugene C. Smith.



5. SKAGWAY, ALASKA



7. ALEXANDRIA, VA.



9. EL DORADO, KANS.



10. ANCHORAGE, ALASKA

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE



ROBERT S. FARRELL, JR.

On October 29th, word was received that three members of the Order had lost their lives in a plane crash near Klamath Falls, Oregon. The death of Governor Earl Snell of Oregon; Robert S. Farrell, Jr., Secretary of the State of Oregon, and Marshall Cornett, President of the Oregon State Senate, came as a great shock to the entire Order. State Secretary Farrell was an extremely active Elk and had held several important Grand Lodge offices.

A man of great charm, he had served Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142, as Exalted Ruler in 1942-43, and the following year was appointed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for the Northwest District of his State. In 1944-45 he became Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee upon the death of Charles C. Bradley, and continued in that office until the following year, when Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner appointed him a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. In 1946, during the term of Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton, he served that Committee as Chairman.

He was destined to make great strides both in civic and Elk affairs. His delightful personality and deep interest in the activities and aims of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks will be sorely missed.

The Order's entire membership, as well as the staff of *The Elles Magazine*, extend sympathy to Mrs. Farrell and her two daughters.

concordia, kans., Lodge, No. 586, donated a portable iron lung and respirator to St. Joseph's Hospital recently and it met its first emergency test with flying colors. Mrs. Don Nolan, a Courtland, Kans., teacher, who was stricken with infantile paralysis had to journey to Salina for treatment in the Asbury Hospital there. The trip was accomplished successfully and comfortably

for the patient through the use of the portable lung, which aroused a great deal of interest as the Asbury Hospital does not have such equipment.

The size of the Elk-donated machine and the fact that it can be operated by battery makes it easily transportable for ambulance cases, where a larger machine would be extremely difficult to move.

LODGES

1

Shown presenting a \$750 check to the Union Hospital Fund is R. H. Minton, Est. Loyal Knight of Lynn, Mass., Lodge. Accepting the check at right is Dr. William F. LeMaire, President and Administrator of the Hospital. Treas. Wm. G. Powers and E.R. Benjamin Machinist of the lodge look on. The check represents the entire proceeds of the lodge's minstrel show.

2

Lt. Cortez Peacock hands to E.R. T. L. Cusick of Jamestown, N. Y., Lodge, the War Dept. award for its part in the recruiting drive. E.R. John Mahaney of Dunkirk Lodge looks on.

3

Here is the discarded clothing and other material received from the Elks National Home in Bedford, Va., by the Goodwill Industries of Indiana, an organization aiding the rehabilitation of handicapped men and women in 93 cities in the U.S.A. and Canada. Shown here are Ted Grob, Executive Secretary, and C. L. Shideler, Director of the Wabash Valley Goodwill Industries, Secy. of Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge.

4

Berkeley, Calif., Lodge coralled its members for the opening of the Fall season on "Roundup Night" with 300 Elks showing up in costume. Shown here are Bill Slusser, Est. Loyal Knight Wally Carlisle and E.R. Marvin Bonds.

5

Bill Ball, instructor at Mohave County Union High School and a member of Kingman, Ariz., Lodge, Est. Lect. Knight Roy Wicke and P.E.R. Oscar Osterman with the dual-control car the lodge donated to the school.

6

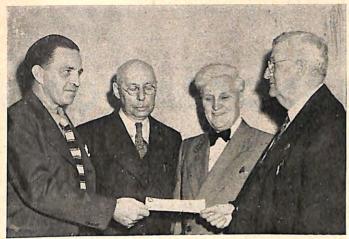
E.R. A. E. Copeland, Mayor Felisa Rincon and Dr. Gonzalez Martinez, Director of the Cancer League, in a corner of the hospital ward equipped by San Juan, P.R., Lodge.

1

Shown with the Cadillac ambulance purchased through a donation of Devils Lake, N. D., Lodge are, left to right, J. Adin Mann, secretary of the ambulance service, E.R. Gordon Stefonowicz, Harold Kelly, Conrad Dahl, Dr. A. M. Wold and J. A. Cordner of the Elks Board of Trustees. At the wheel of the ambulance is Floyd Reardon, assistant Fire Chief.

8

E.R. Wyckoff Westover, left, and Est. Lead. Knight Dr. W. H. Cookson of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, pictured when the lodge delivered a new motion picture projector amplifier unit to the Convent of the Good Shepherd.



1. LYNN, MASS.



3. ELKS NATIONAL HOME



5. KINGMAN, ARIZ.



7. DEVILS LAKE, N. D.



2. JAMESTOWN, N. Y.



4. BERKELEY, CALIF.



6. SAN JUAN, P. R.



8. LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

STATE ASSOCIATIONS

CALIFORNIA

Oct. 8th, 9th and 10th found 5,000 California Elks taxing the facilities but not the hospitality of San Diego at the 33rd Reunion of the California State Elks Assn. Presided over by Pres. R. Leonard Bush, the meeting was highlighted by the Thursday morning arrival of Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis of Anaheim, Calif., Lodge, who was greeted by massed bands and drill teams, as well as by thousands of fellow Californians. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon welcomed Mr. Lewis on behalf of the delegates.

The finals of the Ritualistic Contest found San Rafael Lodge No. 1108 in first place; Salinas No. 614, second, and Taft No. 1527, third. Winners in various other events held during the three-day session were: Pistol Shoot, San Diego; Drill Team, Pasadena, first; Huntington Park, second, and San Diego, third; Softball, Redondo Beach; Glee Club, Glendale; Golf, El Centro, first; Whittier, second, and Inglewood, third; President's Banner for Membership Gain, Crescent City. The Bowling Tournament brought out over 400 keglers, with Laguna Beach first in Class A, and Compton and Glendale, second and third respectively. In Class B, Long Beach knocked over the most pins, with San Diego next and Escondido third.

The Memorial Services held Wednesday evening in the Ford Bowl of the beautiful Balboa Park were under the chairmanship of Past State Pres. Horace Wisely. P.E.R. Edgar B. Hervey of San Diego Lodge delivered the address.

Reports given at the business sessions showed great activity in California Elkdom during the past year, with terrific interest in giving assistance to and entertaining veterans in the 18 VA hospitals in the State. The Scholarship Committee gave a splendid report and presented checks to twelve students, in the total amount of \$2,200 received from the Elks National Foundation.

On Friday morning the convention hall was filled to capacity by delegates and visitors who gathered to hear the dynamic address of the Grand Exalted Ruler. The new officers were then installed by the retiring President. They are: Pres., Earl J. Williams, Oakland; Vice-Presidents: So. Cent., Robt. P. Mohrbacker, Long Beach; So., Frank R. Cole, Redlands; W. Cent., Lloyd M. Hebbron, Santa Cruz; E. Cent., F. J. McCollum, Coalinga; Bay Dist., Fred P. Hines, San Rafael; No., Raymond Spar-

non, Grass Valley; Secy., Edgar W. Dale, Richmond; Treas., Harry B. Hoffman, Sonora; Trustees for two years: So. Cent., Edward A. Gibbs, Los Angeles; W. Cent., John B. Morey, Palo Alto; and Bay Dist., Edward E. Keller, San Mateo. Pres. Williams then reappointed Rev. David Todd Gillmor of San Jose as Chaplain and Thomas Abbott of Los Angeles as Tiler. He also appointed William J. Goss of Glendale as Sergeant-at-Arms.

A fine program of social activities had been planned by San Diego Lodge. The two-hour parade and the High-Jinks in the Ford Bowl on Friday night closed the meeting, with Santa Cruz scheduled as the 1948 Convention City.

MICHIGAN

The 41st Annual Convention of the Michigan Elks Assn. was called at 10 a.m. June 7th at the home of Sault Ste. Marie Lodge No. 552. Various reports were made and the meeting included many interesting highlights. These were the President's Banquet when Chairman Bert A. Thompson of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee was the principal speaker, Band Concerts, a Ladies' Tea, a Grand Ball and the impressive Lodge of Sorrow which was capably handled by the officers and drill team of Lansing Lodge and the Saginaw Elks Glee Club. The eulogy was delivered by Benjamin F. Watson, a member of the Grand Forum.

About 400 delegates and hundreds of visiting members and ladies were registered for this meeting, to which two scholarship winners were flown for the purpose of receiving their \$300 awards.

Officers for the coming year are: Pres., John T. Hickmott, Kalamazoo; Vice-Pres.-at-Large, Joseph M. Leonard, Saginaw; Dist. Vice-Presidents: Dudley H. Moore, Pontiac; W., Edgar M. Wright, Grand Haven; S.W., Chas. W. Madison, Dowagiac; N.W., Emery O. Nyman, Petoskey; Cent., Maurice J. Kelley, Battle Creek; N.Cent., Floyd G. Torongo, Saginaw; Upper Peninsula, Robert A. Burns, Bessemer; Secy., Leland L. Hamilton, Niles; Treas., James G. Shirlaw, Battle Creek, and Trustees: Wm. T. Evans, Muskegon, Chairman; Herbert A. Kurrasch, Alpena; Frank J. Duda, Bessemer, and S. Glen Converse. Lansing.

The winning Drill Team at this meeting came from Niles, with Lansing, Grand Rapids and Kalamazoo taking the next three places in that order. Bay City will be host to the 1948 Convention.

OHIO

The Ohio State Elks Association met at Cedar Point (Sandusky) August 23rd-28th with 1,457 Elks and guests in attendance. Distinguished visitors were Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis; Past Grand Exalted Rulers Dr. Edward J. McCormick and J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary, and Major General C. Gobel, Adjutant General of Ohio.

Reports revealed that the Ohio Elks have done a tremendous amount of work in behalf of hospitalized veterans. The young people in that State have also felt the kindly hand of the Order of Elks through the efforts of the Welfare and Juvenile Delinquency Committee and the Scholarship Committee. Four Ohio students received scholarships as a result of the Elks National Foundation's "Most Valuable Student" Contest.

At this meeting \$500 was voted to the Association's plan to sponsor a movement for the State's establishment of a Program of Research, Care and Treatment of Spastic Paralysis.

The annual Memorial Services were held on Sunday, the 24th, and were most impressive. Social activities included a fish fry, band concert, barbershop-quartet contest, card parties and a beach party. The Ohio Elks Parade of Progress had fourteen bands, many floats, drill teams and marching delegations and was witnessed by about 40,000. Of the several dinners and special breakfasts held, the banquet in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis and retiring Pres. John H. Neate was the largest. Hamilton Lodge No. 93 won the Ritualistic Contest, followed by Lakewood and Lima Lodges in that order, and No. 93 also took top honors in the Golf Tournament. Upper Sandusky Lodge won first place in the Band Contest and the Findlay Quartet won the Barbershop Quartet Contest.

New officers are: Pres., Dr. V. E. Berg, New Philadelphia; 1st Vice-Pres., John K. Maurer, Middletown; 2nd Vice-Pres., J. A. Kleinfelter, Bucyrus; 3rd Vice-Pres., Nelson E. W. Stuart, Cleveland; Secy., E. Gene Fournace, Newark; Treas., C. W. Wallace, Columbus; Trustees: W. D. Cole, Lakewood; James M. Lynch, Chillicothe, and Roy D. Phillips, Tiffin; Inner Guard, Joseph E. Hurst, New Philadelphia; Sgt.-at-Arms, H. J. Deal, Canton; Tiler, Arthur C. Dunlap, Delaware, and Chaplain, Rev. C. A. Dowell, Ashtabula.

The 1948 Convention will take place in Sandusky.

MONTANA

The 45th Annual Convention of the Montana State Elks Association was held in Glendive on August 10th. All lodges showed an increase in membership and two new branches were instituted during the past year—Polson No. 1695 and Shelby No. 1696.

In the Ritualistic Contest, Missoula was adjudged winner for the western lodges; Miles City for the eastern;

Lewistown, northern, and Butte, southern. These four lodges competed for final honors, with Missoula coming out ahead with 99.582 points and Butte second with 99.297.

Many splendid reports were made, and scholarship awards were presented to several students. In the Montana State Elks Scholarship Contest, a total of 49 papers was submitted. Miss Lois Isben, Somers, received first prize; Richard Pederson, Haure, second, and Miss

Mary Blank, Great Falls, third. The \$1,000 voted by the Association to be given the outstanding high school boy and girl were awarded to Bruce M. Boyce and Miss Blank.

Officers for the ensuing year are: Pres., Martin Walsh, Miles City; 1st Vice-Pres., K. W. Skeen, Red Lodge; 2nd Vice-Pres., Leo W. Hill, Missoula, and Secy.-Treas., A. Trenerry, Billings. Great Falls will be host to the Convention delegates in 1948.



The Grossmont Red Robe Choir is shown in the background at the impressive Memorial Services held at the recent session of the California Elks Association. In the foreground are, left to right, State Assn. Chaplain Col. David Todd Gillmor; Past State Pres. Horace R. Wisely; P.E.R. Edgar B. Hervey and E.R. Harry H. Pundt.

At the President's Banquet during the California Elks Assn. Convention were, left to right, Pres. Earl J. Williams, Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis, retiring Pres. R. Leonard Bush and E.R. Pundt.

Here are the Pasadena, Calif., Lodge "Toppers" who placed second in the National Drill Team Contest and took top honors in the recent State Contest.





editorial

THE CHRISTMAS STAR



MORE than two thousand years ago shepherds watching their flocks upon Palestinian hills beheld a great light which suffused the sky, and in its midst appeared a heavenly host chanting "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men".

And at this same time a brilliant star stood transfixed above the stable of a lowly inn in the little town of Bethlehem. It was the Christmas Star, and when it halted in its course three Wise Men of the East, whom it guided from distant countries in search of the Prince of Peace, knew their journey was done, for they found Him "wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger".

This, in brief, is the story of the first Christmas. Since that eventful morning mankind has come a long way. Science, invention and the ingenuity of man make life easier to live, but, turned to the uses of war, they also make it easier to kill. Today the journey of the Wise Men would be a matter of hours; the Birth would take place, not in a manger, but in the maternity ward of a hospital; the lowly inns have given

way to modern hotels.

But the calm and peace of that first Christmas morning are gone. The shepherds and their flocks have been replaced by armed men; the silent streets of Bethlehem ring with the tramp of military patrols. For the Holy Land, about which clusters so much sacred history, where the message of peace and good will was first proclaimed, is now the most unhappy and troubled country in an unhappy and troubled world.

The story of Christmas, apart from its religious significance, is to many a beautiful legend; to the followers of the Prince of Peace it is Divine Truth. Before war worked its havoc upon human relations, Christmas was fast becoming a universal holiday. Its basic principle of good will to men was accepted by all creeds; the Christmas Star was accepted, not merely as a decoration with which to crown the glory of the Christmas tree, not as a symbol of any one creed, but as an emblem of mutual understanding and neighborly good will.

The world now knows, in greater measure than ever before, that the price of war is more than "blood, and sweat, and tears". It is disruption, dislocation, privation and death, and payments continue long after the fighting has run its course. Wars ravaged the earth long before the dawn of the first Christmas morning, and have continued all through the Christian era. Each succeeding war has been more devastating than the last, but each December the Christmas Star has appeared, often shining through the smoke of battle, always holding out the hope of reconciliation through the spirit of good will.

On this third postwar Christmas, fear casts a brooding shadow over a great part of the world. Cold and hunger

stalk Western Europe; Asia is wracked by civil war; India's new-found freedom is threatened by outbreaks of bitter hatred and religious intolerance, and the consummation of peace is deadlocked by conflicting ideologies.

How fortunate are we of America. Here the Spirit of Christmas has free rein, and those of every race and creed may partake of Yuletide joy. There will be Christmas trees, brightly lighted and surmounted by the Star, toys for the children, food for all, and the opportunity for everyone to celebrate the traditional season of peace and good will in his own way and as his faith dictates.

America is one of the few lands where the salutation "Merry Christmas" will not be a mockery, and as we pass the cheery greeting let us be mindful of the needs of those whose Christmas "war's desolation" has made poor indeed.

UNIVERSAL MILITARY TRAINING



THE ELK PANEL of Public Opinion in the October Issue of *The Elks Magazine* sheds an interesting light on the controversial subject of universal military training. This Panel, as our readers know, is made up of current Exalted Rulers, Dis-

trict Deputies, and many past members of the Panel who desired their names retained. These are all business and professional men, leaders in their community, and their opinion well may be regarded as a true cross-section of American thought. Of those polled on the question of universal military training, 90% were in favor. This almost unanimous opinion may be accepted as indicating that America is now awake to the fact that strength of arms is the best insurance against war.

AN ALERT



GRAND EXALTED RULER L. A. LEWIS, in the line of official business, was in New York City at the time the Freedom Train set out upon its journey. He thus became a first-hand witness of the efforts of communists to "sabotage" the Train's ob-

jectives by the establishment of a "picket line" for the distribution of literature calculated to belittle its patriotic motives. Incensed at what he termed the "effrontery" of this move the Grand Exalted Ruler calls upon every lodge of the Order to reply to this communist affront by redoubled support of the Train.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's indignation at this communistic maneuver is well taken, for it evidences the fact that communism is again on the loose. Its action towards the Freedom Train was undoubtedly for the purpose of taking soundings as to just how far preliminary subversive activities can be carried on.

The insult to the Freedom Train and the announcement that the comintern has been revived are an alert signal to all Americans. It will not be long now before communist "front" organizations revive, and the mills of subversive action begin to grind.

Every Elk, every lodge of Elks, individually and collectively, must be ready to fight behind our militant Grand Exalted Ruler to uphold his determination that all the force that Elkdom can muster shall be "dedicated to the preservation of American rights and American liberties".



Help Yourself to Good Taste

Hospitality lives in every heart, but Christmas provides a special occasion to express it. When family and friends get together, Christmas is as flavorful as it is gay. The table laden with plump fowl and delicious dressing, cranberry sauce, succulent vegetables, snowflake potatoes with giblet gravy... and Budweiser! Golden, bubbling, sparkling, foaming...

Budweiser! It tells you with every sip why it is something more than beer...a tradition in hospitality.



Budweiser

ANHEUSER-BUSCH SAINT LOUIS



FOR EVERY
SMOKER

DAMIE

CIGARETTES

A carton of Camels will bring a happy Yuletide smile to any cigarette smoker on your list. These cartons come all dressed up in a strikingly handsome Christmas design with

a "gift card" right on top. Remember: More people are smoking Camels than ever before!



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina



PRINCE ALBERT

SMOKING TOBACCO

Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco — for pipes or roll-your-own cigarettes—is America's biggest-selling tobacco. Smokers know it as the National Joy Smoke because it's so rich tasting, so mild and easy on the tongue. You'll enjoy giving Prince Albert—in the colorful Christmas-wrapped one-pound tin.

